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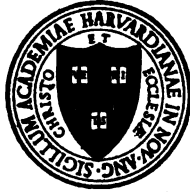
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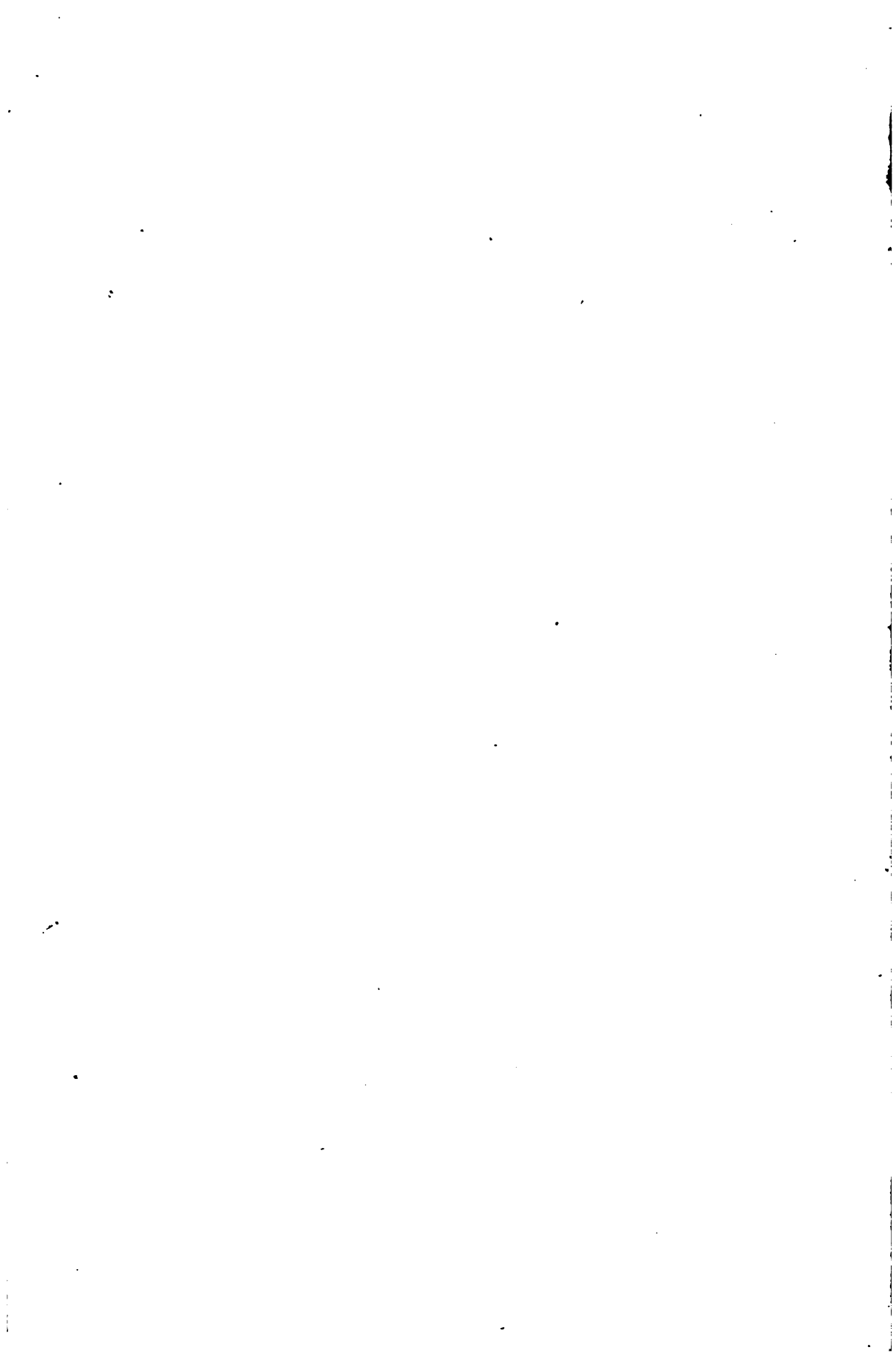
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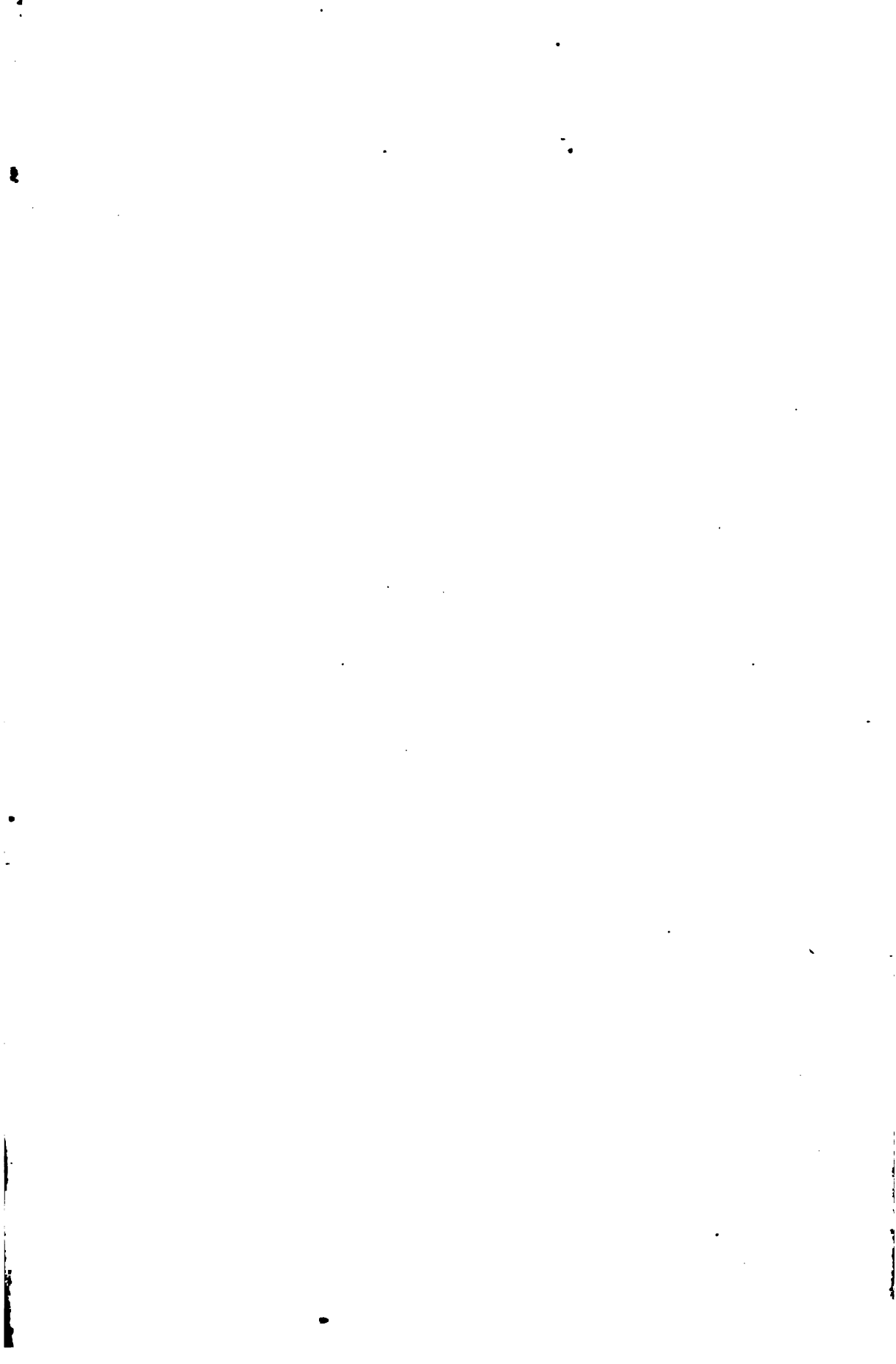
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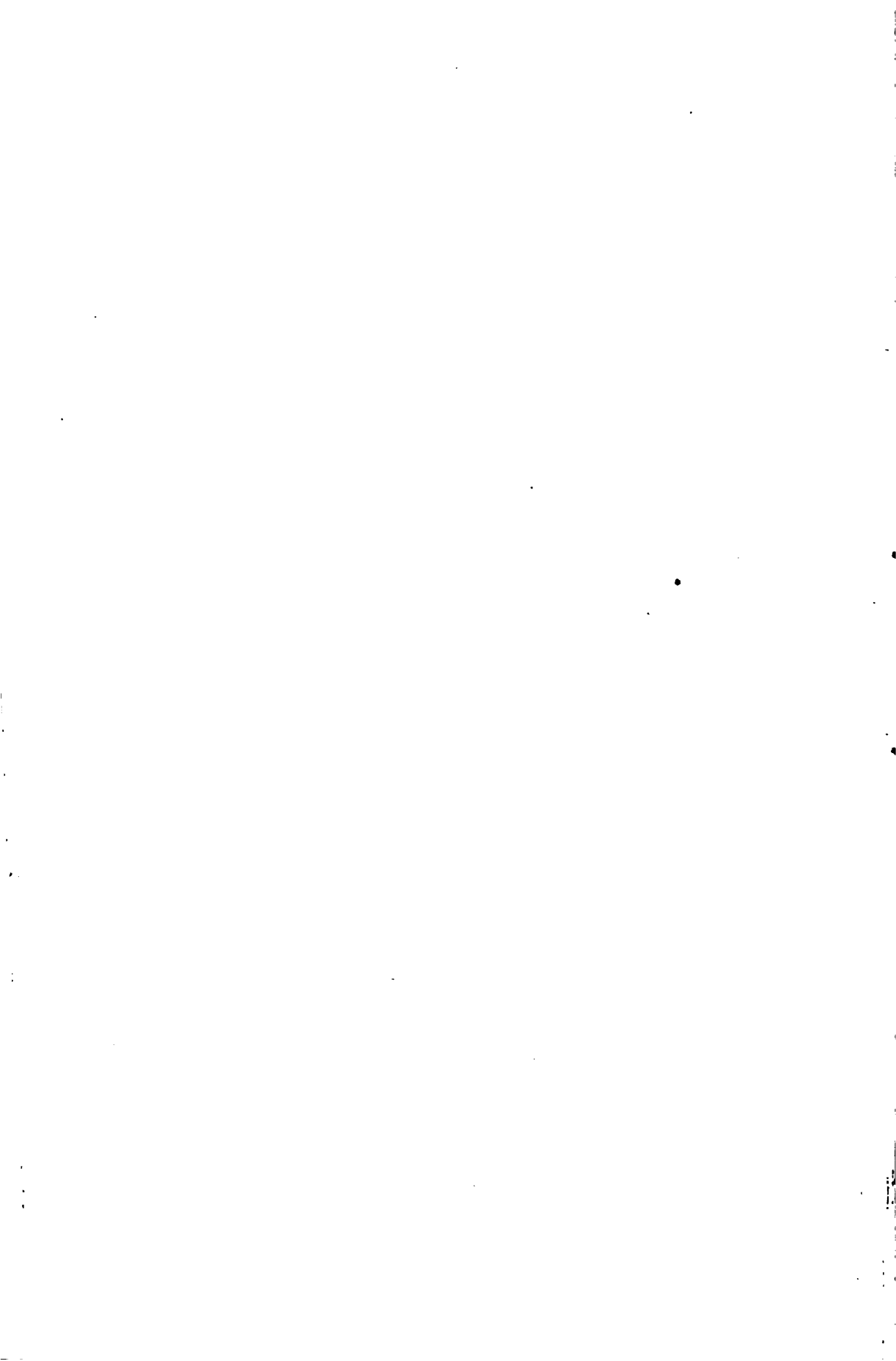
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THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE;

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

On a bright morning in the summer of '77, an unusual bustle was observable in the camp of Washington, whose officers were seen gliding from tent to tent, preparing their own accoutrements, or superintending the caparisoning of their fleetest steeds. The army was quietly lying on the banks of the Hudson, and no immediate hostilities expected, although the British headquarters were but a few miles distant. The present excitement was occasioned by an invitation from Colonel M'Auburn, the noble owner of a seat in the neighborhood, to attend an entertainment given in honor of his only daughter, the young countess of Clevesdown, who had lately returned from beyond sea. As among military men a lofty bearing, a pride of personal appearance, are seldom wanting, it is not surprising that a more than ordinary solicitude was evinced. Old coats and saddle-cloths were carefully brushed, boots and spurs burnished, swords and holsters borrowed, and yet none of the young men seemed perfectly satisfied with themselves, save Charles DeCarroll, the youthful aid of Lafayette, who was lounging on a log, with soiled linen and unpowdered locks, while the smile and sparkling glances indicated the paradise of his imagination. In vain his noble charger neighed and pawed at the door of his tent, in seeming disgust at the soiled trappings with which he was covered—DeCarroll's reverie was not to be broken. At this moment, a couple of brother officers passing, inquired at what hour they were to ride.

"At ten, precisely," answered Major E., and observing the young aid with surprise, asked, "if the favorite was not invited?"

"O, certainly," replied Lieutenant G., "next in the list to Lafayette himself; but depending on the liberality with which nature has gifted him, or school-boy acquaintance with the young countess, he neglects all personal decorations."

"But perhaps he may find himself in the vocative," said Major E., "and be treated with the same coldness as Captain Bliss, who presumed on the same footing. But a girl at school and a peeress come out, he will find different persons—but let him alone; we shall see," whispered Major E., casting an envious glance from his own diminutive person to the elegant figure of DeCarroll, who remained unmoved. Just as they hurried on, General Bourtelou, in whom all the good qualities of humanity appeared to have found a welcome, happened to pass, and seeing the absorbed condition of our hero, gave him a violent shake, and in a half reproachful tone, inquired if he did not remember that Washington was punctual to an appointment?

"And while you sit here," added he, "dreaming of auburn ringlets and slender arms floating around your browned visage, and infantile pleadings for the conveyance of kisses and tear drops across the Atlantic, 'to dearest Maria,' as Dr. Franklin tells the story, we will be far on the way to Marathon. A hint to the wise," said Bourtelou, significantly, "is sufficient," as DeCarroll, deeply coloring, glided into his tent; and when he joined the troop, his superb suit of blue and gold, powdered curls and magnificent trappings, decided that he and his man Cato had spent no idle time. As he vaulted into the saddle, his splendid appearance caused a smile among the senior officers, which was nothing diminished by the trusty black saying to his Arabian:

"You be mighty proud to-day, master Janus; may be you tink you tote Queen Anne on your back; you try to strike me, do you, dat feed you, oat tend you all de time."

"Perhaps he has discovered we are going to the wedding, Cato, and that the groom is in company," said General Bourtelou, glancing ironically at DeCarroll, while the whole cavalcade, putting spurs to their horses,

galloped off, leaving the eyes and the mouth of the negro in a state of distension, who hastened, as much as in him lay, to bring up the rear.

Merrily the troop scoured over hill and valley—and surely, in no age nor country, were there ever truer hearts, or a more gallant band; all were handsome, talented men, in the brilliancy of youth, or prime of manhood, and glowing with that enthusiasm for liberty and love of country, which seemed to breathe of something more than mortal. Washington and Lafayette rode in front; Lincoln, Wayne, Lee, Bourtelou and DeCarroll, with many others, followed closely after. An hour's spirited riding brought them in view of Marathon, as the colonel's residence was called.

But in this band of choice spirits, were all true? Alas! no—for even among them was a traitor who would gladly have led them all into the heart of the British camp; but his time was not yet come. And as he, too, endeavored to pass gaily along, it was with malicious joy he perceived that envy and rivalry would probably add another facility to his purpose, as he followed the disdainful glance of Major E., whose chagrin at DeCarroll's superior appearance was only supportable by observing that some obtruding anxiety had dissipated the wearer's mental sunshine. On, cheerily, however, they went, and dismounted at a long shed, fastening their horses with accoutrements on, the commander-in-chief having so directed. They then walked slowly up the ascent on which the edifice was situated, to the entrance of a lofty portico, where they were received by Colonel M'Auburn with his usual fascination of manner, thanking them, apparently most cordially, for the honor they did him, and shaking hands with each individual, in true planter style, led the way to the saloon. The folding doors were thrown open, and the first glance determined the taste and affluence of the owner, the furniture and ornaments being of the richest materials, and arranged in the most elegant style imaginable.

At the entrance of this palace of the Hudson the young officers lingered, while their seniors were paying their respects to the stately lady of the mansion. Mrs. M'Auburn, who was easily distinguished from the ladies around her, by the hauteur of her manner, she being well assured, in her own opinion, that her beauty of face had never been surpassed, but having discovered, from many mortifications, that her person was fat and unwieldy, and her gait awkward, preferred receiving her guests in a sitting posture, hoping they would conclude want of condescension, and not of charms, prevented her rising. While the chiefs received her profusion of civilities with that calm affability peculiar to themselves, and the young officers waited with some deference their presentation, Bourtelou whispered DeCarroll if the tall, elegant figure, whom the lady hostess had beckoned to tie up a broken flower, was not the genius of the fete? The young colonel changed color, and was about to say she must be an elder sister of Arabella, when the recollection that she was an only daughter, and this her fourteenth birthday, flashed the truth on his mind. It was herself, he would have said, but the words died away on his lips. The amiable Bourtelou observed his embarrassment, and endeavored to relieve it by again asking if he knew the tawny serpent that was taking the job off the lady's hands?

"It must be," said DeCarroll, recovering himself, "that baggage of a 'Fleur Sauvage,' shot up like an asparagus top—but from her superb crimson habit, and the numerous bells attached to her white satin leggings, one might suppose her an Indian Queen. At this instant, the youthful countess turned and presented her hand to Washington, who, gallantly reminding her that he had once been an admirer of her mother's loveliness, received her with parental kindness, and presented her to those of his suite, who had not seen her; but on ap-

proaching DeCarroll, Washington handed her over to Lafayette, for even he, in his gravity, had heard of the acquaintance of the young folks. The lovely girl, however, spared the feelings of her friends, by receiving our hero with unaffected modesty, welcoming him in the name of her absent brothers, without seeming to have any particular recollection of the past.

DeCarroll had hoped, in the anxiety of his heart, (and where in the young man on earth that could blame him?) that Arabella's heightened blushes would excuse his vanity in the eyes of his comrades; but was forced to acknowledge, mentally, her discretion to be a more powerful ally. In a few moments the whole party were seated; wine and refreshments freely distributed, and conversation became general, while a band of music, hidden from the view, played the most exhilarating airs. Taken, as our young soldiers were, from the roughness of the tented field, from the hardships of an American camp, it was not surprising that the scene around should act like a spell on their excited feelings, and, as Telemachus in the flowery isle, they should be better pleased than their sage Mentor desired. In the midst, however, of this delicious excitement, the music suddenly ceased, and after a short pause, struck up "God save the King." Instantly Wayne, Lincoln and Lee sprang to the middle of the saloon, while the whole suite rose simultaneously, partly unsheathing their swords, and looking defiance at Arnold, whose significant glances with Mrs. M'Auburn, were immediately observed. In the midst of all this confusion, the Father of the Union remained unmoved, perfectly composed, nor suffered a shade of agitation to pass over his countenance, but smiling at the display around him, beckoned Lady Arabella to his side, and said:

"Least the spirits of these rattle-caps effervesce in too ranting a manner, give us something on the other side of the question, and let your maiden, to change the tone of feeling, play a simple tune on her lute."

Arabella nodded compliance, and breathing a few syllables, in the Delaware tongue, to "Wild Flower," the band instantly played Yankee Doodle, in the most energetic manner. Immediately the tumult subsided, the officers, abashed, cast side-long glances at each other, and endeavored to laugh at their own excitement. As the music died away, the Indian girl, softly touching a harp of a strange wild sound, sang the following song:

Where wave the fragrant orange boughs,
With fruit and flowers and verdure gay—
Where weeping willows kiss the wave,
And soft and balmy breezes blow,

'Twas there a chieftain wandered forth
With him he sved on battle day,
Nor thought for base and sordid gold,
That friend would ever friend betray.

'Neath a tall oak, whose leafy shade
Obscured the noon-day's piercing ray,
Where blossoms bright a carpet laid,
The cruel basilisk seized his prey.

But peace! we must not trace a scene
Which ill accords with festive day,
Nor tell of blasted oaks, or winds
Which, moaning to the traveler, say:

A traitor's doom by Heaven's own hand—

A nervous scream from Mrs. M'Auburn at this instant interrupted the music, when the colonel, who had not appeared to notice what had passed around him for the last half hour, but to be earnestly engaged in conversation with Major E., smiled, and with his usual presence of mind, ascribed the scream to the presence of a spider on his lady's many-breathed damask—and turning to the company, announced dinner with so much nonchalance and good humor, that even a critical observer would not have suspected aught. But there was one present, whose eye he dared not meet—who watched every muscle, and read the inward workings of his soul. As dinner was announced, folding doors on the opposite side of the saloon were thrown open, and displayed a table covered with every luxury of the old and new world. The ladies, rising, led the way to the banquet in the stately manner of the times. Mrs. M'Auburn presented her hand to Washington, and her sisters did the like honor to Lafayette and Lincoln. Lady Arabella, who had stooped to speak to Wild Flower, as she was sitting on a velvet cushion at her feet, now rose

also, and gave, as by previous agreement, her hand to Major E., who, casting a haughty glance at DeCarroll, led her away, leaving our hero petrified to the spot, and pale with rage, and muttering to himself:

"Truly, I am no longer anything but a fool!—this day is to demonstrate what my mother often said to me in my arrogance: 'You will only be proud, son, in every way, when in every way tried.'"

"Why don't you come on, boys?" cried Bourtelou—what! Lee and DeCarroll in a passion, because they have no lady's glove to boast? when here am I, neglected and unmatched; will ye suffer your wounded vanity to boil over as if ye were slighted maidens?"

"I will tell you, friends, there is very little of the woman in my heart just now," said Lee, "I would rather administer such an oath to our host as I did to Watson, and the worthies of Newport, than to eat salt with him."

"Mon dieu, taizes vous, yes," said DeCarroll, "we must on and be gay."

"Having a care to drink neither too much nor too little," added Lee.

And hastening to the table, after much ceremony, all were seated; and had not the Genius of Liberty presided at the entertainment, the profusion before them, the smiles and compliments of host and hostess, all of which, when contrasted with the miserable condition of the American army, might prove too flattering, even for the high-toned spirits on which they were lavished. Dinner was at length concluded, and the colonel invited his guests to ramble in his spacious gardens, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. The majestic Hudson rolled through the valleys of plenty, and hills piled on hills, covered with every shade and variety of foliage, while far in the distance the purple highlands frowned in hoary battlements to the very heavens. All was lost, however, on DeCarroll, who lingered behind with Bourtelou, occupied with one object only; fearing a second defeat, he had not ventured his services to Arabella, who, taking the parental arm of Washington, passed without noticing him. In the mean time, Mrs. M'Auburn, appropriating Major E. to herself, requested that he and Major Arnold would accompany her to examine a sinking spring in the lower garden.

"You are a strange fellow, Charles," said Bourtelou, giving him a jerk, "scarcely able to identify the young peeress, and almost in a phrenzy for the sake of her."

"Ah, dear friend, but you are cruel," sighed our hero, "for well you know how long I have adored her."

"Bonne heure sans doute," interrupted Bourtelou, "but look through the hedge, the idol that has melted the heart of a brave, is gathering apricots for Washington, who, farmer-like, is stowing them away in his pockets; do see, what angelic grace! what sylph-like movement! and the auburn ringlets, DeCarroll—can you dispense with them, when the lovely neck and shoulders they used to conceal, indemnify you for your confinement? And those diamonds—do they equal the wreaths of 'belle de nuit,' with which you used to crown her temples in the twilight evenings of her thirteenth summer?"

"You press me hard, dear Bourtelou, but look!" and an involuntary shudder passed over them on observing the countess turn deathly pale, from something communicated to her by "Wild Flower" who had approached, and was gathering the fruit her mistress had shaken down. The anguish painted on the countenance of Arabella was extreme, but recovering herself, turned to Washington, and proffered to show him a hanging bird's nest, and as she separated the branches and praised the ingenuity of the feathered architect, softly breathed a few words in his ear. At this instant a peach, thrown with unerring dexterity by Wild Flower, disordered her hair and shivered a superb comb in pieces.

"I wonder that Indian did not kill you, daughter, instead of the wood-pecker she aimed at," said Colonel M'Auburn, impatiently, as he approached.

"Be not offended, dear father, she meant no harm—I can slip to the house and repair the damages before the signal for assembling at the lake; it yet lacks thirty minutes to the firing of the first cannon," continued Arabella. "And come with me, 'Wild Flower,' to bring the general's pocket companion, which he bade me remember, for the bustle of starting may make me forget it."

And managing her hoop gracefully, she was out of sight in a moment, but soon passed by the still flecter Indian.

"By Jove," said Bourtelou, "there is something questionable in all this. Perhaps my suspicions were not unfounded this morning, when Washington ordered the British uniforms recently taken, to be prepared, and a chosen troop ready to ride at a moment's warning."

A grasp from the nervous hand of DeCarroll produced silence, while Col. M'Auburn smilingly informed them that a collation and an agreeable surprise were preparing for them at the entrance of a remarkable cavern, where the reverberations of a field-piece would produce surprising effect. Meanwhile, Washington turned, and taking the arm of the colonel, archly said to the young men:

"As I have my pockets full, I will spare each of you one of Bell's apricots," and as he passed, extended his hand to DeCarroll, who felt as though an electric shock obscured his vision, when he perceived written on a smooth leaf:

"Treachery—to camp for succor."

In affairs of danger our hero was on trodden ground. Instantly commanding his feelings, he chewed up the leaves, exchanged looks and a few words with Bourtelou, and hastened by a circuitous path to the house, which, as he expected, was deserted by the servants, except a couple of old blacks who were sitting by the door, of whom he inquired if they had seen Cato?

"O yes, Massa, he jist now go into de house with your honor's whip and put him away."

"Yes, yes; that's like him—while he is parading about, my noble horse may be kicked to death, for all him."

And slipping a handful of money into the hand of the old woman, passed rapidly into the hall. Here his steps were arrested by the exhibition of three portraits which were veiled on their arrival. In the first, he recognised the romping little girl of ten, as he first beheld her at the Moravian boarding school; in the second, the roses and ringlets of her thirteenth summer; and the third, as Arabella then was, matured into perfect loveliness. Charles was entranced—the dangers—the horrors of his situation—and, more than all, his duty, were forgotten.

"Yes, it is she," he exclaimed, "my own, my long-loved girl, and unless an Almighty fiat has gone out against me, I will deserve her, and she shall be mine."

And rushing forward, pressed his lips long and ardently to the canvas, till a voice behind him cried out:

"Charles, dearest Charles, why linger you with those lifeless things, when the existence of so many brave men and your country's liberty depend on your exertions?"

He turned, the original of the pictures stood before him, and was instantly clasped in his embrace.

"Charles, dearest Charles," repeated the pallid girl, "why will you linger! and yet how soon mayst thou be a mangled corpse! A dreadful ambush intercepts thy return to camp: but be thyself—put implicit confidence in Wild Flower. Delay not—we must part—though it try our souls to the utmost."

And as she urged him to the door, and said again and again, "Farewell!" DeCarroll felt every nerve strung with redoubled energy; and kissing her marble forehead without uttering a word, hastened to the shed. Here he found Cato talking to Janus.

"How comes it," cried his master, "that you neglected to bring my lady's filley. Did you suppose I would take my bride behind me?"

"O no, massa; me tink de grand horse saddled in the stable fixed purpose for your missus."

"Well, to the house and be silent—not for a thousand pounds would I have my present situation discovered."

A stern look accelerated the black's departure, while the colonel sprang his horse to the edge of a steep bluff, where the bridle was seized by the Indian girl, who led him down through tangled vines, and almost perpendicular steps, to the bottom of a deep ravine, while DeCarroll, who had ventured many an Alpine eyrie, found it difficult to follow; and putting him on an entire new route to the camp, Wild Flower wound up the cliffs like a blacksnake, and was out of sight in a moment; and DeCarroll putting Janus to his utmost speed, mentally repeated Arabella's directions—"Bring the chosen band clad in British uniforms." Immediately

after the departure of DeCarroll, Arabella returned to the gardens, but the more wily Indian went in the first place to look after Cato, whom she found muttering to himself.

"Mighty strange dis, Indian squaw preferred to faithful colored man, dat old mistress bring up herself, to tend on young massa."

"Silence! you black baboon," she whispered, "or I'll throw you down the cliffs to feed the wolves."

And making a sign of taking his scalp, she showed him a tomahawk concealed in the folds of her dress.

In the meanwhile all was apparent friendship and gaiety among the guests and their entertainers. Mrs. M'Auburn promenaded, talked, laughed, and seemed almost delirious with pleasure. Even the colonel appeared to excel himself in his ability to please, and to none were his attentions so minutely directed as to the mighty spirit whom he had vainly hoped his arts had deceived, but with whom his intrigues availed no more than a mesh of cobwebs thrown to ensnare the monarch of the deep.

"Have you brought me the treasure I left in the arbor, my daughter?" said Washington in a compassionate voice, as gazing on the lovely pale face of Arabella, he almost wished her in peace with her sainted mother. With trembling hand she presented him his Bible, which, after opening, he calmly transmitted to his pocket, but not without observing a line drawn under these words: "They sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver." He observed it, yet no shade passed over his placid countenance, no variation of feeling seemed to disturb the even current of his soul.

The first round of artillery now gave the signal for descending into a little spot, called by the colonel the Emerald Valley, where, in honor of the guests, a collation, entirely American, had been prepared. Had the queen of the fairies selected a summer residence in the new world, it certainly would have been this, which was inaccessible to mortals till artificial steps were formed in its rocky walls. Its verdant carpet, flowers, evergreens and gushing fountains, and a vast cavern, opening on the one side, rendered it both a cool and curious resort. For the amusement of the present company, the cavern was illuminated, and several tiny boats played in a small lake in its centre.

Gaily the whole descended save Washington and Lafayette, who, walking to and fro with M'Auburn, seemed to enjoy the felicity of the merry group.

Suddenly the cannon again poured forth its thunder, which appeared to shake even the distant highlands, and to make the bravest face turn pale. M'Auburn bit his lips, and for a moment appeared to have a fearful misgiving of consequences, till Washington handing his watch to his youthful comrade, said with a smile—

"Please descend and admonish those happy fellows, that pleasure will not dispense with the hour of riding. Bid Wayne to drink 'Bon Repos' in good season, and that the third fire must find them mounted for camp."

"We do not propose to have another round, general," said M'Auburn, with an inquiring air.

"Well, then, let's to the house for the surprise you promised, or we shall lose our share of the banquet."

"Oh, I have no surprise, but three portraits of my daughter, of which I would like your opinion," replied M'Auburn, manifestly uneasy at the self-possession of one whose conclusions he found himself unable to fathom.

As they walked toward the house, Washington expatiated on the beauty of the surrounding country and added, "Alas! after all, perhaps our labor may be in vain. Despotism may yet drain this delightful land of all its resources; the poor may here, as in other climes, behold the luxury of nature with disappointment!"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated M'Auburn; "what do you fear?"

"Nothing so much as treachery. You know one's enemies may be those of his own household; it is possible to be betrayed even in the house of a friend."

"Dear general, what can have suggested such horrible ideas?"

"I only meant," replied Washington, "to point out the consequences of treachery. But who are those riding so rapidly toward your hospitable mansion, winding along by the foot of yonder hill?"

"Some of your own troops coming to escort you to camp, are they not, general?" said the host, rubbing his eyes, and looking at his watch.

"But they have on British uniforms," replied the general. "What can all this mean?"

"That you are my prisoner, and must submit to King George," answered M'Auburn, as the troop hastily dismounted at the gate; "that you are my prisoner," he repeated, tapping Washington familiarly on the shoulder, while with an exulting smile, he surveyed the number and order of the band. "But what! DeCarroll at their head!" he exclaimed, with a look of horror—"DeCarroll!"

"Even so," said Washington, slapping him in turn; "he whom you supposed among your guests. Learn how little Britain has to expect from hypocrites. Here, Colonel DeCarroll, seize this traitor, and carry him to camp; we will make him an example to the enemies of liberty."

At this instant a tremendous peal of artillery from the British camp was answered by a like discharge from the American, which shook the mansion to its centre, and was followed instanter by the field-piece in the garden. Amidst all this uproar and confusion, Lafayette was heard shouting to the suite—

"To horse, to horse! brave comrades! a British dastard was never born to bury us alive. We will cut our way to the camp or die."

"I would like to pay my respects to the lady of the mansion in our own way, before we ride," vociferated Lee; "but time presses, and I will have to omit it at present."

"Form two deep around this lady," again shouted Lafayette; and the troop beheld Arabella weeping bitterly, while she exclaimed in a voice of despair, "My country is saved, but I have lost my father!"

Bourtelou supported her fainting steps, and the Indian maiden was leading a horse superbly caparisoned, when Mrs. M'Auburn rushed forward in a phrenzy of rage, seized the reins, and cried:

"Let go the bridle, you red witch! Shall my abhorred step-daughter ride the horse which would have carried me to the British camp a Duchess, had it not been for your accursed intermeddling! Let go, or I will tear you to pieces!"

The Indian answered not, but whirled her burnished tomahawk in the air. In another instant Lady Arabella was in the saddle, and the whole cavalcade, galloping at full speed, left Mrs. M'Auburn to apologise to the British horsemen in the best way she could, for their unexpected and humiliating disappointment.

Passing over intermediate events, we will raise the curtain to the tent of Washington. The great American was seated in silence, but it was evident there existed a strong conflict in his mighty mind between justice and compassion. Before him stood the man whom he once believed his friend, and the friend of liberty, and whose talents and resources he had greatly valued. But now biased by ambition, and the intrigues of an aspiring woman, this pretended friend must be lopped forever from the cause of freedom and from the expectations of his family. Yes, without a word of defence stood M'Auburn, though his pockets were filled with intercepted letters accusing him of the basest designs, and purporting to have been written by Washington, but which in his heart he knew to be forged. Supported by Wild Flower, Arabella knelt at her father's feet in unutterable agony. On either side, her brothers, George and Arthur, lay on litters dreadfully wounded, having returned from a distant expedition just in time to rush upon the ambuscade laid to intercept the return of the troop. Most of the family of the chief were present; all preserved a mournful silence; not a groan was heard from the wounded; not a sigh from the distressed. Thrice Washington essayed to speak, but emotion choked his utterance; till Lafayette rushing forward, seized his hand, then in a hoarse voice he exclaimed—

"Oh! M'Auburn, M'Auburn! would to God that you or I had died ere we had seen this day. Justice to my country's wrong points clearly to my duty; but when I reflect on my former friendship—when I look upon these young martyrs to the cause of liberty, and above all, the entreaties of this best friend of the colonies, General Lafayette, I feel that humanity must prevail. Go—your life I shall not require, but your exile forever. And I call heaven and earth to witness, that never again, where I have any influence, shall friend or brother escape the just demerit of any breach of trust or attempt to sever the Union; though it darken my soul, and tear

my heart asunder, any one so doing shall receive the punishment due to his crimes."

Alas! poor Andre—in thee was this asseveration verified.

The long war of the revolution was over; the times which tried the souls of every true son and daughter of America were passed. And on a beautiful farm in Rhode Island, which opened to the sea, Arabella and Charles DeCarroll, united by the holiest of earthly ties, sought repose from the severe anxieties they had suffered. There, under the blossom of their own vine, in a land freed from oppression, they tasted the sweets of friendship, the joys of social life, and that pure serenity of soul which, even in a present existence, is a reward to the virtuous.

THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was, once upon a time, a certain Duke of Lorraine, who was acknowledged throughout his domains to be one of the wisest princes that ever lived. In fact, there was not any one measure that he adopted that did not astonish all his privy counsellors and gentlemen in attendance; and he said so many witty things, and made such sensible speeches, that his high chamberlain had his jaws dislocated from laughing with delight at the one, and gaping with wonder at the other.

This very witty and exceedingly wise potentate, lived for half a century in single blessedness, when his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise and wealthy a prince should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his estate, and the welfare of his subjects.

He turned their advice in his mind some four or five years, and then sending emissaries to all parts, he summoned to his court all the beautiful maidens in the land who were ambitious of sharing a ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose one in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled for grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the duke to the skies for making such a choice, and considered it another proof of his great wisdom. "The duke," said they, "is waxing a little too old; the damsel, on the other hand, is a little too young; if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance; thus a want on one side is balanced by an excess on the other, and the result is a well-assorted marriage."

The duke, as is often the case with wise men who marry rather late, and take damsels rather youthful to their bosoms, became doatingly fond of his wife, and indulged her in all things. He was, consequently, cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for husbands; and, in the end, from the wonderful docility with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable and enviable appellation of Duke Phillibert the wife-ridden.

There was only one thing that disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands; though a considerable time elapsed after his marriage, he still remained without any prospect of an heir. The good duke left no means untried to propitiate Heaven; he made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and he prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it. While the meanest peasant in the country had sturdy brats by dozens, without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fastings, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end approaching. He looked with sorrowful eyes upon his young and tender spouse who hung over him with tears and sobbings. "Alas!" said he, "tears are soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart. In a little while I shall be no more, and in the arms of another husband thou wilt forget him who has loved thee so tenderly."

"Never! never!" cried the duchess. "Never will I cleave to another! Alas, that my lord should think me capable of such inconstancy!"

The worthy and wife-ridden duke was soothed by her assurances; for he could not endure the thoughts

of giving her up, even after he should be dead. Still he wished to have some pledge of her enduring constancy.

"Far be it from me, my dearest wife," said he, "to control thee through a long life. A year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory for a year and a day, and I will die in peace."

The duchess made a solemn vow to that effect. The uxorious feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. "Safe bind, safe find," thought he; so he made a will, in which he bequeathed to her all his domain, on condition of her remaining true to him for a year and a day after his decease; but, should it appear that, within that time, she had in any wise lapsed from her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighboring territory.

Having made this will, the good duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking, as his uncle had died without issue, that the domains would be devised to him of course. He was in a furious passion, however, when the will was produced, and the young widow was declared inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles for bosom counsellors. These were two swaggering, rakehell old cavaliers, who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply experienced in human nature. They took their nephew aside. "Prithee, man," said they, "be of good cheer. The duchess is a young and buxom widow. She has just buried our brother, who, God rest his soul! was somewhat too much given to praying and fasting, and kept his pretty wife always tied to his girdle. She is now like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Impossible! Take our word for it—we know mankind, and, above all, womankind—it is not in widowhood—we know it, and that's enough. Keep a sharp look out upon the widow, therefore, and within the twelve-month you will catch her tripping—and then the dukedom is your own."

The nephew was pleased with this counsel, and immediately placed spies round the Duchess, and bribed several of her servants to keep a watch upon her, so that she could not take a single step, even from one apartment of her palace to another, without being observed. Never was young and beautiful widow exposed to so terrible an ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. Though confident of her own rectitude, she knew that it was not enough for a woman to be virtuous—she must be above the reach of slander. For the whole term of her probation, therefore, she proclaimed a strict non-intercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns; and it is said that never were the affairs of the dukedom so adroitly administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honor, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. She slept in a bed without curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Four ancient spinners, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept in the day-time, kept vigils throughout the night, seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in chequers of the hardest wood, to keep them from dozing.

Thus wisely and warily did the young duchess conduct herself for twelve long months, and Slander almost bit her tongue off in despair at finding no room, even for a surmise. Never was ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sustained.

The last, odd day arrived, and a long, long day it was. A thousand times did the duchess and her ladies watch the sun from the windows of the palace, as he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed still more slowly to roll down. By the time the sun sunk behind the horizon, the duchess was in a fidget that passed all bounds, and, though several hours were yet to pass before the day regularly expired, she could not have re-

mained those hours in duration to gain a royal crown, much less a ducal coronet. So she gave her orders, and her palfrey, magnificently caparisoned, was brought into the court-yard of the castle, with palfreys for all her ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission of piety—a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the foot of a neighboring mountain—to return thanks to the blessed Virgin for having sustained her through this fearful ordeal.

The orisons performed, the duchess and her ladies returned, ambling gently along the border of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of twilight, when night and day are mingled, and all objects indistinct. Suddenly some monstrous animal sprang from the thicket, with fearful howlings. The whole female body-guard was thrown into confusion, and fled different ways. It was some time before they recovered from their panic, and gathered once more together; but the duchess was not to be found. The greatest anxiety was felt for her safety. The hazy mist of twilight had prevented their distinguishing, perfectly, the animal which had affrighted them. Some thought it a wolf, others a bear, and others a wild man of the woods. For upward of an hour did they beleaguer the forest, without daring to venture in, and were on the point of giving up the duchess as torn to pieces and devoured, when, to their great joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, supported by a stately cavalier.

He was a stranger knight, whom nobody knew. It was impossible to distinguish his countenance in the dark; but all the ladies agreed that he was of a noble presence and captivating address. He had rescued the duchess from the very fangs of the monster, which, he assured the ladies, was neither a wolf, nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of the woods, but a veritable fiery dragon.

The duchess would fain have prevailed on her deliverer to accompany her to her court; but he had no time to spare, being a knight errant, who had many adventures on hand, and many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to rescue and relieve in various parts of the country. Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued his wayfaring, and the duchess and her train returned to the palace.

No sooner was the adventure of the wood made public, than a whirlwind was raised about the ears of the beautiful duchess. The blustering nephew of the deceased duke went about, armed to the teeth, with a swaggering uncle at each shoulder, ready to back him, and swore the duchess had forfeited her domain. It was in vain that she called all the saints, and angels, and her ladies in attendance, to witness that she had passed a year and a day of immaculate fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be accounted for, and in the space of one little hour, sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues, to blast the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles who had seen the world, were ever ready to bolster the matter through, and, as they were brawny, broad shouldered warriors, and veterans in brawl as well as debauch, they had great sway with the multitude. If any one pretended to assert the innocence of the duchess, they interrupted him with a loud ha! ha! of derision. "A pretty story, truly," would they cry, "about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet, who dares not show his face in the daylight. You may tell that to those who do not know human nature; for our parts, we know the sex, and that's enough."

If, however, the other repeated his assertion, they would suddenly knit their brows, swell, look big, and put their hands upon their swords. As few people like to fight in a cause that does not touch their own interests, the nephew and the uncles were suffered to have their way, and swagger uncontradicted.

The matter was at length referred to a tribunal composed of all the dignitaries of the dukedom, and many and repeated consultations were held. The character of the duchess throughout the year, was as bright and spotless as the moon in a cloudless night; one fatal hour of darkness alone intervened to eclipse its brightness. Finding human sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery, it was determined to leave the question to Heaven; or, in other words, to decide it by the ordeal of the sword—a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and two bully uncles were to maintain their accusation in listed combat, and six months were

allowed to the duchess to provide herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions be vanquished, her honor would be considered as attained, her fidelity as forfeited, and her dukedom would go to the nephew as a matter of right.

With this determination the duchess was fain to comply. Proclamations were accordingly made, and heralds sent to various parts; but day after day, week after week, and month after month elapsed, without any champion appearing to assert her loyalty throughout that darksome hour. The fair widow was reduced to despair, when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo, in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, with the Morisco princess Exilona. As a last resort, the duchess repaired to the Spanish court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry.

The ancient city of Toledo was a scene of gorgeous revelry on the event of the royal nuptials. The youthful king, brave, ardent and magnificent, and his lovely bride, beaming with all the radiant beauty of the East, were hailed with shouts and acclamations whenever they appeared. Their nobles vied with each other in the luxury of their attire, their splendid retinues and prancing steeds; and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

In the midst of all this pageantry, the beautiful Duchess of Lorraine made her approach to the throne. She was dressed in black, and closely veiled; four duennas of the most staid and severe aspect, and six beautiful demoiselles, formed her female attendants. She was guarded by several very ancient, withered and gray-headed cavaliers; and her train was borne by one of the most deformed and diminutive dwarfs in existence.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, she knelt down, and throwing up her veil, revealed a countenance so beautiful, that half the courtiers present were ready to renounce their wives and mistresses, and devote themselves to her service; but when she made known that she came in quest of champions to defend her fame, every cavalier pressed forward to offer his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beautiful a lady could have done nothing but what was right; and that, at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the bent of her humors, whether right or wrong.

Encouraged by such gallant zeal, the duchess suffered herself to be raised from the ground, and related the whole story of her distress. When she concluded, the king remained for some time silent, charmed by the music of her voice. At length: "As I hope for salvation, most beautiful duchess," said he, "were I not a sovereign king, and bound in duty to my kingdom, I myself would put lance in rest to vindicate your cause; and as it is, I here give full permission to my knights, and promise lists and a fair field, and that the contest shall take place before the walls of Toledo, in presence of my assembled court."

As soon as the pleasure of the king was known, there was a strife among the cavaliers present for the honor of the contest. It was decided by lot, and the successful candidates were objects of great envy, for every one was ambitious of finding favor in the eyes of the beautiful widow.

Messives were sent, summoning the nephew and his two uncles to Toledo, to maintain their accusation, and a day was appointed for the combat. When the day arrived, all Toledo was in commotion at an early hour. The lists had been prepared in the usual place, just without the walls, at the foot of the rugged rocks on which the city is built, and on that beautiful meadow along the Tagus, known by the name of the King's Garden. The populace had already assembled, each one eager to secure a favorable place; the balconies were soon filled with the ladies of the court, clad in their richest attire, and bands of youthful knights, splendidly armed, and decorated with their ladies' devices, were managing their superbly caparisoned steeds about the field. The king at length came forth in state, accompanied by the queen Exilona. They took their seats in a raised balcony, under a canopy of rich damask; and, at sight of them, the people rent the air with acclamations.

The nephew and his uncles now rode into the field, armed cap-a-pie, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roistering cast, great swearers and carousers, arrant swashbucklers, that went about with clanking

armor and jingling spurs. When the people of Toledo beheld the vaunting and discourteous appearance of these knights, they were more anxious than ever for the success of the gentle duchess; but at the same time, the sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors, showed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the fair widow appeared at the other, with her suite of grave gray-headed courtiers, her ancient duennas and dainty demoiselles, and the little dwarf toiling along under the weight of her train. Every one made way for her as she passed, and blessed her beautiful face, and prayed for success to her cause. She took her seat in a lower balcony, not far from the sovereigns; and her pale face, set off by her mourning weeds, was as the moon, shining forth from among the clouds of night.

The trumpets sounded for the combat. The warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and, riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

"In me," cried he, "behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this grievous calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at all speed, to stand forth in her vindication."

No sooner did the duchess hear the accents of the knight, than she recognized his voice, and joined her prayer with his that he might enter the lists. The difficulty was, to determine which of the three champions already appointed, should yield his place, each insisting on the honor of the combat. The stranger knight would have settled the point, by taking the whole contest upon himself; but this the other knights would not permit. It was at length determined, as before, by lot, and the cavalier who lost the chance retired murmuring and disconsolate.

The trumpets again sounded—the lists were opened. The arrogant nephew and his two drawcansir uncles appeared so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds were like moving masses of iron. When they understood the stranger knight to be the same that had rescued the duchess from her peril, they greeted him with the most boisterous derision.

"O ho! sir Knight of the Dragon," said they; "you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on, and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day."

The only reply of the cavalier was, to put lance in rest, and brace himself for the encounter. Needless is it to relate the particulars of a battle, which was like so many hundred combats that have been said and sung in prose and verse. Who is there but must have foreseen the event of a contest, where Heaven had to decide on the guilt or innocence of the most beautiful and immaculate of widows?

The sagacious reader, deeply read in this kind of judicial combats, can imagine the encounter of the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concussion, man to man, and horse to horse, in mid career, and in that Sir Graceless hurled to the ground, and slain. He will not wonder that the assailants of the brawny uncles were less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger spurring to their rescue, in the very critical moment; he will see him transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chime with a back stroke of his sword, thus leaving the trio of accusers dead upon the field, and establishing the immaculate fidelity of the duchess, and her title to the dukedom, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The air rang with acclamations; nothing was heard but praises of the beauty and virtue of the duchess, and of the prowess of the stranger knight; but the pulic joy was still more increased when the champion raised his visor, and revealed the countenance of one of the bravest cavaliers in Spain, renowned for his gallantry in the service of the sex, who had long been absent in search of similar adventures.

That worthy knight, however, was severely wounded in the battle, and remained for a long time ill of his wounds. The lovely duchess, grateful for having twice

owed her protection to his arms, attended him daily during his illness. A tender passion grew up between them, and she finally rewarded his gallantry by giving him her hand.

The king would fain have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by farther deeds of arms; but his courtiers declared that he had already merited the lady, by thus vindicating her fame and fortune in a deadly combat to outrance; and the lady herself hinted that she was perfectly satisfied of his prowess in arms, from the proofs she received in his achievement in the forest.

Their nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. The present husband of the duchess did not pray and fast like his predecessor, Phillibert the wife-riden; yet he found greater favor in the eyes of Heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny—the daughters chaste and beautiful as their mother; the sons all stout and valiant as their sire, and all renowned, like him, for relieving disconsolate damsels and desolate widows.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK;

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

TOWARD the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or, in plainer English, about the year of grace 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the very rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendent of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honorable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his beforenamed intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor goldsmith and reputed papist, but nevertheless a maiden of good fame, seemingly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what, indeed, was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighborhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather, as it might seem, worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterward under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so how or why Master Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigor of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very gray; but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness; some men, he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which showed that their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his gray hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honorable labor had blanched

them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from a child. He was a youth of good favor, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, latterly, he did not; for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could, from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also, that during his absence he was continually to be seen in very bad company—at which his master would sigh—and I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nic-nacs were also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder "who the thief could be?" and assertions "that such things could not walk off without hands; wheret her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villainy, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honored, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not do so, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * * * *"

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water; then followed a short, thick dash of the pen—and then, in a large and hurried hand, the following:

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, sir—dear master, farewell: forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if you think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I am going wrong—good bye."

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, "the thankful orphan, Simon."

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife, as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears—a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Dr. Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, showed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation her husband merely sighed, but made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbors had been present, they might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an inuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew anything, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings, under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger, however, came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smith—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said, as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and, indeed, fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lantern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripple-gate church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments she stopped and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, toward the postern: a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man, also muffled in a cloak; she addressed him, by exclaiming: "Late, sir!"

The stranger began some excuse, probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, and advanced toward the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper: "I cannot do it. I cannot—indeed I cannot—anything but that!"

"Anything but that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all—of me? Nay, come, dear Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of his ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping toward the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of a part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which, Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise and horror, rushed for-

ward, screaming, "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbors and of the watch, standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly: "Ah! I see—I see him—him! Seize him—the murderer!" and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the court-house there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution, and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged that as a wife could not appear as a witness either for or against her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne out of his slayer's hand, was a jeweled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years, he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription, "Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the patent spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose: it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause, may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependent on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed unaccountably to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart, he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by, about a week before the murder, in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course, this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little—in fact, simply nothing. The jury found him guilty, and the recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man; that he was innocent

—and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned. The prisoner hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half past ten that night, as the recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home, he had better stay in the room; which was, on the whole, a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began.

“I come to tell you, sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death.”

“Bah! bah! And pray, how know you that he is innocent?”

“By this token, sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert’s murderer stands before you.”

The recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer, at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature between an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand toward the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said:

“I will do you no harm, sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one.”

He removed the hand-bell beyond the recorder’s reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavored to excite in his mind toward her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him: his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master’s superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards’s house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm’s length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master’s life by sacrificing Lambert’s; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poniard and watch were part of the property stolen when he had left the house. He ended thus:

“After I had left the spot, sir, I fled, I know not whither: for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men

to relieve my wants, till dark, and the ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain: it was all vain; a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, ‘What brought thee to thy master’s court-yard that night?’ and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making even this late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter; but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—a lantern hanging on the end of a barber’s pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master’s name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to—to supply my master’s place to-morrow.”

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, “Aye, I am your prisoner now.”

“Yes, sir, yes,” said the recorder. “Geoffrey! Williams! very true, sir—by your leave, sir—Godwin! Ralph! there’s your prisoner, sir,” he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband’s reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert’s murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death: but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was, therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master’s life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot; he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his father.

LOST BEAUTY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

NEAR one of the windows of a large and antique house, of the Elizabethan era, two ladies were seated enjoying the cool evening breeze that entered through an open window; and if we do not descant upon the richness and variety of the landscape, it is because we admire the living more than the material world, and would

make acquaintance with that noble-looking woman whose countenance is turned toward the setting sun, and whose every attitude expresses dignity. How firmly, yet how gracefully, her head is raised above her polished shoulders! What richness, yet propriety, in her dress! the folds of her velvet robe descend to her feet, that—so delicate are their form—hardly indent the crimson cushion with their slight pressure. Her companion is of other, though, it may be, of more winning beauty. The childish golden hair, that clusters over her expansive brow in such redundancy of freedom, harmonizes well with the cheek of palest rose, and a form that we could imagine might rest upon a bed of violets without crushing a single petal. Her voice is like the breathing of a soft lyre, when awakened by the spirit of joy; her blue eyes are full of hope, that perfectly un saddened hope, which dwells with youth as a companion, and calls innocence its sister.

They are both children of the same parents, though many years passed before Annette was born, to be the playmate and friend of the stately Lady Leslie.

As they sat together in that great chamber, there was a feeling of quiet and solitude around them, which darkened the shadows on Lady Leslie's mind, and sobered the smile on the lip of her gay young sister. They had both recently suffered from that fell disease which has been the bane of so much beauty. But, while Annette escaped unscathed, the blight had fallen upon her sister, and the mistress of Leslie Abbey arose from her bed with the marks of the pestilence written on her once beautiful countenance too strongly to be ever effaced.

It is not to be denied that the noble lady had as large a share of personal vanity as usually falls to the lot of woman. Of high birth, and large possessions, she had consequently a sufficient number of flatterers to praise and fawn. Had she been as dark as Erebus, and as deformed as Sin, they would still have sung of and praised her loveliness. But its character and brilliancy had been such, that she could not move without receiving the homage of eyes—so rarely paid without being sensibly felt and duly appreciated. She had been feted and sung, painted and sculptured, until her exquisite head whirled upon its pedestal, and, what was still worse, her heart, naturally kind and benevolent, became careless of the wants or wishes of her fellow creatures. Prosperity drives pity from the bosoms of the wealthy; it is good to feel disappointment, and even adversity, at some period of our lives; for practical experience is a benefit to ourselves and others. It was Lady Leslie's beauty that steeled her heart; she thought of it—acted upon it—dreamed of it. It had gained her the affections of the only man she ever loved. One whom wealth and title could not purchase, was nevertheless caught by the matchless face—that now—but she could not bear to think of it. To look upon it a second time, thus scarred and disfigured, was impossible! Her husband had been abroad; and the letter which lay open upon her lap, told of his hopes of an immediate return; and spoke much of anticipated happiness in meeting again (so ran the words) "with his bright and beautiful wife."

Annette had watched with all the earnestness and anxiety of her affectionate nature, the effect produced by the perusal of that letter upon her sister's mind. She had longed for the return of her brother; for she felt that now was the time, when Lady Leslie's proud spirit was bowed with mortification, to lead her from the vanity of her ways, and teach her to mount far, far above the world's mean and sordid enjoyments. "Why should such as she," thought Annette, "trifle away the essence and energy of soul that God has given her, upon those whose wonder is cankered by envy—to whose lips blessings are unknown! Her heart is touched and softened by affliction; she valued the casket more than the jewel it contained—for she lived among those who could appreciate the first, but not the last; the roses of her cheek were more lovely in her sight than the blossoms of her mind, that would have furnished forth such glorious fruit, had the one been cultivated with half the care bestowed upon the other. But it is not too late; she is yet in the summer of her days; and who knows that if Leslie comes not, it may be given to me—to me, her youngest and unworthy sister—to show her better things. When the old Roman soldier was blind, he was led by a strapping boy—as one child would lead another; not that the old man was less wise than be-

fore, but he wanted sight, and the youth lent him the only faculty he lacked. On the same principle, may I not give unto her, who is ten times greater than myself, the one quality she needs—the only one that I possess—and so render her loss a gain?" Having thought so much, Annette looked into Lady Leslie's face; it retained the traces of recent tears, and was more than usually pale. "I will not speak yet," thought her sister, and, without saying a word, she took her lute, and, striking a few wild chords, began that beautiful song of the witty and accomplished Carew:

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away."

She paused, for a moment, at the conclusion of the first verse, and stole a quiet glance at her companion; but there was no expression that could induce her either to continue or forbear another stanza. She again sung:

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never dying fires;
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

"You are fond of the lays of the olden time," said Lady Leslie with a sigh; "but I care not for either the modern or the ancient rhymesters; why should I care for anything, when nothing cares for me?"

"If you care for nothing, dear sister, that same nothing shows marvellous wisdom in caring for you. I wish I could imitate it! But will you not read me Leslie's letter?" she continued; "or at least, tell me what he says? Here have I sat, the perfect picture of maidenly patience, singing and sighing, from fair curiosity to know what writes my lordly brother."

"O, you may see it all! but stay, I will read you this passage myself!"

"Since you have so long enriched the abbey with your presence, I fear I can hardly hope you will continue there after my return; tell me, dearest, do you not pant for the court, of which your beauty was so bright an ornament?"

"You hear, Annette," continued the proud lady, rising from her seat, and pacing the apartment with the grace of a Mary, and the irritation of an Elizabeth: "You hear! Did he know of the evil I have suffered, it would be ill talking of beauty; perhaps he would not think of returning."

"And have you not told him, then?"

"Told him, Annette! Oh, no, silly girl! Do you think I did not want to see him, once more! Him I have so loved! But your childish nature cannot understand such love; you love linnets, and doves, and wild roses, and—"

"You, sister!"

"Forgive me, Annette, forgive me!" said Lady Leslie, with one of those sudden transitions of temper to which petted men, women and children are so often subject; "some allowance would be made for a king who had lost his crown—for a—"

"You have not lost your crown. It is now my turn to be forgiven, for again interrupting you. I have read of a virtuous woman being a crown of glory to her husband; and do you know what I fancy should be a married woman's crown? Her husband's love."

"Granted; my husband's love was what I prized on earth—more than earth's—all earth's other treasures—it is for him I would be beautiful!"

"My dear sister!"

"What mean ye, girl?" inquired Lady Leslie, with returning haughtiness of manner.

"That you deceive yourself; I grant he was your principal, but not your *only* object. Admiration was your food—your existence depended on it! If he were not present to give the necessary supply, you took it from other hands. Nay, do not look so steady on me. I own that from him it was *more* than from any; but, sister, it was sweet from all."

Lady Leslie gazed upon her young sister with astonishment. She had only considered her an affectionate, kind girl; she had not sought to penetrate her character; vain people seldom care for others sufficiently to

scrutinize their minds. And now, astonishment at her boldness was blended with veneration for her truth. Annette continued—"If my beloved sister would throw open the rich storehouse of her mind, and cultivate the affections of her heart, she would be more beloved than ever by her husband, and command the respect—if, indeed, it be worth commanding—of those who flattered; and, better still, of those who never soiled their lips by flattery or falsehood."

"Annette Feversham, the philosopher!" exclaimed the lady, contemptuously.

"Annette Feversham, the naturalist, if you will!" replied her sister, playfully: "May I tell you a little tale? it is very short, and very true. You know that when you were engaged in the business of fashionable life, your boy was turned over to his childish aunt, as companions well suited to each other. Well, sister, I have learned from children more wisdom, more of that natural wisdom which comes directly from God, than I ever learnt from men. Their goodness is so active, and their thoughts given with so much honesty! I love to hear them prattle of their miniature hopes and fears, before deceit has taught them mystery or concealment. Do you remember, the first day you ventured to your dressing room, you ordered Edward to be brought in? I was well long before, and had seen him frequently; but some weeks had elapsed before he had been permitted audience of his mother. Sister, you took him in your arms—kissed his fair brow a thousand times, and wept salt yet sweet tears of joy; they were brighter to my eyes than the gay jewels of your coronet; for they were nature's tears."

"Perhaps they were tears of pride, shed at my own sad change."

"I'll not believe it! he, too, had suffered the disease, but escaped without a blemish. Ah, good my sister, you wept for joy, to see his brow unstained."

"I did! I did!"

"I knew you did. I took him to his chamber, and, after a grave pause, he looked into my face, and, clasping his tiny hands, exclaimed, 'I am so happy that mamma has grown ugly: shall I tell you why, dear aunt? It has taught her to be kind; she never kissed me before. Shall I pray to-night that she may continue always ugly?' Trust me, dear sister, Ned was the true philosopher: he knew that people, though they may be admired for beauty, are never loved for it."

"My poor boy!" said the lady, after a painful pause: "My poor, dear boy; he is a noble child! and I may thank you for it, Annette: I trusted him to menials; you saved him from contamination."

"I am not yet come out," retorted Miss Feversham with her own peculiar archness of manner; "when I am I shall have other employments, I dare say, like other young ladies."

"Annette, do not trifle now. My child might think those seams of little consequence; but my husband!—then those women—those beauties whom I have so long eclipsed!"

"Ah, there it is! I will not believe it is on Leslie's account you sorrow—he is but one of the many! If I have wronged you by my frankness," she continued, seeing the cloud again gathering on her sister's brow, "study but the arts he loves, and on my knees I'll crave a pardon—and never—never—never any more offend. He loves a country life—he loves simplicity—"

"He ought to have married you."

"Perhaps he would, had I been old enough. My glorious sister! if you look so upon me, I'll never jest again. I know not why I jest—a jest is a play on truth—and truth I have ever worshipped. With reverence I speak; it is the earthly type of all things heavenly. God is truth—his words yet dwell upon our lips, still flying, still remaining—brighten our eyes—shed a pure lustre over our features, a lustre that can make beautiful the plainest face. A noble thing is truth!"

"Annette, there's a new spirit created or roused within you."

"Lady, it is not new; love may burn faintly for a time, but it can be quickly fanned by circumstances to a flame. I loved my sister; and when I looked into her mind, I saw but one blot there—'twas vanity. I feel that I am touching a dangerous theme, with much too free a hand; but you have called me friend; that is a title dearer far than sister. I've heard you say men were capricious, and would feed on loveliness, like bees, taking honey, returning stings; that they would rove

from flower to flower, seeking the sweetest; but Leslie is none of these. We look upon the plainness of the thing we love, till it grows into beauty."

"He could not look on me, Annette," replied Lady Leslie, "without drawing comparisons, what I was, and what I am."

"My dear sister, let me tell you one more short story, and I have done."

"In an eastern country, no matter whether in Persia or Turkey, but somewhere in the East, there was a spring, a limpid spring, whose waters were like crystal; and upon the margin thereof the nymphs and good spirits used to congregate, to return thanks to Allah for having placed so delightful a fountain by the way-side. The holy men who, journeying from country to country, drank of its refreshing waters, declared that it came directly from the centre of the world, and brought to its surface the virtues and medicaments that before were concealed in the bowels of the earth. The fame of the well spread far and near; and one of the rulers in that country said:

"Behold! we will build around our spring—the spring wherewith Allah has blessed our land—a safeguard and a wall; and the wall shall be of alabaster, within and without—so that all who pass by shall marvel at the purity of the well. And we will set one to keep the well, and watch over it; and the name of her who watches and guards the well shall be TRUTH."

"And all the wise in that country who heard the words of the venerable ruler, declared that they were good. And the ruler stroked his beard, which descended below his girdle. And the ruler said, 'Let the thing be done forthwith.'

"But in that land there were more rulers than one; and another opened his mouth and spake. 'The brain in the gray head is dry,' said the youthful ruler, 'and his eye dim, so that he cannot discern the fashions that spread over the earth; his ear is closed against the voice of improvement. Behold! we will tell him a thing. Why should our well, the spring of delight in our wilderness, be closed in alabaster, and one of such exceeding plainness as Truth set to guard its waters? Behold! we will plant a glorious tree beside the well; and its roots shall descend into the earth, and its branches ascend to the first heaven. And the tree shall bear the fruit of gems and jewels, which will sparkle in the sun, and overshadow our spring with splendor.'

And the young and the foolish shouted the shout of joy. And the shouts of the young and the shouts of the foolish were louder than the shouts of the wise. So the young ruler curled his moustache, till its hair saluted those of his soft hazel eyes, and said, 'The thing shall be done forthwith.'

"And the thing was done; the voice of the foolish prevailed for a time over the voice of the wise."

"Where is the goodness of the well, and where the purity of the water?" exclaimed those who once had praised its marvel and its beauty; 'behold! the roots of the filthy tree have disturbed its cleanliness.'

"My spring—my spring—my limpid spring!" wailed the last spirit that had lingered by its side, and could now no longer remain near its margin. 'Birds of no wisdom nest in the branches of the false tree, and the untrue gems have become cankered, and thy waters are corrupt. O that thou hadst been walled by alabaster and guarded by Truth!'

"And as the spirit passed sighingly away from the well, the spring itself replied: 'The sun shines, and the gems sparkle on me; what do I desire more?'

"And a great spirit heard the words; and the great spirit said that the words were foolish. And the great spirit resolved that he would uproot the tree, and after a time restore the well."

"And the tree, which was named 'Eternal Beauty,' became uprooted, at the command of the great spirit. And the waters of the spring were troubled, and mourned after the tree, and after the gay birds that filled its ear with foolishness."

"But the great spirit said, 'Let be; the well, in a little time, will regain its purity, now that the glare of eternal beauty is removed from its sight, and the roots of vanity from its heart; it can now drink into its depths the mysteries of heaven, and the light of Allah, and be satisfied with the wall of alabaster as a guard. Oh that so fine a well should have ever become so corrupt!'

"My dear sister," persisted the fabulist, seeing that

Lady Leslie was not displeased at her invention, "you are the well, and Leslie the wall of alabaster, and I am Truth, and your beauty was the tree; think less of the tree, and more of your husband and child, and, Annette Feversham's word upon it, he will love you better than ever. I will not tell you," she continued, with more tact than those unacquainted with the windings, the knowledge and the mysteries of woman's heart, would have given her credit for—"I will not remind you that your figure is as perfect as ever—your eyes as brilliant—your teeth as white—your smile as gracious; and as for those little pits—they are graves for vanity! Write to your husband, sister; tell him—"

Lady Leslie started from her seat, and, after a moment's listening, exclaimed, "It is his horse's tramp; I know the sound of its hoofs among a thousand. O that I could hide this face from him and from the world!" She seized a veil which lay upon the sofa, and would have flung it over her head. But Annette drew up her slight figure with a gesture and a dignity that bore a miniature resemblance to her sister—and, taking the rich lace from the trembling and agitated hands of the lady, said, with both feeling and emphasis:

"There is but one thing that should make a woman veil before her husband, and that is—shame. The house of Feversham knows it not!"

Lady Leslie could hardly help smiling at the tone of authority assumed by the little Annette; but she yielded, nevertheless, and forgot at the time, in her husband's warm and affectionate greeting, the mortification which, for so many weeks, had steeped her proud soul in bitterness.

It is again evening—though five years have passed since the commencement of our tale—and on the lawn of Leslie Abbey, the lord and his noble lady are enjoying the prospect and the breeze of their native hills. The moat has been partly filled, and instead of weeds and wilderness have sprung up goodly shrubs and smiling flowers. Here a vista has been carefully opened in the wood, and we may see the beautiful river wandering like animated silver beneath the smiles of the rising moon, until it is again swallowed in the darkness of the deep, deep forest.

Hark! the voice of joyous children from a neighboring village—the shout—the laugh—the gay halloo—dancing amid the echoes of the hills; and we can perceive the spire of the village church—the church that they, the lord and his *once* proud wife, have built and benefited; the country upon which they look is theirs—the silver river, the dark wood, the waving corn; what else? the hearts and blessings of their tenantry!

"Where tarries our sister?" he inquired, after they had surveyed their wide domain, and heard the blackbird's last whistle, and watched the fog-wreath encircle the wood, and cast its mantle over the valley.

"She is with our children." "Oh, Leslie! we both owe much to that girl, who blends so astonishing the wisdom of the serpent with the gentleness of the dove and the frolic of the wild kid. I shall never forget the first lesson she read me on the advantage of personal plainness."

"Personal plainness! what has it to do with you?"

"Peace, peace, dear Leslie! Do you not again awaken the vanquished spirit of pride within your wife's bosom; I sometimes fear it only sleeps; yet have I yet learned to bless 'lost beauty.' My trial has been turned into a triumph."

"Let it sleep on, then," replied the husband, of whose character Annette had rightly judged. "A woman has something to be far more proud of than personal beauty."

LEONI.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

THE lord of castle Alto is old and gray headed; four-score years have flitted silently over him, and the dream of his life is nigh to its awakening, and his ear is dull, and his eye is dim, and his heart is weary.

The old man reclines on a couch in the hall of his ancestors, beside an open casement, and the balmy air that floats over the deep blue waters of the broad sea, passes softly through his thin hair, and his weary eye rests on the brightness of a lovely landscape; for the olive, and the orange, and the myrtle are green by the

shore of the still waters: and the city lies whitely beneath the glance of the sun, as he rides through the cloudless azure of the heaven; while the purple mountains clasp the ocean in their arms, and fade away into the horizon in long lines of misty blue. Alas! the spring time of nature is a mockery to the winter of age, and Amalfiero turns away in sadness. His vasaals are waiting around him to do him pleasure; the minstrel is there with his harp, the maiden with her song; but no music is so sweet to the old man's ear as the voice of his daughter Giulietta.

Giulietta, when a babe, was a thing of smiles and loveliness, like happy thoughts dancing over the mind. Giulietta, when a child, was like the orange blossom in the groves of Friuli, and gladness floated around her like the fragrance of the flower. Giulietta, in her youth, was the fairest maiden in Italy—she glanced among the myrtle bowers like the winged zephyr; the evening star, when it rises gleaming out of the sea into the darkness of the glorious night of Italy, is not so bright as the beam that flashed from her large eye through the night of her lovely eye-lashes. Giulietta's mind was love—all love—to each and every thing.

Like music to the sadness of the soul, was Giulietta to the old age of her father. As she passed before him, a light came into the coldness of his eye; and his ear, when it was dead to other sounds, awoke to the murmur of her gentle voice. As an angel watches over the last days of a saint upon earth, when the tumult of the battle of his life is over, and sheds peace around his hours, and bids his day pass sweetly and holily, so Giulietta watched over Amalfiero like an influence of good, and was the sun of his thoughts, and the light of his rejoicing.

Giulietta had a brother. Garcio d'Amalfiero was a man of a dark countenance, and the shadows of his evil passed over it like clouds over the luridness of the stormy heaven, and his look withered those upon whom it fell, and his wrath, once excited, raged like a pestilence, and would not be appeased. He was loved by few, and had many enemies, none of whom he hated as he did the bandit Leoni, for him only he feared.

Leoni's better nature had been borne down by the violence of his passions, and he became what he abhorred, and widely was the fear of his name spread; for he passed over the land like a meteor, and left desolation behind him in the palaces of the great and the powerful, but not in the hamlets of the poor.

Returning from a successful attack on the castle of a neighboring baron, Leoni had been once traced to the fastness of the Apennines by Garcio, with a chosen troop of his followers. The bandit gave him battle, and was, as usual, victorious; the followers of Garcio cowered back from his thunderbolt charge, and Garcio himself was struck from his horse by the sword of Leoni. It had been said of the bandit, that he had never deserted a friend, nor spared an enemy; but, as his sabre waved over the head of his prostrate foe, the beaver of Garcio's helmet fell open; Leoni's arm was arrested as if by the hand of an invisible being, and a smile of scorn passed over his lip, and then a mildness came into his eye! he turned calmly away; and, to the astonishment of his followers, sounded a retreat in the very flush of victory, while Garcio and his disheartened and vanquished band were suffered to retire unmolested. From that time the hatred of Garcio to Leoni was inextinguishable. The shame of defeat and the thirst of revenge gnawed into his heart like vultures, for he would rather have been laid dead by the sword of Leoni, than have owed his life to the clemency of his conqueror.

Giulietta sat in her chamber in the eastern tower of castle Alto. The evening star rose out of the sea, and climbed slowly up into the sky, and Giulietta's dark eye rested sadly upon it. She was waiting for a voice that rose every evening from the myrtle grove below the castle, as that star disappeared behind the peak of a distant mountain. Giulietta hardly knew how very sweet the voice was to her listening ear, for it was the voice of one who loved her with a more than common love. They had first met when Giulietta was young, very young, and Francesco just verging into manhood—from that hour she was the light of his path, and the joy of his heart. Her father knew not of his child's love for Francesco, who pleaded to Giulietta some ancient feud of their families, as an excuse for maintaining his secrecy.

When the star touched the misty summit of the mountain, and *Giulietta* drew near to the window, a blush passed over her fair cheek as a minstrel's song rose upon the breeze. She opened a secret door, and descended, and *Francesco* saw her come forth in her beauty.

"What meant thy song to-night, *Francesco*?" said the maiden.

"What can a farewell to thee mean, *Giulietta*, but misery?"

"Nay, this is madness, *Francesco*," replied the maiden; "wherefore must we part?"

"Thou sayest well, *Giulietta*, we will not part—fly with me—night is on the mountain—my band is near. Ere the day dawn we shall be far hence, in safety, in honor, and—if thou wilt, in power."

"Thy band!" repeated *Giulietta*, "fly with thee? With whom? What meanest thou? What art thou, *Francesco*?"

"I know not, maiden!" said *Francesco*, "I have not been what I seem to be, yet thou couldst make me so. With thee, I am *Francesco*; without thee, I am a pestilence, a scourge—in a word, without thee, I am—*Leoni*!"

And the name struck through the maiden's heart with a coldness as of death; the cry she would have uttered died upon her lips, and she fainted in the arms of her lover.

A hectic flush passed over her cheek, and she woke from the partial death with a deep gasp as of one in pain, and her dark eye was filled with a vague horror. "*Francesco, Francesco!*" she said, "thou tellest me something—it was terrible, tell it me again. *Francesco!*—thou art not *Francesco*," and she paused for a moment. "I know now," she said; "I remember well, very well, *Francesco* is dead, and thou—thou art not, thou canst not, thou shalt not be *Leoni*—the bandit *Leoni*—my brother's enemy. O, *Francesco!* say thou mockest me!"

"I was once *Leoni*," he replied; "thy brother's enemy never, or *Garcio* had not now lived. Could I be the enemy of your brother, *Giulietta*?"

And *Giulietta* felt that it was *Francesco*, and not *Leoni* who spoke, and she paused in deep agony.

Great was the tumult at castle *Alto*. An old fisherman of *Pozzuolo* had informed *Garcio* that he had seen two figures passing down westward on the sea-shore, at the foot of the castle. One was a maiden of exceeding beauty; the countenance of the other, he said, was one which he knew well, and which once seen was not easily forgotten—that of the bandit *Leoni*. Then *Garcio* was wild with rage, and he called his followers together, and the clash of arms was loud in the hall, and then, from the gate of castle *Alto* issued a troop of warriors, and their mail shone cold in the starlight, and *Garcio* spurred on his bloody war-horse in the van. His countenance was pale with wrath, and he dashed madly forward along the winding shore.

But one of the maidens of *Giulietta*, when she heard the peasant's tale, went and sought for her in her father's hall, and she was not there; and she descended by the secret staircase, and she saw footsteps in the dew on the grassy ground. Then she returned weeping, and came to *Amalfiero*, and told him that *Leoni* the bandit had carried away *Giulietta*. And the old man was very feeble, and he bowed his head gently upon his breast, and died.

"Heardest thou nothing?" *Giulietta* said to *Leoni*. "Nothing, *Giulietta*," he replied. "Nay, now that I listen, methinks I hear a sound, far away, like the tramp of steeds along the sand." And *Giulietta* listened, and she was filled with great fear.

"Oh! fly, *Leoni!*" she said. "It is *Garcio!* Fly, and leave me here!" But *Leoni* raised her in his arms, and bore her softly forward.

And now the rocks were seen rising high from the sea shore, with the columns of a ruined temple upon their summit, and *Leoni* knew that his band was near.

"On, on, *Giulietta!*" he exclaimed, "one effort more, and we are safe." And now the tramp of the galloping horses came nearer, and the voices of men were heard urging them on. Louder and louder became the sound, and *Giulietta* made one last struggle forward, and, having gained the rocks, the lovers stood beneath the ruins.

"*Anselmo! Anselmo!*" cried *Leoni*; and he was

answered by a shout from the rocks, and the banditti leaped from their concealment; but ere they gained the shore, the foremost horseman of the opposite troop dashed into view. It was *Garcio*. A shout of triumph burst from his lips when he saw *Leoni*. *Giulietta* saw him level his carbine, and with a shriek of agony, she threw herself before *Leoni*, and fell dead in his arms.

The band of *Leoni* heard the shot, and were around him in an instant; and lo! their leader was standing inactive beside the body of a maiden. There was a stillness in his eye and in his features; but it was as the stillness of the volcano before it bursts forth into desolation. His troops stood around him in fearful silence, and there was a pause, until like a whirlwind over the quietness of deep waters, came the madness over the soul of *Leoni*. He looked up and saw that his band was beside him.

"Stand by me this night," he said, "and revenge the loss of your leader." Then he shouted his war-cry, and the banditti swelled the sound with eager voices. The followers of *Garcio* replied, and *Leoni* dashed at them like a thunderbolt. Then loudly, into the quietness of the heaven, rose the roar of the battle, and the echoes rolled heavily over the sea.

Leoni burst his path through the mass of battle, and his bloodshot eye was on the crest of *Garcio*; and, whether it were foe or friend whom he met in his frenzy, he dashed the combatants aside, and clove his way to that one plume. With the implacable wrath of an avenging spirit, *Leoni* sought his single foe. The followers of *Garcio* shrunk from his glance, and, as he broke through the front of their battle, some turned and fled, and the rest hung back in disorder and dismay.

Then *Garcio* saw *Leoni* come upon him with the swoop of an eagle, and his eye quailed before the despair of his foe.

"Wretch!" cried *Leoni*, "lovest thou life? O, would that I could make life to thee what thou hast made it to me, and thou shouldst live! I spared thee once, for her sake; and thou hast well rewarded me! Thy sister strikes thee, *Garcio!*" and he smote him dead.

And the voice of the battle drifted away toward *Castle Alto*, and the shouts of the victorious banditti were heard echoing along the cliffs. But *Leoni* was no longer at their head; in their victory they were without a leader; they remembered that he had commanded them to revenge his loss, and few, very few, of the followers of *Garcio* escaped the slaughter of that night. The banditti met, and sought for *Leoni* among the dead, and they found the body of *Garcio*, and the sword of their leader lying beside it; but him they found not. And they retired, silently, under cover of the night, to their fastness among the mountains.

O calmly, brightly, beautifully rose the morning out of the eastern sea, and widely spread the rosy dawn over the deep! Gloriously the radiance stole up into the high heaven, where the white clouds waved their light wings in the deepness of the infinite blue, and looked out eastward, rejoicing as they met the morning breeze that sprang upward from its repose in the grove of silver olives. And the sun lifted its head majestically out of the sea, and the mists passed away before his glance from its surface, and the waves rolled onward singing, with sweet, low voices, and a long golden path was thrown upon them, even unto the shore.

O, the radiance of that morning was unconscious of the desolation of the night! There was no sadness in the dawn that shone on the ruins of *Castle Alto*. The surges that, in the night, had dashed away the blood from the shore, now broke clear and white on the unstained pebbles. A figure was leaning against a rock on the strand. Few, very few, would have recognized, in the haggard face, and withered form, the once haughty and fiery *Leoni*.

The fishermen of *Pozzuoli* affirm that, for years after that terrible night, the same figure was seen pacing the shore, with the unequal step and wild gesture of a maniac.

THE DUEL.

SOME years ago, while traveling in the north of England, I took occasion to visit one of its old Gothic churches, and while there, my attention was attracted by the sound of a voice, chaunting a sublime and beautiful hymn. After listening for several moments, the

voice ceased, and I walked gently forward, and saw a man of middle life leaning against the rails which enclosed a very noble monument, and looking up to it steadily, with eyes full of tears. I expressed a fear that I was intruding. He turned and looked upon me with a thoughtful glance, as if he would read my heart. Whether it was my manner or my countenance that reassured him, I know not, but he replied courteously, and did not, as I feared he might have done, move away. The paleness of his face and the dew upon his forehead alarmed me with the fear that he was about to faint. I caught him by the arm, as he sunk down upon his knees; and lifting up his face with closed eyes, upon the lashes of which tears quivered, he asked me if I did not know him, and if I could bear to look upon and speak to him.

"The earth does not contain," said I, "a single being upon whom I dare disdain to look, or to whom I could not desire to speak with charity; but to one whom I found engaged as you were when I entered, and from whose lips I heard the hymn you have just ended, I would speak at once as to a brother in the best of bonds." "Alas!" replied the stranger, "but I am not a Christian—I am without that hope; yet it is a mournful pastime to me to repeat that lovely song. I do it often—constantly; it operates like a lullaby to my tossed mind—as a mere opiate; and while I listen to my own mournful voice, I am tranquilized, and pleased, and forget that I am—a murderer!"

I certainly started—I was for a short moment struck mute; till, as I looked upon his sad penitent form—he had fallen upon his knees—I entreated him to rise, and come into the open air, that he might recover himself. I helped to raise him up, saying, "You cannot be a mere murderer: whatever you have done, I look upon you more in pity than in anger. Confession of your offence is a duty, it is the only reparation which you can make to the broken laws of man. To the violated law of a Higher Power, you can make none: but there is yet room for repentance." "No," said he, "I am no common murderer—for it was mine own familiar friend that I slew; and though the law of Heaven was broken, those laws called the laws of honor were not; and I am free, and have been these twenty years."

"I understand you," I replied; "it was in a duel that you killed your friend." "Even so," he answered; "you shall hear my story: if you are a sorrowful man, I shall make your sorrow light by comparison; if you are happy, it will acquaint you with grave, sad thoughts, which it may not harm you to entertain."

"Arthur Hill and myself were school-fellows—friends; we lived in the same county, within a few miles of each other; and our intimacy sprang up from our traveling to and fro to school in the same chaise; moreover, we were of like age, like taste, and read in the same class; we were both younger sons, and though receiving a general education, were both designed for the army. Hill, in compliance with his own choice, and I, because my mother was promised a commission for me, and desired it.

"At sixteen we both received our appointments, and I shall not forget till I die, the glad and affectionate expression of Hill's countenance, when he brought me the Gazette, and I found that our commissions were dated on the same day, and were in the same regiment.

The corps to which we were attached was stationed at Sandown Fort, in the Isle of Wight, and we joined together in the early spring of 18—. The friendship we had formed at school, strengthened every hour; and those officers who were our seniors in rank and life, never wanted some pleasant or kind word for us.

"It was upon a hot, sultry evening in the month of August, that a small group of the junior officers were idling upon the sands near the fort, and Hill and myself were of the party. Hill had got on a new foraging-cap, which was very becoming to him, and I was quizzing him upon his vanity—from which, of a truth, never was a youth more free, as I well knew. I was in exuberant spirits, and only joking; but, others being present, perhaps made the joke unpleasant to him. He colored and looked grave, and I thought that he was a little out of humor, and deserved to be shamed into a better temper. Reckoning on my frequent experience at school, I made sure that I should soon bring back his handsome smile; accordingly I went bantering on; I was in a foolish mind—uttered many absurdities—and laughed all the while convulsively.

"'Woe to light hearts—they soon forerun our fall.' At last, finding my words had not produced the effect I intended, I caught him playfully about the waist, and lifting my hand to the back of his head, tipped off his cap, which fell upon the sand. He released himself from my grasp petulantly, and stooping for his cap, bade me not do it again, in a manner rough, and as I thought, rude. I had never seen him in such a touchy mood before—a circumstance which, if I had had one moment's reflection, would have made me stop my folly—for I well knew his fine disposition, his real generous and loving nature; but I was beside myself, I laughed louder than ever, stole again behind him, and again pushed off his cap. Whether it was the heat caused by stooping that wound up his anger, or some more mysterious impulse, I know not; but as he raised himself his face was red, and his eyes shot fire; and observing that he did not like practical jokes, he dared me to do the like again. The menace did not open my eyes; though it was plain I was going too far, but it was not pleasant to me to be checked by a threat before so many of the officers; and not dreaming of anything beyond a trip-up or a wrestle and a fall, such as we had often given each other at school, I went up to him once more, and jerked off his cap again. He did not stoop, but aiming a straight and violent blow at my breast, for which I was wholly unprepared, he knocked me down.

"I was instantly picked up by a tall, vulgar young man, who had lately joined the regiment by exchange, in consequence of some affair of honor in which he had been engaged with his captain, and who was a ready agent of mischief. 'This business,' said he, 'can only be settled in one way, and the sooner the better.'

"I cast my eyes round to look for Hill; he had caught up his cap, and was walking away bareheaded, and two brother ensigns following him—one of whom I knew had a pair of duelling pistols. A little fellow, who had only joined a few days, and was not more than fifteen, and to whom we had both been kind, came to me. 'O Vernon,' said he, 'run after him; make all up; it was all foolishness: why it was only play till he got vexed; and that was your fault. I am sure he was sorry—let us all agree to say nothing about it at mess—and to keep it from the colonel.'

"Such was the thought of the artless boy. Oh! that he had had man's wisdom, I mean not that of such men as were with us then; for my tall friend called him a young blockhead, and bade him hold his nonsense; and remember that officers were not schoolboys. To think that of the seven persons present there was but one peace-maker, and he a child. Had he but gone to the colonel or any of the senior officers, there would not have been wanting some worth and wisdom to stand between 'the boys' and their calamity. As it was we were both in the hands of wicked and unreasonable men—both the dull and passive slaves of a cruel custom.

"My tall friend went home with me to my barrack room, and wrote a challenge, which I copied, scarce knowing what I did. He carried it himself, and was long away—how busy were my hopes during that interval—he will make an apology methought, he will do anything rather that meet me. The mischief-maker at last returned—he brought no note—a verbal consent to meet me. 'I never saw such a fellow,' said the wretch, who had volunteered to be my second, 'knock a man down, and then offer him an apology!—why you would be both turned out of the service—he for offering, and you for accepting it.' 'I would give my life,' I replied, 'to avoid this meeting if it were possible.' 'Well,' said my second, 'it is not possible; however, it is a pleasant and safe duel for you, for after receiving your shot, he'll of course fire in the air and make an apology: but go to the ground he must, and you need not be uneasy, perhaps you may miss him!' 'Perhaps I may miss him!' said I; 'why I would not fire at him, or hurt a hair of his head for the universe.' 'As to that,' replied my mentor, 'aim at him you must—you are the challenger; you must not call out a man and make a fool of him, and a mockery of a duel, and expect a couple of gentlemen to stand looking on as seconds, at such a piece of chicken-hearted child's play. No, no, that will never do; I feel for you, my dear fellow, but your honor is at stake. It is a sad annoyance, but it can't be helped; I am engaged out to supper, and I shall not go to bed to-night, so I

shall be with you in time. Five is the hour—you need not worry about anything; I have got pistols."

"The heartless wretch left me—alone—troubled—bewildered—almost out of my senses. I walked about my room; I sat down; I lay down on my bed. I was in a sad confusion of thought. My brain was wearied with its working. I fell asleep—I awoke at four o'clock, and got a light, washed and dressed myself. My servant, whom I had roused, stared at me, and asked if I was unwell. I said, 'a little so.' 'Might he fetch the doctor, then?' 'No.'

"The only comfort I could find or make was in the resolution to fire wide of the mark—the only prayer my heart could breathe was the fervent wish that I might manage it well. 'All's well that ends well,' said I to myself—we shall be friends again at breakfast as if nothing had happened. Arthur loves me, and I him, better than all others.

"It wanted some minutes to five, when my odious second arrived, with his pistols wrapped in a silk handkerchief. We exchanged but a very few words. But as we walked to the ground, he said unfeelingly, 'this will not be a *pistols for two—coffee for one, kind of a duel*, but a very harmless one, I'll answer for it, my youngster, so you need not look so pale.' My very blood ran chill as he spoke, and I felt terrified.

"We proceeded in silence to the sands. Hill and his second were already there. I hoped the duel might yet be averted; I longed to run over to Hill and to press him to my heart. The ground was measured. As I found myself opposite the youth whom I best loved, with a pistol in my hand—my eyes swam, and I felt sick and giddy—all the presence of mind I had was intent upon making sure to miss him. I heard the words, 'ready'—'present.' I raised my pistol with a careful slowness, and (according to the rules, when I had gotten the aim I designed) I fired. In that moment guilt, remorse, age, and despair, fell, as it were, upon me, and they have dwelt with me ever since—for twenty long years they have held me in their cruel hands. My hope shuddered as my finger pulled the fatal trigger. I dared not follow the shot with my eyes, but I heard the fall, and fainted upon the earth. When I recovered my senses, I was laid by the side of Arthur Hill upon the sand, and he had got my hands in his, and he was looking at me kinder and sadder than I ever saw any body upon earth look, and in a few minutes, with a heavy sigh, he died. Poor Arthur—I killed him; and I have never been quite well since—not to say quite right. That hymn you heard me sing, was found in Arthur's desk—copied out in his own hand; and his friends sent it to me, two years ago, to comfort me; and it does for the time—but I am very miserable, good sir—very."

I saw plainly that his reason had never been perfectly restored; but I strove to console him with the only consolation that there is for such a sorrow, or for any other; and I prayed for him, and walked with him about half a mile, to a house where he lived with his uncle, a country gentleman of small property, who told me that his nephew ranged about the park of Boughton, and its neighboring villages, quite unmolested and harmless; that he seldom spoke to any one, and that he was much surprised at his having related to me the story of his melancholy; but that it was quite true. He had left the army instantly, and had never been able to settle his mind to anything since; but was very devout, and very humble and lowly. And nothing ever gave him so much comfort as to meet and talk with Christians, when he felt well enough. But he had views as concerning himself that were very gloomy, and which no one had been able to dissipate."

THE SPY.

"T WAS in the middle of the year 1810, when the British army, after various struggles and hard-fought actions, succeeded in occupying the very heart of Spain, that the enemy, greatly reinforced, and far exceeding our forces in numbers, had taken up a very strong position in our front: their outposts were so much advanced, that the greatest vigilance was necessary to prevent a surprise, but ours was on the alert, and ready to check the slightest movement; rare, indeed, is it to find a British soldier slumbering at the post of honor.

The night, for the time of year in a southern country, was dark and lowering; all was hushed in silence, save the gentle sounds which broke upon the ear, of the sentinels' footsteps, as they paced to and fro on the short space of ground allotted as their post; or the visiting officer on duty, cautiously passing from one spot to another, to see that all were attentive and steady. A gentle rivulet ran by the right of the British outposts. Ever and anon a distant murmur of a movement in the French lines struck through the still air; then would the officer place his ear to the earth, by which, from frequent habit, he could almost ascertain the numbers in motion; at all events, he could determine the direction they were moving in. Two or three deserters this night crossed a ford higher up than the army, and presenting themselves to the pickets, were conducted in the usual form to the head-quarters. Whatever information they gave, whether it was considered true or false, or what might or might not have been the cause, so it was, that an attack which had been meditated at day-break was countermanded, and the army remained quietly looking at their opponents, making the necessary dispositions to secure, if possible, a victory, it being decided, for no doubt good reasons, to avoid, at least for the moment, a general action, and simply to hold the enemy in check. On the first of these nights it was, that I found an amiable young friend and officer gazing on his Eliza's miniature, and employing his fancy in the pleasing retrospection of the happy hours he had passed with those he loved, when my sudden appearance, startling him for an instant, broke the delightful charm—destroying all his airy, blissful visions, and bringing him back to the full feeling of his real situation, with its various sensations. A warm and friendly squeeze of the hand assured me that he forgave my interruption, which was in no small degree increased on my introducing a person who greatly excited his curiosity. Figure to yourself a man dressed in a sort of French-Italian costume—a face stained with a yellowish hue—a box suspended from his shoulders by a leather strap, containing snuffs, tobacco, perfumes, trinkets, and a variety of articles likely to be purchased by officers and soldiers: these he showed and expatiated on with all the volubility and gasconade of a French pedlar following an army.

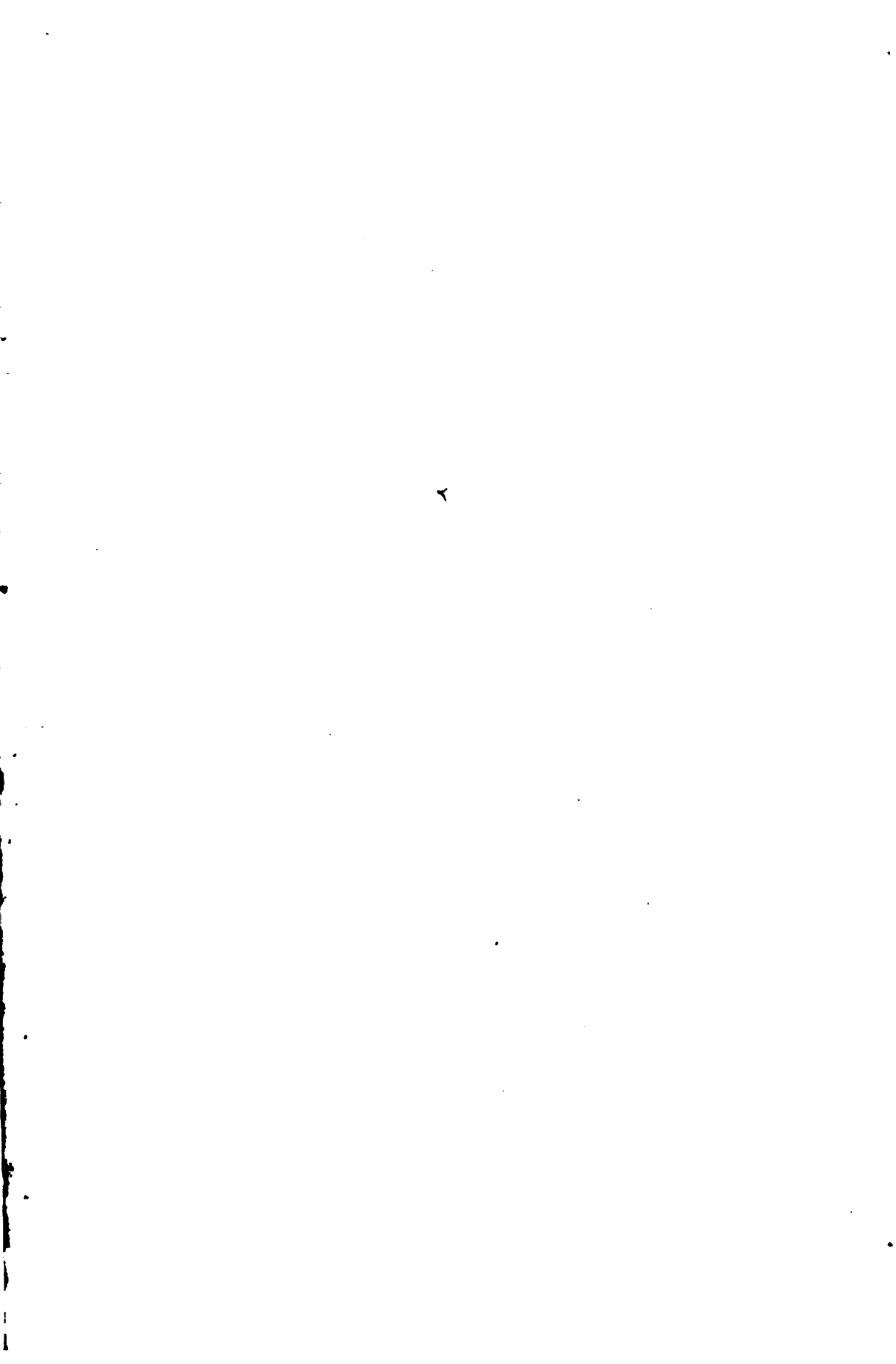
Our youth's curiosity was so greatly excited, that all his thoughts of home and love were for the moment obliterated. The question of "Where the man came from?" "How he came?" "Why he came?" and many others, were put in rapid succession. I bade him look on the man, and tell me if he had ever before seen him. He gazed intently on his face and figure, and assured me he had not. Thus did the disguise appear perfect, though our young friend added mournfully, "his features at first reminded me of my dear friend N—; but that is not possible, for in a skirmish with the pickets two nights ago, I was told he had been severely wounded and taken prisoner, while driving them from an ambuscade." The scene now became of intense interest; friendship, sincere and disinterested friendship, was put to the test and proved. "Poor Frank!" cried he: "Heaven knows if I may ever see him again. I loved him as a brother from early youth: his heart was the seat of goodness; his soul of honor; and yet he had his full share of life's misfortunes."

N— stood with his eye fixed on his youthful friend's changing countenance, and the various feelings depicted on his expressive features; then suddenly raising his cap of disguise, casting on him a look full of pleasure, and beaming with friendship most ardent, calling on his name, he rushed to embrace him. Inquiries of how he escaped? what were his wounds? and why was he habited in his present costume? were the immediate consequence of recognition. For the first, it appeared, that being closely engaged at the edge of the rivulet, as before described, dusk coming on, when the pickets were all pell-mell together. N— fell by a blow from a musket, which for a time completely stunned him, and on recovering, all was still; no being with life remained near him. Not exactly recollecting the spot on which he was, and it being dark, he cautiously forded the stream at a little distance, believed he was joining his troops, it having already been passed more than once; at break of day, however, he found out his mistake, when, to prevent being taken by the enemy, he was forced to make a circuitous route of some miles, ere he could venture again to attempt passing over to

regain his own lines; this, however, he at last did in safety, and no sooner arrived, than he was told an intelligent officer was wanted to volunteer for a particular service. Ever on the *qui vive* to show the greatest zeal in his profession, he instantly waited on the general of the division, became acquainted with the hazardous and arduous nature of the undertaking, when he not only offered himself for it, but begged the general's particular interest in his behalf. This he most cordially promised him, not only from his knowledge of his abilities as an officer, but in all other respects, especially his perfect acquaintance with several languages, the French particularly, which for pureness, elegance of pronunciation, and fluency, could scarcely be surpassed by even a Parisian. The general's report to the commander-in-chief proved sufficient, and our gallant friend was appointed to a post at once of the highest consequence to the army and of peril to himself; yet was his brave heart undaunted. He received his instructions, arranged his disguise, and was now devoting this last hour to the delights of sincere and real friendship. It was, indeed, an hour awakening sensations among the three friends easily to be imagined by minds capable of sentiments calculated to make life an enjoyment; to describe their feelings would be difficult; suffice it to say, that when the moment of parting arrived, it was one of melancholy in the truest sense of the word. It was midnight. N— was conducted by his two friends to the extreme verge of the advanced sentinels, where a fervent and rapid adieu was exchanged, when N— rushed forward to prevent those strong emotions of friendship overcoming his feelings, which, with such a triumvirate, would otherwise certainly have been the case, and have sent poor N— on his way depressed and sorrowful. Our two young officers retraced their steps in silence to their separate quarters, and retired to rest, offering up a prayer for the safety of their early friend. Behold now our spy, tracking his solitary road to a small village, about two leagues' distance, in order to avoid, as much as possible, the chance of falling in with the enemy's videttes, until he had attained a point beyond the reach of suspicion. At day-break he arrived at the village of Calvero del Monte, and entering a venta, demanded of the old Alberguero, in good Spanish, some breakfast. A few French riflemen were in the room smoking, together with half a dozen Spanish muleteers, who immediately on the entrance of our pedlar spy, approached inquisitively to ascertain the contents of his packages; he showed them several things, quite like a regular trader, and conversed with them in perfect good humor; but his great object was to engage the attention and cultivate the acquaintance of the soldiers; for that purpose, accosting them in pure French, he requested their observance and opinion of some peculiarly fine tobacco, which he had to sell cheap; then giving them a little to make trial of, and speaking their own language with great fluency, an instant friendship was brought about. N— told them a fictitious story of his birth-place being Bagneres, a small town celebrated for its baths, just on the other side of the Pyrenees—a place with which he was well acquainted, having resided there for a long time when a boy, with an uncle who went there for the recovery of his health. Then, like a true Frenchman, assuming a liveliness of disposition, singing, laughing, chatting, and recounting anecdotes about dear France, N— became so great a favorite, that at the hour of relieving the pickets, they begged him to accompany them; the request was of course complied with, and he thus soon passed through pickets, advanced guards, &c., to the main body of the army, minutely noticing the various dispositions made and making, the numbers, and all that could be of service. Being fearful of committing anything to paper, as the most trifling circumstance, or observation, might cause a discovery, with the instant forfeiture of his life, and as it would have been next to an impossibility for him to carry a recollection of every thing in his mind, he resorted to a curious method of keeping his memory alive. His box contained three separate compartments, each of which had three divisions, filled with trinkets of various kinds, tobacco, small packets of snuff, scents, soaps, &c. One part was considered the main body, and head-quarters; the other parts were designed to represent other divisions, advances, &c.—in fact, all that was necessary, and when separately taken to pieces, and regularly laid out, they would represent the object intended as accurately

as could be desired. Thus did N—, with his box strapped before him, pass through the whole French army, mingling with the soldiers and officers, selling some few of his articles, and minutely taking his observations of all that was going forward. On one occasion he was placed in some jeopardy: being seated on the ground in the evening, laying out his plans, an officer passing observed him attentively, and, before he was aware of it, touched N— on the shoulder, asking him whether he was trying his skill at copying the movements of an army, or whether he intended entering the service, and becoming a great general, by study and practice. N— was at first much alarmed, but finding the officer was not particularly scrutinizing in his manner, he quickly recovered himself, and without the least hesitation or apparent embarrassment, he replied in so artless and clear a way, as to throw off all suspicion, and gave the officer an idea that his intellects were rather ill-calculated for a general or any post in the army. N— soon replaced his box, saluted the officer, and joined the host of followers, of which there is never any lack in such situations.

Having soon gained all the information he wanted, he quitted the French position by a different route to that he had entered, stating his intention of proceeding on his journey to Madrid; and making a circuit of three or four leagues, regained in safety the advanced posts of his own troops early in the morning, and was immediately conducted by a corporal and file of men to the officer who commanded the guard, to whom he was entirely unknown; and had it been otherwise, he could not have discovered himself. He named the general of his division, and requested to be carried before him. The general welcomed his safe return, and after some few inquiries, accompanied him himself to the commander-in-chief, to whom N— so fully and ably explained every particular of the enemy's army, and evinced so much precision and clearness, that all was completely understood. N— was immediately recommended for captain; indeed, it was but the just reward of merit, in risking so dangerous a service to accomplish an object so invaluable to the commander of an army, and which he had done with such skill. N— now repaired to his quarters, where he was received by his brother officers with every mark of sincere friendship. The day was occupied in making the necessary preparations for an attack at day-break. Orders arrived at the different posts in quick succession; all was on the *qui vive*, and at the close of the evening, with the utmost caution and silence, the troops commenced moving to take up positions so as to meet more advantageously those of the enemy, according to the report by N—. This at once proved the value of our friend's information: the night was thus passed, all anxiously anticipating the result of the morrow, both as a body and to themselves individually. Alas! many who were then so reflecting, on that morrow ceased for ever to think on sublimity things. At the first dawn of day, a rocket from the right of the advance was the signal of attack, and quickly afterwards an incessant roar of cannon and musketry reverberated through the air, and shook the earth. Now did the vivid flashes send their death mandates to many a brave and gallant soldier. The husband, father, son and lover, the courageous and the coward, all alike fell without distinction; foes and friends lay heaped together in one short minute in close embrace, at rest and peace with each other for ever. The battle raged with the utmost fury the whole day; positions were taken and retaken; men fought hand to hand till toward sunset; then it was that the French, after struggling to the last, began a rapid retreat, leaving several hundreds of dead and dying on the field, with all their baggage and materiel. The British troops triumphantly entered the town: the victory was complete. Thanks were due to N— for the assistance he had afforded by his valuable information; but alas! fate ordained he should not be conscious of the result of his exertions; he lived not to enjoy the proud feeling the glory of this day would have given him. When the returns were sent in, poor N— was among the killed, and by inquiries in the regiment, it was ascertained that he had fought nobly during almost the whole day, and it was not till nearly the close of it that the fatal bullet carried its billet. Thus ended the short but brilliant career of one alike distinguished as an ornament to his profession, as he was for his private virtues. Peace to his manes!





An Ode to the Great Spirit
 by William Cullen Bryant
 The sun, the moon, the stars,
 The winds, the waves, the air,
 The flowers, the fruits, the trees,
 The birds, the beasts, the men,
 All praise thee, O Great Spirit,
 Thy power, thy wisdom, thy love,
 Thy goodness, thy truth, thy grace,
 Thy glory, thy majesty, thy name.

The sun, the moon, the stars,
 The winds, the waves, the air,
 The flowers, the fruits, the trees,
 The birds, the beasts, the men,
 All praise thee, O Great Spirit,
 Thy power, thy wisdom, thy love,
 Thy goodness, thy truth, thy grace,
 Thy glory, thy majesty, thy name.

Thou art the Father, the Son,
 The Holy Spirit, the One,
 The God, the Lord, the King,
 The Father, the Son, the King,
 The Holy Spirit, the One,
 The God, the Lord, the King,
 The Father, the Son, the King,
 The Holy Spirit, the One,

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 The Holy Spirit, the One,
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THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

CLAUDE GUEUX.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

SEVEN or eight years ago, a man by the name of Claude Gueux, a poor artisan, was living in Paris; he had with him a girl who was his mistress, and a child by this girl. I tell things as they were, leaving the reader to gather the moral for himself, as the facts of my story bring it before him. The artisan was skilful, quick, intelligent, very ill-treated by education—very well-treated by nature—able to think, but not to read. One winter his work failed him—there was neither fire nor food in his garret—the man, the girl and the child were cold and hungry; he committed a theft; I know not what he stole, or whence he stole it; I only know that the consequences of this theft were, three days' food and fire to the girl and the child, and five years of imprisonment to the man.

He was sent to undergo his sentence at the house of correction at Clairvaux—an abbey changed into a jail—a cell changed into a prison-cage—an altar changed into a pillory. When we speak of change, it is thus that certain persons understand and execute it—such a meaning do they give to the word.

To proceed. When arrived there, he was placed in a dungeon at night, and in a work-shop by day. I have no quarrel with the work-shop.

Claude Gueux, lately an honest man, now and henceforth a thief, was dignified and grave in appearance; his high forehead was already wrinkled, though he was still young; some gray lines lurked among the black and bushy tufts of his hair; his eye was soft, and buried deep beneath his lofty and well-turned eyebrows; his nostrils were open; his chin advancing; his lip scornful: it was a fine head; we shall see what society made of it.

He was a man of few words, more frequent gestures; somewhat imperious in his whole manner, and one to make himself obeyed; of a melancholy air—rather serious than suffering: for all that, he had suffered enough.

In the place where he was confined, there was a director of the work-rooms—a kind of functionary peculiar to prisons—who combined in himself the offices of turnkey and tradesman, who would at the same time issue an order to the workman and threaten the prisoner, put tools in his hands and irons on his feet. This man was a variety of his own species; a man peremptory, tyrannical, governed by his fancies, holding tight the reins of his authority; and yet on occasion a boon companion, jovial, and condescending to a joke—rather hard than firm—reasoning with no one, not even himself—a good father, and doubtless a good husband, (a duty, by the way, and not a virtue,) in short, evil, but not bad. The principle, the diagonal line of this man's character, was obstinacy; he was proud of it, and therein compared himself to Napoleon; when he had once fixed what he called his *will*, upon an absurdity, he went to its farthest length, holding his head high, and despising all obstacles. Such violence of purpose, without reason, is only folly tied to the tail of brute force, and serving to lengthen it. For the most part, whenever a catastrophe, whether public or private, happens among men, if we look beneath the rubbish with which it strews the earth, to find in what manner the fallen fabric had been propped, we shall, with rare exceptions, discover it to have been blindly put together by a weak and obstinate man, trusting and admiring himself implicitly. Many of the smaller of these fatalities pass in the world for providences. Such was he who was the director of the work-rooms in the central prison of Clairvaux; such was the stone with which society daily struck its prisoners to draw sparks from them. The sparks which such stones draw from such flints, often kindle conflagrations.

We have said that, once having arrived at Clairvaux,

Claude Gueux was classed in a work-room, and kept to hard labor. The director became acquainted with him, perceived that he worked well, and treated him accordingly: it even appeared that one day, being in a good humor, and seeing Claude very sad—for he was always thinking upon her whom he called his wife—he told him, by way of amusing as well as consoling him, that the unfortunate creature had become a woman of the town. Claude asked coldly what had become of the child? He did not know.

In a short time Claude found the prison air natural to him, and appeared to have forgotten every thing; a certain severe serenity, which belonged to his character, resumed its mastery.

In the same time he had acquired a singular ascendancy over all his companions, as if by a sort of silent agreement, and without any one knowing wherefore, not even himself; all these men consulted him, listened to him, admired and imitated him (the last point to which admiration can mount). It was no slight glory to be obeyed by all these lawless natures; the empire had come to him without his seeking; it was the consequence of the respect with which they beheld him. The eye of a man is a window, through which may be seen the thoughts which enter into and issue from his heart.

Place an individual who possesses ideas among those who do not: at the end of a given time, and by a law of irresistible attraction, all their misty minds shall draw together with humility and reverence round his illuminated one. There are men who are iron, and there are men who are loadstone: Claude was loadstone.

In less than three months, he had become the soul, the law, the order of the work-room; he was the dial, concentrating all rays; he must even himself have sometimes doubted whether he were king or prisoner; it was the captivity of a pope among his cardinals.

By as natural a reaction, accomplished step by step, as he was loved by the prisoners, so was he detested by the jailors: it is always thus; popularity cannot exist without disfavor; the love of the slaves is always exceeded one degree by the hate of the masters.

Claude was, by his particular organization, a great eater; his stomach was so formed, that food enough for two common men would hardly have sufficed for his nourishment. M. de Cotadilla had one of these large appetites, and laughed at it; but that which is a cause of gaiety for a Spanish grandee, with his five hundred thousand sheep, is a heavy charge to an artisan, and a misfortune to a prisoner.

Claude Gueux, free, in his own loft, worked all day, earned his four pounds of bread, and ate it; in his prison, he worked all day, and, for his pains, received one pound and a half of bread and four ounces of meat; the ration admits of no change. Claude was therefore constantly hungry while in the prison of Clairvaux; he was hungry, and no more; he did not speak of it, because it was not his nature so to do.

One day, Claude, after devouring his scanty pittance, had returned to his work, thinking to cheat his hunger by it; the rest of the prisoners were eating cheerily. A young man, pale, fair and feeble-looking, came and placed himself near him; he held in his hand his ration, as yet untouched, and a knife: he remained in that situation, with the air of one who would speak, and dares not. The sight of the man and his bread and meat annoyed Claude: "What do you want?" said he, rudely. "That you would do me a service," said the young man, timidly. "What?" replied Claude. "That you would help me eat this; it is too much for me." A tear stood in the proud eye of Claude; he took the knife, divided the young man's ration into two equal parts, took one of them, and began eating. "Thank you," said the young man: "if you like, we shall share

together every day." "What is your name?" said Claude. "Albin." "Wherefore are you here?" "I have committed a theft." "And I, too," said Claude.

Henceforth they did thus share together every day. Claude Gueux was little more than thirty years old, but at times he appeared fifty, so stern were his thoughts usually. Albin was twenty; he might have been taken for seventeen, so much innocence was there in the appearance of this thief. A strict friendship was knit up between the two, rather of father to son than brother to brother, Albin being still almost a child, Claude already nearly an old man. They wrought in the same work-room—they slept under the same vault—they walked in the same airing-ground—they ate of the same bread. Each of these two friends was the universe to the other—it would seem that they were happy.

We have already spoken of the director of the work-rooms. This man, who was abhorred by the prisoners, was often obliged, in order to enforce obedience, to have recourse to Claude Gueux, who was beloved by them. On more than one occasion, when the question was, how to put down a rebellion or a tumult, the authority without title of Claude Gueux had given a powerful aid to the official authority of the director; in short, to restrain the prisoners, ten words from him were as good as ten *gen-d'arms*. Claude had many times rendered this service to the director, wherefore the latter detested him cordially. He was jealous of this thief: there was at the bottom of his heart a secret, envious, implacable hatred against Claude—the hate of a titular for a real sovereign—of a temporal against a spiritual power: these are the worst of all hatreds.

Claude loved Albin greatly, and did not trouble himself about the directors: one morning when the turnkeys were leading their prisoners two by two from their dormitory to the work-room, one of them called Albin, who was by the side of Claude, and informed him that the director asked for him. "What does he want with you?" said Claude. "I do not know," replied the other. The turnkey took Albin away.

The morning passed; Albin did not return to the work-room. When the dinner-hour arrived, Claude expected that he should rejoin Albin in the airing-ground; but no Albin was there. He returned into the work-room; still Albin did not make his appearance. So passed the day. At night, when the prisoners were removed to their dormitory, Claude looked about for Albin, but could not see him. It would seem that he must have suffered much at that moment, for he addressed the turnkey—a thing which he had never done before—"Is Albin sick?" was his question. "No," replied the turnkey. "Why is it, then, that he has not made his appearance, to-day?" "Ah!" replied the turnkey, carelessly, "they have put him in another ward." The witnesses who deposed to these facts at a later period, remarked, that, at this answer, Claude's hand, in which was a lighted candle, trembled a little. He again asked, calmly, "Whose order was this?" The turnkey said, "Monsieur D—'s." The name of the director of the work-rooms was D—.

The next day went by, like the last, but no Albin.

That evening, when the day's work was ended, the director, Monsieur D—, came to make his usual round of inspection. As soon as Claude saw him, he took off his cap of coarse wool, buttoned his grey vest, sad livery of Clairvaux, (it is a principle in prisons, that a vest, respectfully buttoned, bespeaks the favor of the superior officers,) and placed himself at the end of his bench, waiting till the director came by. He passed. "Sir," said Claude. The director stopped, and turned half round. "Sir," said Claude, "is it true that Albin's ward has been changed?" "Yes," returned the director. "Sir," continued Claude, "I cannot live without Albin: you know that with the ration of the house I have not enough to eat, and that Albin shared his bread with me." "That was his business," replied the director. "Sir, are there no means of getting Albin replaced in the same ward as myself?" "Impossible! it is so decided." "By whom?" "By myself." "Monsieur D—, the question is my life and death, and it depends upon you." "I never revoke my decisions." "Sir, is it because I have given you any offence?" "None." "In that case," said Claude, "why do you separate me from Albin?" "It is my will," said the director. With this explanation, he went his way.

Claude stooped his head, and made no answer. Poor caged lion, from whom they had taken his dog!

We are obliged to confess, that the grief of this separation in no way changed the prisoner's almost disease of voracity. Nor was he, in other respects, obviously altered. He did not speak of Albin to any of his comrades. He walked alone in the airing-ground, in the hours of recreation, and suffered hunger—nothing more.

Nevertheless, those who knew him well, remarked something of a sinister and sombre expression, which daily overspread his countenance more and more. In other respects he was gentler than ever. Many wished to share their ration with him; he refused with a smile.

Every evening, after the explanation which the director had given him, he committed a sort of folly, which, in so grave a man, was astonishing. At the moment when the director, in the progress of his habitual duty, passed by Claude's working-frame, he would raise his eyes, gaze steadily upon him, and then address to him, in a tone full of distress and anger, combining at once menace and supplication, these two words only: "*And Albin!*" The director would either appear not to hear, or pass on, shrugging his shoulders.

He was wrong. It became evident to all the lookers-on of these strange scenes, that Claude was inwardly determined on some step. All the prison awaited with anxiety the result of this strife between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved, that once Claude said to the director, "Listen, sir; give me back my comrade; you will do well to do it, I assure you. Take notice that I tell you."

Another time, one Sunday, when he had remained in the airing-ground for many hours in the same attitude, seated on a stone, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead buried in his hands, the convict Fœllette approached him, and cried out, laughing, "What the devil art thou about there, Claude?" Claude raised his head slowly, and said, "*I am sitting in judgment!*"

At last, on the evening of the 25th of October, 1831, at the moment when the director was making his round, Claude crushed under his foot a watch-glass, which he had that morning found in the corridor. The director inquired whence that noise proceeded? "It is nothing," said Claude, "it is I, M. le Directeur: give me back my comrade." "Impossible!" said his master. "It must be done, though," said Claude, in a low and steady voice; and looking the director full in the face, added, "Reflect; this is the 25th of October; I give you till the 4th of November."

A turnkey made the remark to Monsieur D—, that Claude threatened him, and that it was a case for solitary confinement. "No, nothing of the kind," said the director, with a disdainful smile, "we must be gentle with these sort of people."

On the morrow, the convict Pernot approached Claude, who walked by himself, melancholy, leaving the other prisoners to bask in a patch of sunshine at the further corner of the court: "What now, Claude? What art thinking of? thou seemest sad." "I am afraid," said Claude, "that some misfortune will happen soon to this gentle M. D—."

There are nine full days from the 25th of October to the 4th of November. Claude did not let one pass without gravely warning the director of the state, more and more miserable, in which the disappearance of Albin placed him. The director, worn out, sentenced him to four and twenty hours' solitary confinement, because his prayer was too like a demand. This was all Claude obtained.

The 4th of November arrived. On this day, Claude arose with such a serene countenance as he had not worn since the day when the *decision* of M. D— had separated him from his friend. When risen, he searched in a white wooden box which stood at the foot of his bed, and contained his few possessions, and drew from thence a pair of sempstress' scissors. These, with an odd volume of "Emile," were all that remained to him of the woman he had loved—of the mother of his child—of his happy home of other days: two articles totally useless to Claude; the scissors could only be of service to a woman—the book to a lettered person. Claude could neither sew nor read.

At the time when he was traversing the old cloister, desecrated and blanched, which serves as the winter walk for the prisoners, he approached the convict Ferrari, who was looking with attention at the enormous bars of a window. Claude was holding the little pair of scissors in his hand; he showed them to Ferrari,

saying, "To-night I will divide those bars with these scissors."

Ferrari laughed incredulously; Claude joined him.

That morning he worked with more zeal than usual—faster and better than ever before. He appeared to attach a certain importance to completing that morning a straw hat, for which M. Bressier, an honest *bourgeois* of Troyes, had paid him beforehand.

A little past noon he went down on some pretext or other to the joiner's work-shop, on the ground floor, under the story in which was his own. Claude was beloved there, as everywhere else; but he entered it seldom. Thus it was, "Stop! here's Claude!" They got round him; it was a perfect holiday. He cast a quick glance round the room. Not one of the overlookers was there. "Who has a hatchet to lend me?" said he. "What to do?" was the inquiry. "Kill the director of the work-rooms." They offered him many to choose from. He took the smallest of those which were very sharp, hid it in his trousers, and went out. There were twenty-seven prisoners in that room. He had not desired them to keep his secret: they all kept it. They did not even talk of it among themselves. Every one separately awaited the result. The thing was straightforward—terribly simple. Claude could neither be counselled nor denounced.

An hour afterward he approached a convict sixteen years old, who was lounging in the place of exercise, and advised him to learn to read. At this moment, the prisoner Faillette spoke to Claude, and asked him what the devil he was hiding there in his trousers. "It is a hatchet," said Claude, "to kill Monsieur D— to-night; can you see it?" "A little," answered Faillette.

The rest of the day was as usual. At seven o'clock at night the prisoners were shut up, each division in the work-room to which they belonged, and the overlookers went out, as it appears was the custom, not to return till after the director's visit. Claude was locked in with his companions like the rest.

Then there passed in this work-room an extraordinary scene; one not without majesty and awe—the only one of the kind which is to be told in this story. There were there (according to the judiciary deposition afterward made) four and twenty thieves, including Claude. As soon as the overlookers had left them alone, Claude stood upon a bench, and announced to all the room that he had something to say. There was silence.

Then Claude raised his voice and said, "You all know that Albin was my brother. Here they do not give me enough to eat; even with the bread which I can buy with the little I earn, it is not sufficient. Albin shared his ration with me. I loved him at first because he fed me; then, because he loved me. The director, Monsieur D—, separated us; our being together could be nothing to him, but he is a hard-hearted man, who enjoys tormenting others. I have asked him for Albin back again. You have heard me. He will not do it. I gave him till the 4th of November to restore Albin to me. He ordered me into solitary confinement for telling him so. I, during this time have sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him to death. We are now at the 4th of November. In two hours he will come to make his round. I warn you that I am about to kill him. Have you anything to say on the matter?"

All continued silent.

He went on: he spoke (so it appears) with a peculiar eloquence which was natural to him. He declared that he knew he was about to do a violent deed, but could not think it wrong. He appealed to the conscience of his three and twenty listeners. He was placed in a cruel extremity; the necessity of doing justice to himself was a strait into which every man finds himself driven at one time or other; he could not, in truth, take the director's life without giving his own for it, but it was right to give his life for a just end. He had thought deeply on the matter, and that alone, for two months; he believed he was not carried away by passion, but if it were so, he trusted they would warn him. He honestly submitted his reasons to the just men whom he addressed. He was about to kill Monsieur D—; but if any one had any objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say that before killing the director, Claude ought to make one last attempt to soften him.

"It is fair," said Claude, "I will do so."

The great clock struck the hour—it was eight. The director would make his appearance at nine.

No sooner had this extraordinary court of appeal ratified the sentence he had submitted to it, than Claude resumed his former serenity. He placed upon the table all the linen and garments he possessed, the scanty property of a prisoner, and calling to him, one after the other, those of his companions whom he loved best after Albin, he divided all among them. He only kept the little pair of scissors. Then he embraced them all. Some of them wept: upon these he smiled.

There were moments in this last hour, when he chatted with so much tranquillity, and even gaiety, that many of his comrades inwardly hoped, as they afterward declared, that he might perhaps abandon his resolution. He even once amused himself with extinguishing one of the few candles which lighted the work-room, by blowing through his nostrils; for he had vulgar habits, which deranged his natural dignity oftener than they should have done. There were times when he could do nothing which did not smack of the kennels of Paris.

He perceived a young convict who was pale, who was gazing upon him with fixed eyes, and trembling, doubtless from expectation of what he was about to witness. "Come, courage, young man," said Claude to him, softly; "it will be only the work of a moment."

When he had distributed all his goods, made all his adieus, pressed all their hands, he interrupted the restless whisperings which were heard here and there in the dim corners of the work-room, and commanded that they should return to their labors; all obeyed him in silence.

The apartment in which this passed was an oblong hall, a parallelogram, lighted with windows on its two longer sides, with two doors opposite to each other at the two ends of the room. The working-frames were ranged on each side near the windows, the benches touching the wall at right angles, and the space left free between the two rows of frames formed a sort of avenue, which went straight from one door to the other, crossing the hall entirely. It was this which the director traversed in making his inspection; he was to enter at the south door, and go out by the north, after having looked at the workmen on the right and left. Commonly he passed through quickly and without stopping.

Claude had reseated himself on his bench, and had betaken himself to his work, as James Clement betook himself to his prayers.

All were in expectation—the moment approached—on a sudden they heard the clock strike—Claude said, "It is the last quarter." Then he rose, crossed gravely a part of the hall, and placed himself, leaning on his elbow on the first frame on the left-hand side, close to the door of entrance; his countenance was perfectly calm and benign.

Nine o'clock struck—the door opened—the director came in.

At that moment the silence of the work-room was as of a chamber full of statues.

The director alone was as usual: he entered with his jovial, self-satisfied and stubborn air, without noticing Claude, who was standing at the left side of the door, his right hand hidden in his trousers, and passing rapidly by the frames, tossing his head, mumbling his words, and casting his glance, which was low, here and there, not perceiving that the eyes of all who surrounded him were fixed upon him as upon a fearful phantom. On a sudden he turned sharply round, surprised to hear a step behind him.

It was Claude, who for some instants followed him in silence.

"What art thou about there?" said the director; "what makes thee not in thy place?"

Claude Gueux answered respectfully, "Because I have something to say to you, M. le Directeur."

"What about?"

"Concerning Albin."

"Still Albin!" exclaimed the director.

"Always!" replied Claude.

"Be quiet," said the director, walking on again; "thou art not content, then, with thy four and twenty hours of solitary confinement?"

Claude followed him—"M. le Directeur, give me back my comrade."

"Impossible."

"M. le Directeur," said Claude, in a tone which might have softened a fiend, "I entreat you restore Albin to you. You shall see how well I will work. To you, who are free, it is no matter—you do not know what the worth of a friend is; but I have only the four walls of my prison. You can come and go—I have nothing but Albin—give him back to me. Albin fed me—you know it well. It will only cost you the trouble of saying yes: what can it be to you that there should be in the same room one man called Claude Gueux, and another called Albin? for the thing is simply that. M. le Directeur, good Monsieur D—, I beseech you earnestly for heaven's sake."

Claude had probably never before said so much at one time to a jailor: exhausted with the effort, he paused. The director replied, with an impatient gesture, "Impossible—I have said it: speak to me no more about it—you wear me out."

Then, as if in a hurry, he stepped on more quickly, Claude following. Thus speaking, they had reached the door of exit; the prisoners looked after them, and listened breathlessly.

Claude gently touched the director's arm. "At least let me know why I am condemned to death—tell me why you have separated him from me."

"I have told you," answered the director. "*It is my will.*"

He turned his back upon Claude, and was about to take hold of the latch of the door.

On this answer, Claude had retreated a step—the assembled statues who were there, saw him bring out his right hand, and the hatchet with it—it was raised, and ere the victim could utter one cry, three blows, one upon the other, had cleft his skull. At the moment when he fell back, a fourth blow laid his face open; then, as if his frenzy, once let loose, could not stop, Claude struck a fifth blow: 'twas useless—he was dead.

"Now for the other!" cried the murderer, and threw away the hatchet. That other was himself. They saw him draw from his bosom a small pair of scissors, and before any one could attempt to hinder him, bury them in his breast. The blade was too short to penetrate. He struck them in again and again, as many as twenty times. "Accursed heart! cannot I then reach you?" and finally fell in a dead swoon, bathed in blood.

Which of these men was the victim of the other? When Claude returned to consciousness, well attended, his wounds carefully bandaged; some good Sisters of Charity were about his pillow, and more than one magistrate, who asked him, with the appearance of great interest, "Are you better?"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors with which he had wounded himself had done their duty ill—none of the wounds were dangerous.

The examinations commenced. They asked him if it were he who killed the director of the work-rooms at Clairvaux. He replied, "It was." They asked him why he had done it. He answered, "*It was his will.*"

After this, the wound festered. He was seized with a severe fever, of which he only did not die. November, December, January and February, went over in recovering him and preparing for his trial—physicians and judges alike made him the object of their care—the former healed his wounds, the latter made ready his scaffold. To be brief, on the 10th March, 1832, he appeared, being perfectly cured, before the Assize Court at Troyes. All the inhabitants of the town who could attend, were present.

Claude made a good appearance before the Court; he had been carefully shaved, his head was bare—he was dressed in the sad prison livery of Clairvaux, of two shades of grey.

The King's Advocate had crowded the hall with all the bayonets of the province, "To keep in," as he informed the spectators, "the wretches who would figure as witnesses in this matter."

When the trial was entered upon, a singular difficulty presented itself. Not any of the witnesses of the events of the 4th of November, would make a deposition against Claude. The President threatened them with his discretionary power in vain. Claude then commanded them to give evidence. All their tongues were loosed. They related what they had seen.

Claude listened with profound attention. When one of them, out of forgetfulness, or affection for him, omitted some of the circumstances chargeable upon the accused, Claude supplied them. By this means, the chain

of facts which we have related, was unfolded before the Court.

There was one moment when some of the females present wept. The huisier summoned the convict Albin. It was his turn to come forward. He entered, staggering with emotion,—he wept. The gen-d'armes could not prevent his falling into the arms of Claude. Claude raised him, and said with a smile to the King's Advocate, "Here is a villain who shares his bread with those who are hungry." Then he kissed Albin's hand.

The list of witnesses having been gone through, the King's Advocate rose and spoke, in these words: "Gentlemen of the Jury, society would be shaken to its foundations, if public vengeance did not overtake such great criminals as this man, who, &c. &c."

After this memorable discourse, Claude's Advocate spoke. The pleader against, and the pleader for, made each in due order, the evolutions which they are accustomed to make in the arena which is called a criminal court.

Claude did not think that all was said. He arose in his turn. He spoke in a manner which must have amazed all the intelligent persons present on the occasion. It appeared as if there were more of the orator than the murderer in the poor artisan. He spoke in an upright attitude, with a penetrating and well managed voice, with an open, sincere, and steadfast gaze, with a gesture almost always the same, but full of command. There were moments in which his genuine lofty eloquence stirred the crowd to a murmur, during which Claude took breath, casting a bold gaze upon the bystanders. Then again, this man, who could not read, was as gentle, polished, select in his language as an informed person—at other moments, modest, measured, attentive, going step by step over the irritating parts of the argument, courteous to his judges. Once only, he gave way to a burst of passion: the King's Advocate had proved in his speech, that Claude Gueux had assassinated the director, without any violence on his part, and consequently without provocation.

"What!" exclaimed Claude, "I have not been provoked! Ah, yes, it is the truth—I understand you. A drunken man strikes me with his dagger—I kill him, I have been provoked, you show mercy to me, you send me to the gallows. But a man who is not drunk, who has his perfect reason, wrings my heart for four years, humbles me for four years, pierces me with a weapon every day, every hour, every minute, in some unexpected point, for four years! I had a wife, for whose sake I became a thief—he tortures me through that wife;—a child for whom I stole—he tortures me through that child;—I have not bread enough to eat—a friend gives it me—he takes away my friend and my food! I ask for my friend back—he condemns me to solitary confinement—I speak to him—him the spy—respectfully; he answers me in dog's language. I tell him I am suffering—he tells me I wear him out. What would you then that I should do? I kill him. It is well; I am a monster, I have murdered this man, I have not been provoked; you take my life for it; be it so!" * * *

The debates being closed, the President made his impartial and luminous summing up. The results were these: a wicked life—a wretch in purpose—Claude Gueux had begun by living in concubinage—he had stolen—then murdered. All this was true.

When the jury were about being conducted to their apartment, the President asked the accused if he had any thing to say upon the question before them. "Little," replied Claude. "Only this. I am a thief and assassin—I have stolen, and have slain a man. But why have I stolen? Why have I murdered? Add these two questions to the rest, gentlemen of the jury."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation, on the part of the twelve countrymen whom he had addressed as gentlemen of the jury, Claude Gueux was condemned to death.

It is certain, that at the opening of the cause, many of them had remarked that the accused was called Gueux (*beggar*), which had made a profound impression upon them.

Their decision was read to Claude, who contented himself with saying, "It is well, but why has this man stolen? Why has this man murdered? These are questions to which they make no answer."

He is carried back to prison. He supped almost gaily.

He had no wish to make an appeal against his sen-

tence. One of the Sisters, who had nursed him, entreated him, with tears, to do so. He complied out of kindness to her. It would appear as if he had resisted till the very last moment, for when he signed his petition in the register, the legal delay of three days had expired some minutes before. The poor grateful Sister gave him five francs. He accepted the money and thanked her.

While his appeal was pending, offers of escape were made to him by the prisoners at Troyes, who were devoted to him. They threw, one after the other, into his dungeon, through its air-hole, a nail, a bit of iron file, and the handle of a bucket. Any of these three tools would have been sufficient to so skilful a man as Claude, to cut through his irons. He gave up the nail, the file, and the handle to the turnkey.

On the 1st of June, 1832, seven months and four days after the deed, his expiration arrived, *pede claudo*, as we see. That day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the recorder of the tribunal entered Claude's dungeon, and announced to him that he had not more than an hour to live. His petition was rejected.

"Come," said Claude, coldly, "I have this night slept well, without troubling myself that I should sleep better the next."

It would appear as if the words of strong men always receive a certain dignity from approaching death.

The priest arrived—then the executioner. He was humble to the one, gentle to the other.

He maintained a perfect ease of spirit. While they were cutting off his hair, some one spoke in a corner of the dungeon of the cholera, which was at that moment threatening Troyes. "For my part," said Claude, with a smile, "I have no fear of the cholera."

He listened to the priest with extreme attention, accusing himself of many things, and regretting that he had not been instructed in religion.

At his request they had given him back the scissors with which he had wounded himself—one blade which had been broken in his breast was wanting. He entreated the jailor to have these scissors taken to Albin, as from himself. He said also that he was anxious they should add to this legacy, the ration of bread he should have eaten that day.

He besought those who bound his hands to place in his right hand the five franc piece which the Sister had given him.

At a quarter to eight, he went out of his prison with the customary mournful procession which attends the condemned. He was on foot, pale, his eyes fixed on the priest's crucifix—but he walked with a firm step.

This day had been chosen for his execution, because it was market-day, that he might be beheld on his way to the scaffold by as many as possible, for it would seem that there were yet in France towns full of half savage people, who, when society takes a man's life, make a public boast of it.

He ascended the scaffold gravely, his eyes always fixed on the cross of Christ. He embraced the priest first, then the executioner, thanking the one, forgiving the other. The executioner pushed him back gently, says one account. At the moment when the assistant bound him on the hideous machine, he made a sign to the priest to take the five franc piece which he had in his right hand, and said to him, "For the poor." At that moment the clock was striking eight, the sound from the steeple drowned his voice, and the confessor answered that he could not hear him. Claude waited for an interval between two of the strokes, and repeated with gentleness, "For the poor."

The eighth stroke had not yet sounded when the noble and intelligent head had fallen.

THE GHOST.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Some time in the year 1800 or 1801, I am not certain which, a man by the name of William Morgan—I don't mean the man whose "abduction" has made so much noise in the world—enlisted on board the United States frigate—for a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high; a long pale visage deeply furrowed with wrinkles; sunken eyes far up towards his forehead; black exuberant hair standing on end as if he was al-

ways frightened at something; a sharp chin of a length proportioned to his height; teeth white but very irregular; and the color of his eyes what the writers on supernatural affairs call very singular and mysterious. Besides this his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on his right arm were engraved certain mysterious devices, surmounted with the letters E. M.; and his tobacco-box was of iron. His every day dress was a canvas hat with a black ribbon band, a blue jacket, white trousers, and leather shoes. On Sundays he wore a white beaver, which, among sailors, bespoke something extraordinary, and on rainy days a pea-jacket too short by half a yard. It is worthy of remark that Morgan entered on Friday; that the frigate was launched on Friday, that the master carpenter who built her was born on Friday. All these singular coincidences, combined with his mysterious appearance, caused the sailors to look upon Morgan with some little degree of wonder.

During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made on the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together, at least no one ever saw him eat; and, if he ever slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes or lying down, for his messmates, one and all, swore that, wake at what time of the night they would, Morgan was seen sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take his watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange. He would stand stock-still in one place, gazing at the stars or the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation; and when roused by his companions, fell flat on the deck in a swoon. When he revived, he would fall to preaching the most strange and incomprehensible rhapsodies that ever were heard. In their idle hours upon the fore-castle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and by land, as caused the sailor's hair to stand on end, and made the jolly fellows look upon him as a person gifted with the privilege of living for ever. He often indeed hinted that he had as many lives as a cat, and more than once offered to let himself be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On more than one occasion, he was found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed and glowing, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaw sunk down, and his pulse motionless, at least so his messmates swore when they went to call the doctor; though when the latter came he always found Morgan as well as ever he was in his life, and apparently unconscious of all that had happened.

As they proceeded on the voyage, which proved for the most part a succession of calms, the sailors, having little else to do, either imagined or invented new wonders about Morgan. At one time a little Welsh foretopman swore that as he was going to sit down to dinner, his canteen was snatched from under him by an invisible hand, and he fell plump on the deck. A second had his allowance of grog "abducted" in a mysterious manner, although he was ready to make oath he never had his eyes off it for a moment. A third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket. A fourth had a crooked sixpence, with a hole by which it was suspended from his neck by a ribbon, taken away without his ever being the wiser for it.

These things at length reached the ears of captain R.—, who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four and twenty hours; and otherwise punished him in various ways on the recurrence of any of these wonderful reports. All this produced no effect whatever, either on Morgan or the crew, which at length had its wonder stretched to the utmost bounds by a singular adventure of our hero.

One day, the squadron being about half way across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues ahead with a fine breeze, there was an alarm of the magazine being on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck with a spoon in his hand, for some purpose or other, when hearing the cry of "magazine on fire," he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer, now living, and standing in the first rank of our naval heroes. In the confusion and alarm it was impossible to make any efforts to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course that he had perished in the ocean. Two days after, one of the other vessels of the squadron came along side the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard, he had been found swimming away

gallantly, with the spoon in his hand. When asked why he did not let it go, he replied that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was dry. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion, that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one that was not very easily to be killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain R— punished him, until the squadron were within two or three days' sail of Gibraltar, admitting the wind continued fair as it then was. Morgan had been punished pretty severely that morning for star-gazing and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before, and had solemnly assured his messmates, that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung about his neck; saying that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night a clear star-light, and the sentinels pacing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwark, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts; and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. This affair occasioned much talk, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject. Some swore it was one Davy Jones who had been playing his pranks—others that it was no man but a ghost or devil that had got among them—and others were in daily expectation of seeing him come on board again, as well as ever he was.

In the meantime, the squadron proceeded but slowly, being detained several days by calms and head winds, most of which was in some way or other laid to Morgan by the gallant tars, who fear nothing but Fridays and men without heads. His fate, however, gradually ceased to be a subject of discussion, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when one night, about a week after his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him—with eyes more sunken, hair more upright, and face more thin and cadaverous than ever, was seen by one of his messmates who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the forepart of the ship, approach one of the tables where there was a can of water, from which it took a hearty draught, and disappear in the direction whence it came. The sailor told the story next morning, but as yet very few believed him.

The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by a different person from him by whom it was first observed. It came from the same quarter again, helped itself to a drink, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost, in the course of a day or two, came to the ears of Captain R—, who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come; under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship. The search ended, however, without any discovery. The calms and head winds still continued, and not a sailor on board but ascribed them to Billy Morgan's mysterious influence. The ghost made its appearance again the following night after the search, when it was seen, by another of Morgan's messmates, to empty his tobacco-box, and seize some of the fragments of supper, which had been accidentally left on a table, with which it again vanished in the manner before described. The sailor swore that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box, he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand, but something exactly like cold water.

Captain R— was excessively provoked at these stories, and caused another and still more thorough search to be made, but without any discovery. He then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. That night the ghost again made its appearance, and the courageous young officer sallied out upon it; but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain R—, who instituted an immediate search, but with as little success as before. By

this time there was not one sailor on board that was not afraid of his shadow, and even the officers began to be infected with a superstitious dread. At length the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and came to in the bay of Algeiras, where the ships remained some days waiting the arrival of those they had come to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him its hand, and saying "Good-bye, Tom," disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight or more before the squadron sailed up the Mediterranean, during which time the crews of the ships were permitted to take their time to go on shore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerably dark lane in the suburbs of Algeiras, when he heard a well-known voice call out, "Tom, Tom, d—n your eyes, don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and looking round, recognized his old messmate Morgan's ghost; but he had no inclination to renew the acquaintance; he took to his heels, and without looking behind him to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat where his companions were waiting, and told the story as soon as he could find breath for the purpose. This reached the ear of Captain R—, who, being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the governor of the town, who caused search to be made every where without effect. No one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed its cold wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but before any pursuit could be made, the ghost had disappeared in the forward part of the ship as usual. After this, Billy again appeared two or three times alternately to some one of his messmates; sometimes in the town, at others on board the frigate, but always in the dead of night. He seemed desirous to say something particular, but could never succeed in getting any of the sailors to listen quietly to the communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algeiras, on board the frigate, he was heard, by one of the sailors, to utter, in a low hollow whisper, "You shall see me at Malta;" after which he vanished as before.

Captain R— was excessively perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations, and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some other clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined with a view to the discovery either of the place where Morgan secreted himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he ever discover that they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices to the escape of Morgan. He even removed every thing in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there without being detected. The whole resulted in leaving the affair in complete mystery, and the squadron proceeded up the Mediterranean, to cruise along the African coast, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate came to the latter place, and in the mean time, as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan was appeased, or rather the whole affair had been gradually forgotten. Two nights after her arrival, a party of sailors, being ashore at La Valette, accidentally entered a small tavern in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, after the manner of those amphibious bipeds. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who, about three or four in the morning went to bed, not quite so clear-headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear, "Tom, Tom, wake up!" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan leaning over his bed and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried, "Murder! ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could bawl, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair, and inquired if he had seen any thing of the figure he described. Mine host utterly denied having ever seen or ever heard of such a figure as Billy Morgan, and so did all his family. The report was again alive on board the frigate, that Billy Morgan's

ghost had taken the field again. "Heaven and earth!" cried Captain R—, "is Billy Morgan's ghost come again? Shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

Captain R— immediately ordered his barge, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner of the little town of La Valette; but in vain. No one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house where the spectre appeared, together with all his family, utterly denied any knowledge of such a person or thing. It is little to be wondered at, that the search proved ineffectual, for that very night Billy took a fancy to appear on board the frigate, where he again accosted his old friend Tom, to whom he had bequeathed all his goods and chattels. But Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared out lustily, as usual, that it glided away and disappeared as before, without being intercepted in the confusion which followed.

Captain R— was in despair; never was man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and dismay, inasmuch that had an Algerine come across them they might peradventure have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, drawn up by one of Billy Morgan's old messmates, representing to Captain R— the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks, at others on the end of the bowsprit, and at others cutting capers on the yards and top-gallant mast. The story spread into the town of La Valette, and nothing was talked of but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear occasionally to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island and made matters ten times worse than ever.

From Malta the squadron, after making a cruise of a few weeks, proceeded to Syracuse, with the intention of remaining some time. They were obliged to perform a long quarantine; the ships were strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in great hopes this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost. These hopes were strengthened by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor during the whole time quarantine continued. The very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old mes-mate and heir Tom Brown, lank, lean, and dripping wet as usual, and after giving him a rousing shake, whispered, "Hush, Tom; I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes." But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "murder!" with all his might; when the ghost vanished as before, muttering, as Tom swore, "You bloody infernal lubber."

The re-appearance of the ghost occasioned greater consternation than ever among the crew of the good ship, and it required all the influence of severe punishment to keep them from deserting on every occasion. Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed most especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow. He became very serious, and spent almost all his leisure time in reading chapters in the bible or singing psalms. Captain R— now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly a night passed without Tom waking and crying out that the ghost had just paid him a visit. It was, however, thought very singular, and to afford additional proof of its being a ghost, that on all occasions except two, it was inviolable to every body but Tom Brown.

In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering and diabolical persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened almost every day on board the frigate. Tobacco boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner and in the dead of the night; sailors would sometimes be missing a whole day, and return again without being able to give an account of themselves; and not a few of them were overtaken with liquor, without their being ever the wiser for it, for they all swore they had not drunk a drop beyond their allowance. Sometimes

on going ashore on leave for a limited time, the sailors would be decoyed, as they solemnly assured the captain, by some unaccountable influence into strange out of the way places, where they could not find their road back, and where they were found by their officers in a state of mysterious stupefaction, though not one had tasted a drop of liquor. On these occasions they always saw the ghost of Billy Morgan, either flying through the air, or dancing on the tops of the steeples, with a fiery tail like a comet. Wonder grew upon wonder every day, until the wonder transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared and was never heard of afterward. As the chest of clothes inherited from his deceased messmate was found entirely empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red hot plough-share in the water. After this bold feat, the spectre appeared no more. The squadron remained some time at Syracuse, and various adventures befel the officers and crews, which those remaining alive tell to this day. How Macdonough, then a madcap midshipman, "licked" the high constable of the town; how Burroughs quizzed the governor; what rows they kicked up at masquerades, and what wonders they whispered in the ears of Dionysius. From thence, they again sailed on a cruise, and after teaching the bey of Tripoli a new way of paying tribute, and laying the foundation of that structure of imperishable glory which shall one day reach the highest heaven, returned home, after an absence of between two and three years. The crew of the frigate were paid off and discharged, and it is on record, as a wonder, that their three years' pay lasted some of them nearly three days. But though we believe in the ghost of Billy Morgan, we can scarcely credit this incredible wonder. Certain it is, that not a man of them ever doubted for a moment the reality of the spectre, or would have hesitated to make oath to having seen it more than once. Even Captain R— spoke of it on his return, as one of those strange, inscrutable things, which baffle the efforts of human ingenuity, and seem to justify the most extraordinary relations of past and present times. His understanding revolted at the absurdity of a great part of the wonders ascribed to Billy Morgan's ghost: but some of the facts were so well attested, that a painful doubt would often pass over his mind, giving him superstitious impressions.

He remained in this state of mixed scepticism and credulity, when, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the westward, he had occasion to halt at a log house on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognized as his old acquaintance Billy Morgan. "Heavens!" thought Captain R—, "here's Monsieur Tonson come again!" Billy, who had also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with little of the frank hospitality characteristic of a genuine backwoodsman. Captain R— followed him into the house, where he found a comely, good natured dame, and two or three yellow haired boys and girls, all in a flutter at the stranger. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress, by her stirring activity, accompanied with smiling looks withal, seemed pleased at the rare accident of a stranger entering their door.

Billy Morgan was at first rather shy and awkward. But finding Captain R— treated him with good-humored frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife busy in milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander.

"Captain, I hope you don't mean to shoot me for a deserter?"

"By no means," said the captain, smiling; "there would be little use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."

Billy Morgan smiled a rather melancholy smile.

Ah! captain, you have not forgotten the ghost, I see. But it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied Captain R—, "that you tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time, only at such times as the sailors saw me—except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir; I did jump overboard—but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich islanders, where the vessel in which I was a cabin boy was wrecked, a long time ago, and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued, except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their other habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man of war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired after a few days. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water, and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, as you know, I played them many other pranks, partly from amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate with me, whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports of the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught, and shot as an example; and for this purpose we settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My mesmate procured a piece of old canvass, with which I might cover myself if necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect upon the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pockets with biscuits, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them perhaps I might take it into my head to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to write my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my mesmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get. But Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in the place of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterward, when my friend was afraid of discovery if he made any rout about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain R—.

"He is still alive, and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R—, "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port-hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

"As soon as I had jumped overboard, I swam to the rope, which I held fast, waiting the signal from my friend to climb up and hide myself in the coil of cable. In the bustle which followed it was easy enough to do this, and nobody saw me but my friend. Here I remained in my wet clothes rather uncomfortably as you may suppose, until my provision and water were expended, and my tobacco-box empty. I calculated they would last till we arrived at Gibraltar, when nothing would have been easier for me than to jump out of the port-hole and swim ashore. But the plaguy head winds and calms, which I dare say you remember, delayed the squadron several days longer than I expected, and left me without supply. I could have gone without biscuit and water, but it was impossible to live without tobacco. My friend promised to come near enough to hear signals of distress sometimes, but, as he told me afterward, he was confined several days for picking a quarrel with Tom Brown, whom he longed to flog for forging the will."

"I remained in this state until I was nearly starved, when, not being able to stand it any longer, I one night, when every body between decks seemed fast asleep, crept out from my hiding place, where I was coiled up in the shape of a cable, and finding a pitcher of water, took a hearty drink out of it. This was as far as I dared go at that time, so I went back again as quietly as possible. But I was too hungry to remain quiet, though among the Sandwich islanders I had been used to go without eating for days at a time. The next night I crept out again, and was lucky enough to get a pretty good supply of provisions, which happened to be left by some accident in the way. Two or three times I heard search making for me, and was very much frightened lest I should be found out in my hole. When we arrived at the bay of Algeiras, I took an opportunity to frighten Tom Brown a little, by visiting him in the night, and bidding him good-bye, after which I slipped quietly out of the port-hole, and swam ashore, while my friend pulled up the rope and shut the port after me."

"But how did you manage to escape from the search made by the police of Algeiras?"

"O, sir! I was on board the frigate all the time, in my old hiding place."

"And when the ship was searched directly after?"

"I was ashore at that time."

"And how did you manage at Malta?"

"The landlord was my sworn brother, and would not have blabbed for a thousand pounds."

"And the capers on the yard-arm and top-gallant, the visits paid to Tom Brown at Syracuse, and the wonderful stories told by the sailors of being robbed of their tobacco, getting tipsy upon nothing, and being led astray by nobody? What do you say to all this, Mr. Ghost?" said the captain, smiling.

"I never paid but two visits to the ship, so far as I remember, sir, after she left Malta. One was the night I wanted to talk to Tom Brown, the other when he disappeared the night afterward. The rest of the stories were all owing to the jokes of some of the sailors, and the fears of the others."

"But are you sure you did not jump into the sea with Tom Brown, in a flame of fire?"

"Yes, sir, as I am an honest man. Tom got away without any help of mine, and without my ever knowing how, until a long time afterward, when I accidentally met him at Liverpool."

"Well?"

"He was not to be convinced I was living, but ran away as hard as he could, and to this day believes in ghosts as much as he does in being alive himself."

"So far all is clear enough," said Captain R—; "but what could possibly induce you to put yourself in the way of being caught after escaping, by visiting the ship and letting yourself be seen?"

"I wanted to see Tom Brown, sir."

"Why so?"

"I wanted to get back my watch and clothes from him."

"O! I see it now. But had you no other object?"

"Why, I'll tell you, sir; besides that, I had a sort of foolish pride, all my life, in frightening people, and making them wonder at me, by telling such stories, or doing strange things. I haven't got over it to this day, and have been well beaten two or three times, besides being put in a jail, for playing the ghost hereabouts, with the country people, at court time. I confess, too, sir, that I have once or twice frightened my wife almost into fits, by way of a frolic; and for all the trouble it has brought upon me, I believe in my soul I shall play the ghost till I give up the ghost at last. Besides this, the truth is, sir, I had a little spite at you for having put me in the bilboes for some of these pranks, as I deserved, and had no objection to pay you off, by breeding trouble in the ship."

"Truly, you succeeded wonderfully; but what became of you afterward?"

"Why, sir, after Tom Brown deserted, and, to quiet his conscience, left my watch and clothes to my friend, I had no motive for playing the ghost any more. I shipped in an American merchantman for Smyrna—from thence I went to Gibraltar—and after voyaging a year or two, and having a few hundred dollars, came to Boston at last. I did not dare to stay along shore, for fear of being known by some of the officers of the squadron, so I took my money and my bundle, and went into the back country. I am a little of every

thing, a Jack of all trades, and turned farmer, as sea captains often do when they are tired of ploughing the ocean. I get on pretty well now, and hope you won't have me shot by a court martial."

"No," replied Captain R—, "I am out of the navy now. I have turned farmer, too, and you are quite safe."

"I hope you prosper well, sir?"

"Not quite so well as you, Billy—I have come into the backwoods to see if I can do better."

"Only serve under me," said Billy, "and I will repay all your good offices."

"What, the floggings, *et cetera*?"

"By God's help, sir, I may," said Billy. "Try me, sir."

"No—I am going a little further."

"You may go further, and fare worse, sir."

"Perhaps so—but I believe it is bed-time—and so good night, Mr. Ghost."

The captain retired, and was so full of the adventures of Billy Morgan he could not sleep, though he had ridden forty miles that day on horseback. It might be about two hours before daylight, when he thought he heard a sort of low whispering under his window, which was on the ground floor, and all at once the loneliness of his situation came across his mind. If ever there was a man that looked suspicious, it was Billy Morgan; and if ever there was a spot where a traveler might be dispatched with impunity, it was this lonely retreat in the almost pathless forest. The thought also came across him, that he had told Billy that he was come with a view to the purchase of land; and of course he must have money. At all events, no man could set out on a journey of some thousands of miles, without a few hundred dollars to bear his expenses. Captain R— was a man of great resolution; but there are times and situations in which the apprehension of danger is a thousand times more appalling than the reality. Indeed we are persuaded, from our own experience, that imagination makes more cowards than all other causes put together. The captain tried to reason and then to bully these apprehensions into silence. But the whisperings continued, and at length he could distinguish the low hollow voice of Billy Morgan, saying,

"Hush—you'll wake the captain."

"Shall I shoot him now?" replied some one in the same suppressed tone.

"No," replied Billy, "you can't see him quite plain enough yet. You may miss him."

"Well, if I do, you can try him afterward."

"He'll run away."

"I'll be d—d if I do," thought Captain R— cautiously raising himself up in bed, and peeping out at the window which was just at his bed side. There was no moon, and the whole expanse of the heavens was veiled by light fleecy clouds, which entirely hid the stars, and caused an indistinct obscurity, through which objects could be perceived in the outline, but not in their distinct features. Crouching in a large plane tree, whose hollow trunk would have accommodated a troop of robbers, he distinguished two figures, cowering and stooping as if to see some object in the distance.

"There! there he is!" whispered one, "fire!"

"D—n it," said Billy, in his low deep tones, "he's dodged us this time. Look out again, and the very first glimpse you get of his eyes, fire away."

Captain R— rose, dressed as briefly as possible, and arming himself with a pair of pistols he had brought with him, seated himself near the only door of his room, in a situation where he could not be seen without, calmly awaiting the result. The more the appearance of danger assumed the part of reality, the more his courage rose to meet it. He had not sat thus for five minutes, when he heard the two rifles fired in quick succession. A moment after, the voice of Billy Morgan was distinguished.

"By —, we've done for the gentleman."

"Not quite," thought Captain R—, cocking his pistol, and expecting a visit every moment.

"I saw him drop," cried Billy's companion.

"He has run away," answered Billy.

"You lie, you scoundrel," muttered Captain R—, in a violent passion, and sallying forth, as he exclaimed, "I'll show you whether I've run away."

He advanced boldly towards the two villains, who were now groping about among the neighboring bushes. At last one of them cried—

"O! here's the gentleman, as dead as Julius Cæsar. He'll never tell who did it, I reckon."

"He's as fat as butter," said Billy.

"It's not me, after all," thought Captain R—, "that they intended to murder. Some poor unfortunate fat gentleman, who has lost his way in these woods."

"Rascals!" cried he, rushing forward, "whom have you been murdering here?"

"Only a bear, sir," cried the ghost of Billy Morgan, "he's been robbing my pig-pen for some time past; but I think I've paid off all old scores now."

Captain R— returned quietly to his room, went to bed, and slept like a top, till the broad sun shone over the summits of the trees into his face, as he lay under the window. He breakfasted sumptuously upon a steak of the fat gentleman, and sat out gallantly for the prairies of St. Louis.

"Good-bye, captain," said Billy, leering, and lengthening his face to a supernatural degree. "I hope you won't be fright—, I mean murdered, on your way."

"Good-bye, Billy," replied Captain R—, a little nettled, "I hope you will not get into the state prison for playing the ghost."

"I'll take care of that, sir; I've been in the state prison three years already, and you won't catch me there again, I warrant you."

"What do you mean, Billy?"

"I mean that there is little or no odds between state ship and state prison," said Billy, with a face longer than ever, and most expressive shrug.

Captain R— proceeded on his way, reflecting on the singular story of Billy Morgan, whose pranks on board the frigate had convinced some hundreds of men of the existence of ghosts, and thrown the gloom of superstitious horror over the remainder of their existence. "Not a sailor," thought he, "out of more than five hundred, with the exception of a single one, but will go to his grave in the full belief in the appearance of Billy Morgan's ghost. What an unlucky rencontre this of mine; it has spoiled one of the best authenticated ghost stories of the age."

THE WIDOWER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WERE I, Damon Daffodil, to announce my intention of writing the memoirs of my bachelor days, the reading public would be on the tiptoe of expectation, eager to trace the flirtations of *un joli garçon*; while half the pretty women would be on their exquisite marrow-bones, entreating to be omitted in the long list of my conquests. But I am no traitor to the fair, or, as it is very justly called, the weaker sex. True it is, that I *have* detailed the happy hours of my unmarried life, not in black and white, but on pink paper, with blue ink; but the manuscript is carefully folded, sealed, and tied with white satin riband; and it is not to be made public for a century at least. I therefore skip my many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and proceed at once to the day when I so far committed myself as to stand irrevocably on the brink of matrimony.

My chosen was not so pretty as I could have wished, being tall, thin and angular; nor did she turn out so amiable as I had thought her, being vain, opinionative and dictatorial. But at the period of which I speak, everything was *couleur de rose*, so much so, indeed, that I never detected she was a *blue*.

We married; and as my wedding-day was one of weeping to many fair damsels, who shall at present be nameless, I, of course, anticipated perpetual smiles and sunshine on the part of Mrs. Daffodil; but Mrs. D's serenity only lasted just so long as she was the one person thought of, looked at and attended to in society; and, not being exactly the fairest of the fair, nor the brightest of the bright, there were moments when others—and when, it must be owned, I myself—ventured to praise other beauties, and to listen to the silver accents of other lips. Then it was that Rebecca Daffodil would boil with indignation, and talk at others, and praise herself, until I began to wish that some more deserving individual had properly appreciated her, and snatched her from the offer which I had rather precipitately made.

As is the custom in all civilized societies, her portrait was to be painted, and *nominally* presented to her hus-

band—that is to say, I was to pay for it, and then I was to see less of it than anybody else; for it was to be sent to the Exhibition, and then to be hung up, not in my own room, for nobody would have seen it there, but in the drawing-room. I pitied the poor artist from my soul. He began, and, indeed, very nearly finished, a very admirable likeness; but, in an unlucky hour, he permitted Rebecca to peep at his performance. I never shall forget her that day as long as I live.

“Have you seen my portrait, love?” said she to me at dinner.

“Yes, dear.”

“And what do you think of it?” cried she.

“Admirable! I never saw a better likeness.”

“You are jesting!”

“No, indeed,” I replied. “As I said to Mr. Tintums, it really was like looking at *yourself*.”

“He told me you said so; but I could not believe it until I heard it from your own lips. Why, I showed it to fifteen highly-talented people this very day, and they said it was abominable.”

“Having first been told by you that you did not relish its being thought like.”

“Nonsense, sir. Look at the lines; it makes me forty, at least!”

“Well, Becky dear, but you know you *are* thirty-sev—”

“Hold your tongue, Mr. Daffodil. I am aware that I married an old bachelor of fifty; but—”

“Hem!—to the point, my dear. Your picture.”

“Well, it’s condemned. St. Aubyn said to-day that he could not *blame* Mr. Tintums, for that I ought to be painted in rainbow tints.”

“Oh! ah!—that accounts for it.”

“And though raven hair and dark eyes may be painted, it is *not* easy to give the hyacinthine gloss to the one, nor the emanation of the poetic mind to the other.”

“Yes, yes; I see.”

“In fact, it is *not* possible to give to *my* portrait the delicacy and beauty of the original.”

“Clearly, money thrown away, then,” said I.

“Still, you know,” added my wife, “that bright circle, of which I am the brilliant centre, expect to see me on canvas, and the attempt must be made.”

“It has been made.”

“He must try again. Had my poor mother been alive, this *might* have passed for *her*.”

I said no more; and Rebecca, like an old hen, went on sitting and sitting, until an oval production was exhibited to the public, as like her as it was like me. An oval frame was then procured, and the picture was suspended. I suspended my judgment, because, thinking it young and beautiful, I could not conscientiously say it resembled Becky; but my wife’s literary friends all found out some defect—some eye, nose, mouth or chin, not good enough for the corresponding feature in her face; and, lovely as they all declared it to be, they unanimously said or insinuated that it was less lovely than the original.

In the spring of 1820, Becky and I agreed to travel. We had resolved to visit Guernsey and Jersey, and then to proceed to St. Malo, or some other port on the coast of France. We embarked in a large and commodious steam-packet, having engaged a small private cabin; and away we went from the Tower stairs, full of eager hopes and anticipations, as long as we were in calm water in the river; but all qualms and wretchedness as soon as the motion of the vessel indicated that we were off the North Foreland. We paddled on, however, whether we liked or not, and got within sight of Dover, when contrary winds, that terrified even our captain, obliged us to put back and anchor in the Downs. Oh, the misery of the day that we spent, rocking and rolling, and pitching to and fro, without advancing one inch on our voyage! I was very ill myself, and as for Becky, I really thought she would have died—but she didn’t—at least *not then*. Our cabin was a mere cell, and the misery of it, during the time that we were *anchorites*, is not to be described. But somehow, poor Becky and I never agreed so well in our lives! By being both sea-sick to a humiliating extent, we were connected by a reciprocity of feeling that had never existed before. In the pauses of our indisposition, we looked wistfully at one another, and sympathy was kindled in our bosoms.

Besides, there is nothing like habit; it reconciles us to any thing and any body; and wretched as I was in

the little cupboard where we were immured, I felt that I should have been more wretched had I been deprived of the society of my wife and her little dog Snap. Snap was as sea-sick as ourselves; and never shall I forget Becky’s answer when a rough sailor said, “How your *dog* be *catting*, ma’rm!” I think there was a contradiction in the phrase. It is truly said, that “after a storm comes a calm,” and so it did; but then again, after the calm came another storm; and so we went on; and we were blown hither and thither, until our paddles were broken, our coals exhausted, and our provisions as low as our spirits. Not that I and Becky cared about provisions—but the crew did; and while the captain and mate walked the deck and consulted what was best to be done, I and my mate watched them in silence, like unhappy criminals expecting every moment to hear sentence of death pronounced upon them.

Our vessel had been christened *The Duck*, but so battered and forlorn was her condition, that I could not help asking myself the old question—“*Can a duck swim?*” I confess I began to have my misgivings.

“The sea was rough, the clouds were dark,” and our captain evidently did not know exactly where we were; by no means a cheering situation; but, worn out with watching, weariness, and want of food, Becky and I undressed ourselves and retired to a very little bed, which was spread upon a sort of shelf in our cabin. I am morally convinced it never could have been intended to accommodate *two*, but in such an hour we were not to be separated, and we both soon fell asleep.

All of a sudden the ship struck upon something with a concussion so violent, that I who had placed myself on the outer extremity of the shelf, was thrown out of bed upon the floor of the cabin. Becky, I believe, slept on—I cannot say positively; I am not sure; for in the hurry of the moment, without thinking of her, poor thing! I snatched with my right hand a box containing all my valuables, and, seizing my small clothes with my left, I rushed upon deck in a state of nudity and anxiety, to see what was the matter; and I found that our vessel, *The Duck*, had run foul of another vessel, and was filling fast, and going to the bottom.

The two vessels became entangled for a minute or two, and it was just possible to step from the smaller one into the bigger and the safer. I instantly took the step, and found myself standing on the deck of a strange vessel, surrounded by gentlemen and ladies I had never seen before; and I just as I had left my pillow, with my box in one hand and my small clothes in the other. I rushed to a secluded corner to put on the latter, and then paid my respects to the captain, politely requesting him to accommodate Mrs. Daffodil as well as myself.

It was a dreadful moment for a husband! There are tragedies in real life too painful to be detailed in a narrative, too heart-rending to be represented on the stage; such was mine. The captain congratulated me on my own escape; but as for my beloved wife, and *The Duck* that bore her, of which in the darkness he had obtained but a glimpse, it appeared to be the general opinion that she was a wreck and gone to the bottom.

What a horrid phrase for a husband to hear! I believe I fainted, and continued for many hours in a state of insensibility. The next day I went on deck, and eagerly looked around for *The Duck*, nay, for a fragment of that vessel, a hen-coop with Becky astride upon it, waving her night-cap to attract attention; but no, I saw nothing but what people call the waste of waters illuminated by the rising sun.

I was yielding sadly to the combined effects of grief and sea-sickness, when it occurred to me to inquire in what I was sailing, and whither we were going. The ship was the *Hope*, bound for the East Indies! The East Indies! Impossible! I assured Captain Higgins that I could not think of accompanying him, but he smiled, and inquired whether a voyage with him was not preferable to being drowned.

I will not dwell on my sensations and sufferings; for months I walked the deck, looking on Becky’s winding sheet, a *sheet of water*! or peeping over the side of the vessel into the depths below, at the horrible water-wag-tails which had perhaps devoured her.

It was so awkward to be made extemporaneously a widower; no funeral, no tombstone, no body buried anywhere! For as to what people call “a watery grave,” it amounts, to my thinking, to no grave at all; and then the sea has such an awkward way of

throwing it up again; one can never feel quite sure. Poor Becky, I pictured to myself: no coffin, and not a rag of a shroud, stretched upon an oyster bed, where at least there was no want of a shell. All this was very shocking: she was, as one of the sailors unfeelingly observed in my hearing, "food for fishes;" and it was a very long time before I could reconcile myself to the flavor of soles or turbot. I even loathed lobsters—I who used to be so partial to them.

Another thing that vexed me was the impossibility of paying proper respect to the defunct, and wearing mourning. Becky had all the weeds to herself, (sea weeds, alas!) and I walked about in a borrowed blue jacket and duck trowsers; my only mourning for The Duck and her precious passenger! My voyage continued unprosperous: what could be expected after such a beginning? and it was two months beyond the usual time allotted for a voyage, that I landed at Madras. Oh! that landing! shall I ever forget it in such a boat, and amid such a surf: every moment I expected to be re-united to my Becky; but my better angel presided, and I was snatched from the danger that impended.

I am not going to dwell upon the events which occurred in the East, nor my motives for remaining there much longer than I intended. I was now a single man; no ties united me to my native country; I amused myself very agreeably, and two years had elapsed before I revisited the land of my fathers.

My voyage home was pleasant enough. There was a nice lady on board, and a dear, dark, interesting girl, her daughter. We became intimate; and suffice it to say, that, when we landed, I was *all but* "a happy man."

We went to the same hotel: and the very next night, before I had communicated with my man of business, or made known my arrival to my friends, I accompanied my fair friends to Drury-lane Theatre, where a young lady was to make her first appearance in Belvidera. We occupied a private box, and engrossed by the interest of the scene, and with my right hand locked in that of the beautiful Anna Maria, I gave myself up to enjoyment, and almost forgot that there was any one else in the house except our three selves. Toward the end of the fifth act, however, there resounded a shrill scream from an opposite box, and raising my eyes, I saw—was it possible? no, it could not be—yet it was—it was Becky, gazing wildly at me, and resting on the shoulder of an exceedingly tall, dark-whiskered gentleman. I screamed too, and then Becky screamed again, and the *debutante* on the stage, encouraged by her apparent success, screamed also; falling on her knees, and scratching away at the boards with her nails, to dig up Jaffier. But without any digging on my part, and without the aid of any scratch, (unless it was the *old one*,) there stood Becky alive before me; and to end so horrible an uncertainty, I ran round the house, and entered her private box.

It was Becky, and by her side was the Irish gentleman, Captain O'Diddle, of Killballycurmudgeon Castle, in the county Clare, who was to be united to my wealthy widow on the following Monday. I was sorry for him, very sorry; and for myself, *more* sorry; and for Anna Maria, and her mother, and Becky too; it was unpleasant for *all* parties. However, my *late* wife and I were soon established in our old residence; and she once more became the brilliant centre of a bright circle. The Duck, though very much damaged, had kept afloat until her crew and passengers were rescued by a steamer on her way to Dublin. Becky, supposing I had fallen overboard, mourned a decent time in that capital; and then went to Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, and other celebrated places in the Emerald Isle, and made the acquaintance of Captain O'Diddle. She never recovered the shock, (*which* shock it is impossible for me say, my loss, or my sudden re-appearance.) At the end of two years she grew nervous; and, having no particular complaint, she employed a new popular doctor, who cured every imaginable disease after a fashion of his own.

Mrs. Daffodil died: I never felt so awkward in my life; I had gone through all the grief which was to be expected on such an occasion already, and could not do it all over again; besides, months ago, I had made up my mind to her loss. I however went into the deepest mourning, (for that was still *due* to her,) and I attended the funeral—so that now there can be no mistake, and I am justified in positively stating that the remains of

Mrs. Daffodil are deposited in ——— churchyard, beneath a very handsome, large, and weighty monument, which has been erected to her memory by her disconsolate husband.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

TWELVE friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day while they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each other's houses, on the first and last day of the year; that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner, should be re-corked and put away to be drank by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet, and so on—and that, when only one remained, he should on those two days dine by himself, and set the usual hours at his solitary table—but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that darkened these anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment—that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the first bottle to his lonely repast.

It was bright summer when this frolic compact was entered into; as their pleasure boat skimmed along the bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of the ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They waded in conjectures of what changes time would operate, joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet—some of them hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout—others poking about with purblind eyes, whom even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning, for the death of a great grand-daughter, or a great-grandson.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as gray, withered and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall. The boat was proceeding swiftly along—but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and starting as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened, and heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him, and no answer was returned, but in a faint and gurgling voice, and the exclamation, "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam to the spot whence the exclamations had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue—he was struggling and buffeting the water, and before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom—but the tide must have drifted the body onward, for it could not be found.

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse

of above an hour, they succeeded in finding the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation, but in vain—and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fullness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their severe grief they could not but remember that one of the joyous twelve had already slipped out of the little festive circle!

The months rolled on, and cold December came with its cheering round of kindly greeting and merry hospitality; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year; and it was impossible not to see their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, six on one side, and only five on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a prospective gaiety.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation on the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous offerings to the manes of poor George Fortescue, as they proceeded to discharge the most important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potatoes of fine old hock, and capital Madeira, they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

[The rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly in conversation, good humored enjoyment and conviviality, and it was not till toward twelve o'clock that "poor George Fortescue" was again remembered.]

They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon having instituted so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new year whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman bawled "past twelve o'clock," beneath their window.

They met accordingly, and their gaiety was without an alloy or drawback. It was only the first time of their assembling after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table as if eleven had been their usual number, and as if all were there who had ever expected to be there. It is thus in every thing. The first time a man enters a prison—the first book an author writes—the first painting an artist executes—the first battle a general wins—nay, the first time a rogue is hanged—for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character—differ inconceivably from the first repetition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the first experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the second. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the first assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterward. In every case, it is simply that the first fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But alas! there came one dinner at last, darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother, almost, was hanged! Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange was passed into his hands for £700, passed out of his hands for £1700; he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered—brought home to Rowland—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He

was not poor, he was not a gambler, he was not a speculator, but phrenology settled it. The organ of acquisitiveness was discovered on his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

* * * * * Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had now become grizzled—two or three heads with not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm Madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy and champagne—stews, hashes and ragouts grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner, conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly to politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings; the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes, to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife; a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter; a fourth was carried off in a few days by the cholera morbus; a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year—ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hands of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it as he grasped convulsively a bundle of exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every knight placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepid walk, with cracked voices, and dim rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year; to observe the frolic compact, which half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if it was half full; and cracked their jokes, and articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh); and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of the past as it were but a yesterday had passed by them—and the future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable,—two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly

hold, or their fading sight distinguish the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the last dinner, and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, re-corked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the frail memorial of a youthful vow; and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of years; and his heart traveled through them all. Their lusty and blithe-some spring—their bright and fervid summer—their ripe and temperate autumn—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own; and as he drained the glass which he had filled “to the memory of those who were gone,” the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, although the vital spark was not extinct until the following day—and this was his *Last Day*.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

“What a delightful thing the world is! Lady Lennox’s ball last night—how charming it was! every one so kind, and Charlotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever saw! But I must dress now. Balfour is to be here at twelve with the horse he wants to sell me. How lucky I am to have such a friend as Balfour! so entertaining—so good-natured—so devilish clever, too—and such an excellent heart! Ah! how unlucky! it rains a little; but never mind, it will clear up; and if it don’t—why, there’s billiards. What a delightful thing the world is!”

So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist. Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good family and large fortune; brave, generous, confiding and open-hearted. His ability was above the ordinary standard, and he had a warm love and a pure taste for letters. He had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the calm and cold graces with which the goddess receives her servants, had soon disinterested the young votary with the worship. “Away!” cried he, one morning, flinging aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which he had fancied he understood; “away with this selfish and debasing code! men are not the mean things they are here described; be it mine to think exaltingly of my species!” My dear Experience, with how many fine sentiments do you intend to play the devil! It is not without reason that Goethe tells us, that though Fate is an excellent, she is also a very expensive school-mistress.

“Ha! my dear Nugent, how are you?” and Captain Balfour enters the room; a fine, dark, handsome fellow, with something of pretension in his air, and a great deal of frankness. “And here is the horse. Come to the window. Does not he step finely! What action! Do you remark his forehead? How he carries his tail! Gad, I don’t think you shall have him, after all!”

“Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be sorry to part with him. He is superb! Quite sound—eh?”

“Have him examined.”

“Do you think I would not take your word for it? The price?”

“Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once offered me a hundred and eighty; but to you—”

“You shall have it.”

“No, Nugent—say a hundred and fifty.”

“I won’t be outdone—there’s a draft for £180.”

“Upon my soul, I’m ashamed; but you are such a rich fellow. John, take the horse to Mr. Nugent’s stable. Where will you dine to-day?—at the Cocoa-tree?”

“With all my heart.”

The young men rode together. Nugent was delighted with his new purchase. They dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered some early peaches. Nugent paid the bill. They went to the opera.

“Do you see that *dansuse*, Florine?” asked Balfour.

“Pretty ancle—eh?”

“Yes, *comme ça*—but dances awkwardly—not handsome.”

“What! not handsome? Come and talk to her. She’s more admired than any girl on the stage.”

They went behind the scenes, and Balfour convinced his friend that he ought to be enchanted with Florine. Before the week was out, the *dansuse* kept her carriage, and in return, Nugent supped with her twice a week.

Nugent had written a tale for the “Keepsake;” it was his first literary effort; it was tolerably good, and exceedingly popular. One day, he was lounging over his breakfast, and a tall, thin gentleman, in black, was announced by the name of Mr. Gilpin.

Mr. Gilpin made a most respectful bow, and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nugent was instantly seized with a lively interest in the stranger. “Sir, it is with great regret,” faltered forth Mr. Gilpin, “that I seek you. I—I—I—” A low, consumptive cough checked his speech. Nugent offered him a cup of tea. The civility was refused, and the story continued.

Mr. Gilpin’s narration is soon told, when he himself is not the narrator. An unfortunate literary man—once in affluent circumstances—security for a treacherous friend—friend absconded—pressure of unforeseen circumstances—angel wife and four cherub children—a book coming out next season—deep distress at present—horror at being forced to beg—generous sentiments expressed in the tale written by Mr. Nugent forcibly struck him—a ray of hope broke on his mind—and *voilà* the causes of Mr. Gilpin’s distress and Mr. Gilpin’s visit. Never was there a more interesting personification of the afflicted man of letters than Gregory Gilpin. He looked pale, patient and respectable; he coughed frequently, and was dressed in deep mourning. Nugent’s heart swelled—he placed a bank-note in Mr. Gilpin’s hands—he promised more effectual relief, and Mr. Gilpin retired, overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr. Nugent’s respectful compassion.

“How happy I am to be rich!” said the generous young philanthropist, throwing open his chest.

Nugent went to a *conversazione* at Lady Lennox’s. Her ladyship was a widow, and a charming woman. She was a little of the blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a little of the beauty, and a little of the coquette, and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She had one daughter, without a shilling; she had taken a warm interest in a young man of the remarkable talents and amiability of Charles Nugent. He sat next her—they talked of the heartlessness of the world—it is a subject on which men of twenty-one and ladies of forty-five are especially eloquent. Lady Lennox complained, Mr. Nugent defended. “One does not talk of innocence,” it is said, or something like it is said, somewhere in Madame d’Epinay’s Memoirs, “without being sadly corrupted;” and nothing brings out the goodness of our hearts more than a charge against the heartlessness of others.

“An excellent woman,” thought Nugent; “what warm feelings! how pretty her daughter is! Oh! a charming family!”

Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air; Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked about music, poetry, going on the water, sentiment and Richmond Hill. They made up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not sleep well that night—he was certainly in love.

When he rose the next morning, the day was bright and fine; Balfour, the best of friends, was to be with him in an hour; Balfour’s horse, the best of horses, was to convey him to Richmond; and at Richmond, he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most agreeable of mothers—and Charlotte, the most enchanting of daughters. The *dansuse* had always been a bore—she was now

forgotten. "It certainly is a delightful world!" repeated Nugent, as he tied his neckcloth.

Some time after the date of this happy day, Nugent was alone in his apartment, walking to and fro, when Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agreeable address, entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The colonel raised his eye-brows.

"But,—my dear sir,—this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you, I allow—but for what specific offence do you mean to challenge him?"

"For his conduct in general." The colonel laughed. "For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White's."

The colonel took snuff.

"My good young friend," said he, "I see you don't know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We'll talk over these matters. Meanwhile, you can't challenge a man for calling you a bore."

"Not challenge him!—what should I do then?"

"Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—'Ah! Balfour, you're a sad fellow!'"

The colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent's indignation at the best of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the colonel's invitation—he was to dine with the Lennox's. Meanwhile he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections.

He sat himself down in an arbor, and looking moralizingly over the initials, the dates and the witticisms, that hands, long since mouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—the laughter and voices preceded them. "Yes," said a sharp dry voice, which Nugent recognized as belonging to one of the wits of the day—"Yes, I saw you, Lady Lennox, talking sentiment to Nugent—fie! how could you waste your time so unprofitably!"

"Ah! poor young man! he is certainly *bien bete*, with his fine phrases and so forth; but 'tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful!"

"Useful!"

"Yes; fills up a vacant place at one's table, at a day's warning; lends me his carriage horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if we were more sensible, he would be less agreeable: his sole charm is his foibles."

Proh, Jupiter! what a description from the most sentimental of mothers, of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunderstruck; the party swept by: he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He go to the dinner to-day! No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter: Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most amiable of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken there. Yes, for her sake he would go to the dinner; he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met; 'twas in a crowd*." Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, (for he was really in love) glad of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing-room; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "*We met; 'twas in a crowd*."

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

"Well, well!" said poor Nugent, one morning, breaking from a reverie; "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life. Love at the second. Benevolence lasts till death! Poor Gilpin! how grateful he is! I must see if I can get him that place abroad." To amuse his thoughts, he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale in the "Keepsake." The satire was not confined to the work; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, an abortion. These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants of young men. He perceived Nugent was a little out of humor. He attributed the cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world!" said he. Nugent groaned. "This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough; the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than £300 a year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years."

"Ha!"

"He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his own uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss, or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his amiability."

"Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin?" stammered Nugent.

"The same! O-ho! have you been bit, too, Mr. Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal: it was from the editor of the magazine in which he had just read his own condemnation. It ran thus:

"Sir—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the ——— Magazine having thereby devolved on another, who has very ill discharged his duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another, and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors—a remuneration," &c. &c. &c.

Nugent's eyes fell on the enclosed paper, it was in the hand-writing of Mr. Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

HARRIET BRUCE.

BY MRS. CHILD.

"To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed.—Coleridge.

My friend Harriet Bruce was a healthy, tall, bold-looking girl; somewhat too large and vigorous for genuine beauty, yet gifted with a speaking expression, and a rich perpetual coloring, that would have made any other face stylish and attractive. She was no favorite with the gentlemen; but there was an indescribable

something about her appearance and manners which always compelled them to inquire who she was. No person ever talked with her without remembering what she said; and every one criticised what they could not forget. Yet it was not intellect that made her unpopular—had she chosen to affect reckless misanthropy, maudlin sensibility, or any other foppery whereby to distinguish herself, she would have found plenty of admirers and imitators; but, in her mind, genius was checked by manly philosophy; and she could ill conceal her contempt of those who knew talent only by its most common diseases. The consciousness of mental power, that lighted up her eye with such a burning spark of pride, and the expression of scorn for ever dancing on her lip corners, ready to embody itself in sarcasm, was unquestionably the true reason why this splendid creature became the pariah of the ball-room. She was a strange sort of *Die Vernon*—no, she was not a *Die Vernon* either—and, as I now remember her, I cannot think of a single character, living or imaginary, whom she did resemble. She fascinated her enemies, but never pleased her friends. Power! power! and, above all, intellectual power! was the constant dream of her wild ambition. To have been sure of *Madame de Stael's* reputation, she would have renounced human sympathy, and lived unloving and unbeloved in this wide world of social happiness—there was such magnificence in the idea of sending one's genius abroad like a spark of electricity, to be active and eternal—defying education in its form, duration and power! Sometimes I talked of love, and reminded her how *Madame de Stael* herself had become its reluctant victim. On this subject she often philosophised, and always laughed. "Who," said she, scornfully, "who that has felt the gush and the thrill attendant upon fame, would be foolish enough to exchange dominion over many for the despotism of one? Thus Harriet Bruce reasoned, and thus she actually thought; but I knew her better than she knew herself. Her affections were as rich and overflowing as her mental energies; and her craving for human sympathy was in direct proportion to that intense love of beauty, which, in her, amounted to an intellectual passion. That she would love exclusively and extravagantly, I had no doubt; and my penetration soon singled out an object. At a large party, I first saw her with *George Macdonough*, the son of a rich southerner, first in his class, and in the full flush of manly beauty. I knew by the carriage of his neck that he was a Virginian; and the hauteur with which he received adulation, attracted my attention, as the pawing of a high-mettled horse would have done. His conversation with Harriet seemed at first to be of a sober and learned cast, but on her part it soon became petulant. Now and then I heard some remark which seemed to relate to a transmigration of souls, and a continual rise in intellectual existence. "Oh," exclaimed Harriet, "how that idea savors of New England house-keeping!—how can a Virginian patronise a theory so economical?" At that moment, a very lovely girl entered the room; and the young man did not answer *Miss Bruce's* question. "Ah, there is the beautiful *Baltimorean*," said he, "the whom I told you reminded me of that fine engraving of yours, '*La belle Suisse*.'" "She is beautiful," said Harriet, with unaffected warmth. "Her full dark eyes are magnificent—what a pity it is they are not lighted from within; that expression alone is wanting to fill the measure of her glory!" The remark was made to an inattentive listener, for *Macdonough's* whole interest was absorbed by the new comer. A slight shade passed over Harriet's face—but it was too transient to define the emotion in which it originated; and she smiled, as she said, "You had best go and talk with your powerful beauty—the body should be where the spirit is." "That reproach is too severe," replied the Virginian. "I meant no reproach," she answered; "I have observed that beauty is your idol, and I wish you to worship it." "I did not think *Miss Bruce* had observed my character sufficiently to form any conclusion with regard to my taste." The pride of the proudest girl in *Christendom* was roused—and there was something indescribably provoking in her manner, as she answered, "I assure you I think you quite a specimen in your way. 'Society is such a bag of polished marbles, that any thing odd is as valuable a study as the specimens of quartz *Mr. Symmes* may bring us. Your modesty has led you into a mistake: I have really taken the trouble to observe you." "Truly, *Miss Bruce*, you are the most singular

girl I ever met," said the offended southerner; "you never did, said or thought anything like another person." "When a compliment is doubtful, *Chesterfield* says one should always take it; therefore, I am obliged to you, *Mr. Macdonough*," replied Harriet. And so saying, she turned abruptly from him, and directed her attention to me.

During the remainder of the evening, I saw no indications of a reconciliation. Harriet danced but once—*Macdonough* and *la belle Suisse* were near her in the set; and they met frequently. The extreme nonchalance with which she now and then exchanged some casual remark, led me to suspect that he had obtained more power over her extraordinary mind than any other individual had ever possessed; but Harriet was no trifler, and I do not venture to prophesy.

Time passed on, and with it nearly passed the remembrance of this skirmish of words, and the thoughts thereby suggested. My unmanageable friend seldom alluded to the fascinating acquaintance she had formed; and when she did, it was done naturally and briefly. Soon after this, I was obliged to be absent for several months. I did not return until two days before commencement at college; and Harriet's first exclamation was, "You must go to *Mr. Macdonough's* room—he is to have the first part, and his friends expect every thing from him!" "But I thought you considered commencement days very stupid things," said I. "So I do; you know I always said life itself was a very stupid thing. There is no originality above ground; everything that is true is dull, and every thing new is false and superficial. But there is no use in quarreling with the world—it is a pretty good world, after all. You must go to hear *Mr. Macdonough's* opinion of it; I am sure he will express it eloquently." "Then you are on good terms now?" said I. She blushed painfully—excessively—but soon recovered self-command enough to say, "I always thought highly of him." I do not know whether my looks expressed the warning voice my heart was yearning to utter; but I am sure the tone of my assent was reluctant and melancholy.

George Macdonough appeared most brilliantly on that memorable day. Graceful and dignified, handsome and talented, he sent a thrill to all hearts alive to the grandeur of thought or the beauty of language. During this scene of triumph, I watched the countenance of Harriet Bruce with the keenest interest; and never before did I see a human face through which the soul beamed with such intensity. Genius, and pride, and joy, and love, were there! I then thought she was intellectually beautiful, beyond any thing I had ever seen. Poor Harriet! It was the brightest spot in her life, and I love to remember it.

Macdonough's room was crowded, and the compliments he received were intoxicating; but in the midst of it all, I imagined I could see the sparkle of his eyes melt into softness, when he met a glance from Harriet. Her looks betrayed nothing to my anxious observation; but once I took notice she called him "*George*," and suddenly corrected herself with an air of extraordinary confusion. Had my friend indulged in habits of girlish trifling, I should no doubt have playfully alluded to this circumstance; but there was something in her character and manners which forbade such officiousness. I watched her with the anxiety of sincere friendship. I knew when she once selected an object of pursuit, her whole soul was concentrated; and I could not believe that the proud Virginian, with all his high hopes, and his love of dazzling beauty, would ever marry her. I knew he was a very constant visitor, and I frequently observed lights later than had been usual at *Mr. Bruce's* quiet habitation; and when he called to bid me farewell, a few weeks after commencement, the deep gloom on his countenance led me to think that the pride and apparent indifference of my intellectual friend might have surprised him into love.

Weeks and months passed on, and I seldom heard an allusion to the absent *Macdonough*. Harriet's character and manner seemed changing for the better. The perpetual effervescence of her spirit in some measure subsided, and the vagaries of her fancy became less various and startling; yet there was ever a chastened cheerfulness of manner, and an unfailling flow of thought. By degrees her seriousness deepened, and at last she could not conceal from me that she was unhappy. I attributed it to the illness of her aged father, for Harriet was motherless, and she cherished her only pa-

rent with a double share of love. But when the old man was evidently recovering, and her melancholy still increased, I knew there must be another, and a deeper cause. One day, as I stood by her, watching her progress in a crayon drawing, around which she had thrown much of her early spirit and freedom, I placed my hand affectionately on her shoulder, and, touching her forehead with my lips, said, "You have always told me your thoughts, Harriet—why not tell me what troubles you now?" She continued her task with a quick and nervous movement, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears. I gently whispered, "Is George Macdonough the cause?" She gave one shriek, which sounded as if it made a rent in her very soul, and then the torrent of her tears poured forth.

It was long before I ventured to say to her, "Then it is as I feared? You do love George Macdonough?" She looked in my face with a strange and fixed expression, as she replied, "I ought to love, and honor, and obey him; for he is my husband!" I started! "Your husband! how—when—where were you married?"

"At Providence. Do you remember when I asked you to go with me to Mr. Macdonough's room, and you said, 'So, then, you are on good terms now?'—I had been three weeks a wife!"

"And your father—does he know of it?"

"Certainly," she said; "you know I would not deceive him." "Then why was so much secrecy necessary?" "I now think it was not really necessary; at all events, that which need to be concealed is wrong. But George's parents wished him to marry wealth, and he feared to displease them. He has a moderate fortune of his own, of which he will soon come in possession; when he told my father this circumstance, and that he feared he should be urged to marry against his inclination, my father, in the blindness of his dotage, consented to our immediate union." "Then why are you so unhappy?" I inquired; "you have no doubt that your husband will come and claim you?" "Oh, no! The certificate is in my father's hands; and if it were not, a sense of honor would lead him here. But, oh! to have him come coldly and reluctantly! my heart will break! my heart will break!" said she, pressing her hand hard against her forehead, and weeping bitterly. "How could I forget that they who listen to passion, rather than to reason, must always have a precarious influence on each other?" I tried to console her—she said nothing, but took a package of letters from her desk, and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first George Macdonough wrote with impatient ardor; then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of the parties given to La belle Suisse, whose father had come to reside in their neighborhood; then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not visiting her as soon as he intended; and, finally, when Harriet bowed down her pride, and intreated him, if he valued her reputation to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time at which he might be expected. Poor Harriet! It was too evident she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that gentleness, patience, and untiring love, might regain the affection on which her happiness must now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart.

Mr. Macdonough came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. I did not see their meeting; but during the few months he remained at her father's, I observed his manner was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days. The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Harriet's half-subdued character seemed entirely softened, in the doating fondness of a mother, and the meek resignation of a wife, loved, "but not enough beloved;" none would have recognized the proud, ambitious and sarcastic Harriet Bruce.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars, which I observed closely at the time, and which afterward sunk deeply into my memory. Young Macdonough departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child. His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness; but

that trial was spared her; the imbecility of the affectionate old man daily increased, and, a few days before his daughter's departure, death relieved him from the excruciating loneliness.

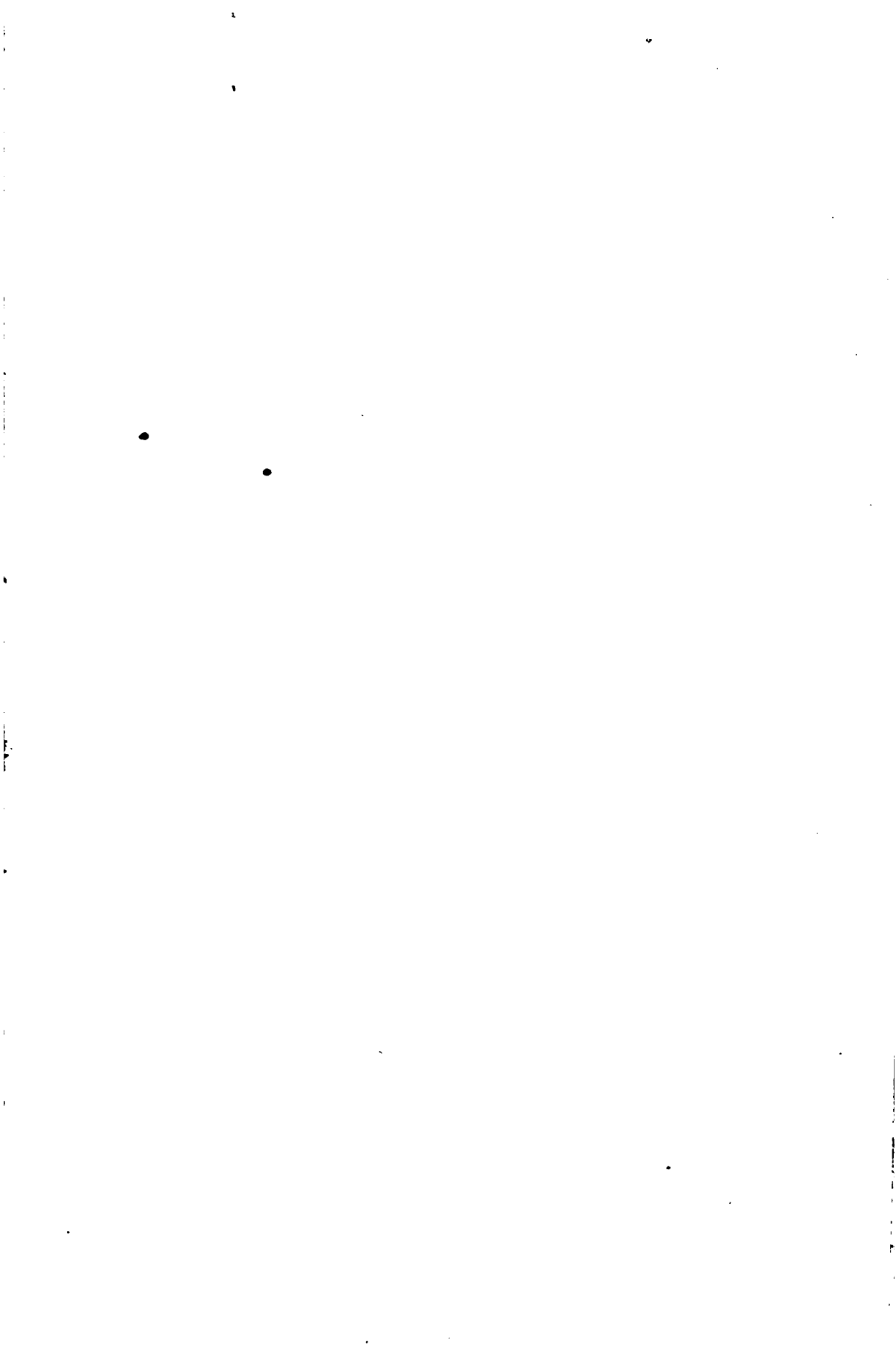
The young husband came, as he had promised; but his manner was colder, and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could say he failed in the fulfilment of his duty. Harriet never spoke of any change; her manner toward him was obedient and affectionate, but never fond. Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength, were gone, and no doubt, she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness. Knowing, as she did, that she was a burden, taken up merely from a sense of honor, it is not wonderful her very smile had a look of humility and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed; whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Harriet bid farewell to the home of her childhood—that home where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation of departure—the heart-broken expression—the reluctant step—the drooping head—and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now!

Harriet's letters soon spoke of declining health; and before three years had elapsed, she implored me to come to her, if I ever wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows.

I immediately obeyed the summons. Things were worse than I then had expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had every thing which wealth could supply, or politeness dictate, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Mr. Macdonough never spoke harshly—indeed he seldom spoke at all; but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like icedrops on the heart of his suffering wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once, when little Louisa jumped into her father's arms, as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed, "Do you love me, papa?" he kissed her with much fondness, and replied, "Yes, I do, my child." "And mamma, too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half-entreaty tone, so graceful in childhood; he put her away from him, answered coldly, "Certainly, my daughter." I saw a slight convulsion in Harriet's face, and in the motion of her hands; but it soon passed. At another time, when we were searching in his private library for the latest number of the Edinburgh, we discovered on a small open desk the engraving of La belle Suisse, and near it a newspaper giving an account of the marriage of that young Baltimorean whom George had thought so strongly resembled the picture. The surprise was so sudden, that Harriet lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto so well preserved. She rushed out of the room—and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my sensitive friend, this mental struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. The closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the movements of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom; but otherwise was all stillness and hope.

One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "Will you ask George to see me once more?" I immediately repaired to the library, and told Mr. Macdonough the dying request of his wife. At first he made a motion toward the door, then, suddenly checking himself, he said in a determined tone, "I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here." I returned to Harriet, but I had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; then looking in my face mournfully, she said, "He will not come!" My tears answered her. She looked up for a moment, with an expression of extreme agony; but never spoke again.





THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE MILLER OF CORBEIL.

CORBEIL, with its fertile and vine-crowned banks, rising above the Seine, uncontaminated by the pollutions poured forth thereafter into its glassy waters by a filthy capital—Corbeil, which, as Boulogne is termed the Fat, might assuredly be called the Mealy—Corbeil, whose villas line the shore with their well-trimmed avenues of limes, and here and there a shrub dipping down into the stream to shelter the baths, constructed by the diverse proprietors, in the bed of the river. The prosperous little town is neither so ornate in its environs as Richmond, nor so stately in its domiciles as Hampton Court; but the wooded heights of St. Germain rise majestically above its suburbs—and if a palace be lacking, it boasts an edifice still more unique, and almost as imposing—the celebrated Mill of Corbeil.

It happened, that at the period immediately preceding the frightful epoch of the French revolution, the Tremblaye had brighter things to boast of than its golden carp—purer things than even its crystal fountains. The little farm, concealed within its cozy nook, was tenanted by a worthy wight named Mathurin, whose two daughters enjoyed the envied appellation of the Roses of Corbeil. It is impossible to conceive two lovelier creatures, or two more resembling each other in person—more thoroughly dissimilar in character and disposition. There was but a year's difference between them in age; there was a century's in sentiment! Manette, the elder sister, was a light, lively, gay-hearted creature, *riante* as the landscapes of Corbeil. Justine, the younger, with the same blue eyes, the same silken hair, the same trim ankle and well-formed figure, was sad and sober; and the neighbors, who noted among themselves her gravity of aspect, were apt to attribute it to the influence of the broken constitution of the mother, who died of a pulmonary disorder in giving her birth. Both sisters, however, by the discretion of their deportment, strengthened the high distinctions attained by their beauty; and Mathurin, although watchful over the two nymphs of the Tremblaye as a miser over his gold, was not afraid to let his daughters take their stand on market-days upon the Place de Notre Dame of Corbeil, with their fair faces shaded by the wide straw hats in use among the peasants of the departments of the Seine et Oise, to preside over the sale of the vegetable produce of his farm, and more especially over the stand of garden-flowers and exotics, the pride of the gay parterres surrounding the limpid bath of the Reine Blanche. Manette was a great adept in the art of persuasion to a customer. Recommended by her animated accent and laughing eyes, his staled melons and greenest grapes were readily purchased by the Parisian cockneys, who came down to Corbeil to swallow a mouthful or two of country air, and of whatever else Providence might send them; while Justine, an expert florist, had so much to say, and said it so gently and well, touching the culture of her clove-pinks and geraniums, that there appeared every probability of Mathurin's being enabled to add a second cow to his pastures, and another brood of two of ducks to the clear ponds of the Pleasaunce, in the course of the summer. Every thing prospered with them. While the father busied himself with the cares of his farm, the daughters contrived to render it available. The barley-mow and the hay-rick diminished—the beds of ranunculuses and tulips were bereft of their brilliant show; but Mathurin's long leathern purse grew heavier, his linen-press was stocked; and, at length, he took his pipe at even as well as morning-tide, without much self-reproach on the score of economy. He even made the girls partakers of his gains, and Justine had the happiness to secure from her earnings a weekly mass for the spiritual repose of her mother, at the altar of the Sacre Cœur in the church of St. Spire!

Manette, however, had other objects to which to de-

vote her superfluous wealth. Manette was young and pretty enough to be curious in the lace of her pinnets, and the lawn of her kerchief. It was observed one day, as she took her usual stand on the market-place, that she exhibited a pair of long gold ear-rings under her straw hat, and that a cross of gold was suspended to the black velvet which habitually encircled her slender throat; and one or two of the most censorious of the ladies of the Faubourg, who were accustomed to exchange a few civil words with the Roses of the Corbeil, while they had laid in their stock of mignonetta, soon turned disdainfully away when they noticed this accession of finery. Mademoiselle Benoitte, indeed, the squint-eyed daughter of a retired notary of St. Germain, was heard to whisper that it was no wonder Manette of La Tremblaye grew so fine, now that she was rowed over the river so often by young Monsieur Clerivault of the Douze Moutins; and now that young Monsieur Clerivault, of the Douze Moulins, found the fountains of La Tremblaye so refreshing during the midsummer heats. The prudes and scandal mongers were determined to spy mischief in the innocent coquetry of poor Manette!

One sultry summer afternoon, however, the young girl herself happened to overhear these insinuations of her customers, when she not only pettishly removed from her person the ornaments which had caused them to arise, but instantly took her way homeward, sobbing with indignation, and leaving to her sister the disposal of her merchandize, and the task of remonstrating with her detractors, in extenuation of Manette's proceedings.

"Nou well know, Mademoiselle Benoitte," said Justine, in her usual mild, conciliating tone, "that if Monsieur Clerivault finds his way to La Tremblaye, it is only in the way of business for his father's mill, and much against my sister's inclinations. You, who are a kinswoman of his family, cannot but be aware that Manette has more than once complained to the old gentleman of the importunities of his son."

"Is it in the way of business for the mill," retorted the provoked spinster, "that my cousin Clerivault escorts Mademoiselle Manette to all the *ducasses* of the neighborhood? Chariet, the ferry-man, related to me only yesterday, that he had himself encountered the young people one evening after dusk."

But her accusations were cut short; the looks of Justine warned the evil speaker that some person of importance stood beside her; and, as Mademoiselle Benoitte turned hastily round, the large dark eyes of Felix Clerivault scowled her into silence. Manette, having met him lounging as usual upon her path homeward to the farm, had appealed to his justice against the insolence of his cousin. Nor did she hesitate to assail him with her usual epithets of female disdain; and the revenge of Felix was to wreak upon the ancient virago threefold the measure of ill-usage he had received from the object of his affections.

It was not every one, however, who would have adventured so boldly as Manette to vent reproaches on Felix Clerivault. Felix was a man whom, if few people loved, most people feared; although in every way extrinsically endowed to win affection, and only qualified to excite apprehension by a sort of taciturn reserve, inspiring involuntary mistrust of his temper and disposition, he was chargeable with no act of violence, no act of injustice; he was charitable, generous, humane; yet his associates, one and all, refrained from making him their friend; and from the singular motive that they felt convinced he was capable of becoming a bitter enemy. And thus it was that few people loved Felix! He was the son of old Clerivault, the rich miller of Corbeil; but he was nothing more. Clerivault's whole life had been spent in the task of money-getting and money-sparring, and the pastime of deceiving the world as to

the extent of his gains and his savings. No one, not even his son, had the most remote idea of the amount of Clerivault's property; but when it was rumored in Corbeil that he had made overtures for an alliance between Felix and Mademoiselle de Montigny, co-heiress of the chateau de St. Port, the gossips of the town decided that he must be a bolder or a richer man than they had previously imagined; the aristocratic "De" prefixed to the name of the young lady, being equivalent to the value of at least thirty thousand crowns, in a marriage contract with the son of the Miller of Corbeil. Neither the distinction it imparted, however, nor any other attraction, sufficed to overcome the opposition of Felix to the match. While Mademoiselle Benoitte and her crew were busy in computing what amount of wealth could justify the Clerivaults in pretending to so grand a connexion, the young man explicitly declared to his father his determination to wed elsewhere.

This might have been held sufficient provocation; but when Felix came to particularize that the partner he had chosen was no other than pretty Manette, the twin Rose of Corbeil, the gardener's daughter of La Tremblaye, the wrath testified by old Clerivault against his son was easily accounted for. The cast-off prejudices of the great usually descend to the little; and at a time when even the peerage of France was beginning to republicanize—when Versailles itself had declared in favor of the natural equality of the human species—it was time for the miller to disdain the inter-alliance of his family with that of a market gardener; nor could an emperor of Germany, insulted by the determination of his son, the king of the Romans, to espouse the daughter of some petty baron of the empire, have shown himself more fiercely indignant than old Clerivault.

"I had already heard from our cousin Benoitte," cried he, "that it was inferred in the town no good would come of your everlasting visits to the sty of a farm yonder, over the water: but, look you, Master Felix, if ever again you set foot upon the turf of the Tremblaye, I will assuredly put the width of my threshold between you and me for evermore—ay! sir, and marry again—(Mademoiselle de Montigny, perhaps—why not the father as well as the son?)—and beget sons and daughters, who shall not thwart me in my old age, although they share my inheritance with my elder and more stubborn child."

"You cannot do better, sir," replied Felix, without moving a muscle of his handsome but impassive countenance. "Although you deny my choice, I am far from inclined to find fault with yours. Marry Mademoiselle de Montigny—disinherit me if you will. I have still two strong arms, and as strong a heart, to enable me to get my own living, and pursue my own inclinations."

And Clerivault, well aware of the obstinacy of his son's resolves, gave over the case for lost, and even made a solemn progress to the chateau de St. Port, to offer his apologies to the family of Montigny, and tender the retraction of his proposals.

Yet in spite of this resignation and these formal measures, all hope of the alliance was not at an end. Old Clerivault had an abettor in his projects on whom he little calculated. He could not be more firmly determined that Felix should never become the husband of the gardener's daughter, than Manette, that she should never become the wife of the miller's son! No! it was not for him that she had added the offending trinkets to her costume or folded the snowy lawn upon her bosom—it was not for him that she loitered by the way on the road from La Tremblaye to the market-place—it was not for him that she ensconced her well-turned foot in slippers of Spanish morocco, to dance upon the greensward at the annual fete of St. Etienne at Essonne. There were other attractions at the Mill of Corbeil than the homage of Felix Clerivault; and Mathurin's daughter, so inaccessible to the addresses of one who wooed her with the stern gravity of a Spanish hidalgo, or rather with the jealous but impassioned tenderness of an Orosmanes, had given her heart, with very little asking, to young Valentin, the son of Charlet, the ferryman of Corbeil.

As has been already observed, the prejudices of the great are eagerly adopted by the little; and the rich miller could not express himself more vehemently against his son's attachment to the daughter of the market-gardener, than did the market-gardener, in his turn, on hearing his daughter's engagement to the son

of a poor ferryman of the Seine. Clerivault wished to marry Felix to the high-born Clarisse de Montigny; Mathurin, to marry Manette to the wealthy Felix. Clerivault threatened to disinher his son—Mathurin threatened to horsewhip his daughter; and when, on the evening succeeding the general *eclaircissement*, Felix rowed over to La Tremblaye, and, having fastened his boat to the usual stump, made his way toward a stone bench among the acacias, where often at the same hour he had found the two daughters of Mathurin sitting together—now talking, now listening—sometimes to each other, sometimes to the gurgling of the springs among the grass, or the whistling of the blackbirds in the groves of St. Germain—he was bitterly taxed by Manette with the indignities he had been the means of drawing upon her endurance.

"It is a cruel thing of you, Monsieur Felix," said she, "to persist in persecuting me thus, after I have again and again told you that were you Count of Corbeil, or the king of France himself, I would never be your wife! And now you have provoked my father to misuse me, (the first time he ever breathed a harsh word against either of his children!) I do but detest you the more!"

"Hate me, and welcome!" said Felix, in an unaltered voice. "I have heard you say as much before, and been nothing moved. But never, till to-day—never till from your father's lips this morning, did I learn that you preferred another—that you stooped to bestow the love denied to me, upon yonder beggar, the son of a beggar—the hireling drudge of my father's mill! What in heaven—what on earth—do you see to move your affection, in such a fellow as Valentin? Answer me, Manette—what do you see to like in Valentin?"

"That if he were rich, like yourself, Monsieur Felix Cerivault, he would not always be thinking of riches, and giving the name of beggar, as a word of reproach, to others less fortunate than himself; for Valentin has the heart of a prince!"

"Truly a ragged prince, and with a precious cabin for his palace!" retorted the miller's son, at once justifying her accusation; "as you will find when you take your place yonder in Charlet's hovel, among the ten half-led, half-clothed brats who call him father!"

"And who, even for that scanty food and scanty clothing, are indebted to the labor of Valentin?" added Manette, with firmness; "of Valentin, who, when his work at the mill is over, comes back to his father's hut with a smile upon his face and a song upon his lips; and, instead of grumbling and murmuring that his limbs are aching with toil, sits down cheerfully to his oiler weaving or mat-work; or, during the summer season, rows off as stoutly as though his arms had not done a turn of work through the day, to cut reeds for the thatchers or the tile-makers. And for what does he labor? To lay up hoards for himself, or to purchase the means of selfish pleasure? No, Monsieur Felix, no!—to get bread for his paralytic mother—raiment for his brothers and sisters—rent to requite your own purse-proud father for the use of the miserable hut you hold so cheap. Proud as you are of your fortune, your very means have been swelled by his industry."

"Manette," whispered the gentle Justine, laying her hand imploringly upon her sister's shoulder, "you know not how great an injury you may be doing Valentin!"

"I understand you!" replied Manette, aloud, "although you are afraid to speak out. You mean that Monsieur Felix will be a powerful and malicious enemy to him. Courage, courage, sister! Valentin, by the sweat of his brow and the labor of his hands, earns wages from the miller of Corbeil; but he is not, therefore, the slave of either old Clerivault or his son. There is nothing to fear for Valentin; nor any reason why I should not acquaint the gentleman who is base enough to taunt him with beggary, that I would rather make one in the hovel by the river side—among its merry inmates and the warm hearts that would welcome me so kindly—than play the lady in the cold, narrow-minded family of Clerivault, where the only cheerful sound is the clack of their own mill!"

By this time the soul of Felix was overflowing with rage. He made no allowance for the irritability of a quick-tempered girl, opposed for the first time in her inclinations; but attributed every word uttered by Manette to *malice prepense*; to preconceived bitterness, such as that engendered by the viper-nature of his kinswoman Mademoiselle Benoitte; and had no doubt

that such injurious expressions as she had lavished upon him and his were in habitual use between herself and Valentin, her father's hireling. On her, indeed, he could avenge nothing; but him!—Felix ground his teeth for rage as he thought of Valentin! But he uttered not a syllable. His wrath was silent as it was deadly; and the stillness was only interrupted by the sobs of Manette, whose petulance as usual exhausted itself in tears.

"Father!" cried she, suddenly starting up from Justine's pacifying embraces, as the footsteps of Mathurin were heard approaching the bench on which they sat—"I beseech you, command Monsieur Felix Clerivault to quit this place. You explained to me this morning the wickedness of children presuming to disobey their parents; you will not surely encourage a son to rebel against his father! Old Clerivault has laid his injunctions on Felix to visit La Tremblaye no more. You have pride, too, father!—surely, you will not stoop to have it said that you laid snares to seduce a raw, inexperienced boy into marriage with your daughter?"

"And who will dare to say so?" ejaculated the young man, trembling with suppressed rage at the epithets bestowed upon him.

"Your own kinswoman, Mademoiselle Benoit, has said so a thousand times."

"Mademoiselle Benoit is an accursed fool," cried old Mathurin; and young Clerivault saw no cause to dispute the assertion.

"But you cannot surely, my dear father, wish Monsieur Felix to get into trouble by his visits to La Tremblaye?" said Justine, mildly—a question to which the gardener-farmer found it so difficult to reply, that he leant down on pretext of caressing the shaggy-looking cur which was accustomed to lag at his heels, rather than venture on a direct answer.

"And how is my father to hear of them?" demanded Clerivault, haughtily bending his brow.

"Thus!" replied Justine, pointing through the dusk, now gathering round them, to the approaching figure of a man bending under the weight of a sack of meal; who, on putting down his burden, and raising his head as he proceeded to wipe his streaming brows, presented to their view the homely features but prepossessing countenance of Valentin; while Charlet's son, startled to find his young master thus apparently domesticated with Mathurin and his daughters, yet in nowise daunted by his presence, cheerfully saluted the party.

"What are you doing here, sir?" demanded Felix, in an angry voice.

"Obeying the orders of the overseer, Monsieur Felix," replied the young man; "who bade me bring over—"

"Is this a time for doing your mill-work?" interrupted Felix. "I shall represent to-morrow to my father that you defer the execution of his business till after-hours, in order to suit your own whims and convenience."

"You will represent what you please, sir," answered Valentin. "But one honest man's word is as good as another's; and Monsieur Bernardin the overseer has known me too well, from a boy upward, as a truth-teller and fair dealer, not to credit my assurance that every minute of my morning's time was spent in my duty to my employer. If I have pushed the boat over to La Tremblaye to deliver Monsieur Mathurin his meal this evening, instead of to-morrow morning, as I was directed, it is only because I desired to offer him the *bonsoir* and my respects to the young ladies."

"Your respects and your salutations are not wanted here, my lad," growled Mathurin. "If you had brought me the couple of crowns I have had to score up against your father for milk and meal furnished to your family, you would have done something more to the purpose."

And Mathurin, excited by the desire of saying a vexatious thing to the pauper who had presumed to lift his eyes to his pretty Manette, renounced the generous intention of his better nature to make a free gift to the needy family of the overflowings of his cruse of plenty.

"Do not fancy I come empty-handed," said Valentin, mildly, but drawing up with conscious pride as he tendered the payment of the two crowns to the more prosperous farmer; and Manette's heart beat, till it was ready to burst her bosom, for joy that her lover was able to redeem himself from humiliation in his rival's presence. "If I have delayed thus long, Monsieur Mathurin, it is that grievous sickness has arisen in my family from the damps of the season—Monsieur Clerivault's workmen having neglected to repair the roof of

our hut, according to his covenant. But remember that, although the cost of drugs and doctors may have kept us in your debt, it has not caused me to break my word. I promised you payment at midsummer, and Saturday next is the eve of St. John."

"Good, Valentin; good," replied Mathurin, jerking the money into his pocket, and ashamed of the meanness into which he had been betrayed. "You are an honest lad; and I have naught to say against you, in your way. But your way is not mine, and I do not intend to make it so. Henceforward, I shall beg Monsieur Bernardin to choose some other of his mill-lads to do what business may chance to stand between us; and charge my old friend Charlet to lay his injunctions on yourself not to be gadding about upon idle errands of evenings, or at least not upon premises of mine."

"You have said enough, Master Mathurin, answered Valentin, involuntarily glancing toward the two girls, who stood overcome with grief and embarrassment, leaning on each other, under the acacia trees; "I am well aware to whom I am indebted for this sudden change of welcome; and shall take an opportunity to thank the tale-bearer who, for some time past, has been base enough to play the spy upon my actions."

"You lie!" vociferated Felix, upon whom the accusing looks of Valentin were now directed. "You lie like a dog!"

"Coward that you are, in daring to use such words to me!" cried the young man, suddenly smiting a violent blow upon his own breast; "when you know that I cannot raise my hand against you so long as the bread eaten by my family is provided by your father's wages."

"You have also their beggary to thank for screening your insolence from chastisement," said the contemptuous Felix. "And as you seem to be in no condition to play the hero, beware in future how you assume the braggart."

"Valentin—dear Valentin!" exclaimed Justine, throwing herself before young Clerivault, to intercept the spring which she perceived Valentin on the point of making upon his person, "remember your poor mother—remember your sick sisters."

"Let me go!" cried he, struggling in the silent embrace of Manette, which not even her father's presence sufficed to check when she saw her lover on the eve of rushing into violence—the inevitable ruin to himself and his family. "Let me go—let me not live to have it said of me, that I dared not defend myself against the insults of a villain!" Then dashing forward, and again as suddenly checking himself, he burst into tears and covered his face with his hands, while he exclaimed, "He is right!—I dare not strike him—I dare not lay my hand on the son of the Miller of Corbeil! I was born too poor to indulge in the sense of justice and honor. The walls that shelter us are his father's walls—the food we eat springs from him. Father—mother—brothers—sisters, this is the hardest thing I have had to bear for your sake!"

"Never mind him, Valentin! be of good cheer, dear, dear Valentin!" sobbed Manette; her sensitive nature excited to the utmost pitch of violence by his distresses. "Let him be as rich and audacious as he will, I hold him but a dastard and a beggar! From me he will obtain nothing, Valentin;—nothing but scorn and detestation. Poor as you are—so poor will I be! Despise you as they may—I honor you,—I revere you,—I love you! My father may drive me forth,—my friends disown me; but they have urged me into defiance by their misdoings toward you. Valentin, dear Valentin, hear me—hear your wife; and leave this man to the rebukes of his own conscience."

Sad was the scene that ensued upon this open violation of parental authority. But Valentin had not the affliction of seeing the woman he loved savagely entreated by her enraged father; for while Mathurin was engaged in driving back his daughter to the farm, and locking her into her room, Felix and himself were entwined in a deadly struggle—a struggle that left him for a few seconds breathless and senseless on the turf; for the athletic Clerivault was as much the superior of the ill-nourished, over-taxed Valentin, in personal strength, as in worldly endowments. Young Baptieret, a hind employed upon the farm, attracted to the spot by the tumult of the scuffle, proceeded to raise him from the ground; while Felix hastily made off toward Corbeil. But when Valentin recovered the effect of his stunning fall sufficiently to comprehend what had passed, and to

feel that he had been engaged in an altercation with his master's son, which would probably end in the ruin of his whole household, he wrung his hands for very bitterness.

"Would that I were dead!" he ejaculated, as he took his way back to his father's ferry-boat. "Mathurin has sworn to bestow his daughter upon another. Monsieur Clerivault will eject my mother from her habitation when he learns what has occurred. My intemperance will seal the fate of my family, without obtaining me the hand of Manette. Would, would that I were dead! Better be in my grave than thus a burden to myself and all the world."

"Be of good cheer, Valentin!" cried the lad Baptieret, who had followed, and was aiding him to unmoor his boat. "Ma'mselle Manette loves you in spite of them all. Ma'mselle Manette has promised that she will one day be your wife!"

"No!—no wife—no house—no hope—no rest! I was born with the curse of God upon my soul!" uttered the ferryman's son, looking up to the sky—where the faint flashes of a summer's storm were already streaming, as if in impious reproach to the Omnipotence who had created a wretch so miserable. "I was born to eat the bread of toil and bitterness; what matters it that such an outcast should cease to live!"

And it came to pass that every petulant word uttered by Valentin to the farm-lad Baptieret during that brief colloquy was eventually inscribed in the judicial archives of the country, with the view of throwing light upon the incidents following the quarrel of that fatal night! Old Charlet's son never again set foot upon the turf of La Tremblaye.

Valentin was mistaken, however, in supposing that his dispute with Felix would insure his dismissal from the Mill of Corbeil. Either old Clerivault saw no cause for displeasure in his conduct, or Felix had generously, or perhaps discreetly, forborne to prefer a complaint against him: when, at the ringing of the work-bell the following morning, he presented himself as usual among the men, not a word of remark was made on the subject by Bernardin, the overseer. Valentin had been cutting rushes on the river by earliest daylight, in order to repair, to the best of his own abilities, the dilapidated roof of the bevel, from whence he so much dreaded to witness the ejection of his family; and, heart-sick with labor and fasting, he was scarcely able to support the struggle of his feelings on ascertaining that his rashness had not been the means of immediate injury to his sick and feeble mother. In the course of the day he had still stronger evidence that no displeasure existed against him in the mind of the Clerivaults; for, a trust-worthy messenger being needed to carry over to La Brie the copy of a contract of sale, for signature, to one of the most extensive corn-growers of the district, Valentin was chosen for the office, the usual factor being absent on pressing business at the market of Melun. Having received his instructions, he accordingly departed; and, as it was held impossible for him to return to Corbeil till a late hour at night, it was settled that he should tender an account of his commission to Monsieur Bernardin the following morning, when he was to be at the mill half an hour previous to his usual time.

At that usual time, however, the work bell rang, but no Valentin made his appearance; and the young men in Clerivault's employment began to joke among themselves, swearing that the sober Valentin must have been guilty of some excess, and detained on the road. At a late hour, Bernardin despatched one of the boys to Charlet's cottage to make inquiries, but still no Valentin had been heard of; and the old ferryman, uneasy in his turn, began to inquire on what sort of a horse his son was mounted for the expedition? "A valuable one—a favorite with the master and Monsieur Felix," was the reply; but it was the temper of the beast alone, and not its value, that interested Charlet. The poor old man, however, had soon ample opportunity of judging for himself; for, having returned to the mill with Bernardin's messenger, he found a crowd of workmen and all the idlers of the town assembled round the door of the *halle* adjoining Clerivault's mill, with the horse on which Valentin had set off on the preceding day, standing saddled and bridled in the midst of them.

"He is arrived, then?" hastily inquired Charlet of one of Clerivault's men, who was lounging on the outskirts of the crowd.

"No, there are no tidings of Valentin," replied the

fellow carelessly, not noticing whom he addressed. "The horse has been brought home by a countryman, who found him ranging loose this morning in the forest of Senart, and having rode him as far as Essonne to make inquiries, found the beast recognized easily enough as the favorite bay of the Miller of Corbeil.

"But Valentin?" ejaculated the old man, striking his hands together, impatient that any one should talk of a horse, when he was asking for his son—"What can have become of Valentin?" and already from all parts of the crowd the same question was arising—"What can have become of Valentin?"

"You had better go home, Charlet," said Bernardin, when the same inquiry had been fruitlessly reiterated for two hours longer; "I will send word to you the first news that reaches us. Take another glass of wine, man, and do not tremble so, if you can help it. No harm can have befallen your son; he had no money in his pocket, either to lead him into intemperance or to tempt any evil-disposed person to attack him. The lad has got into some foolish scrape on the road—has lost the contract, perhaps, and is afraid to return: but Monsieur has sent out in every direction to seek information respecting him; and before evening, I wager my life we know all about the matter, and that it will prove to be a thing of no manner of moment."

But Bernardin was only half justified in his anticipations. Before evening, the public authorities were summoned, and a *proces verbal* was drawn up, specifying the finding of the body of the unfortunate Valentin, suspended by his own handkerchief to a tree in the forest of Senart. *He had destroyed himself.* His imprecations of the preceding night were now remembered and recorded. It was recollected that he had declared himself weary of the world—that in his despair he had cursed his Maker as the origin of his woes. Nothing, alas! could be plainer. Valentin had blasphemed the Almighty, and straightway, like the recreant apostle, gone and hanged himself! It was noticed with sympathy by all, that throughout the investigation of the case, young Clerivault, who could not but tax himself as the unintentional cause of the misfortune, was pale as death, and completely overpowered by his feelings.

But if Felix sorrowed for the departed, what was the affliction of her whom he had so dearly loved—of those who so dearly loved him? what the agony of Manette when she knew that he for whom she would have sacrificed all, had incurred the guilt of the suicide! *She* did not hold him guilty, except, indeed, in leaving her behind to struggle alone with the troubles of the world; and as soon as the daylight dawned, on the day succeeding that when the body of Valentin was discovered in the forest, and, after the usual forms, deposited by the *Marechausse* of Corbeil in his father's hovel, previously to interment, she set out alone for Charlet's cottage, to comfort the living, to mourn over the dead!

It was a grievous sight—that miserable but standing alone in the midst of the green meadows of the borders of the Seine, like a thing abandoned to the mercy of nature—that miserable but whose prop was now reft away—that refuge for those who had none left to succor them, none left to minister to their wants, or wipe away their tears! Mathurin's daughter lifted the latch as gently as though it were possible that any under Charlet's roof could at such a season be sleeping; and with the calmness of despair entered the house of mourning.

And mournful, indeed was the spectacle! There, on the only pallet, lay the paralytic mother, hiding her face in the clothes, that she might not look upon the disfigured corpse of her first-born—the mattress affording the customary bed to the children having been already carried out and sold by the poor ferryman to secure the means of a decent burial for his boy! And there the livid body of Valentin lay stretched upon the very rushes which his own hand had cut for so different a purpose; while his little brothers and sisters, deprived of their rest, and terrified, and hungry, were huddled together in a corner, staring with wonder on all that was passing. Charlet, usually so reckless amid his wants and misfortunes, sat with his head drooping on his breast, and scarcely raised his eyes on Manette's entrance; nor was it till she went close up to him, and kneeled at his feet, and called him "father," and reviled herself as the cause of the mischief which had happened, that the unhappy man seemed moved to consciousness.

"Had he lived, I should have been your daughter," said Manette, hiding her weeping face upon his knees, "and then, all I had would have been yours. Accept it now, Charlet, for his sake," she continued, placing in his hand a small bag containing the amount of her's and Justine's earnings. "Accept it now, when it can be useful: for to me, worldly goods are henceforward vain." And she wept long and bitterly, while the little children, who had been taught by Valentin to love her, crept forward and clung to her gown, and whispered to her to be comforted, for that their brother was surely with God!

"Yes, he is with God!" said the broken-hearted old man, in a hoarse voice. "He whose loss renders these little ones worse than fatherless, and gives so bitter a pang to the poor gray-headed parents, to whom he never, never gave pain before, must be with God. My boy may appear at the tribunal of Grace with the stain of self-murder on his soul. He, who never injured mortal man, may have been moved to lift his hand against his own precious life. But heaven judges us not as we judge each other; heaven witnessed the cares, the trials, the struggles of my poor Valentin, and noted the maddening brain, the breaking heart of the proud pauper—the tender son—the good brother—the good Christian; and heaven will forgive him!"

"Why, why did he forsake us?" ejaculated Mathurin's daughter, rising from her knees and tottering toward the body. "Oh, Valentin! Valentin! why did you forsake me?" and lifting up the cloth with which the pious care of the father had covered the face of the dead, she imprinted a fervent kiss upon the blue lips of him who should have been her husband, unterrified by the starting eyes—the distended nostrils—and all the ghastly evidence of his mode of death.

At that moment her father and sister, having missed her from the farm, and readily conjecturing her route, entered the cottage in search of Manette; but Mathurin's displeasure against the deceased was over now, and instead of expressing dissatisfaction at his daughter's proceedings, he not only advanced with tearful eyes to sprinkle holy water on the body of her ill-starred lover, but asked permission of Charlet to follow it to the grave. The worthy Bernardin had already expressed his intention to be present at the burial ceremony: and when the remains of the "warm and true" Valentin were deposited in the pauper's trench of the churchyard of St. Germain, they were transported thither on the shoulders of his comrades, and followed by so vast a concourse of his fellow-workmen and friends, that the incense of their affliction was as that of a burnt-offering, calculated to propitiate the mercy of God toward the suicide.

It is probable that a catastrophe so lamentable would have produced a greater sensation and elicited a closer scrutiny in a little town so uneventful in its history as Corbeil, but that the still fiercer disasters of the French revolution had already begun in the capital; and even the tongue of Mademoiselle Benoit found a nobler topic in the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette of France than in those of the Roses of Corbeil. There was no time for sympathy in the sorrows of individuals!

Clerivault, perplexed by apprehensions lest the vast granaries of his *halle* should attract the rapacity of the populace, whose excesses were now every hour on the increase, gratified without hesitation—almost mechanically—the request of his son that he would assign the gratuitous use of one of his wholesome cottages to Charlet's afflicted family; nor was it needful for Felix to covenant in return that he would seek no further intercourse with the beauty of La Tremblay: the old man having already ascertained, that from the period of Valentin's untimely end, his rival had made a sacrifice of the ill-omened connexion. Even Mademoiselle Benoit was ready to avow that Monsieur Felix had altogether renounced his intention of a marriage with Manette.

Meanwhile, not only Mademoiselle Benoit, but every gossip of the united community, was secretly marveling over the extraordinary change that had taken place in the deportment of young Clerivault; and one and all inferred, from the haggard aspect of his face, and the gradual emaciation of his person, that his attachment to Mathurin's daughter had been deeper seated than they had imagined possible. The sacrifice of his passion was evidently preying upon his constitution; he grew languid—tremulous—his strength was

failing—his temper softened—his audacious deportment had given place to mild depression—instead of sharing the political enthusiasm of the *tiers etat* of which he formed a part—instead of exulting in the degradation of an order which he had been accustomed to revile as his natural enemy—Felix appeared to regard with utter indifference the alarms of his father and the triumphs of the republican party.

The young man was not, however, altogether so careless as he appeared. Felix nourished in his heart an important project. Although he had done his part toward the resistance of the foreign alliance created for the suppression of civil and religious liberty in France, by supplying an active substitute to the conscription, he now determined to devote his personal services to his country; and, fully aware of the opposition he was likely to experience from a parent who revered him as his heir fully as much as he loved him as a son, departed in secret from Corbeil, to volunteer in the ranks of the republican army.

"Resolved to accomplish my part as a citizen, by defending the rights of the nation against the insults of the minions of Pitt and Coburg," said the letter which he subsequently addressed to his father in explanation of his intentions, "I have spared you the pain of opposing my immovable resolve; and to evade your pursuit, my dear father, have entered the army of the republic under an assumed name; nor, till I have proved myself worthy to be classed among the most faithful of her sons, shall I revisit Corbeil. My last entreaty is that you give all your confidence to Bernardin, your true and diligent servant; and that you do not neglect the destitute family of Charlet the Ferryman."

"I knew it would be thus," murmured the gentle Justine, as she sauntered along the river-walk of her father's garden looking toward the mill of Corbeil, when intelligence of young Clerivault's departure transpired in the town. "I was sure he could not remain here, haunting the same spots and communicating with the same associates as before. He is right to fly. Felix has nothing more to do at Corbeil; his penance must be accomplished elsewhere. Miserable, miserable Felix! What thoughts, what recollections accompany him in his flight;—what griefs, what terrors have been undermining his health! Yet Manette, who so dearly loved Valentin, has seen and suspected nothing of all this;—while I, I so long, so hopelessly devoted to Felix, discerned his conscience-struck affliction from the first moment I saw him gazing yonder from the shore on Charlet's hovel! The Forest of Senart,—the Forest of Senart! Oh! that I could free myself from the imagination of that scene,—that fatal, fatal night! No sooner am I left alone than involuntary the whole black business arises before me. I fancy their encounter,—I seem to hear their quarrel—I seem to see the struggle in which Valentin must have fallen a victim, ere the dreadful idea presented itself to Felix of making him pass for a self-murderer! Appearances avouched the imputation,—appearances deceived the officers of justice,—deceived his comrades, his master, his father, his friends, his affianced wife,—but they did not deceive me; for it was not on Valentin's life, but on the well-doing of Felix Clerivault that my happiness was pledged. And, oh! how have I watched over his repentance, his despair! Had he triumphed in his wickedness, I should have learned to hate him; but to see him self-convicted,—penitent,—wretched,—although thrice secure from discovery! Miserable, miserable Felix! Driven from his home by the clinging curse of reminiscences henceforward to be attached to his birthplace—Oh! when will he venture to return to Corbeil?"

Meanwhile the tumults of revolutionary violence were raging; and this question, at first universally reiterated in the little town, soon came to be repeated by old Clerivault and Justine. The old man had already resigned the presidency of the mill to Bernardin, the overseer; and the fine domain of St. Germain having become national property by the emigration of the noble family with whom it was hereditary, the chateau was readily appropriated by the miller of Corbeil. Thither, with a scanty household, he retired; and there, uncared for and alone, falling gradually into a state of imbecility, it was a gratification to him, when tottering round the laws whose beauty he was incapable of appreciating, to be accosted by the younger daughter of his neighbor Mathurin, with inquiries whether tidings had reached

him from his son, and how it fared with the armies of France. But the old man's answer was ever the same: "The armies of France were triumphant—but no tidings from his son!" Great names were beginning to arise from obscurity in the annals of the country—Lannes, Victor, Bernadotte, Murat, Duroc, Berthier, Suchot, Soult. A great soldier had conquered to its banners the eagle-plumed ensign of victory; but no conjecture enabled Clerivault to discover under what designation Felix had either fallen on the field of honor, or was struggling onward in the career of fame. It was rumored in the town that once, when a brigade, on its march to join the army of the Sambre and Meuse, halted at Essonne, a superior officer was seen galloping back to the high road in the dusk of the evening from the portal of the church of St. Spire, where, in the *trou des pauvres*, adjoining the mausoleum of Count Haymon, of Corbeil, a bank-bill of considerable amount was found on the succeeding morning. But none could say that the stranger was Felix Clerivault; and if indeed he, the sons of Egypt and Italy had "written strange de-feature in his face."

At length (it was the triumphant epoch of the recognition of *le soldat heureux* as first Emperor of France,) the miller of Corbeil, long sickly and doting, was finally gathered to his rest; when a public advertisement having been legally circulated by the authorities of the department, and the sale of the property subsequently announced—the heir—the long-absent, the half-forgotten Felix—appeared on the spot in the person of one of those eminent generals whose names had long been rife in the mouths of Corbeil, and their destinies commended to heaven by the prayers of their fellow-countrymen. But when, shortly afterwards, the equipage of General Le — was seen entering the iron gates of the park of St. Germain, the notion of the presence of one of the heroes of Marengo, of the Pyramids, of Austerlitz, seemed to have superseded all recollection of Felix Clerivault. The villagers gazed on the noble person of the handsome, grave, and middle-aged soldier, whose head was more than slightly silvered by the toils of war, and saw no trace of the petulant youth they had been accustomed to watch, eighteen years before, crossing the river to La Tremblaye to laugh and jest with the Roses of Corbeil.

To his eyes, meanwhile, the season and the scene were much the same as when he quitted them. He had become a hero—a statesman; Europe was familiar with his name, and his voice had obtained weight in the councils of France. His port was now erect and stately—his step firm and measured—his voice stern and commanding; he had learned to control the desires and passions of others—he had learned to control his own. Nothing in him but was altered. But there rolled the same blue Seine—there smiled the same vineyards—there stood the mill of Corbeil—there rose the woods of St. Germain—there the chimneys of the farm of La Tremblaye—there, far below in the meadows, crumbled the ruins of a hovel, the hut of the ferryman—and there—there, in the distant horizon, gloomed the *Forest of Senart*. And, lo! unsilenceably resounded in his ears the mandate, "Thou shalt do no murder!"

It was some comfort to him to learn that Mathurin was no more, and the family of Charlet, the ferryman, dispersed and forgotten. "And the Roses of Corbeil?" inquired General Le —, in a low voice, as, accompanied by the gamekeeper of St. Germain, on the evening of his arrival, he pursued his way along the terrace, gazing through the grey evening twilight upon the open country.

"Maturin's eldest daughter, mon General, she who married the young farmer named Baptieret, is the mother of ten fine children, and still living at the Tremblaye," said the *garde-de-chasse*. "Her sister, Justine, poor soul! has become a Sister of Charity."

Hastily proceeding in their walk, the opening of the upper avenue of the chateau toward the vineyards brought them in sight of a fine, comely-looking country-woman driving two cows, and accompanied by a lout of a farming-boy and two healthy little girls, with untrimmed heads and dirty faces.

"Tiens, voila justement Ma'ame Baptieret et ses enfans!" continued the gamekeeper. "Ma'ame Baptieret! Hola, Ma'ame Baptieret! voici Monsieur le General, qui s'informe de vous et de votre famille!"

And General Le — found himself perforce required to stand and receive the awkward courtesies of the

great fat countrywoman before him, and listen to her history of her father's dying of an asthma, and her own happy match with Baptieret the cowboy! "Brave gargon a jamais y en fut, et bien-aimé de ce pauvre Valentin. Monsieur le General se rappelle, sans doute, ce pauvre Valentin!"

Alas! what else but the remembrance of Valentin had kept him so long an alien from his father's hearth—so long an exile from home? And it was for the woman before him that he had borne so much—incurred so much—sioned so greatly, so irreparably! Poor feeble human nature! Poor murdered Valentin!

But the trial thus voluntarily encountered proved too much for Felix; and, after remaining a few hours longer at St. Germain, General Le — quitted for the last time a spot abounding in soul-harrowing reminiscences—reminiscences rendering vain his toils of honor, his career of glory.

For the brief remainder of his life, the fine mansion of St. Germain remained uninhabited. But the grave of General Le — is now at Ehrenbreitstein, his monument at the Pantheon, and his property, having been bequeathed to the foundation of a military hospital, otherwise invested. Strangers abide at the chateau—a company of speculators have assumed the direction of the mill of Corbeil: and nothing remains to commemorate the past, but the clear fountains of La Tremblaye, and a deserted grave in the church-yard in the village of St. Germain—a grave whose accusing voice will be heard by the guilty soul even through the fearful stillness of eternity.

ST. CROIX;

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF TERROR.

MONSIEUR ST. CROIX was a strange compound of the misanthrope and philanthropist, the miser and the fop, fermented by a strong leaven of the irritability and waywardness of insanity. And this man dwelt, three years ago, and probably still dwells, in the most profound seclusion, though in a fashionable street, in the gayest quarter of Paris, where thousands are thronging daily past his abode of misery, unconscious of the existence of such a being.

The stamp of nobility was upon his lofty brow; and though age, or perhaps sorrow, had silvered his hair, it had neither bent his tall and finely-proportioned figure, nor wrinkled the face which in youth must have been pre-eminently handsome.

We became intimate; our daily conversations between my window and his garden appeared not less agreeable to my neighbor than to myself. One great reason for the kindness he invariably manifested toward me, and the interest he took in my welfare, was, I verily believe, that in whatever society or place I met him, whether with a gay party in the Louvre, where it was his daily habit to walk in the winter, for the benefit of the fires which never gladdened his home, or in the crowded malls of the Tuilleries and Boulevards, I invariably acknowledged the acquaintance of my venerable friend with a courteous salutation.

After an acquaintance of several months, I was agreeably surprised by a request from the old man to visit him: an honor never anticipated; for not once in a year was a human being known to have been admitted into his mysterious dwelling. I was shown into a square oak-floored room, with two windows looking toward the street, and two toward the garden. The shutters of the former were closed, and the cobwebs and dirt which had been accumulating for years upon the latter, dimmed the bright light of the glorious sky without. There were faded portraits of his ancestors, in flowing wigs and glittering breast-plates, hanging round the walls, which the recluse pointed out with manifest pride; but there was one object which excited my curiosity more than all the rest. Above the fireplace, supported by a broken fork on one side, and a rusty nail on the other, hung a faded silk window-curtain, and though in spite of all my hints, Monsieur St. Croix had forborne to raise it, I felt certain I could distinctly trace the outline of a large picture-frame beneath. I had been struck by the agitated expression of his countenance when I alluded to this curtained department of the wall; and an opportunity afforded by the absence of my host was too tempting to be lost. I

lifted a corner of the silken veil, and had scarcely time to perceive beneath the portrait of a young and lovely female, in the dress of a Carmelite nun, whose full dark eyes, as they met my gaze, beamed with more of tenderness than devotion, ere the returning footsteps of Monsieur St. Croix were audible in the passage. I dropped the curtain, and saw it no more.

I often discerned St. Croix afterward, as I returned home late from the Champs Elysees or the Boulevards, seated at an open upper window, upon a dirty striped pillow, reading in the moonlight; and our conversations from his garden were continued without interruption till my return to England. I know not wherefore, but the old man grew attached to me as to a child, and to my great surprise, the day before my departure, I saw him hastily crossing the court of our little hotel, and in another moment he entered, unannounced, into the *salon* where I sat. He held a scroll of papers in his hand, but, as usual, he was without a hat.

"My young friend," he said, and he smiled, though tears were in his eyes, you are about to depart, and with God's pleasure I shall not be long here. You have been kind to a poor desolate old man, and I thank you. You have not mocked my infirmities like the rest of the world, you have been indulgent to them, though you know not their cause. It is time you should learn the dark events which made me what I am—a scorn and a laughing-stock to fools. You have spoken with a voice of kindness to my broken spirit; it was long since I had heard such tones from any human being, and they were very sweet. In your own land you will read these," he continued, giving me the roll of papers he held, and pressing both my hands convulsively between his as he did so: "you will there learn the fatal tale I have not power to relate, which, thank God, I sometimes forget; my mind is not what it was, but I have had cause for madness. I shall miss you much; but it will be a pleasure to me to think that you will pity me when you know all, and that though you are far away, you sometimes offer up your prayers for solitary and forsaken being who hath great need of them."

He then darted from my presence even more abruptly than he entered. It was the last time I beheld him. The following narrative is extracted from his roll of papers:

NARRATIVE OF MONSIEUR ST. CROIX.

My father was one of the *haute noblesse*; it had been better for me if he had been a beggar. I should never then have been a slave to the leaden bondage of pride; idleness would never have nourished the seeds of all the evil passions which, wretched victim! I inherited from a long line of corrupted ancestry; they would have had no time to bud and blossom in the hot-bed of sloth; I should have been compelled to labor for my daily bread; hunger would have tamed my wandering thoughts, and I might have been a happy and an honest man. My father and mother lived as many other French couples do at the present day, and many more did then: they dwelt under the same roof, met seldom, but with perfect politeness on both sides; hated each other with all their hearts, and spoke of each other (whenever such a rare occurrence did take place) with the tenderest affection. Sentiment covers a multitude of sins. They had two sons, an elder brother and myself, who were born in the first two years of their marriage, but since that time no prospect of a family had ever existed.

Alphonse, the first-born, was destined for a military life, war being considered the only admissible profession for the eldest son of a count *et pere*. I who, unluckily for myself, came into the world a year later, was, even before my birth, condemned to the church. In fact, there was nothing else for me. The chief part of my father's income was derived from places under government, and that died with him; his estates were inextricably involved by the dissipations of his youth, and the vanity of his old age; and at his death it would be incumbent on my brother to support his family dignity. For the young count to do this upon nothing was as much as could reasonably be expected; and my father prudently resolved to make the church provide for the rest of his progeny. He had more than one rich benefice in his eye, which he felt certain he had interest to procure; and I was scarcely released from swaddling clothes before I went by the name of the little Abbe. To all appearance at the time, this decision gave me many advantages, for while my brother was

left for many years entirely to the care of servants, and at length transferred to that of an ignorant tutor, who took care that he should learn little, but how to ride, dance, dress, and intrigue, I was duly instructed by a learned churchman, in Greek, Latin, and theological science: but at the time I loathed such learning, and it has since proved but useless furniture to an overburthened brain.

There never existed any affection between my brother and myself, and as we grew older, the coldness of our childhood deepened into actual hate. The study of divinity had not tamed my spirit; I was young, ardent, and full of hope, and the little I had seen and heard of the world made me think it Elysium; perhaps the consciousness that I was condemned to forswear it lent it redoubled lustre. I regarded Alphonse as the being who doomed me to be forever debarred from its pleasures; was it wonderful then that I detested him? while the handsome person which I inherited from my mother, made me the object of his envy and malevolence.

Time wore away; but though I assumed the dress of the priesthood, and was subjected to all the discipline of the cloister, my heart was not in the calling. I incurred penances more than a dozen times a month, for irreverence of manner, and absence without leave; I was condemned to fast on bread and water for thirty days, on conviction of the heinous offence of having written a love-letter on the altar, and then thrown it, wrapped round a sous-pièce, over a wall to a young lady in a garden adjoining the seminary; but all this severity did but drive the flame inward, to corrode my heart, and burst forth at a future period with renewed fury; it could not still the imagination; which flew forever from the page of learning, and the empty ceremonies of religion, to luxuriate in a forbidden world. I was one with whom kindness might have done much, though tyranny nothing. But the reign of my oppressors was drawing fast to a close. It was a time when a spirit of liberality and enquiry on every subject was spreading rapidly abroad, and the old, afraid of the insubordination of the young, took the very way to drive them to rebellion. Opinions were no longer received upon trust even in cloistered walls; many like myself detested the whole system of hypocrisy, sloth, and superstition of which we were made abettors; and my feelings had numerous participators amongst my young companions, who thought with me, that the meanest toil in freedom would be preferable to the drudgery of fasting and prayer to which we were subjected. There was one older than ourselves in the convent, and better acquainted with what was passing in the world, who encouraged our awakened ardor for a change of things. He furnished us in secret with the forbidden works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and all whose daring spirits were gradually arousing our nation to shake off the chains of superstition and despotism under which they had lain numbed for centuries. I was too young and too ardent to distinguish accurately what was false in these productions; but their eloquence fascinated my imagination, and I adopted every opinion as a truth which differed the most directly from all the dogmas I had been taught to believe. My own sacrifice to the shrine of my brother's greatness was to me sufficient argument in favor of equality; and by the time the States General were convened at Versailles, there could not have been found in all France a more violent advocate of the rights of the people than Auguste St. Croix. Many of the clergy under the influence of the Abbe Sieyes, and, from a love of novelty, joined the *tiers-etat*, when that assumed the name of National Assembly; but their zeal for liberty was soon annihilated by the seizure of the church property, and the suppression of all monastic establishments, on the 13th February, 1790. It was not thus with myself. I felt like a slave whose chains had been miraculously struck off, or a corpse re-awakened into life and bursting from the imprisonment of the grave.

My father and brother had already fallen sacrifices to the fury of the ancient misused dependants of their house, while endeavoring to save their castle in Franche-Compte from plunder and destruction; and my mother, terrified by their fate, had escaped into Flanders. But my violent republican principles accorded well with the mania of the time; and though I could not recover my inheritance, I had no want of friends, who supplied my daily necessities, until fortune should reward my exertions in the cause of liberty. I became

a member of one of the most violent of the clubs, an intimate with several members of the National Assembly, and a constant attendant on its debates. But amidst all my political enthusiasm, my appetite for pleasure was undiminished; and at length I had none to check me in its indulgence, while thousands emulated me in the pursuit. Men in those days appeared in a continual delirium: murder was no more to them than the phantom of a dream. Tumults and bloodshed were in the streets one hour, and dancing and revelry the next. Even females might be seen tripping smilingly with their gallants to the public walks, in the evening, over the sawdust sprinkled above the moist blood which had flowed from the morning's guillotine. It was like a time of pestilence, when men eagerly plunge into the wildest dissipation to forget the uncertainty of life. But no terror operated with me; I was young, fearless of death, and looked on the revolution and its horrors as the noblest efforts of human wisdom and magnanimity. I loved pleasure for itself alone.

It was a lovely summer evening toward the end of June, when I set off with a party of friends, in pursuit of this deluded deity, to the little village of Auniere, situated below Montmartre, on the opposite side of the river Seine. It was the village fete, and even the troubles of the times failed to interrupt these simple festivities of my countrymen. Never shall I forget that evening: yet why should I say so? I have forgotten it a thousand times, and would that I could for ever! The sun was sinking bright and cloudlessly toward the western horizon as we crossed the broad fields of La Planchette from the Barrier Courcelle, and we lingered awhile in our little boat on the Seine, to watch its golden beams reflected in the stream, and listen to the soft hum of festivities on its banks. It was the last time I ever experienced the consciousness of happiness.

Dancing had already commenced when we reached the village green, and many happy groups were seated around the space left for the rustic performers sharing their bottle of indifferent wine, and knocking their glasses together with jovial salutations. Black eyes without number were levelled at my companions and myself, as soon as we pushed our way through the moving crowd, and they were not long in choosing partners for the dance. I was no lover of the pastime; early education had made it awkward to me, and having no desire to exhibit before so large an audience, I sought amusement in the contemplation of the busy scene of happy faces around me. But my attention was soon absorbed by one object. Immediately opposite to me, and surrounded by a group of persons, who, though dressed with republican simplicity, were manifestly of the highest class, sat a young female of extraordinary beauty; she might be about nineteen. But why should I attempt to describe what no language nor limner's art could ever paint? Can it be that I survive to write thus of thee? Can it be that my mind can contemplate thy perfections without being lost in madness?

Yea, she was perfection!—and from the instant I beheld her, on that village-green, with the full light of the sinking sun irradiating her calm and gentle beauty, the conviction that she was so, sunk deep in my heart. None but a madman could have doubted it for an instant.

I was like one planet-stricken from the moment I beheld her; I could not remove my gaze; the crowd and their sports became alike invisible; their sounds of mirth, and the discord of their rustic music, were equally inaudible to my ear; I saw only the lovely being before me; I heard only the magical sweetness of her voice, when she occasionally addressed her companions. At length I thought she remarked my admiration; for when her eyes met mine for an instant, a deep color mounted to her temples, and she turned aside to speak to a gentleman near at hand. I would have given all I possessed at that moment, to have been him whom she thus addressed and smiled upon, though he was old enough to have been my grandfather. The jokes of my friends on my abstraction, at the end of the dance, first aroused me from my trance; but it was not till another set was nearly formed, that I remembered the possibility of my obtaining the goddess of my idolatry as a partner. My hatred of dancing was instantly forgotten. I advanced toward the beautiful unknown with a papitating heart, and in an agitated voice requested that honor. I was refused with the utmost politeness; but firmly and decidedly I was refused. There was nothing astonish-

ing in this; for she had not danced during the evening with any, even of her own party; but I was offended, irritated and annoyed; I was disappointed. In spite of my enthusiasm for liberty, the pride of my ancestry mounted in my heart, and I felt a haughty consciousness that if she had known who I was, I should not have been thus rejected, though I thought that my personal advantages might have excepted me from the insult.

By a strange chance, I was at this instant recognized by a gentleman who had just joined the party; and in another moment I was formally introduced to Claudine, and her father, Monsieur de Langeron, the *sieur* of the village. He had known the elder members of my family well and long; and on an invitation to spend the remainder of the evening at his chateau, whither he was just retiring with his party, was politely given, and joyfully accepted. His daughter said little, but that was so soft and gentle, as soon to dispel my displeasure, and her sweet smile was more expressive than words. Though dancing was renewed in the interior of the mansion, I observed she did not join in the amusement, nor did any one present invite her to do so. I was selfish enough no longer to regret it. Seated by her side, for a time I had nothing more to desire. The moon had replaced the glowing sun, when I recrossed the Seine that night: but though the calm splendor of heaven was unbroken by a single cloud, the tranquility of my mind was gone. Thenceforward I became a daily visitor at Auniere; but no one seemed to regard or remark my attention to Claudine, though we were almost constantly together and frequently alone. She had no mother; and an old aunt, her only female companion, unlike most of her age and sex, seemed to entertain not the least suspicion of the consequence of our intercourse. She left us unmolested, to take long walks by the retired banks of the river, and to sit for hours on the terraced garden of the chateau. Such an intimacy added burning fuel to my passion; and as Claudine gradually lost her timidity in my presence, every day disclosed to me the additional charms of her unsullied mind.

Though unaware of it herself, it was impossible for me to remain long unconscious that she loved me with all the intensity of a first affection. I never uttered a syllable that I did not meet her glance of approbation; I never departed that tears did not stand in her eyes, nor was met without blushes on my return. Every thought, feeling, hope and fear of the unfortunate girl were mine for ever. Selfish even in my love, I saw and exulted in all this before I disclosed the secret of my affection. We were seated on the margin of the river, nearly on the same spot where I landed on the first evening I beheld her, and the sun was shining in the western sky as brightly as then, when I whispered the story of my passion in her ear. Her hand trembled violently in mine as she listened, but in vain did I beseech her to reply to my passionate declamations. She gave no answer but by tears. I entreated her by every tender appellation to give me some token of her love, but she neither moved nor spoke—she even ceased to weep. She did not withdraw her hand from mine, but it grew icy chill, her head dropped upon her bosom, and she fell back lifeless in my arms.

I was horror-stricken, and it was some time before I recovered sufficient presence of mind to lay her gently on the grass, while I brought water from the neighboring river to bathe her hands and forehead. Slowly, and after a long interval she revived; but no sooner was she conscious that my encircling arms were around her, than she shrunk from me with convulsive horror, and struggled to arise. She was too feeble to accomplish her purpose, and wildly and passionately I detained her as I entreated her to disclose by what fatal chance I had become the object of her hatred.

"My hatred, dear Auguste! would that you were!" she murmured in almost inaudible accents; and then fixing her full dark eyes upon me for an instant, before she buried her face in her hands, she added, in a voice tremulous from excess of emotion, "Is it possible you have yet to learn that *I am a nun*?" I started as these fearful words fell dull and cold upon my ear, but it was long before I made any reply. Early prejudices arose like phantoms before my sight; I remembered, for the first time since our intercourse, that I, too, was bound by a sacred vow to celibacy, and for a time I beheld in these trammels of bigotry the fiat of interminable misfortune. But vows, whether sacred or profane, are

feeble against the tempest of passion; and when the mind is once resigned to its despotic influence, principles and prejudices are equally swept away by the whirlwind. I did not long yield to despair; the new doctrines I had adopted in casting aside my priest's frock, though for a moment forgotten in the turbulence of exciting feeling, soon came to my assistance. According to these, Claudine and I were as free as at the moment of our birth to follow the guidance of the feelings which nature had implanted in our hearts; and I endeavored to convince the innocent girl, with all the fervor and eloquence of which I was master, that she was no longer the bride of heaven, and that her vows had ceased to be binding when formally annulled by the National Assembly.

The next day I returned again to the charge, and though she remained unconvinced, my vehemence silenced all opposition. I saw that she wavered between a sense of duty and the passionate feelings of her heart, and I redoubled the earnestness of my supplications. I painted wildly the horror and despair which awaited us should she persist in her resolve, and doom us to an eternal separation; while I described, with all the enthusiasm which the joyful hope inspired, the felicity attending our union. Gentle being! it was no sin of thine that thou didst yield to the burning words and delirious eloquence with which I tempted thee to thy ruin! mine only was the guilt, and mine alone be the long, the never-ending punishment.

That night she slept not beneath her father's roof. Trembling and breathless with agitation, I drew her towards the bank of the river, and though, even at the last, she struggled faintly to return, I heeded it not, and lifting her on board the little bark which had borne me from the opposite shore, I dipped my oars in the stream, and rowed rapidly with the current towards St. Denis. We reached Paris before sunset, and to tranquilize the conscience of poor Claudine, as much as in my power, we were united before nightfall, by such ceremonies as the National Assembly had thought proper to substitute for the ancient marriage-rites.

My passion thus gratified, I could, for a time at least, have been perfectly happy, but that I saw that Claudine was not so. She had acted under the influence of my overwhelming feelings, not her own, and her reason was never for a moment silenced. Though she complained not, she drooped under the sense of the mighty weight of guilt she had incurred; the bloom faded from her cheek, and the roundness of her form gradually wasted away. The state of the times, and the interest which my necessities compelled me to take in public affairs, caused me to be frequently absent from home; on my return I invariably found her in tears. She shrunk from all society but mine, she refused to join in every amusement, and each day deepened a gloom which all my efforts were unable to dispel.

It was about this period that a young priest, of the name of Bernis, who had formerly studied in the same seminary with myself, claimed my protection from the persecution instituted against all his profession who refused to take the oaths prescribed by the Assembly. Before my change of principles, there had been a great intimacy between us, and I still liked the man, whom I thought kind-hearted and generous, though I disapproved his doctrine. I did not hesitate, therefore, when his life was in danger, to afford him a retreat even in my own house, where, from my own well-known republican principles, he esteemed himself in perfect security. Domesticated under the same roof, he was of course much in my wife's society. With horror he it spoken, I grew jealous of that man. I frequently surprised him in close and earnest conversation with Claudine. I saw that she regarded his slightest wish with deference, while I could not help imagining that her manner toward me became gradually more cold and estranged. There was evidently a violent struggle at work in her breast; her cheek, by day, burnt with the hectic fever, and at night, amid her troubled and broken sleep, long sighs frequently heaved from her bosom, and I more than once heard her murmur, in fearful accents, the names of Bernis and myself.

Suspicion once aroused in my headstrong nature, it soon assumed the energy of truth; and at length, after a night little short of the tortures of the damned, I arose, resolved to expel the priest from the shelter of my roof. As if to justify my worst imaginings, he was already gone—and Claudine had likewise disappeared.

Then did the fatal malady which for successive generations had asserted its black dominion over my race, first take possession of my brain. I swore, I blasphemed, I denounced the bitterest curses against the guilty pair. Had boiling lead been coursing through my veins, it could not have surpassed my agony. But there was a method in my madness.

When the first burst of my fury passed away, I began sedulously to seek out the abode of the fugitives. Step by step I traced them, as the blood-hound follows his prey; but when I learned the secret of their hiding-place, I was satisfied; I did not intrude myself on their privacy, for reproaches and upbraiding would have afforded no relief to my overburthened soul. No! I had a deeper, a darker, a more satisfying revenge in store. Coldly and calmly, as a sleep-walker, but with fiend-like pleasure, I went and denounced Claudine and her seducer to the revolutionary tribunal, as aristocrats and non-conformists. Yes, I delivered my innocent, my confiding, my adoring Claudine, to the blood-thirsty vengeance of those inhuman vampires, and exulted in the deed!

I have an indistinct remembrance of lingering in the street till the minions of the law bore her forth in their arms to the carriage which was to convey her, with the unfortunate Bernis, to the prison of the Abbey, and of struggling vainly to rescue her from their grasp; but it is like the confusion of a dream. The first circumstance which I clearly recollect, after a fearful chasm of many days, was the receipt of a letter, the direction of which, though written with a trembling hand, I instantly recognised as my wife's writing; and eager to snatch at anything which might prove the fallacy of the thoughts fast thronging on my brain, I tore it wildly open. It was dated from the prison to which I had doomed her. But though thirty years have rolled their dark current above my head since that hour—though every word has been since then like the sting of a serpent to my brain—I would, even now, rather die than transcribe it. It convinced me of her innocence and her love. I gathered from its details that the reproaches of Bernis had deepened her repentance of our unholy union; till at length, guided by his advice, she had sacrificed the best affections of her heart at the shrine of imaginary duty, and torn herself from the only being she loved, to expiate the guilt of that affection in the seclusion of a foreign convent. Poor victim! she prayed him who had sacrificed her peace and her life to his diabolical passions, to use his influence to procure the liberation of herself and her holy director from their fearful prison.

Let me briefly pass over the narrative of the day. I started up, flew to the tribunal of the commune, attested the innocence of the accused; and my intimacy with the chiefs of the democrats sufficed to make my word a law, and procured for me without delay a warrant for the liberation of Claudine and the priest. I hurried with breathless speed along the street toward their prison, but crowds at every turning impeded my progress. Murder was already abroad in the city. It was the 2d of September, 1792—that day which has fixed for ever one of the blackest stains in the history of my country. As I passed the prisons of the Chatelet and La Force, I heard the groans and supplications of the dying, mingling fearfully with the demonic yells of an infuriated mob; women's screams arose wildly on the air, and blood came flowing past me, down the channels of the streets. Everything betokened that the prisons were burst open, and their unfortunate inhabitants massacred by inhuman ruffians.

Dark and fearful were the forebodings which thronged upon my mind, as, on approaching the Abbey, the same sounds of tumult and murder burst upon my ear. I hurried on, in spite of every obstacle, with a velocity which only madness could have lent me, till I reached the front of the building; and there such a scene presented itself as my soul sickens to think on. The armed multitude of men and women of the lowest class, resembled in their fury rather fiends than human beings—but I heeded them not; I sprang over the dying and the dead; I escaped from the grasp of the assassin—and there was yet hope that I might not be too late; and, though I recognised the mangled body of Bernis, amid a heap of slain, I relaxed nothing of my speed—for my wife, my adored Claudine, might yet survive his destruction. My suspense was soon at an end. Yea, I saw her, and yet I survived the sight. I saw her at a

little distance; she was kneeling with clasped hands at the feet of an infuriated ruffian, whose weapon was already at her breast. At that moment she recognized my cry of agony, sprang wildly on her feet, and called with an imploring voice upon my name. It was the last word she uttered. The steel struck her ere she could escape into my arms. It struck deeply and fatally—yet well for her.—But for me!

THE BANK NOTE;

OR, WOMAN'S LOVE AND MAN'S REPENTANCE.

It was midnight! Disease and health, virtue and crime, famine and the epicure, were now gone hand in hand together, and for a few short hours thoughts and imaginations, as varied as their names, were sunk in sleep, while the wildest of fashion's children, the creatures of dissipation and hereditary folly, with the panders to unhallowed and unlawful passions, and all the other numerous forms of desitution and depravity that, phantom-like, haunt the midnight air of London, were busy deepening the gulf into which poor humanity had already fallen.

From one of the largest houses in — Square, upon the evening just described, sounds of music, mirth, and revelry, were plainly distinguished, and, despite the lateness of the hour or its disagreeableness, numerous carriages with their attendants were waiting around its portals, while a little old man, (called by a singular contrariety the link-boy,) who for several hours had, in company with his pitchy compilation, been alternately dashing himself into the road, and beneath the horses' girths, under the idea that he was lighting the company, was now amusing the lacqueys with some eccentric reminiscence of his equally eccentric life.

Lady Hearnden was the name of the proprietress of the establishment to which we have introduced the reader; and, despite the coldness of the season, and the various essences with which the place was perfumed, the vast suite of apartments were crowded to an extent that rendered a position near the window far from disagreeable. Half withdrawing the curtains, and gazing upon the cheerless scene without, a young and fashionably-dressed man remarked to another who was standing near him, that the last galop had completely disabled him, and the cold night air was quite refreshing.

"I could not feel the heat of these apartments, Sir Henry," was the reply, "for I have been too busy gazing elsewhere."

"And where may that have been?" inquired his companion carelessly. "An object that could rivet the attention of one so discriminating as Vivian De l'Orme must indeed be worthy of another's observation."

"You flatter, Sir Henry," replied the other, "but I was thinking Matilda Saville will be a very pretty woman!" As the young man spoke, he pointed out to his companion among the group of beauties, one, who, from her dress and general contour, pre-eminently shone.

"Will be a pretty woman!" exclaimed the young baronet, with considerable animation in his manner. "By heaven, she is one already. Who is she? What is she? and where does she come from?"

"She is the daughter of a half-pay officer, and comes from the region of the shuttle and the loom—Manchester!"

"Indeed!" said Sir Henry. "Well, I imagined she must be a stranger, as I had not seen her before. But really this is quite romantic; let me see, poor and pretty, a stranger, and the daughter of a half-pay officer; the last the very *ne plus ultra* of a romancist."

"Add to this," interrupted De l'Orme, "that she is seen by a young baronet, who loves her to distraction upon first meeting her in a ball-room." The words were uttered in a half-laughing tone, but they were not responded to by his companion, and he continued, "But we are wrong; she is not quite so poor as she is beautiful, having great expectations from her aunt; that magnificent-looking woman yonder, who is almost as tall as yourself."

"That!" exclaimed Sir Harry. "That, why surely that is Lady Featherfield, the widow of a distant relation of mine."

"True; her husband was an Irish peer, and was killed at a steeple-chase. Did you know him?"

"I but slightly recollect him; for I was but a child when he met his death; but I will accost his grand-looking relict, and make her introduce me to her lovely niece."

As he uttered these words, Sir Henry Cathcart (for such was the name of the last speaker) stepped gracefully forward to a chair, where reclined the person of a lady apparently about fifty, adorned in a style of profuse magnificence, harmonizing with her portly and massive figure.

The dialogue which we have just been narrating, took place between two individuals as opposite in their characters as they were in personal appearance. Vivian De l'Orme was a young man of French extraction, about twenty-two years of age, with a cast of countenance decidedly foreign, joined to a person of diminutive stature; he had for a considerable period been the most intimate friend of Sir Henry, and although a man of a very confined intellect, yet nevertheless was endued with that spurious sort of understanding denominated *cunning*, which is frequently found to be more use in an *abstract* sense to the possessor, than those stores of original ability and erudition that are so rarely to be encountered in this every-day world. Sir Henry Cathcart was his junior, having just attained his majority, and, by the death of both his parents at a much earlier age, was now the sole inheritor of a handsome fortune and estate. His figure offered a strange contrast to that of his companion, being tall, majestic, and commanding, while his character was frank, open, and generous. In short he was what the world would term a fine-looking young man, possessing all the appearance of an aristocratic descent, possessing all that absence of hauteur so peculiarly the attribute of the *true* gentleman.

Lady Featherfield, the lady to whom he was now advancing, must certainly have once been beautiful, if beauty is ever consonant with a style of face which presents us features upon which we can dwell with pleasure, but no expression upon which the imagination can hang with rapture, resembling in a remarkable degree some splendid structure wherein fashion is wont to dwell, and which we acknowledge to be well formed and accurately designed, but, notwithstanding all its ornamental pillars and decorative balconies, insufficient to attract more than a mere passing and unadmiring gaze.

"I would not ask my friend De l'Orme," commenced the young baronet, "I would not ask him to present me to your ladyship, for when I mention my name I flatter myself you will not consider me in the light of a stranger—Henry Cathcart."

The eyes of the gorgeous widow were turned for an instant upon the fine intellectual countenance of the speaker, as if reflecting where they had before met. Suddenly she appeared to recollect the features, and exclaimed, "Ah, Sir Henry, I'm delighted to see you. Why, what a height you have grown to; it is nearly six years since I have seen you, that really I had nigh forgotten you. Dear me, what an alteration a few years does make at your age." There was a decided emphasis on your, and smiling complacently as she bethought herself on the comeliness of her own person, awaited his reply.

"Pray, Lady Featherfield," said Sir Henry abruptly, (impatient of farther delay,) did I hear aright, that that beautiful young creature yonder is your niece?"

"Yes; that is my sister's child—she is *rather* pretty, certainly. Not my style of beauty, though; but still she is attractive among some men!" As she spoke she beckoned the object of Sir Henry's inquiries toward her, and taking her hand, said, "This is Sir Henry Cathcart, my dear, who has been pleased to pass some very flattering encomiums upon you, and of whose approbation you ought to be proud, for I hear that he is a connoisseur. Do you admire tall or little women most, Sir Henry?" added or interrogated the baroness parenthetically to Cathcart.

"I admire *both*," was the gallant and ready answer; for her ladyship was full five feet nine, and Matilda scarcely above the ordinary size of her sex. (A size which, *en passant*, in the present day appears degenerating into Lilliputianism.)

"But which most?" retorted her ladyship; "for all men have their tastes."

"Upon my honor, Lady Featherfield, wherever beauty is, I gaze and admire, without thinking on its

peculiar merits or order; if I may use an architectural term," replied Cathcart. "Who could say that St. Paul's is not equal to Westminster Abbey? Indeed I acknowledge it to be the grandest; but I prefer the latter individually." Thus dexterously obviating the necessity of offending the aunt, and delicately insinuating his intense admiration of the niece. As a more than adequate counterpoise, Sir Henry applied himself to the pleasing task of eliciting the mental powers of Matilda Saville by a not affected display of his own accomplishments and sentiments. He found her intelligent, amiable, and confiding, but slightly imbued with a taste for the romantic and sentimental.

Sir Henry Cathcart was decidedly a young man of superior mind, if not of very surpassing abilities; and, moreover, united to a person of eminent elegance a peculiar faculty of pleasing. The growth of love is not to be estimated by any standard with which we are acquainted; and we would fain add that our hero was deserving of the confidence and admiration which he seldom failed to excite; that morally as well as mentally he was a person to be respected.

But alas! the elements of virtue are not to be attained (or if to be attained, at least it is an exception to a general rule) among those with whom he was in the habit of mingling—men not distinguished in the ranks of fashion, and even intellect, but for the most part votaries of dissipation, vice, and irreligion.

Cathcart continued to speak, and Matilda hung enraptured upon the words that fell from his lips, full as they were of fancy, of refinement, and of elegant, if not poetical, sentiment; and in the course of a single hour experienced in her romantic views more pleasure than ever she had before. Sir Henry had traveled much, although so young; he had beheld the gorgeous remains of Rome's once imperial grandeur; had climbed the snow-capped Alps, and rioted in the fair valley below; ocean, and river, hill, cataract, and lake, were all subjects on which he could expatiate with all the charms of a lively feeling; and its effect was not lost upon a mind like Matilda's. We do not say she immediately became enamoured of the handsome and clever young baronet; but he knew enough of herself to feel that his company was not indifferent to her; and, as he rose to leave, he pressed her to remember their "first meeting," and to grant him on a future occasion the honor of a second.

"Well," inquired De l'Orme, "what do you think of her?" as Matilda with her aunt left the room.

"She is a beautiful girl!" replied his companion, "quite a heroine in her language, rather too romantic; but that will wear off?"

The Frenchman smiled, and to his companion's inquiry, answered with something of a sneer in his tone, "I was thinking how strange things come about. Nobody would have thought when we entered this house there was the remotest chance of your getting a wife so soon. Though Lady Matilda Cathcart would sound pretty enough, and how much nearer the relationship would be between you and the noble-looking baroness."

"You are jesting, Vivian," said Sir Henry, "I fear that cannot be, for I have lost heavily, as you know, of late, and much as I respect, nay love, Matilda Saville, I could not afford to take her portionless; besides I don't think I shall ever marry at all.

"The devil! What is your reason for setting up a la Benedict?"

"Wives are generally bores;" was the laconic reply, "at least so they say at the club." The finish of the sentence bespoke how much he was guided by the mistaken laws of fashion.

Three months after the above conversation, the London season being over, Lady Featherfield and her niece left town for a distant part of the country. It was reported that ill health led her to choose such a retired spot, though there were others in which her creditors' claims bore a prominent position. By a singular coincidence, a few days afterward, Sir Henry Cathcart, who had a hunting-seat in that very part of the country for the first time in his life, took a fancy to visit it, and with surprise learned who were his neighbors. The baroness was delighted—"Her old London acquaintance to be so near them; it was extraordinary; it was charming."

Cathcart now had numerous opportunities of meeting with Matilda alone. The romantic feeling which he

had noticed in London, was here ten-fold increased; and often would he find her by the side of some pleasant stream, attended by a favorite dog, and lost in the pages of some fashionable author, unconscious of his approach till he had reached her side. It was upon such occasions as these that he would himself around her young heart, until, at length, she loitered but for his coming, and the views that once pleased her were dull and spiritless without him.

Lady Featherfield heard of these repeated meetings, and only prolonged the moment of her interference, that she might, as she afterward stated, the more surely secure her niece as his bride; nor was she awakened to a sense of her improper supineness, till she learned her niece had eloped with the young baronet. The particulars of their criminality, the arguments by which Sir Henry prevailed upon Matilda to forgoe virtue's name, we must pass over; suffice it she had fallen; and as her lover lifted her from the carriage-door, the morning after the elopement, he exclaimed, "Now am I blessed in the memory of our first meeting."

It was on a gorgeous summer's evening, several years after the above events, just as the day-god was sinking below the horizon, and crimsoning with his latest lustre the western sky, that a pale, but still beautiful woman, of about twenty-five years of age, was reclining upon a sofa, in a neat but elegantly-furnished boudoir, from the windows of which was a full prospect of Hyde Park. As its occupant gazed upon the scene, her large blue eye dilated for a moment, and then a tear filled up its place, accompanied with sobs, rendered doubly painful from the agonizing, but fruitless, attempt to suppress them.

"Alas!" she murmured unconsciously, "in a little while I shall have quitted this weary scene for ever; in a little while Matilda Saville will exist but in name; and that, alas! will be one that conscience conjures up as too odious to give utterance to."

There is nothing, perhaps, can present a more melancholy spectacle to the eye of fallen man, than the picture of a young and beautiful creature, ere the heyday of life is passed, lying stricken with a painful and lingering disease. Matilda Savage, for she it was who now occupied the little chamber, was in the last lingering fatal grasp of a consumption. A hectic flush occasionally overspread her thin transparent skin, and her eyes became preternaturally bright. But it was the disease of the mind that thus oppressed her; and its agonizing gloom had overshadowed her soul, and nullified the usual and often efficacious attentions of the leech. It was after a reverie of more than usually intense mental suffering, that she gave utterance to the language above described, and then she again relapsed into a train of thought so acute, that though her features bore more the impress of somnolency than life, the cold drops of perspiration that chased each other down her brow, bespoke how deep a wound conscience's dart was making.

"I will bear it no longer!" she exclaimed, springing with the excitement of the maniac from her little couch. This, this, shall decide it."

With the same wild, unnatural effort, she crossed the room, and reached down a small mahogany case; it was locked, but in a moment the poker had shattered in the lid; the exertion, however, was too much for her; and ere she could make herself mistress of its contents she had swooned upon the ground.

Scarcely had the poor misguided victim of seduction and disease, fallen from the effects of her exertion, ere the little door of the boudoir was thrown violently open, and a young man, his hair dishevelled, his neckcloth loose and disordered, and his whole countenance inflamed, either from drink or the most violent excitement, entered the apartment, followed by one who, from his dress, was evidently a servant.

"Away, sir, to your duty," exclaimed Sir Henry Cathcart, for he it was who had thus suddenly entered the chamber. "The villain dies! Where is the key of my pistol-case? Where is—" The words froze upon his lips! And the excitement of a madman and a would-be murderer were changed instantaneously to the wild, vacant gaze of unutterable despair. For a moment, and a moment only, every nerve seemed paralyzed. Then, with one long loud shriek, or cry, he pointed to the fallen form of his mistress, and exclaimed, in a tone of excruciating bitterness, "Scoundrel! this is thy work; did I not charge thee not to leave

her, even for an instant, and now she is dead, and her own hand has robbed me of the only charm that could now render life supportable. Honor, fortune, friends, wife! all, all gone! What has Cathcart now to live for?"

A few hours after the above, in another chamber lay Matilda Saville, her hand clasped in that of her lover.

"I have lost all!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "The dice were loaded; the villain De l'Orme and another had been playing with me for six hours, when I made the discovery. Maddened by my losses, I hastened from the house, and despite my dress, and the surprise of the passers by, made for your boudoir, where I knew my pistols were, intending to seek summary justice upon the villain. You know the rest—my horror at finding you, as I thought, forever taken from me, and my joy at having you again restored."

Matilda arose, and with difficulty placed her emaciated, but still lovely hands, upon the hot brow of her seducer. "Harry," she exclaimed, "promise me faithfully that you will never again touch those fatal dice; say you will never game again?"

"What have I to game with now, even had I the will?" he exclaimed. "Lost, ruined—a beggar; and by one to whom I have been more than brother—the villain De l'Orme. I am a beggar—yes, Matilda, a wretched beggar."

"Not so!" answered Matilda, "you gave me once, in happier days, ere I was the wretched being that I now am, a note for one thousand pounds, it was to buy jewels for my wedding-day: that day will never come. I have never spent it—it is here. Take it, Harry. I shall die soon, and I shall die happy in the consolation that it will assist you. Take it, Harry, and God bless you with it." As the deeply injured girl spoke, she produced from her bosom a bank-note, and presenting it to her lover, continued—"There, Harry, it is warm from a heart that has ever loved you, but will soon cease to beat. I have always worn it there; knowing your gay life, I thought the day might come when it would be of service." Then, throwing her arms around his neck, she wept.

"No, no!" gasped Sir Henry, "no, Matilda, you must not die: there are brighter days in store for us yet; dearest, we will be happy again, though I have deceived you." As he spoke, the tear of true repentance stole down his cheek, with a gush of old and warm affection, and he added, "No, Matilda, no; I have nothing—nothing now but you."

Looking in his face, with a gaze that told how true she spoke, she replied, "Do not attempt to deceive me; it is useless. I am certain that I shall not survive many days, perhaps hours; but I would ask one last request—Renounce your present life. There are but two paths that led to happiness, virtue and the grave; if our feet have strayed from one, perchance our souls may gain the other." Matilda sank down exhausted.

"What a villain I have been!" exclaimed Sir Henry, as he gazed upon the form of his dying mistress, and recalled her image as he had first beheld it in placid innocence. His feelings were those of mingled agony and remorse. He had loved Matilda as well as he could love anything on earth; and her solemn and pathetic appeal had awakened thoughts his heart had always before been a stranger to. He felt that he had seduced and afterward neglected her; but her gentle tenderness and amiability of character, her patient and unrepining endurance, and her last proof of unceasing love in providing against distress for one who had so basely deceived her, and afterward by his excesses brought poverty to her dying bed, was something more than human; it was a warmth that even friendship, strongest of man's ties, was too cold to reach; it was worthy of its name—it was WOMAN'S LOVE!

"You shall not die, Matilda!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "Much injured woman, the church shall first unite us. Live to call me husband, as in thy heart I feel I have ever been."

With a power almost supernatural, Matilda raised herself from the bed, and grasping his hand, exclaimed with a faint smile, "My husband!" There was a pause of a moment; it was a fearful struggle; the tongue refused its office; the eye-ball sank; and she breathed rather than spoke—"REPENT." The next moment Sir Henry Cathcart's arms supported dust.

"It was my WIFE'S first, her last request!" he exclaimed. Reader, he faithfully obeyed it.

THE JEWEL OF THE HAREM.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

NOURMAHAL was the most beautiful of all the slaves in the seraglio of the Sultan Ben Useff. The soft and voluptuous lustre of her large black eyes—the delicate tint of her beautiful cheek, and the ravishing sweetness of her pouting lips, parting at times to betray teeth that rivalled the whiteness of new fallen snow—real pearls of Omar—were so many tokens that the possessor was of Georgian extraction—one of the many victims, that, in a late successful invasion of her unhappy country by the sultan and his troops, had been added to the harems of the Persian nobles, and of their ambitious and tyrannical monarch.

Of all the unfortunate captives of the illustrious Sultan, none stood so high in his especial regard as the lovely Nourmahal, and for her his love and esteem seemed boundless—so much so, that it was suspected that a day was not far distant when the fair Georgian would share the throne of the magnificent Khoosroo Nooshirwan Ben Useff.

With much condescension, kindness and lenity did he treat his beautiful captive, but to no effect; she remained firm and unswerving. She often repulsed him with much severity—upbraiding him as the oppressor of her country, and the merciless jailor of herself and her unfortunate companions.

Among the nobles of the court of Ben Useff, was Callimachus, a brave and generous prince of the Selucidæ—a renowned and chivalrous warrior, and a zealous supporter of the Sultan, though opposed to many of his harsh and tyrannical measures. To him, then, did the Sultan communicate his ill success with the lovely Nourmahal. He pictured to him, in glowing terms, the ardor of his passion for the beautiful captive—of the many and unsuccessful attempts to ingratiate himself in her favor, and of her continued obstinacy.

"I have tempted her love," said the Sultan, "with costly and magnificent presents, and by flattery; still she resists me, and the only reply she makes is, 'Restore me to my friends and my country, and I will bless you—I will pray you!'"

"And does the Kibleh Allum suspect no hitherto untried method of subduing the obstinacy of this bright jewel of the seraglio?" inquired Callimachus.

"Alas! my Callimachus, none. I have exhausted all my efforts to please, and my endeavors to win, to no purpose. Like the hours of Paradise, she seems rather to be dreamed of than possessed."

"Favored of the prophet! do the honors which you bestow as freely as falls the dew, seem of no value in the eyes of the lovely Nourmahal?"

"Even so."

"Yet, deserving as thou art, O king! perseverance in thy desires may at length bring thee that love which thou seekest. Recollect that the illustrious Timur, when once hard pressed by his enemies, took shelter in a ruinous building, where for many a tedious hour he was obliged to sit alone, ere an opportunity was offered him to escape. While thus situated, his attention was arrested by the efforts of an ant to carry a grain of corn up a wall of great height, during which time it fell to the earth sixty-nine times, but at the *seventieth time it was successful*. From this, that great monarch and illustrious warrior received a useful lesson, by which, many times in after life, he profited much."

"I acknowledge, my Callimachus, the force of the application; but, then, Timur warred with men. Had he or the ant had to do with the petulance of woman, their perseverance would have failed them. However, I have another method in my brain, which I think will prove successful. I will put my cause into thy hands, that you may plead before this proud Georgian as I would plead for myself; if you succeed according to my fondest hopes, I will requite the obligation by making thee my Vizier, and the brightest jewel in my diadem shall glitter in thy turban. Be true, be faithful, and my liberality shall know no bounds; but if thou art false, by the beard of the prophet! my vengeance shall be terrible."

"God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet. Even as the king of the faithful wishes it, so shall it be done," replied Callimachus.

"The slave shall be removed to an apartment in the palace, where you can visit her, and I hope soon to hear that you have succeeded according to my wishes."

The Sultan quitted the apartment, leaving Callimachus to ponder upon the strange trust confided to his care.

The fifth morning after the above incident dawned beautifully and brightly. The beams of the rising sun gilded the lofty turrets and minarets of Shiraz, and cast a gleam of cheerfulness upon the countenances of the numerous throngs of moslems that crowded its streets—some on their way to the baths, some to the mosques, others to the bazaars, and many for pleasure. The sweet bowers of Mosselah, and the rose gardens of the princes, sent to heaven a sweet and grateful fragrance. But among all the brightness and joyousness of the morning, there was one face shrouded in gloom. The pensive tear stood in her upraised eye, her fair cheek rested upon her hand, and her lips were parted as though in silent prayer. It was the beautiful, the unfortunate Nourmahal. Although removed to a more commodious and magnificent apartment than was first allotted her, with a door that opened upon a garden, still the splendor and garish magnificence which surrounded her, illy accorded with the feelings of the poor captive. She thought of her own dear home, of her parents, her sisters, her brothers, and her grief was too deep for utterance. Thoughtfully and silently she mourned, for what did she value life, cut off from all that she held dear, a captive, and annoyed daily with a wooer whom she abhorred.

Thus sat she in silent misery, when her ears caught the sound of steps approaching her apartment. Her heart trembled within her, as she thought of the Sultan and his oppressive importunities. She feared that he would not much longer mildly bear with her abhorrence of him. She saw no gleam of hope—she felt none. She dreaded the hour when his patience must tire and his temper fail. The door was opened, and a mild and kind voice addressed her as the most beautiful. It thrilled through her every nerve; she dared not look up; but she could not be mistaken; it must be—it was the voice of the noble Callimachus.

As he advanced toward her, she arose to receive him. His admiring gaze rested upon the fair being before him, and he thought that never, in his brightest and happiest dreams of fancy, had he seen aught so lovely. For a while he seemed so rapt in wonder, that he forgot by whose request, and for what purpose, he was sent.

"Most lovely, though most unfortunate!" began Callimachus; "the most illustrious of the faithful, the Sultan Ben Useff, commissioned me, his devoted slave, to wait upon the royal beauty of the seraglio, to lay before her his distressed condition, and to beg the humanity of thy gracious favor to soothe the wound of his much-discommitted heart."

"Return, then, to him thou callest thy master," said Nourmahal, "and tell him, that as I am deprived of my liberty, my parents, my country and my friends, life to me is as valueless as my freedom is unexpected. There is only one way to win my esteem—none to win my love. I hate—I defy him. He may torture me—he can invent no torture greater than my confinement. Death to me were indeed liberty, come in what shape it may. Tell him this; and likewise that it is my wish he persecute me no longer. I will hold out no hope to him—there is none; and it were a waste of breath, of time, of words, to pursue this useless fallacy."

"Alas! sweet flower of Georgia! hast thou considered well the firmness of thy purpose, to return such an answer to the Sultan?"

"So well," replied Nourmahal, "that I had determined to tell it to his face, had he presented himself instead of thee."

"Unfortunate Nourmahal! pained, as I am, to afflict thy maiden heart, the wishes and behests of my sovereign must be revered. Yet I could wish thee a better and a happier lot; as the circumstances which surround thee cannot be avoided, I would advise thee to reconsider the wishes of his heart, and, if thou canst, incline toward his will."

"It is in vain, and your advice falls unheeded. Either leave, me or cease to persecute me with the Sultan's importunities."

Admiration for the spirited girl for a moment held Callimachus mute, and a strange and heretofore unknown feeling trembled in his breast. At first he scarce knew what report to make to the Sultan; but he finally resolved that when he returned, he would flatter

him with hopes of his ultimate success, thereby securing the opportunity of often seeing her. He therefore kindly took his leave of her, expressing a hope that he might see her again, and recommending her to think carefully upon what he had said to her.

The Sultan, eager to learn the success of Callimachus, impatiently awaited his return in his private apartment. As he entered, Ben Useff rose to meet him.

"Now, my Callimachus, how speeds the wooing? What success? How seemed she? Would she listen to you? By the beard of the prophet! Had you but seen her yesterday—I thought she would smite me!"

"Your serene majesty will be pleased to hear that she is more inclined to reason to-day; yet she is possessed of great stubbornness, which will require several days to overcome. But, I will venture to say, you may give some small encouragement to your hopes."

"Tis very well; and, Callimachus, begin to hope for the Viziership. Go on, as thou hast begun, and if thou art successful, there shall be no bounds to my liberality."

"Thy slave is ever ready at thy bidding—thou mayst command."

"Tis good. Thou mayst now retire; but recollect to-morrow—to-morrow, my Callimachus."

Callimachus, bowing to the command of his sovereign, turned to depart, and had reached the door, when the stern voice of the Sultan recalled him.

"Look you, Callimachus! see that you do not play me false, or, by Allah!"—and he furiously stamped his foot upon the marble floor.

"Am I ignorant of the consequences? or dost thou think me a fool?" replied Callimachus.

"Thou art right—Callimachus is not a fool—fare well."

The aspiring and ambitious noble departed. His mind was filled with contesting emotions. He had dared to look upon the queen of the seraglio—his Sultan's favorite—with the eyes of love; he had allowed himself to drink deep of the intoxicating passion—to feast his heart on the beauties of her person, and the nobleness of her mind. Alas! he had already wandered far from the path of duty to his sovereign; he felt that he was getting into a labyrinth of difficulties, from which it would be hard to extricate himself; yet, like a charmed bird, he gradually closed upon the danger which he could scarcely expect would end otherwise than fatal to himself.

The next day, and the next, and the next, found Callimachus a visitor of the lovely Nourmahal. He had forgotten, or seemed to, the interests of the Sultan, and for himself—for himself alone—did he now plead; not at first with the outpourings of his passion, for that would have shocked the captive's ear; but with the silent pleading of his eyes—the kind and sympathizing manner of his conversation; endeavoring to lead her mind from the reflection of her unfortunate captivity—conversing with her of her own dear country, till, by degrees imperceptible to herself, he won her friendship and esteem, and at last she began to wait with impatience for his daily visits. In the mean time did he report himself to his sovereign as rapidly progressing in his suit, and hoping shortly to remove all difficulties.

For a week did he visit Nourmahal in this manner, and the Sultan began to grow impatient. Callimachus had not yet spoken of love; but now that things were drawing to a climax—now that the secret could not be hidden much longer, he was determined to have a short time of pure ecstasy—a few moments of unalloyed and fearless bliss, in breathing into the ear of the innocent and beautiful Nourmahal the adoration of his fond heart—the declaration of his devoted love! There could not be—there seemed no hope of escaping detection; but his heart was firm, and his purpose was determined; he would make one effort for himself and for her, and if that failed him—alas! alas!

On the morning of the seventh day from receiving his commission, he entered the apartment of Nourmahal, resolved on declaring his passion. The Sultan had, on the previous day, shown evident signs of suspicion and displeasure at the length of time already taken by Callimachus, the more so as he reflected on the beauty of his captive. Naturally of a peevish and suspecting disposition, his anxiety and impatience seemed to increase upon this occasion, to more than their ordinary strength, and with hasty and irregular steps did he pace the marble floors of his palace.

In the mean time was Callimachus breathing his idolatry to the object of his heart's adoration. Kneeling before her, as she reclined upon a couch of imperial purple, did he whisper to her the fond hopes of his soul. As his heart pictured so did his tongue utter; and as he knelt, he forgot that he was surrounded by danger, nor seemed he less happy than in his brightest and most enthusiastic visions.

Although Nourmahal had been led to suspect, by the manner in which he had of late addressed her, what were the sentiments of his heart, yet it surprised her when she heard him reveal in direct words, the love he bore her, nor was she less pleased. His daily appearance and kind attentions were objects to her which won her gratitude and friendship, and each day she more and more watched for the hour of his visit, and found greater pleasure in his society. With moistened eyes and a beating heart did she listen to the fond adulation of Callimachus, and when he had spoken to her all that his tongue could utter, or his heart prompt, she threw herself weeping on his neck, and as she lay within his arms, heart to heart, and cheek to cheek, did the innocent girl vow to him the reciprocation of her first pure and virgin love. What a paradise to them were those first few brief moments of bliss! If the heaven of the Moslem contains aught like to it, surely—surely there is some excuse for their wrong, though sincere worship.

And now they had declared their love—love that in their present condition they could not enjoy. The time was fast approaching when the Sultan would learn that he had profited nothing by the visits of Callimachus—when he would consider him as of no further use as a mediator, and remove from him any opportunity of again visiting Nourmahal. Upon this and its consequences had Callimachus reflected; he had not rushed into danger without planning some mode of escape. They both knew that to live apart would be misery to each, and that to enjoy it at all there must be a material change from the present, and he was about unfolding a scheme by which they might escape, when the door suddenly opened, and the Sultan strode into the middle of the room. Nourmahal sprang from the arms of her lover, and hiding her face in her hands, tremblingly awaited the sound of the Sultan's voice, while Callimachus with folded arms and a stern and lofty look, met his fierce and malignant glance unquailed, and as he knew his doom was fixed in the Sultan's mind, he was determined to await his fate with that coolness and courageous firmness which had so conspicuously shone in the many battles he had fought for his sovereign.

With ineffable scorn, hatred and contempt did the Sultan regard the objects of his displeasure for a few moments, then calling a guard which was always within hearing, he said:

"Take this traitor—this recreant, love-sick lord—to prison; and at noon to-morrow bring me his head, and let his dog of a carcase be taken to the plains without the city, fit only for what it will become, food for the ravenous hyenas and jackalls. Away! and see that it is performed, or, by the sword of the holy prophet! there is not a head among ye all that shall not share his fate!"

Instantly did the satraps of the Sultan surround the unfortunate Callimachus to conduct him to his prison, and as they crossed the threshold of the apartment, a loud shriek was uttered by Nourmahal, and she fell senseless at her captor's feet.

Alone, and in his dungeon, Callimachus had leisure to reflect upon his fate. He knew that a limit had been set to his life, and he made up his mind to meet, with a philosophical resignation, what he knew to be inevitable. While thus reflecting upon his situation, he began to think upon the possibility of an escape. He was acquainted with every cell in the prison, and there was a glimmer—one slight ray of hope lighted up the dreariness of his condition. There was one cell from which he might escape—only one, and the hope that now remained to him was, that he might be in it.

Adjoining one of the cells was another, similar in construction, separated by a thick, strong wall of stone, in which was a small grated window with upright bars, to all appearance firmly set in the massive wall. In one of these had Callimachus been placed, which he ascertained by groping around in the dark. The other apartment was used for the storage of implements of torture, irons for the hands and feet of prisoners, chains, and numerous articles which had been laid aside for want of repair. As

Callimachus ascertained his situation in the prison, his heart grew lighter; but there were many difficulties yet to overcome. In the first place, he had to await for the approach of night, which he did with as much patience as he could acquire; to him it seemed the longest day he had ever passed; but it did at last roll away, and as night gathered her sable curtain around the city, and hour after hour passed away, till Callimachus thought it must be midnight, he began to prepare himself for the task that was to him either life or death. He approached the grated window, and with a throbbing heart did he grasp its rusted bars. He applies his strength—his hopes increase—they yield, and give him entrance to the next apartment. Then cautiously did he grope his way to the foot of a flight of steps which led to the floor above his prison. His foot was upon the first step—the second—the third—he mounted to the top; he listened—not a sound fell upon his ear; he put his hand upon the door, and for a moment he hesitated, for upon the chance of its being unfastened, depended all his hopes of escaping. He hardly dared venture to try it, for he trembled between hope and fear, and one moment would either increase his hopes, or sink him in the lowest despondency. With a sudden effort, he brought his mind to a point of determination. He recollected that it was frequently unlocked, for the jailor was ignorant of any secret communication between that cell and those occupied for the detention of prisoners. There was but one besides himself who knew the secret, and that one was in Ispahan. He tried the door—it opened, and the fresh air played on his face; he stepped softly into the entrance hall of the prison; the door that opened upon the street was ajar as though some person had but for a moment gone out. To avail himself of this opportunity was but the thought of an instant, and rushing into the street, he sped onward as fast as his feet would carry him, nor did he stop till without the city, and free from the tyrant's grasp.

The first thought of Callimachus, when he found himself safe, was to revenge himself upon the Sultan, and secure his beloved Nourmahal from a worse fate than had awaited himself.

He pursued his way into Khorasan—enlisted the nobles on his side, and in a short time was enabled to raise an army sufficient to make Ben Useff tremble. It was a time when rival chieftains fought, in their sovereign's name, their own battles, and the country on one side was ravaged with the Uzbecks, and on the other by the Ottomans.

With a powerful army, raised by the friendship of the reigning prince or governor of Khorasan, he marched into the province of Fars. The success of his arms was complete—he had beaten the Sultan's troops in every instance, and at last encamped at night within a day's march of Shiraz, in an open plain, and in view of which reposed the main army of the Sultan, commanded by himself, after a weary day's march, upon an eminence within a mile of them. The decisive battle was yet to be fought, and no sooner had the light of the following morn began to appear, than both armies were busy in preparing for the ensuing contest. At last the signal for the onset was given and the opposing forces met. The Sultan himself led on the van of his army, and presented a fair opportunity for the marksmen of the invaders; but every javelin fell harmless—every weapon turned from him, and he fought with the ferocity of a tiger. The victory seemed doubtful; many fell on both sides, and the slaughter was becoming immense, when the attention of the armies was directed to a place where the two leaders were engaged in severe combat, face to face—the Sultan and Callimachus! For awhile it seemed doubtful which would be the victor, but the youth and coolness of Callimachus prevailed, and one blow of his keen scimitar clove the tyrant's scull, and in a short time after, the whole army capitulated, and the conquering Callimachus entered Shiraz as its lord and master, who, but a short time before, made his escape from it a fugitive.

His first act was to seek Nourmahal, and claim her, without the fear of a rival, for his blushing bride. He found her in the room where he had last seen her, still a captive, but pure and unstained. She shrieked for joy when she saw him enter, and fell swooning into his arms.

The rest is soon told. They were shortly after united, and lived long and happily together, beloved by the people whom they governed, and respected by their friends.

THE NECROMANCER.

"Ho! Sorcerer! Magician! Come forth." These outcries proceeded from a party of young men, just returned from witnessing the funeral of Charles VII. at St. Denis, and who were knocking violently at a door, on the top of a dark and winding staircase, in the rue St. Pierre. They were replied to by a feeble and broken voice; but they heard it not, so vociferously did they call.

"What!—Necromancer!" At last the door was slowly opened by the object of their search.

"What seek ye, my children?"

"We would know the future; and thou canst dive into each man's destiny, thou high priest of the Evil One—king of sorcerers! Come, and tell us quickly; and see that the intelligence be to our liking; for it needs none of thy skill to know that our rapiers have sharp points," repeated Mande Thebergan, the eldest of the party, as he directed an inquiring, though fearful, glance into the old man's mysterious dwelling. It was only lighted by a small lamp, the glimmering flame of which scarcely enabled him to distinguish, in one corner of it, a human skeleton; in another, a heap of dusty books; on the floor, spheres and astrolabes, and, fixed to the ceiling, between two beams, an immense white stuffed owl, whose large eyes glared with peculiar brilliancy, although reflected only by the feeble light of the lamp. All this produced a fearful effect upon the susceptible mind of Mande, already predisposed to the supernatural, and a positive belief in the old man's power. He was unable to withdraw his gaze from those two large round eyes which were glittering in the shade, and stood wrapt in the deepest thought, when he was at length aroused by the loud and boisterous laugh of his companions, who were taunting the old man for his want of skill.

When Mande's turn came, he hesitated; till, jeered by his comrades, he at length held out his hand; but it was observed that his manner was grave, and his air thoughtful.

"Mande," exclaimed the old man, and he had not told his name. "Mande," he murmured between his teeth; and he whispered some words in his ear inaudible to the others of the party.

"What has he said to you?" eagerly inquired his companions; but Mande was silent, and quitted the place, pale as death.

The next morning Mande's first thought was of the necromancer; all night long he had beheld him in his dreams. The low voice of the magician still murmured in his ear; and when he awoke from his troubled sleep, the last word still vibrated in his ears. "Am I then reserved for that? and must I then —," he inwardly exclaimed; and his noble heart revolted at his own conjurings. "And who told me this? A wretch who luxuriates upon the credulity of mankind—who attacks my purse through the medium of my fears. I am a fool to think of it."

He arose, and went out, but nothing could divert him; even in the streets he seemed to see but the sorcerer, and to hear but his fatal words. Timid by nature, and weakened by the excesses of his life, the effects of the sorcerer's prediction, acting upon an enfeebled mind, acquired an all-powerful intensity. After wandering through the city till past the hour of noon, striving to escape from the horrible idea that pursued him, he sought some of his companions of the preceding evening, but society he found was a burden to him; he therefore quitted them to wander alone in the fields. The sun was bright, but to him the heavens appeared clouded; a balmy and refreshing breeze played around him, but he felt not its soothing power—his heart was chilled. One dark, freezing, dreadful idea haunted his imagination. As he was retracing his steps to his lodgings, in that despairing mood that takes possession of the mind when nature has no longer any charms for us, and was on the point of crossing La Greve—he suddenly stopped short; for he beheld a newly-erected scaffold. With a convulsive shudder he turned aside; it reminded him of the words of the sorcerer!

He could no longer sleep in La Rue Chevet Saint Landay, which was opposite La Greve; he, therefore, quitted the capital, and took up his residence in a habitation situated between Paris and Montmartre. There he saw but little, and heard but little; it seemed to him like the silence of the desert at the very gates of a po-

pulous city; and there he hoped that his troubled imagination might have recovered its tone and tranquillity, and the dreadful words of the necromancer might be gradually weakened from the mysterious power they had acquired over him—but, alas! they had found a ready echo within his breast always ready to repeat them.

The house was inhabited by an old couple and their daughter, the idolized child of their old age: she was truly beautiful. She had one of those Madonna heads that an ideal style of beauty, such as genius in its happiest moments of inspiration conceives—black hair plaited across her forehead—lustrous dark eyes, and a complexion pale and transparent as the finest alabaster.—Such was this young maiden, who, with her parents, lived like Mande in a state of utter seclusion from the world. No one even knew their names—once he heard the old father address his daughter by the name of Nicole. Nicole became for him a beloved name, that at times could make him forget his cherished sorrow. Love dawned in his bosom, and every sombre idea was eclipsed by its dazzling rays. Nicole, the beautiful Nicole—she haunted him in his dreams; in his meditations, even in his prayers, and if he could only catch a glimpse of her as she crossed like a spirit before him, it was for him a day of happiness. He then thought himself delivered, and oh! how dearly he loved the object who had dissipated the horrid phantoms and gloomy terrors of his imagination; often did he steal toward her and bless her in the soft language of love.

One Sunday morning he met her in the church of the Abbey of Montmartre; she was on her knees and praying so fervently, that he felt she must possess a confiding—a loving heart; and when she raised her head and met his earnest gaze, her pale cheek was slightly tinged with a blush, and in that timid look there was so much piety and tenderness, that he said to himself, "surely that is love!" Nor was he mistaken, she did indeed love Mande—she had loved him long and in secret, and she revealed it in her glance. He passed that night revelling on the delicious belief, that he was not alone in the world, that he was beloved; and in the joy of the moment it seemed to him, that he had only to ask her in marriage of her parents, and obtain her. He therefore resolved to take this step in the morning; he could dread no refusal; and he pictured to himself the paradise of a home—of the joys of love—of felicity!

"If happiness is to be found in this world," he mentally exclaimed, "surely this is happiness." But suddenly these golden reveries were dissipated by the recollection of the fatal words of the sorcerer! They came like a damp upon his heart, and froze his very blood. "Happiness!" he sighed forth, "happiness! did I say?" he bitterly exclaimed! "No, no, not for me, not for the doomed! never shall I taste of happiness." His bright hopes deserted him, and he relapsed into his former gloomy imaginings, which the enchantment of two months' love had partially banished from his mind. The dreadful words of the necromancer appeared to him more inevitable than ever—his wife then would press to her bosom one cursed by heaven—one already branded by fate, and doomed to—his very soul shrunk within him as the word rushed with tenfold force upon his recollection, and he raved in his anguish, and denounced the Almighty, whom he fancied had cast him to irrevocable doom.

That very morning he disappeared; evening came, but he returned not; day after day passed, and month after month, but Mande came not again. Nicole tenderly loved him—for she wept bitterly, and vowed she would never marry.

The neighbors on his disappearance, recollecting his dejected air and moody habits, supposed that he had made away with himself;—Nicole trembled at the very idea—a suicide! one whom she had loved so dearly—she could not believe it; and yet, could she have known the truth, she would have found that the fear of an hereafter had alone withheld the poniard from his bosom—devotion had that once saved him from despair.

It was on the first of May, 1466, that Mande once more entered Paris; he had been absent five years. The thought of Nicole still haunted him, and he longed to see her bright angelic face once more, for he had returned, from over the sea, to worship at the shrine of his first love. He had retained his residence near Montmartre, and trembling, he directed his steps thither—he was obliged to traverse the quarter of the Holles

to reach it—and, had made a detour to avoid the Place de Greve, so hateful to him. He was just entering La Rue de Garnelle, when the sound of music attracted his attention, and he perceived a crowd of people approaching. He made some inquiries of a bystander, who told him that it was a marriage, the nuptials of the son of Henry Cousin, the executioner of Paris, and of the daughter of Merry Capiluche, the retired executioner of the city of Rouen. "A splendid and well-assorted match, truly, sir stranger," said the man, with a grin. Mande shuddered at the words spoken so lightly, but with such awful meaning to himself. The fatal words rung in his ears as plainly as on the night of his carousal. He had long since become convinced of their truth, and with gloomy tranquillity he awaited his time. The idea had become his faith—his creed—the very breath of his life—so powerfully was he absorbed in his belief, that he no longer wretched with it—no longer endeavored to shake off the delusion which had assumed to his diseased imagination all the circumstance of reality. It even impelled him onward, and, by a mysterious and inviolable influence, urged him to anticipate its fulfilment.

He walked onward; the mirth and gaiety of the crowd was sickening to him; he wished to avoid the people, but the procession was close upon him, and he stood to see it pass. The bride and bridegroom were returning from the nuptial benediction, greeted by the plaudits of the populace. Mande cast a hurried glance at the principal personage of the pageant, when, instead of turning with his usual disgust at anything like rejoicing, his gaze became fixed, his eyes were riveted upon that face. The blood forsook his countenance, his lips quivered, he covered his face with his hands, and looked again, as one bewildered. Good God! was it an apparition! or was it a dreadful reality? It was too true, the beautiful—the adored Nicole was there before him, the daughter and wife of an executioner!—He staggered against the wall for support.—Yes, then she was more beautiful than when he first saw her—the only bright gleam in his dark and troubled life. It was all over; if in his hours of reflection he might have entertained some doubts of the horrible fate that hung over him, they had vanished at a single glance.

From that moment a species of monomania seized on him. Every place of punishment had a charm for him—it was a bloody magnet that attracted him. The gibbet of Montfaucon, that of Montigny, the scaffolds erected in the Place de Greve and in the Holles, he visited every day. He no longer went to pray but in the church of St. Jean de Greve, where the condemned are prepared for death, and where they heard their last mass.

Days of happiness had followed the nuptials which had overwhelmed Mande with such sudden terror. Petit Jehan, loved his beautiful Nicole more and more, who had given him a boy the image of his mother. Never was child so caressed and beloved, and he was growing in all the happiness and repose of innocent childhood; while Mande, who had adored his mother, was struggling with the anguish of a life that had been insupportable. Four years had elapsed since he saw Nicole on her way from the altar.

One cloudy day, Mande quitted his retreat: he had become a misanthrope, and shunned the light of day. He entered Paris by the street of La Porte Montmartre, his pace was irregular, his right hand covered his forehead, across which passed clouds as dark as those which obscured the horizon. He had passed a terrible night—he felt that his hour had at length arrived—that a powerful and irresistible hand was urging him to his fate, while a voice whispered continually in his ear the same words that he heard the sorcerer utter. Despair was in his look—his face was wild and haggard—his hands were dry and hot—a fire was burning within him, and his throat was parched—a horrible desire came over him—he felt that he could only quench his consuming thirst in blood! A young man approached him. He was attired gaily, as though he were going to some festival; a smile was on his countenance, and he was humming a chansonnette. With the frightful instinct of his distemper, Mande had unclasped a knife with a long thin blade; the expression of his countenance was fiendish, and, as though aware of his repulsive aspect, he shielded it from the light of day by his broad slouched hat; but the feeling of his better nature

came over him. "Shall I," muttered he; "shall I send a soul to his last account, perhaps with crime upon his head? his eternal punishment will be added to my weight of guilt. No! no! some other victim more innocent than he;"—and he was proceeding along, casting about him furious glances of deadly import. "Ha!" said he, "shall I strike that young maiden, she has the very look of purity and innocence?"

As he spoke these words a young girl came bounding onward; the glow of health and beauty was on her cheek, and her eye seemed lighted up with joy and love. "But what if I pierce two hearts in one?" he muttered; "she has perhaps an expectant lover; at a single blow I shall destroy two—the scaffold demands not that;" he reached the corner of La Rue de Garnelle. At fifty paces from him was a group of children playing in all the innocence of childhood. How joyous their cries—how sparkling their eyes—how graceful their movement—it was the beau-ideal of joyous life. Mande suddenly stopped, and riveted his glance upon the youngest of the group with flowing chestnut curls and rosy cheeks. "He is an innocent soul, pure as the wings of angels; I can do no injury to him. He is an angel that I shall send back to paradise—poor little one, I shall perhaps save thee from many evils, perhaps from crime. How sweet to snatch a human being from the sight of such torments as mine."

While thus holding fearful converse with himself, he advanced gradually toward the children, who, excited by his presence, played with renewed ardor. Mande was now within a few paces of the children; three or four of them ran toward him, and sought to attract his attention by their innocent gambols. Once he was on the point of retracing his steps; but he could not—he *knew his time was come!* The children gathered round him, and all addressed him at once; he lifted up in his arms the little creature with the chestnut curls.

"Oh! he is only four years old; he is the youngest of us all," exclaimed his little companions.

"He is only four years old; he is the youngest and the most innocent," said Mande to himself. And as he encircled him with one of his arms, his dreadful mania came strongly over him; blood was in his thought—he thirsted only for blood—and his eyes gleamed with the dreadful insanity. The little innocent was frightened at his looks.

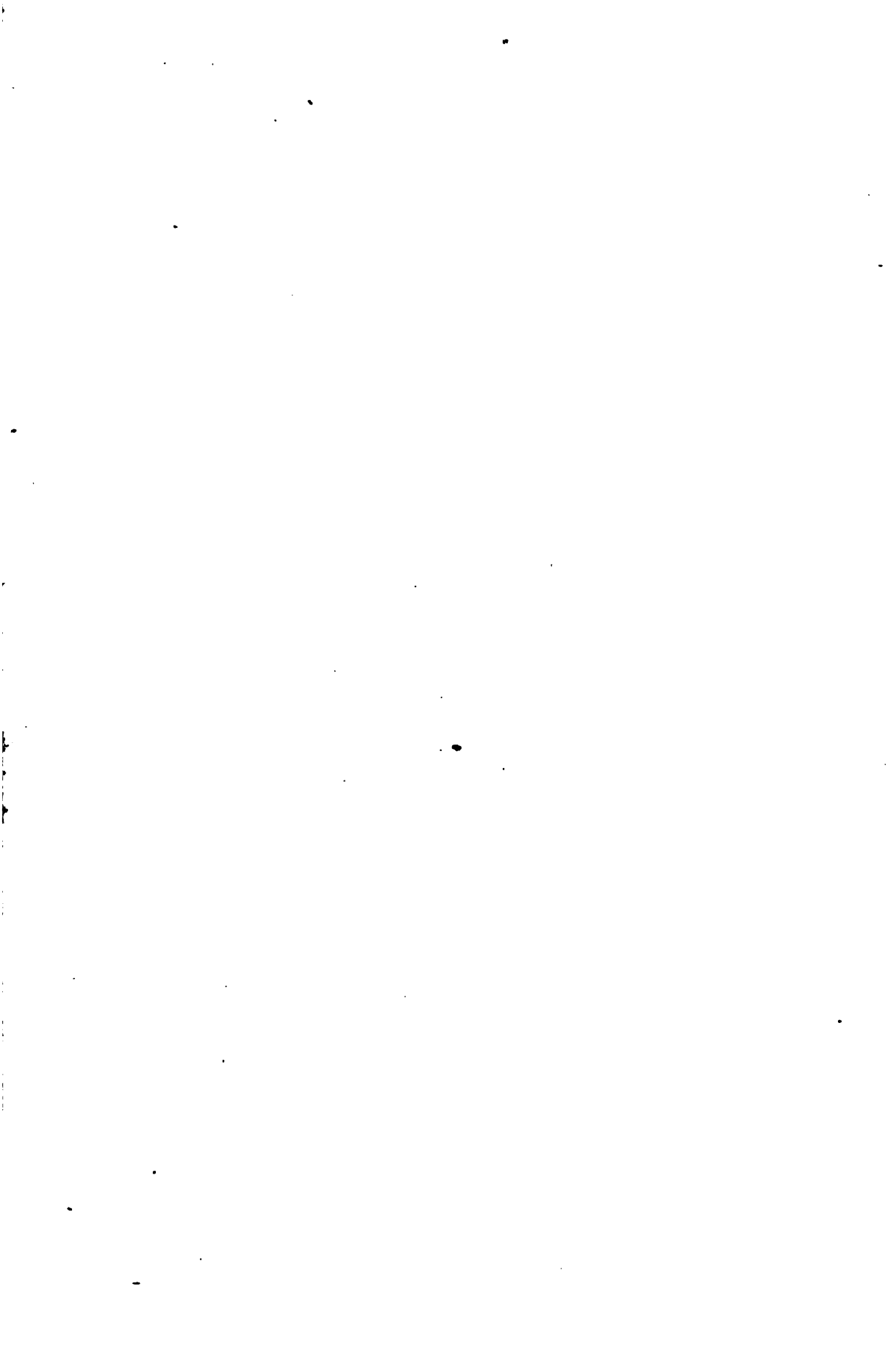
"Let me go," he cried, struggling to get free—"let me go and play;" but Mande clutched him convulsively toward him, and plunged the long knife deep in his heart. A stream of blood bubbled from the wound, and the little creature gasped and fell dead with his tiny white arms circling the neck of his murderer.

The laughter of the children was quickly transformed into cries of terror at the sight of blood. The neighbors ran to the spot; but Mande made not the slightest attempt to escape—he had fulfilled his destiny. The watch arrived and seized Mande, who, a few days afterward, was condemned by M. Robert d'Estourville, provost of Paris, to *die upon the scaffold!*

On the day following the trial, the condemned, carrying a lighted torch, proceeded barefooted to the place of execution, before the gates of Notre Dame. As he passed along to the fatal spot the imprecations of the women were dreadful; maternal love assumed a savage tenderness that eloquently burst forth—the mothers embraced their little ones, and pressed them wildly to their bosoms as the assassin passed along.

Having at length reached the foot of the scaffold, Mande ascended the steps with a firm composure: he was supported by the innate conviction that he had obeyed a law that was inevitable, and he found himself standing face to face to a young executioner whom he had never seen before. They stood alone above the immense crowd below.

"Come, little Jehan—this is your first essay; remember a father ought not to miss the *assassin of his child!*" These encouraging words proceeded from Master Henri Cousin, his sire, and from Master Merry Capiluche, who bore the same affinity to Nicole—it was her child that he had slain. All was prepared. Little Jehan waved his thirsty sabre round his head, and as it made its fatal descent the last mortal sounds that shook the ears of the unfortunate Mande was a hoarse guttural laugh, which proceeded from the old necromancer at the foot of the *see* told. His prediction was fulfilled—*Mande died upon the scaffold!*





1710

1710

Maria Teresa di Savoia

Maria Teresa di Savoia

tainly, but he had not vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feeling, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue. Could he hesitate?

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife, "was to me you gave alms on that night. It was my life, my honor, perhaps, that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant! you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms, once only, and from you,



Washed before Lewis James

Washed before Lewis James

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

A PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

A young and handsome couple had just returned from the altar where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while the equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly wedded husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me, my dear Marie," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for dread lest you should quit me. I dread lest all this be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife, your own Marie. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederick de la Tour had some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship, which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; and spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, madame!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons!" continued she, with an air of confusion; "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon this happy accident, which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed: and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by many admirers; one by one, however, disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feeling, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue. Could he hesitate?

"My dear Frederick," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began—

"Once on a time—"

Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy!" resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprang up, and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital.

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret, of which the rent was not paid. If there was any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day she was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stooping so as to imitate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas! that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprosid. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, 'a sous, a single sous to get bread!' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him; but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah! I have caught you, have I? You are a-begging. To the office with you! come along.' The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But, sir,' said the officer. 'I tell you she is an acquaintance of mine,' said the young stranger. Then, turning to the girl, whom he took for an old woman, he continued, 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street; giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have; take it, poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine," continued the lady. "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederick, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife, "it was to me you gave alms on that night. It was my life, my honor, perhaps, that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant! you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms, once only, and from you,

and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter into the family of an English gentleman, a bachelor, who was then, with his two sisters, residing in Paris. She gave me a letter of presentation and recommendation. I felt very thankful for this. I hastily prepared myself in my best apparel, adapting it, as near as possible, in such a manner as seemed least like the fashion of the city, and departed for the residence of Sir James Melton. With a beating heart did I approach the door. I knocked—it seemed not half as hard as the throbbing in my bosom. The door was opened by an elderly woman, the housekeeper. Why I was not frightened from my purpose, I cannot tell, for a more forbidding and severe face I never saw. Perhaps I trembled at the misery of the past. I stated my object—showed my letter, and the woman looked more cross, and I felt more miserable. She told me that the ladies were out—that there was no one at home but Sir James—I could see him; but she thought there could scarce be any need of me—that I must have been mistaken. I felt sick at heart. I thought of my dead parents, and envied them. Discouraged by this repulse, I turned to depart, when I heard within the sound of a gentleman's voice. The few first words I could not understand, but he ended by ordering the cross old housekeeper to show me in. I entered his room. The first sight of him gave me hope; he spoke, and his kind tones assured me. He was sitting at a table, in his morning-gown, engaged in writing. He inquired my business, and I handed to him the letter, which he opened and read; then asking me a few questions, he remarked that his sisters were both out, but that I had better wait for their return. In the mean time, the old lady seemed no well-pleased witness of the scene, standing with her hands upon the back of Sir James' chair. I had not waited more than half an hour, before the ladies returned. Sir James made known to them the object of my call, which ended in my being engaged. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite, and, indeed, I did my best to merit it.

One day, when I had been in the family about six months, Sir James asked me to give him my history. I did so, and he seemed much struck with it. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day, and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"Marry you!" cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort, no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a deep degree of kindly care, that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and I hope you may agree to it.'

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were to pass through life together. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my only objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands, against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent; and finding it would be carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal.

"This part of my story, Frederick, is like a fairy tale. I, the poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where a few months before I had stood in the rain and darkness a mendicant."

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more condu-

cive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept.

"I was a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I would never again consent to give my hand to a man, except to him who had succeeded me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to cherish you. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theatres. You went not there." As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same, the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it, I got credit from a neighbor for a little bread, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to redeem it. I vowed never to part with it.

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first which arose to my mind. But what terrors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married. In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep, kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederick," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you that have given me the wand, the talisman, that has effected all."

THE STUDENT OF ESSLINGEN.

Books, dreams, are each a world.—WORDSWORTH.

THERE was at one time, in the university of Esslingen, a young student named Herder, whose retired habits and excessive application to books, had gained him some notice from the heads of his college, while by his beer-drinking fellow-students he was scarcely known out of the lecture-room; for while they made up noisy parties, and drank and smoked, sang, waltzed and quarrelled, he was bent over some book in his poor lodging on the outskirts of the city, (German students not living within the walls of their colleges,) and his hours were spent in toiling but for one object, the attainment of college honors, by which he would at once receive the qualifications for a pastor.

One night near the close of June, the beauty of the weather seduced him from his desk, and he took the road out of the city, and strolling along beneath limes and oak trees, watched the last green tinge left in the skies by the departed sunlight, and lulled by the serenity of the hour, he fell into a reverie upon his own hopes and prospects. Castles in the air are the bright inheritance of the young, and the poor student continued to build them, while the twilight deepened and the stars gleamed faintly over his path. Suddenly his dream was broken by the sound of carriage-wheels coming at a great rate along the road; then there were shouts, a whirring sound, and a crash, and hurrying forward, Herder saw four plunging horses held by postillions, and a carriage overturned on the roadside; a groom was assisting a lady through the door, and the student hastened to her help also.

She was easily extricated, and Herder expressed his hopes that she had not been hurt; and when she answered, he perceived that she was closely masked; but

her air was highly distinguished and her person noble, and he became interested with the singularity of his adventure. The lady declined his offer to see her to a house in the neighborhood while the carriage was righted, and she remained standing at the roadside, and conversed with him. Among other questions which she asked with the air of a person not in the habit of having her wishes questioned, she inquired if he had come from Esslingen, and, on learning that he was at the university, desired to know the nature of his studies and his future designs, with a *naïvete* that astonished the diffident student.

There was, however, something so charming in the manner of this woman, her remarks bespoke so much cultivation of mind, and her whole bearing toward him was so gracious, that when the carriage was ready, he was about to beg her to let him know with whom he had the honor of conversing, but he thought of her mask, and modestly refrained.

When she was seated, she bent forward, and once more thanked him for his attention to her, and said, in a soft, sweet voice, "Good night; I shall see you again." He could just perceive, by the light of the carriage-lamps, two deep blue eyes through the mask, bent earnestly upon his face; and confused and delighted he stood motionless for some minutes, till the carriage was lost to his sight.

The high tinge of romance in Herder's mind was excited by the occurrence of the evening. He did not open his books when he returned to his lodgings—every object in it looked strange and mean; a new feeling possessed him. He sat at the open window, and gazed at the distant light, and heard the hum of the city, and felt more dissatisfied with his lot than he had ever been before, in the three years of privation and unceasing study that he had passed there. How worthless seemed his pursuits, what a waste of youth and the faculties of enjoyment. Never till this moment had obscurity seemed to him so oppressive a curse; and at last, when wearied with the burden of saddening thoughts, he sought his bed and slept, dream followed dream, in all of which that fair mask, with those beautiful and meaning eyes, seemed ever to be before him.

Day followed day: Herder had returned to his books, and found in them that calm which perhaps is their greatest attraction to the unhappy; but he wrote more than usual, his thoughts flowed into verse, and now wild and glowing, now sad and bitter, poem after poem was rapidly composed.

On the third evening from that of his remembered meeting with the lady, he had lighted his lamp and arranged his books, and casting one look on the pleasant gardens without, lighted by the summer moon, had closed the casement, when he was startled by the sound of faint music that seemed to be within his chamber; he smiled, and thought it could be only fancy. No, there again, and a low chaunting was heard at his door. The sounds were so spiritual, that when they melted away, Herder stood breathless; always imaginative, his secluded life had left him peculiarly open to supernatural impressions. He sprang to the door, and when he had opened it, the masked lady glided into the room.

She stood for a moment in silence, regarding the objects around her, and then turning to poor Herder, who looked on in amazement, she murmured, in a melancholy voice:

"I said that I should see you again. And this is your home," she continued, fixing upon him those dangerous eyes, and added, in an almost pitying tone, "and are you happy?"

The blood mounted to the pale cheek of the student at the strangeness of the question; yet there was such an indefinite grace mingled with her air of command, that Herder was almost charmed by her abruptness. Without seeming to expect an answer to her question, she turned to his desk, and, glancing at the papers upon it, she exclaimed, "Ah! I see you are a poet," and remained for some time attentively reading his recent writings, and then praised them with an enthusiasm that quite transported the author. She begged that she might keep them, and was not refused. At this moment the clocks in the city were heard striking nine.

"Julius," she said. He started, for he had not told her his Christian name. "Julius, I have traveled far to-night, that I might see you, and I wish you to return with me. I can display to your eyes a scene such as

poets have fabled, but which is invisible in the dim world—where our wildest and most fantastic thoughts have a shape and life—where the ideal spirit of beauty, that we have adored in our hearts, is infused into breathing miracles of grace, and life retains the freshness of youth, and glows with the fire of inspiration."

Where she stood, the moonlight fell around her through the casement, for the lamp burnt dimly; the enthusiasm of a prophetic seemed to possess her. Her neck and arms were of deathly paleness, and through her mask her eyes gleamed with a light that turned cold the blood of the student. Gradually her manner softened; and, advancing to him, she held forth a crystal phial, saying:

"Drink of this—there is a charm in it."

He hesitated; she took his upraised hand—

"Drink," she repeated, persuasively.

The hand clasped in his was soft and warm, and felt perfectly mortal. Confused, and yet led away by the fascination of her manner, the student took the phial. There was magic in the touch of that beautiful hand.

"I will drink," said he, "on condition that you tell me your name, and unmask your face."

"My name," she said, slowly, "is Circe. You will behold my features when you have drank of this;" and pausing suddenly—

"Listen!" she exclaimed, and, while she spoke, strains of airy music floated through the room, and a plaintive voice chaunted to it—

"Life has closed his weary eyes,
And on a starlit pillow lies.
Awaken sleep's deep mysteries.
Day is done.

On the pinions of the night,
Thought is taking silent flight
Through regions of immortal light.
Day is gone."

The student had drunk of the charm ere the voice was silent. A delightful languor overcame him; his sight was overloaded—the figure of his temptress waxed more and more dim—the world had vanished from him.

When he again unclosed his eyes, they were dazzled by the flood of golden light around him—exquisite music floated on the air, and, as he rose from the couch where he had been lying, a figure, crouching at his feet, started up in the shape of one of the piping fauns of antiquity, and stood, flute in hand, regarding him attentively. As Herder gazed on the scene before him, a feeling of intense pleasure filled his being. He stood in a colonnade of marble open to the air, and beyond it lay, in the lustrous moonlight, clusters of trees, and several buildings of Greek architecture. A supernatural light fell upon them, as if they had been seen through colored glass.

At his feet there was a flight of steps, which his attendant faun invited him to descend: he did not descend; he had no thought but for the objects before him; the heaviness of mortality had been shaken off, and in his veins there glowed immortal youth. Ah! blessed draught, if the work were thine, who does not sigh to drink? Encircled by flowers and ravishing voices that floated on the breath of night, he came to a marble basin, into which gushed four streams of crystal water from a pedestal in the centre, carved around with drooping water-lilies, and supporting a statue of the despairing Hyacinth gazing in vain into that wrinkled fountain for the image of the fatal beauty that immortalized him.

Wandering through the trees, the student came before a building illuminated within, and heard the hum of many voices, and laughter and singing. From an irresistible impulse he ascended the steps to the entrance, and, as he approached, the brazen doors fell slowly back, and he stood in the blaze of light which issued through them. The guiding faun was no longer by his side, but he advanced to a gallery hung with garlands. Boys were waving urns of incense about, and on couches irregularly placed lay the forms of men and women, who seemed insensible to outward impressions—their glaring eyes fixed on vacancy; but the student only glanced at them—his eyes were fascinated by what seemed to be a living statue beside him.

And what wert thou, oh, form of grace, thy brows bound with roses, and with ivory arm upraised bearing a crystal vase? Olympian Hebe, hast thou indeed forsaken the gods? Clasp the proffered cup, poor student,

and gaze while yet you may on the flushing bloom of that youthful cheek. The charm is almost worked—he sinks beside her—Life, Time and Reality are gone. Crowds of half-perfect forms fill the air, and as they gradually combine, he beholds a vast hall filled with groups, such as we only see in painting or in dreams.

Animated with new life, the student advances; he wears a white robe, and is crowned with laurel. He enters the throng, which seems to be pervaded by a general feeling of delight. Young girls, to whose radiant loveliness the fairest sculpture would be cold, the work of an inspired pencil dim, cling together in attitudes of perfect grace in a buoyant and mazy dance.

Gazing upon these with dreamy and lustreless eyes, a man of singular aspect reclined in the midst of the hall; he was of low stature and deformed in person, with long, heavy, fallow features, but to which the imaginative brow, though stamped with care, gave strong expression. Beside him, his hand clasped in hers, was a woman of the most spiritual beauty, but pale to wanness. Around these two, all present seemed to revolve.

At the instant the student approached them, something was addressed to the person we have described by his fair companion. He looked up into her face and smiled, and the smile did not depart from their features as they regarded the student as he passed.

Sounds of gay laughter attracted him from his path. He beheld an old mean-featured man in the dress of ancient Greece, listening with a smile to the musical voice of another Greek, who was crowned with flowers, and of an effeminate but singularly beautiful person.

"The cup of life," exclaimed the latter, in a triumphant tone, "should be drained at once; believe it, dear Socrates, that if we hoard up its virtues for our maturer age, we shall find it dry with time."

"Hear Alcibiades!" shouted the bystanders.

Socrates gently shook his head, and pointed out the dancing-girls to his companion, as better suited to him than philosophising upon life. They both arose and moved toward them, and approaching Herder, Alcibiades touched him on the shoulder.

"Young poet," he said, "tell my sage friend here which is the better, fame or pleasure."

"May not fame be also enjoyment?" responded the poet.

"Good philosophy," remarked Socrates, who proceeded to prove, with all the ingenuity of the ancient schools, that fame was nothing but pleasure, and pleasure in reality fame.

"Ah!" sighed Alcibiades, "had you asked him whether day was night, he would have shown beyond dispute that there was in fact no difference between them. Come, some wine, my friends; and yet," he added, despondingly, "even in drinking he is my master; but I hate an old clay vessel, through which the vine juice never sparkles."

The sage, reclined at the feet of a bronze Silenus, was freely quaffing from an immense tankard, and heard the jibe with stoical indifference. But with every draft, and they coursed one another like ripples on a stream, the wit of Alcibiades flashed brighter and brighter.

The crowd, as the hours flew, grew more noisy; there was a general stir. A Bacchus, crowned with ivy, and borne along by a herd of satyrs flourishing branches of the plane-tree, rushed hither and thither; and above the triumphal music that resounded through the hall, rang the clanging of cymbals, and the air was pierced with flutes. The light grew unsteady in the eyes of Alcibiades. To the poet-student the whole world seemed reeling; he heard one dizzying shout, and then, "this insubstantial pageant faded."

Herder started from a deep sleep—the sun was shining cheerfully into his room. He heard the church-bells, and the pater of many feet on the road. He had slept without undressing, and now lay striving through the whirl of his brain to recal that which seemed to him to have been a long dream.

The sounds of music still rang in his ears, and when he shut his eyes, those exquisite forms were twining in the dance. Could it be all false, and yet so fair; and the masked lady—was she too the creature of his imagination?

He rose from his bed to open the window—he could not bear the stillness of the room—and there on the window-seat lay the chaplet of laurel he had worn, and a small book beside it. This he opened, and found it

to be his own poems, that he had so lately given to the masked lady, in print, with his name to them.

On the first page, he found these words written in a female hand: "You will contend for the college prizes. Venture all; the honor will be yours." Was this, he thought, again the work of that mocking spirit whose delight seemed to be in perplexing him? To what would all this mystery lead, and as what must he consider the adventures of the past night—if indeed they were real?

He felt confused and saddened—a strange lassitude had crept over him, and after remaining for hours at his window, it was not till nearly evening that he went forth, with dizzy perceptions and a troubled mind, to dream at the spot where he had first seen the masked lady.

Time rolled on; the student had no more special visits, but the events of that night, whether true or false, worked with painful effect upon him. With everyday life he felt nothing in common. On the pleasures and the cares of all around, he looked with a glazed eye; to him the mere sounds of human existence were tedious or irritating. But though this dejected and morbid spirit possessed him, he still clung to his books, for a hidden power seemed to impel him to fulfil the behest conveyed to him with the laurel.

Absorbed in this object, he took so little either of rest or food, that the good people of the house where he lived at length ventured to counsel him as to the ruin such constant study would bring on his health; but instead of the gentleness that formerly characterized the manner of the student, their kind interference was met by so stern and bitter a rebuke, that they shrunk from all farther communication with him.

Meantime, the day for the college examinations approached. Many an anxious head was on the rack of divinity or metaphysics. Those like Herder, to whom present distinction afforded the only chance of future fortune, were screwing up their energies for the last desperate and concentrated struggle—and all the while with no little anxiety as to the progress of their friends—for even in this little arena there flourished a spirit of rivalry worthy of a greater scene—envy and jealousy stirred up the most honied natures to gall and worm-wood. Ambition was not "born a twin."

Among the rest, the student pursued with a deep enthusiasm the common object. Could we have read the dull pages that ever occupied him with his eyes, there might have been seen shining above their weary length the images of his kindred and his home. That small and obscure village that he left on foot three years back for Esslingen, he might perhaps return to as a blessing to those he loved—honored and independent. We sometimes make great sacrifices to our household gods.

Whether we watch the struggles of ambition in the senate, the college, or even the theatre, there is ever a hidden sympathy that seems to string our own faculties for the strife before us. We gain a reflected sense of power, and "ride on the whirlwind and partake the gale raised by the stormy passions of others. In a college examination, there is, however, an interest apart from the strife of parties. The candidates are young in mind and hope—their unworn energies just armed for a nobler fight, the world before them, with its hard and ill-judging estimate of their powers—perhaps success—but how much of hope deferred and talent thrown away.

The day dawned at last. By noon the students had filled the great hall of the university, and fell into groups, as acquaintance led them, with for the most part grave and absorbed faces, and only occasionally exchanged a word or two. Some who knew they had no chance in the approaching contention, treated the matter gaily, and their light jests flew about that sombre hall, which for centuries had seen within its walls similar scenes, and had echoed to the footsteps of their ancestors.

The entrance of the examiners increased the hum of voices for a moment, and then subdued them. They came in habited in their robes of state, and took their seats on a raised part of the hall at the upper end, in the light of a large stained glass window, through which gleams of many-colored light rested on the antique masonry of the walls.

The examination papers were then distributed, and to the stir caused by this, succeeded a long silence, as

each student became engrossed in the questions allotted to him. As the papers were completed they were sent back to the examiners, and many hours passed in unbroken labor of the brains, and then when the whole number were collected, the examiners retired to decide on the victorious candidate.

The crowd was again broken up into parties, no longer silent, but explaining, disputing and questioning, and declaring the number of questions that each competitor had answered. To Herder's dismay, he found, that in point of numbers he stood very low; but among the crowd no one thought of questioning him—he was unknown. The more fortunate attracted knots of listeners around them, and one especially, from the great advantage he had over the rest, in the number of his answers, drew around him a circle of those who relied on his success, and his name was whispered from one to the other all over the hall.

Herder's heart sank within him—was he about to fail in his dearest object—did the long and weary hours he had toiled through to attain it, now indeed avail him not, and the prediction with the wreath, was that a cheat—perhaps merely the hoax of some of those around him? He had set all upon this cast, and here was his reward.

Dejected and weary, he leaned against a column of the hall, his eyes watching—with all the intenceness that we devote often to trivial objects while some great affair is pending—the parti-colored rays that fell upon the flag stones. Ask a criminal on trial for his life, and he will confess with what painful minuteness he has examined the sprigs of rosemary strewn before him.

Fevered by the exertions of the morning, he gloomily awaited the proclamation of the name of the successful candidate, and in the despair at his certain failure, what bitterness he experienced in that hour. Gradually, however, his mind, to relieve itself from the deadliest of all pangs, excepting that of love betrayed—the pang of ruined ambition—revived in him almost forgotten feelings—little circumstances that came shining through the mists of time—bright and endearing recollections of his childish years fell on his jaded spirits like memories of another life—how he longed through the fret and fever of life to be lying dead and untroubled by his father's side, in the quaint and well-remembered churchyard of his native place.

At length his dream was dissipated—a general stir announced the re-entrance of the examiners. Every ear was now strained to catch the victorious name of the first in their ranks. One might have thought, too, by their intensity of gaze, that they strove to gather the fact out of the impassable faces of the judges.

Herder shrank from hearing the coming sound, so fatal to him and those he loved. A breathless silence pervaded every part of the hall so keenly, that it was almost painful. The chief examiner rose almost immediately, and they heard with an effect, like that of an electric shock, the two words—**JULIUS HERDER.**

Amid a continuation of the death-like silence, he made his way, half stunned, to the seat of judgment, when the examiner, in a silvery voice, that rang clearly through the lofty building, addressed him to this effect: "Julius Herder, I have now, with the undivided concurrence of my brother examiners, to confer upon you the highest distinction which this university can bestow on a student; and we cannot allow so richly merited an honor as the professorship of poetry to pass from our hands, without expressing the high sense of gratification that your obtaining it affords us. I have, by command of the Grand Duke, the pleasure of delivering this to you at the same time."

Herder received a sealed packet, and through the crowd that on all sides made way for him, he gained the doors: wonder-stricken, and scarcely yet awakened to a full sense of his triumph, he traversed the college gardens with uncertain steps. The packet he found to contain an appointment of value to the service of the Grand Duke's sister, with an order to attend on the court on the next day.

How soothingly came the light warm summer wind against his thought-worn cheek; his toils forgotten—the prediction true—the object gained. He hastened to his lodgings, and wrote to his family, in the singleness of his heart, that he should soon be with them.

As the evening closed in, he strolled—full of sweet and pleasant thoughts—to the spot where the carriage had been overturned, a place so full to him of some dim

influence. His guardian-spirit, however, did not appear to congratulate him, and with a light heart he retraced his steps to his lodging, and for one night gave his books a holiday.

The simplicity of manners in the German courts will account for the little anxiety of Herder respecting his appearance the next day at that of the Grand Duke. It was not necessary to hire a livery and sword to appear in, as at more ostentatious exhibitions before royalty, so that, an early hour, in his simple college dress, he reached the palace, and walked unquestioned into the state apartments. Many persons were standing around the Grand Duke, so as to entirely conceal him from Herder, who, from the great retirement of his life, had never seen him.

As he stood near the door, awaiting an opportunity of presenting himself, a young military officer, covered with orders, passed in, and as he went by Herder, bowed slightly and smiled. The student felt certain that he had seen him before, but could not recall upon what occasion. Many other faces seemed singularly familiar to him.

At last he approached the Grand Duke, and as a person before him made way, he advanced, and was presented by a chamberlain; but what was his amazement—nay, almost horror, to behold in the Grand Duke himself the deformed and remarkable man who reclined in the centre of the visionary hall.

He had little time to observe him closely, for, after a few kind words, expressed in a faint and languid voice, he said that his sister would receive the student in her apartments, and then the crowd pressed forward, and Herder passed on.

The young officer he had before noticed again passed, with an elderly nobleman, whose arm he held; both saluted Herder, and, did he see aright, or were they indeed the Socrates and Alcibiades of his dream? Naturally puzzled, he walked onward to the duchess's apartments in so abstracted a mood, that had it not been for one of her pages, who caught his arm, he certainly would have fallen headlong into her presence.

The page hastily announced him, and on entering he saw no one in the room but a woman of elegant figure, whose back was toward him, and who, as she turned, revealed to his astonished eyes the masked lady. She held forth her hand—he knelt and kissed it, full of a crowd of emotions that brought a choking sensation in his throat, and an agitation so violent, as could not fail to be perceived by the beautiful woman before whom he knelt. She desired him to rise, and said smilingly, "As you are now to be my secretary, it is time to clear up the mystery of the mask." This she took off, and the bewildered student beheld the same exquisite person as sat in that scene of mysteries with the person he now found to be the Grand Duke. "You will forgive my using magic toward you," she continued, "but the spell is now ended. You will learn from others the secret of what you have seen. To me the scenes you have beheld were raised for too painful an object to allow me willingly to dwell on the subject. Farewell for the present, but I should perhaps tell you that your poetry has grown into wonderful popularity and has traveled to Weimar, and been approved of there."

She ceased, and her secretary left her in a mood between laughing and crying. Was he perplexed at finding his unknown to be a duchess?

Deep in reverie he was returning through the state apartments, when he succeeded in stumbling over a sharp-eyed little man in a very slovenly dress powdered down the front with a profusion of snuff.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, when he had recovered his legs, "Herder, my dear fellow, I have been dying to meet with you. I salute you as an old friend, as I know you already through your book. So you are coming among us. I, you know, am court poet. Devilish dull work here, I only keep myself alive by the judicious use of epigrams. You see what mischief springs out of *ennui*. You have been, I think, to the immortal regions, as the fools here call a pretty invention of his highness's for killing time. You talked with Alcibiades, as that hair-brained count calls himself. Ah, bah! he bids fair to excel his model in debauchery."

"But what does it all mean?" interrupted Herder, "pray inform me, or I shall be really as mad as every one else seems to be."

"Why," said the poet, after a long pinch of snuff, as he put on a malicious smeer, "our friend the duke

has very crazy health, and takes opium immensely to keep himself alive; being, like ourselves, something of a genius—certainly much too clever for a petty sovereign, he has contrived at a country house to sacrifice all the solid comforts of a table, and well chosen wines—for the riot and folly of a French masquerade with Greek characters—and between the wine we drink there to steep our senses in oblivion, and some extraordinary opiate administered by a pretty girl who acts Hebe very respectably, though she originally danced a rope at Frankfort fair, we manage to make one another believe we are in the elysian fields. It is, however, very well managed, and with much taste and imagination: but it is the opium in reality that gives it the *couleur de rose*. You shall see my epigram upon it."

And such was really the intention of the unhappy Grand Duke—to forget, in the delirium of opium, and in the midst of forms dead to sculpture and painting, and the loss of health, the deformity of person, and the sadness that springs from a sense of life having been unenjoyed. Who shall know what dreams of beauty, what sweet impulses of youth passed in that weary mind, when beneath the influence of the fatal charm, he appeared to the world a wretched man whose dull and joyless eye fell coldly on the loveliness of the world.

A few years, and the poet student heard the requiem performed over his patron's body. The spirit so misplaced here had found its resting place.

Of the student of Esslingen, I can only learn that he ever found in the duchess a charming mistress. History says no more.

And of all the rest of that wild court, I find that Socrates at seventy-six, married a girl of sixteen; and Alcibiades used frequently to have the gout. The court poet was dismissed for stealing a pair of the palace candlesticks. He revenged himself in a bitter epigram directly he got beyond the Grand Duke's territory. He was lately heard of as a secret agent to the Austrian police.

THE SOUL CAGES.

BY CROFTON CROKER.

"The mysterious depths
And wild and wondrous forms of ocean old."

JACK DOGHERTY lived on the coast of the county Clare. Jack was a fisherman, as his father and grandfather before him had been. Like them, too, he lived all alone (but for the wife), and just in the same spot. People used to wonder why the Dogherty family were so fond of that wild situation, so far away from all human kind, and in the midst of huge shattered rocks, with nothing but the wide ocean to look upon. But they had their own good reasons for it.

The place was just the only spot on that part of the coast where any body could well live; there was a neat little creek, where a boat might lie as snug as a puffin in her nest, and out from this creek a ledge of sunken rocks ran into the sea. Now when the Atlantic, according to custom, was raging with a storm, and a good westerly wind was blowing strong on the coast, many a richly laden ship went to pieces on these rocks; and then the fine bales of cotton and tobacco, and such like things, and the pipes of wine, and the puncheons of rum, and the casks of brandy, and the kegs of hollands, that used to come ashore! Dunbeg Bay was just like a little estate to the Doghertys.

Not but that they were kind and humane to a distressed sailor, if ever one had the good luck to get to land; and many a time, indeed, did Jack put out in his little *corragh* (which, though not quite equal to honest Andrew Hennessy's canvas life-boat, would breast the billows like any gannet,) to lend a hand toward bringing off the crew from the wreck. But when the ship had gone to pieces, and the crew were all lost, who would blame Jack for picking up all he could find?

"And who is the worse of it?" said he. "For as to the king, God bless him! every body knows he's rich enough already, without getting what's floating in the sea."

Jack, though such a hermit, was a good-natured jolly fellow. No other, sure, could ever have coaxed Biddy Mahony to quit her father's snug and warm house in the middle of the town of Ennis, and to go so many miles off to live among the rocks with the seals and

sea-gulls for next-door neighbors. But Biddy knew that Jack was the man for a woman who wished to be comfortable and happy; for, to say nothing of the fish, Jack had the supplying of half the gentlemen's houses with *godsend's* that came into the bay. And she was right in her choice; for no woman ate, drank or slept better, or made a prouder appearance at chapel on Sundays, than Mrs. Dogherty.

Many a strange sight, it may well be supposed, did Jack see, and many a strange sound did he hear, but nothing daunted him. So far was he from being afraid of Merrows, or such beings, that the very first wish of his heart was to fairly meet with one. Jack had heard that they were mighty like Christians, and that luck had always come out of an acquaintance with them. Never, therefore, did he dimly discern the Merrows moving along the face of the waters in their robes of mist, but he made direct for them; and many a scolding did Biddy, in her own quiet way, bestow upon Jack for spending his whole day out at sea, and bringing home no fish. Little did poor Biddy know the fish Jack was after!

It was rather annoying to Jack, that though living in a place where the Merrows were as plenty as lobsters, he never could get a right view of one. What vexed him more was that both his father and grandfather had often and often seen them; and he even remembered hearing, when a child, how his grandfather, who was the first of the family that had settled down at the creek, had been so intimate with a Merrow, that only for fear of vexing the priest, he would have had him stand for one of his children. This, however, Jack did not well know how to believe.

Fortune at length began to think that it was only right that Jack should know as much as his father and grandfather did. Accordingly, one day, when he had strolled a little farther than usual along the coast to the northward, just as he turned a point, he saw something, like to nothing he had ever seen before, perched upon a rock at a little distance out to sea: it looked green in the body, as well as he could discern at that distance, and he would have sworn, only that thing was impossible, that it had a cocked hat in its hand. Jack stood for a good half hour straining his eyes and wondering at it, and all the time the thing did not stir hand or foot. At last Jack's patience was quite worn out, and he gave a loud whistle and a hail, when the Merrow (for such it was) started up, put the cocked hat on its head, and dived down, head foremost, from the rock.

Jack's curiosity was now excited, and he constantly directed his steps toward the point; still he could never get a glimpse of the sea gentleman with the cocked hat; and with thinking and thinking about the matter, he began at last to fancy he had been only dreaming. One very rough day, however, when the sea was running mountains high, Jack Dogherty determined to give a look at the Merrow's rock, (for he had always chosen a fine day before,) and then he saw the strange thing cutting capers upon the top of the rock, and then diving down, and then coming up, and then diving down again.

Jack had now only to choose his time, (that is, a good blowing day,) and he might see the man of the sea as often as he pleased. All this, however, did not satisfy him—"much will have more;" he wished now to get acquainted with the Merrow, and even in this he succeeded. One tremendous blustering day, before he got to the point, whence he had a view of the Merrow's rock, the storm came on so furiously that Jack was obliged to take shelter in one of the caves which are so numerous along the coast, and there, to his astonishment, he saw sitting before him a thing with green hair, long green teeth, a red nose, and pig's eyes. It had a fish's tail, legs with scales on them, and short arms like fins: it wore no clothes, but had the cocked hat under its arm, and seemed engaged thinking very seriously about something.

Jack, with all his courage, was a little daunted; but now or never, thought he: so he went boldly to the cogitating fisherman, took off his hat, and made his best bow.

"Your servant, sir," said Jack.

"Your servant, kindly, Jack Dogherty," answered the Merrow.

"To be sure, then, how well your honor knows my name!" said Jack.

"Is it I not know your name, Jack Dogherty? Why, man, I knew your grandfather long before he was married to Judy Regan, your grandmother! Ah, Jack, Jack, I was fond of that grandfather of yours; he was a mighty worthy man in his time: I never met his match above or below, before or since, for sucking in a shellfull of brandy. I hope, my boy," said the old fellow, with a merry twinkle in his little eyes, "I hope you're his own grandson!"

"Never fear me for that," said Jack; "if my mother had only reared me on brandy, 'tis myself that would be a sucking infant to this hour!"

"Well, I like to hear you talk so manly; you and I must be better acquainted, if it were only for your grandfather's sake. But, Jack, that father of yours was not the thing; he had no head at all."

"I'm sure," said Jack, "since your honor lives down under the water, you must be obliged to drink a power to keep any heat in you in such a cruel, damp, *could* place. Well, I've often heard of Christians drinking like fishes; and might I be so bold as to ask where you get the spirits?"

"Where do you get them, yourself, Jack?" said the Merrow, twitching his red nose between his forefinger and thumb.

"Hubbuboo," cries Jack, "now I see how it is; but I suppose, sir, your honor has got a fine dry cellar below to keep them in."

"Let me alone for the cellar," said the Merrow, with a knowing wink of his left eye.

"I'm sure," continued Jack, "it must be mighty well worth the looking at."

"You may say that, Jack," said the Merrow; "and if you meet me here, next Monday, just at this time of the day, we will have a little more talk with one another about the matter."

Jack and the Merrow parted the best friends in the world.

On Monday they met, and Jack was not a little surprised to see that the Merrow had two cocked hats with him, one under each arm.

"Might I take the liberty to ask, sir," said Jack, "why your honor has brought the two hats with you to-day? You would not, sure, be going to give me one of them, to keep for the curiosity of the thing?"

"No, no, Jack," said he, "I don't get my hats so easily, to part with them that way; but I want you to come down and dine with me, and I brought you the hat to dive with."

"Lord bless and preserve us!" cried Jack, in amazement, "would you want me to go down to the bottom of the salt sea ocean? Sure I'd be smothered and choked up with the water, to say nothing of being drowned! And what would poor Biddy do for me, and what would she say?"

"And what matter what she says, you *pinkeen*? Who cares for Biddy's squalling! It's long before your grandfather would have talked in that way. Many's the time he stuck that same hat on his head, and dived down boldly after me; and many's the snug bit of dinner and good shellfull of brandy he and I have had together below, under the water."

"Is it really, sir, and no joke?" said Jack; "why, then, sorrow from me for ever and a day after, if I'll be a bit worse man nor my grandfather was! Here goes—but play me fair now. Here's neck or nothing!" cried Jack.

"That's your grandfather all over," said the old fellow; "so come along, then, and do as I do."

They both left the cave, walked into the sea, and then swam a piece until they got to the rock. The Merrow climbed to the top of it, and Jack followed him. On the far side it was as straight as the wall of a house, and the sea beneath looked so deep that Jack was almost cowed.

"Now, do you see, Jack," said the Merrow; "just put this hat on your head, and mind to keep your eyes wide open. Take hold of my tail, and follow after me, and you'll see what you'll see."

In he dashed, and in dashed Jack after him boldly. They went and they went, and Jack thought they'd never stop going. Many a time did he wish himself sitting at home by the fireside with Biddy. Yet, where was the use of wishing now, when he was so many miles, as he thought, below the waves of the Atlantic? Still he held hard by the Merrow's tail, slippery as it was; and, at last, to Jack's great surprise, they got out

of the water, and he actually found himself on dry land at the bottom of the sea. They landed just in front of a nice house that was slated very neatly with oyster-shells; and the Merrow, turning about to Jack, welcomed him down.

Jack could hardly speak, what with wonder, and what with being out of breath with traveling so fast through the water. He looked about him, and could see no living things, barring crabs and lobsters, of which there were plenty walking leisurely about on the sand. Overhead was the sea like a sky, and the fishes like birds swimming about in it.

"Why don't you speak, man?" said the Merrow; "I dare say you had no notion that I had such a snug little concern here as this. Are you smothered, or choked, or drowned, or are you fretting after Biddy, eh?"

"Oh! not myself, indeed," said Jack, showing his teeth, with a good-humored grin: "but who in the world would ever have thought of seeing such a thing?"

"Well, come along, and let's see what they've got for us to eat?"

Jack really was hungry, and it gave him no small pleasure to perceive a fine column of smoke rising from the chimney, announcing what was going on within. Into the house he followed the Merrow, and there he saw a good kitchen, right well provided with everything. There was a noble dresser, and plenty of pots and pans, with two young Merrows cooking. His host then led him into the room, which was furnished shabbily enough. Not a table or a chair was there in it; nothing but planks and logs of wood to sit on and eat off. There was, however, a good fire blazing on the hearth—a comfortable sight to Jack.

"Come now, and I'll show you where I keep—you know what," said the Merrow, with a sly look; and opening a little door, he led Jack into a fine long cellar well filled with pipes, and kegs, and hogheads and barrels.

"What do you say to that, Jack Dogherty? Eh!—may be a body can't live snug under the water?"

"Never doubt of that," said Jack, with a convincing smack of his under lip, that he really thought what he said.

They went back to the room, and found dinner laid. There was not table-cloth, to be sure—but what matter? It was not always Jack had one at home. The dinner would have been no discredit to the first house of the country on a fast day. The choicest of fish, and no wonder, was there. Turbots, and soles, and oysters, and twenty other kinds were on the planks at once, and plenty of the best of foreign spirits. The wines, the old fellow said, were too cold for his stomach.

Jack ate and drank till he could eat no more: then taking up a shell of brandy, "Here's to your honor's good health, sir," said he; "though, begging your pardon, it's mighty odd, that as long as we've been acquainted, I don't know your name yet."

"That's true, Jack," replied he; "I never thought of it before, but better late than never. My name's Coomara."

"And a mighty decent name it is," cried Jack, taking another shellfull: "here's to your good health, Coomara, and may you live these fifty years to come!"

"Fifty years!" repeated Coomara; "I'm obliged to you, indeed! If you had said five hundred, it would have been something worth the wishing."

"By the laws, sir," cried Jack, *you* live to a powerful great age here under water! You knew my grandfather, and he's dead and gone better than these sixty years. I'm sure it must be a mighty healthy place to live in."

"No doubt of it; but come Jack, keep the liquor stirring." Shell after shell did they empty, and to Jack's exceeding surprise, he found the drink never got into his head, owing I suppose, to the sea being over them, which kept their noddles cool.

Old Coomara got exceedingly comfortable, and sung several songs; but Jack, if his life had depended on it, never could remember more than

Rum fum boodle boo
Ripple dipple nitty dob
Dum doo doodle coo,
Raffle taffle chittibob!

It was the chorus to one of them; and to say the truth, nobody that I know has ever been able to pick any par-

ticular meaning out of it; but that, to be sure, is the case with many a song now-a-days.

At length said he to Jack, "Now, my dear boy, if you follow me, I'll show you my *curiosities*!" He opened a little door and led Jack into a large room, where Jack saw a great many odds and ends that Coomara had picked up at one time or another. What chiefly took his attention, however, were things like lobster pots ranged on the ground along the wall.

"Well, Jack, how do you like my *curiosities*?" said old Coo.

"Upon my *snokins*, sir," said Jack, they're mighty well worth the looking at; but might I make so bold as to ask what these things like lobster pots are?"

"Oh! the soul cages, is it?"

"The what? sir!"

"These things here that I keep the souls in."

"*Arrah!* what souls, sir!" said Jack, in amazement: "sure the fish have not got souls in them?"

"Oh! no," replied Coo, quite coolly, "that they have not; but these are the souls of drowned sailors."

"The Lord preserve us from all harm!" muttered Jack, "how in the world did you get them?"

"Easily enough: I've only, when I see a good storm coming on, to set a couple of dozen of these, and then, when the sailors are drowned and the souls get out of them under the water, the poor things are almost perished to death, not being used to the cold; so they make into my pots for shelter, and then I have them snug, and fetch them home, and keep them here dry and warm: and is it not well for them poor souls to get into such good quarters?"

Jack was so thunderstruck, he did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They went back into the dining-room and had a little more brandy, which was excellent, and then as Jack knew that it must be getting late, and as Biddy might be uneasy, he stood up, and said he thought it was time for him to be on the road.

"Just as you like, Jack," said Coo, "but take a *duc au durrus* before you go; you've a cold journey before you."

Jack knew better manners than to refuse the parting glass. "I wonder," said he, "will I be able to make my way home?"

"What should ail you," said Coo, "when I'll show you the way?"

Out they went before the house, and Coomara took one of the cocked hats, and put it upon Jack's head the wrong way, and then lifted him up on his shoulder that he might launch him up into the water.

"Now," says he, giving him a heave, "you'll come up just in the same spot you come down in, and, Jack, mind and throw me back the hat."

He canted Jack off his shoulder, and up he shot like a bubble—whirr, whirr, whizz—away he went up through the water, till he came to the very rock he had jumped off, where he found a landing-place, and then in he threw the hat, which sunk like a stone.

The sun was just going down in the beautiful sky of a calm summer's evening. *Faescor* was seen dimly twinkling in the cloudless heaven, a solitary star, and the waves of the Atlantic flashed in a golden flood of light. So Jack, perceiving it was late, set off home; but when he got there, not a word did he say to Biddy of where he had spent his day.

The state of the poor souls cooped up in the lobster pots gave Jack a great deal of trouble, and how to release them cost him a great deal of thought. He at first had a mind to speak to the priest about the matter. But what could the priest do, and what did Coo care for the priest? Besides, Coo was a good sort of an old fellow, and did not think he was doing any harm. Jack had a regard for him too, and it also might not be too much to his own credit if it were known that he used to go dine with Merrows. On the whole, he thought his best plan would be to ask Coo to dinner, and to make him drunk, if he was able, and then to take the hat and go down and turn up the pots. It was first of all necessary, however, to get Biddy out of the way; for Jack was prudent enough, as she was a woman, to wish to keep the thing secret from her.

Accordingly, Jack grew mighty pious all of a sudden, and said to Biddy, that he thought it would be for the good of their souls if she was to go and take her rounds at Saint John's Well, near Ennis. Biddy thought so too, and accordingly off she set one fine morning at day dawn, giving Jack a charge to have an eye to the place.

The coast being clear, away went Jack to the rock to give the appointed signal to Coomara, which was throwing a big stone into the water. Jack threw, and up sprang Coo!

"Good morrow, Jack," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"Just nothing at all to speak about, sir," returned Jack, "only to come and take a bit of dinner with me, if I might make so free as to ask you, and sure I'm now after doing so."

"It's quite agreeable, Jack, I assure you: what's your hour?"

"Any time that's most convenient to you, sir—say one o'clock, that you may go home, if you wish, with the day-light."

"I'll be with you," said Coo, "never fear me."

Jack went home, and dressed a noble fish dinner, and got out plenty of his best foreign spirits, enough for that matter to make twenty men drunk. Just to the minute came Coo, with his cocked hat under his arm. Dinner was ready—they sat down, and ate and drank away manfully. Jack thinking of the poor souls below in the pots, plied old Coo well with brandy and encouraged him to sing, hoping to put him under the table, but poor Jack forgot that he had not the sea over his own head to keep it cool. The brandy got into it and did his business for him, and Coo reeled off home, leaving his entertainer as dumb as a haddock on a Good Friday.

Jack never woke till the next morning, and then he was in a sad way. "'Tis no use for me thinking to make that old Rasparee drunk," said Jack, "and how in this world can I help the poor souls out of the lobster pots?" After ruminating nearly the whole day, a thought struck him. "I have it," says he, slapping his knee; "I'll be sworn that Coo never saw a drop of *potens* as old as he is, and that's the thing to settle him! Oh! then is not it well that Biddy will not be home these two days yet; I can have another twist at him."

Jack asked Coo again, and Coo laughed at him for having no better head, telling him, he'd never come up to his grandfather.

"Well, but try me again," said Jack, "and I'll be bail to drink you drunk and sober, and drunk again."

"Any thing in my power," said Coo, "to oblige you."

At this dinner, Jack took care to have his own liquor well watered, and to give the strongest brandy he had to Coo. At last, says he, "Pray, sir, did you ever drink any *potens*?—any real mountain dew?"

"No," says Coo; "what's that, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, that's a secret," said Jack, "but it's the right stuff—never believe me again, if 'tis not fifty times as good as brandy or rum either. Biddy's brother just sent me a present of a little drop, in exchange for some brandy, and as you're an old friend of the family, I kept it to treat you with."

"Well, let's see what sort of thing it is," said Coomara.

The *potens* was the right sort. It was first rate, and had the real smack upon it. Coo was delighted; he drank and he sung, *Rum, burn, boodle, boo*, over and over again; and he laughed and he danced till he fell on the floor fast asleep. Then Jack, who had taken good care to keep himself sober, snapt up the cocked hat—ran off to the rock—leaped in, and soon arrived at Coo's habitation.

All was still as a church-yard at midnight—not a Merrow, old or young, was there. In he went, and turned up the pots, but nothing did he see, only he heard a sort of a little whistle or chirp as he raised each of them. At this he was surprised, till he recollected what the priest had often said, that nobody living could see the soul, no more than they could see the wind or the air. Having now done all that he could do for them, he set the pots as they were before, and sent a blessing after the poor souls, to speed them on their journey, wherever they were going. Jack now began to think of returning; he put the hat on, as was right, the wrong way; but when he got out, he found the water so high over his head, that he had no hopes of ever getting up into it, now that he had not old Coomara to give him a lift. He walked about looking for a ladder, but not one could he find, and not a rock was there in sight. At last he saw a spot where the sea hung rather lower than anywhere else, so he resolved to try there. Just as he came to it, a big cod

happened to put down his tail. Jack made a jump and caught hold of it, and the cod, all in amazement, gave a bounce and pulled Jack up. The minute the hat touched the water, pop away Jack was whisked, and up he shot like a cork, dragging the poor cod, that he forgot to let go, up with him tail foremost. He got to the rock in no time, and without a moment's delay hurried home, rejoicing in the good deed he had done. But, meanwhile, there was fine work at home; for our friend Jack had hardly left the house on his soul-freeing expedition, when back came Biddy from her soul-saving one to the well. When she entered the house, and saw the things lying *thrie-na helah* on the table before her,

"Here's a pretty job!" said she—"that blackguard of mine—what ill luck I had ever to marry him! he has picked up some vagabond or other, while I was praying for the good of his soul, and they've been drinking all the *potens* that my own brother gave him, and all the spirits, to be sure, that he was to have sold to his honor. Then hearing an outlandish kind of grunt, she looked down, and saw Coomara lying under the table. "The blessed virgin help me," shouted she, "if he has not made a real beast of himself! Well, well, I've often heard of a man making a beast of himself with drink! Oh hone—oh hone—Jack, honey, what will I do with you, or what will I do without you? How can any decent woman think of living with a beast?"

With such like lamentations, Biddy rushed out of the house, and was going, she knew not where, when she heard the well known voice of Jack singing a merry tune. Glad enough was Biddy to find him safe and sound, and not turned into a thing that was neither fish nor flesh. Jack was obliged to tell her all, and Biddy, though she had half a mind to be angry with him for not telling her before, owned that he had done a great service to the poor souls. Back they both went most lovingly to the house, and Jack awakened up Coomara; and perceiving the old fellow to be rather dull, he bid him not be cast down, for 'twas many a good man's case; and said it all came of his not being used to the *potens*, and recommended him, by way of cure, to swallow a hair of the dog that bit him. Coo, however, seemed to think he had had quite enough: he got up, quite out of sorts, and without having the manners to say one word in the way of civility, he sneaked off to cool himself by a jaunt through the salt water.

Coomara never missed the souls. He and Jack continued the best friends in the world, and no one, perhaps, ever equalled Jack at freeing souls from purgatory; for he contrived fifty excuses for getting into the house below the sea, unknown to the old fellow, and then turning up the pots and letting out the souls. It vexed him, to be sure, that he could never see them; but as he knew the thing to be impossible, he was obliged to be satisfied.

Their intercourse continued for several years. However, one morning, on Jack's throwing in a stone as usual, he got no answer. He flung another, and another; still there was no reply. He went away, and returned the following morning, but it was to no purpose. As he was without the hat, he could not go down to see what had become of old Coo; but his belief was that the old man, or the old fish, or whatever he was, had either died, or had removed away from that part of the country.

THE STROLLER'S TALE.

THERE is nothing marvellous in what I am going to relate; there is nothing even uncommon in it. Want and sickness are too common in many stations of life, to deserve more notice than is usually bestowed on the most ordinary vicissitudes of human nature. I have thrown these few notes together, because the subject of them was well known to me for many years. I traced his progress downward, step by step, until at last he reached the excess of destitution, from which he never rose again.

The man of whom I speak was a low pantomime actor, and like many people of his class, an habitual drunkard. In his better days, before he had become enfeebled by dissipation and emaciated by disease, he had been in the receipt of a good salary, which, if he had been careful and prudent, he might have continued

to have received some years—not many; because these men either die early, or, by unnaturally taxing their bodily energies, lose prematurely those physical powers on which alone they can depend for subsistence. His besetting sin gained so fast upon him, however, that it was found impossible to employ him in the situation in which he really was useful to the theatre. The public house had a fascination for him which he could not resist. Neglected disease and hopeless poverty were as certain to be his portion as death itself, if he persevered in the same course; yet he *did* persevere, and the result may be guessed. He could obtain no engagement, and he wanted bread.

Every body who is at all acquainted with theatrical matters, knows what a host of shabby, poverty-stricken men hang about the stage of a large establishment—not regularly engaged actors, but ballet people, procession men, tumblers, and so forth, who are taken on during the run of a pantomime, or an Easter-piece, and are then discharged until the production of some heavy spectacle occasions a new demand for their services. To this mode of life the man was compelled to resort, and taking the chair every night, at some low theatrical house, at once put him in possession of a few more shillings weekly, and enabled him to pursue his old propensity. Even this resource shortly failed him; his irregularities were too great to admit of his earning the wretched pittance he might thus have procured, and he was actually reduced to a state bordering on starvation, only procuring a trifle occasionally, by borrowing it of some old companion, or by obtaining an appearance at one of the commonest of the minor theatres; and when he did earn any thing, it was spent in the old way.

About this time, and when he had been existing for upward of a year no one knew how, I had a short engagement at one of the theatres on the Surrey side of the water, and here I saw this man, whom I had lost sight of for some time; for I had been traveling in the provinces, and he had been skulking in the lanes and alleys of London. I was dressed to leave the house, and was crossing the stage on my way out, when he tapped me on the shoulder. Never shall I forget the repulsive sight that met my eye when I turned round. He was dressed for the pantomime, in all the absurdity of a clown's costume. The spectral figures in the "Dance of Death," the most frightful shapes that the ablest painter ever portrayed on canvas, never presented an appearance half so ghastly. His bloated body and shrunken legs—their deformity enhanced a hundred fold by the fantastic dress—the glassy eyes, contrasting fearfully with the thick white paint with which the face was besmeared; the grotesquely ornamented head, trembling with paralysis, and the long skinny hands, rubbed with white chalk—all gave him a hideous and unnatural appearance, of which no description could convey an adequate idea, and, which, to this day, I shudder to think of. His voice was hollow and tremulous, and he took me aside, and in broken words recounted a long catalogue of sickness and privations, terminating as usual, with an urgent request for the loan of a trifling sum of money. I put a few shillings in his hand, and, as I turned away, I heard the roar of a laughter which followed his first tumble on to the stage.

A few nights afterward, a boy put a dirty scrap of paper into my hand, on which were scrawled a few words in pencil, intimating that the man was dangerously ill, and begging me after the performance, to see him at his lodgings in some street—I forget the name of it now—at no great distance from the theatre. I promised to comply as soon as I could get away; and, after the curtain fell, sallied forth on my melancholy errand.

It was late—for I had been playing in the last piece—and, as it was a benefit night, the performance had been protracted to an unusual length. It was a dark, cold night, with a chill damp wind, which blew the rain heavily against the windows and house fronts. Pools of water had collected in the narrow and little frequented streets, and as many of the thinly scattered oil lamps had been blown out by the violence of the wind, the walk was not only a comfortless, but most uncertain one. I had fortunately taken the right course, however, and succeeded, after a little difficulty, in finding the house to which I had been directed—a coal shed, with one story above it, in the back room of which lay the object of my search.

A wretched looking woman, the man's wife, met me on the stairs, and, telling me that he had just fallen into a kind of doze, led me softly in, and placed a chair for me at the bedside. The sick man was lying with his face turned toward the wall; and as he took no heed of my presence, I had leisure to observe the place in which I found myself.

He was lying on an old bedstead, which turned up during the day. The tattered remains of a checked curtain was drawn round the bed's head, to exclude the wind, which however made its way into the comfortable room through the numerous chinks in the door, and blew it to and fro every instant. There was a low cinder fire in a rusty unfixed grate; and an old three-cornered stained table, with some medicine bottles, a broken glass, and few other domestic articles, was drawn out before it. A little child was sleeping on a temporary bed which had been made for it on the floor, and the woman sat on a chair by its side. There was a couple of shelves, with a few plates and cups and saucers; and a pair of stage shoes and a couple of foils hung beneath them. With the exception of little heaps of rags and bundles which had been carelessly thrown into the corners of the room, these were the only things in the apartment.

I had time to note these little particulars, and to mark the heavy breathing and feverish starting of the sick man, before he was aware of my presence. In his restless attempts to procure some easy resting place for his head, he tossed his hand out of the bed, and it fell on mine. He started up, and stared eagerly in my face.

"Mr. Hutley, John," said his wife; "Mr. Hutley, that you sent for to-night, you know."

"Ah!" said the invalid, passing his hand across his forehead; "Hutley, Hutley, let me see." He seemed to collect his thoughts for a few seconds, and then grasping me tightly by the wrist, said, "Don't leave me—don't leave me, old fellow. She'll murder me, I know she will."

"Has he been long so?" said I, addressing his weeping wife.

"Since yesterday night," she replied, "John, John, don't you know me?"

"Don't let her come near me," said the man, with a shudder, as she stooped over him. "Drive her away; I can't bear her near me." He stared wildly at her, with a look of deadly apprehension, and then whispered in my ear, "I beat her, Jem; I beat her, Jem; I beat her yesterday, and many times before. I have starved her, and the boy too; and now I am weak and helpless, Jem, she'll murder me for it; I know she will. If you had seen her cry, as I have, you'd know it too. Keep her off." He relaxed his grasp, and sunk back exhausted on the pillow.

I knew but too well what all this meant. If I could have entertained any doubt of it for one instant, one glance at the woman's pale face and wasted form would have sufficiently explained the real state of the case. "You had better stand aside," said I to the poor creature. "You can do him no good. Perhaps he will be calmer, if he does not see you." She retired out of the man's sight. He opened his eyes, after a few seconds, and looked anxiously round.

"Is she gone," he eagerly inquired.

"Yea, yea," said I; "she shall not hurt you."

"I'll tell you what, Jem," said the man in a low voice, she does hurt me. "There's something in her eyes wakes such a dreadful fear in my heart that it drives me mad. All last night her large staring eyes and pale face were close to mine; wherever I turned they turned; and whenever I started from my sleep, she was at the bedside looking at me." He drew me closer to him, and said, in a deep alarmed whisper—"Jem, she must be an evil spirit—a devil! Hush! I know she is. If she had been a woman she would have died long ago. No woman could have borne what she has."

I sickened at the thought of the long course of cruelty and neglect which must have occurred to produce such an impression on such a man. I could say nothing in reply; for who could offer hope or consolation to the object being before me?

I sat there for upward of two hours, during which time he tossed about, murmuring exclamations of pain or impatience, restlessly throwing his arms here and there, and turning constantly from side to side. At length he fell into that state of partial unconsciousness,

in which the mind wanders uneasily from scene to scene, and from place to place, without the control of reason, but still without being able to divest itself of an indescribable scene of present suffering. Finding from his incoherent wandering that this was the case, and knowing that in all probability the fever would not grow immediately worse, I left him, promising his miserable wife that I would repeat my visit next evening, and if necessary, sit up with the patient during the night.

I kept my promise. The last four-and-twenty hours had produced a frightful alteration. The eyes, though deeply sunk and heavy, shone with a lustre frightful to behold. The lips were parted and cracked in many places: the dry hard skin glowed with a burning heat, and there was an almost unearthly air of wild anxiety in the man's face, indicating even more strongly the ravages of the disease. The fever was at its height.

I took the seat I had occupied the night before, and there I sat for hours, listening to the sounds which must strike deep to the heart of the most callous among human beings—the awful ravings of a dying man. From what I had heard of the medical attendant's opinion, I knew there was no hope for him: I was sitting by his death bed. I saw the wasted limbs, which had been distorted for the amusement of a boisterous gallery, writhing under the tortures of a burning fever—I heard the clown's shrill laugh, blending with the low murmurings of the dying man.

It is a touching thing to hear the mind reverting to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of health, when the body lies before you weak and helpless; but when those occupations are of a character the most strongly opposed to any thing we associate with grave and solemn ideas, the impression produced is infinitely more powerful. The theatre, and the public house, were the chief themes of the wretched man's wanderings. It was evening, he fancied he had a part to play that night, it was late, and he must leave home instantly. Why did they hold him, and prevent his going so he should lose his money—he must go. No! they would not let him. He did his face in his burning hands, and feebly bemoaned his own weakness, and the cruelty of his persecutors. A short pause, and he shouted out a few doggerel rhymes—the last he had ever learned. He rose in bed, drew up his withered limbs, and rolled about in uncouth positions; he was acting—he was at the theatre. A minute's silence, and he murmured the burden of some roving song. He had reached the old home at last—how hot the room was. He had been ill, very ill; but he was well now, and happy. Fill up his glass. Who was it that dashed it from his lips? It was the same persecutor that had followed him before. He fell back upon his pillow, and moaned aloud. A short period of oblivion, and he was wandering through a tedious maze of low arched rooms—so low, sometimes, that he must creep upon his hands and knees to make his way along—it was close and dark, and every way he turned, some obstacle impeded his progress. There were insects too; hideous crawling things, with eyes that stared upon him, and filled the very air around; glistening horribly amid the thick darkness of the place. The walls and ceiling were alive with reptiles—the vault expanded to an enormous size—frightful figures fitted to and fro—and the faces of men he knew, rendered hideous by gibing and mouthing, peered out from among them; they were searing him with heated irons, and binding his head with cords till the blood started; and he struggled madly for life.

At the close of one of those paroxysms, when I had with great difficulty held him down in his bed, he sank into what appeared to be a slumber. Overpowered with watching and exertion, I had closed my eyes for a few minutes, when I felt a violent clutch on my shoulder. I awoke instantly. He raised himself up, so as to seat himself in bed—a dreadful change had come over his face, but consciousness had returned, for he evidently knew me. The child, who had been long since disturbed by his ravings, rose from its little bed, and ran toward its father screaming with fright—the mother hastily caught it in her arms, lest he should injure it in the violence of his insanity; but, terrified by the alteration of his features, stood transfixed by the bed-side. He grasped my shoulder convulsively; and, striking his breast with the other hand, made a desperate attempt to articulate. It was unavailing; he extended his arm toward them, and made another violent effort. There

was a rattling noise in the throat—a glare of the eye—a short stifled groan—and he fell back—dead!

COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

EVERY thing for a time prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance: he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. He tried to persuade himself he had taken but justifiable vengeance: he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

For a time, he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe or forget the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase, but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Cueta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer find in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken such signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a bye-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainer by her misfortune, spoke of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid, and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms, for she thought of his treason and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of phrenzy.

One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. "Let this city," said she, "be henceforth called Malacca, in the memorial of the most wretched of woman, who therein put an end to her days." So saying she threw herself headlong from the tower and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given to it, though afterward softened to Malaga, which it still retains in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe, and returned to Cueta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honorable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthage, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

About this time, the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity, that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. "He has been a traitor to his own countrymen," said he, "how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?"

A sudden insurrection of the Christians who had taken refuge in the Austrian mountains, quickened his suspi-

cions and inspired him with fears of some dangerous conspiracy against his power. In the height of his anxiety he bethought him of an Arabian sage, named Yuza, who had accompanied him from Africa. This son of science was withered in form, and looked as if he had outlived the usual term of mortal life. In the course of his studies and travels in the east, he had collected the knowledge and experience of sages; being skilled in astrology, and, it is said, in necromancy, and possessing the marvellous gift of prophecy or divination. To this expounder of mysteries Alahor applied to learn whether any secret treason menaced his safety.

The astrologer listened with deep attention, and overwhelming brow, to all the surmises and suspicions of the emir, then shut himself up to consult his books and commune with those supernatural intelligences subservient to his wisdom. At an appointed hour the emir sought him in his cell. It was filled with the smoke of perfumes; squares and circles and various diagrams were described upon the floor, and the astrologer was poring over a scroll of parchment, covered with cabalistic characters. He received Alahor with a gloomy and sinister aspect; pretending to have discovered fearful portents in the heavens, and to have had strange dreams and mystic visions.

"O emir," said he, "be on your guard! treason is around you and in your path: your life is in peril. Beware of Count Julian and his family."

"Enough," said the emir. "They shall all die! Parents and children—all shall die!"

He forthwith sent a summons to Count Julian to attend him to Cordova. The messenger found him plunged into affliction for the recent death of his daughter. The count excused himself, on account of this misfortune, from obeying the commands of the emir in person, but sent several of his adherents. His hesitation, and the circumstance of his having sent his family across the straits to Africa, were construed by the jealous mind of the emir into proofs of guilt. He no longer doubted his being concerned in the recent insurrections, and that he had sent his family away, preparatory to an attempt, by force of arms, to subvert the Moslem domination. In his fury he put to death Riseburto and Evan, the nephews of Bishop Opas, and sons of the former king, Witaza, suspecting them of taking part in the treason. Thus did they expiate their treachery to their country in the fatal battle of the Guadalete.

Alahor next hastened to Carthage to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Arragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthage and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son.

Now so it happened, that the countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the citadel of Cueta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving in gloomy thought the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise like that of the sea breeze moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Opas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand, and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"Touch me not, sister," said he, with a mournful voice, "lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." He ceased to speak and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

On the following morning a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Opas had been taken prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Arragon, and was embarking with a formidable force for Cueta.

The countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart, and danger made her despe-

rate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their own countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guard sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspecting of danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until his arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire, and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from sallying forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed, and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins; others were flung to a distance and dashed among the rocks; those who survived were put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that, for seven days his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot, but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel and made desperate defence, but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. "Surely," said she, "they will not think of seeking him among the dead." She led him therefore into the dark and dismal chapel. "Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness my child," said she. "No, mother," replied the boy, "darkness gives silence and sleep." She conducted him to the tomb of Florida. "Farest thou the dead, my child?" "No mother, the dead can do no harm, and what should I fear from my sister?"

The countess opened the sepulchre. "Listen my son," said she. "There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life." The boy, who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and the next night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanor, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when he demanded her son, she faltered, and turned pale, and replied, "My son is with the dead."

"Countess," said the emir, "I am not to be deceived; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," replied the countess, "may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth. My darling child lies buried with the dead."

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushed eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. "Leave this to me," whispered he to Alahor, "I will produce the child."

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. "This," said the subtle astrologer, "is the place of concealment."

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. "We are leaving our prey behind," thought he, "the countess is exulting."

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly toward the soldiers he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "draw forth the bones of that wanton, Cava, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florida partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she, in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayers, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head."

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir, "but guard her well."

"The countess was dragged away by the soldiery without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether mill-stone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge, with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he, "there is no danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy, "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheeks glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was raised on that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below, beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty carraccas were as specks on the deep.

"Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?" said Yuza.

"It is Spain," replied the boy; "it is the land of my father and my mother."

"Then stretch forth thy hands, and bless it, my child," said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone of his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath. Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

"Is the boy safe?" cried he.

"He is safe," replied Yuza; "come and behold the truth with thine own eyes."

The emir ascended the tower, and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it, and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone, but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance, and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out—"Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country." And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said—"In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads." Upon this the

emir swore with horrid imprecations that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished this barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died, remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his later end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter; for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favored the cause of the traitor.

In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian; but the traveler and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a bye-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country.

CHESS PLAY.

BY LOUISE H. MEDINA.

Fiercely the ivory courser springs around—
Check the deep vales—and check! the hills resound;
The ebon monarch sees his certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin and checkmate.

A double conquest, Della, hast thou won,
Inspired by Mars and Venus' powerful son;
Lo! on the board one fallen victim dies,
And in my heart a surer conquest lies.

Phillador's Game of Chess.

"What! not dressed yet, Florence?" exclaimed Julia De Gher, as she entered her sister's boudoir, on the evening of Madame Elite's conversazione, that re-union of all the talent and esprit in Boston—"not yet dressed, and it wants but a quarter of ten—Florence, are you dreaming over that old musty tome?"

"Something of that kind, I confess," said Florence, as with a quiet smile she laid aside the volume—"a quarter to ten o'clock! in sooth, it would be more reasonable to prepare for dreaming in good earnest, than go abroad at this hour; but possess yourself in patience, Julia, for ten minutes, and my toilette will be made."

"Is it possible you had forgotten that to-night was the conversazione?"

"I own the soft impeachment," replied Florence, laughing.

"Good heavens! how singular! why, I have thought of little else for a week; all the literati will be there—we shall see the author of Lord Iron's daughter, and numbers of distinguished foreigners, she whom they call the English Guiccioli, is, I know, invited, and Francis Cleland, too! oh, Florence, I have set my heart on— But mercy of heavens, Florence," (quoth the loquacious young lady, interrupting herself) "it is not credible that you are going to the conversazione, that figure?"

"Why not?" said her sister, who had turned aside while Julia was enumerating the guests. "What's the matter with my figure?"

"The matter! amiable simplicity, how charming is your naivete; the matter!—just please to look at me!"

So saying, Julia drew up her stately form opposite the Cheval glass, and Florence followed her example. The elder sister was attired in black satin, whose raven gloss made the pure whiteness of her skin the more striking—a deep French blonde shadowed, yet not concealed the rounded shoulder, and scarcely veiled the moulded bo-

som, which beat with anticipated triumph—her rich Auburn hair, possessing that peculiar golden tinge, so seldom seen but on the feathers of the pheasant, was arrayed with leaves and buds of the rose geranium, the deep tinge of the flower being the only color about her dress, and the one uncovered hand blazed with brilliant—*gages d'amour and d'amitee*, perhaps, for alas! gentle reader, the peerless Julia was a sad coquette. Florence, whose charms of person were much inferior, had hastily donned a robe of virgin white, and the purity of the muslin was not freer from spot or stain than the guileless heart which beat beneath the bosom it covered with so maidenly a modesty. Her dark hair was plainly parted over her intellectual brow, and a string of oriental pearls confined its luxuriance—at that hour, Florence De Gher might have stood for a portrait of innocence, and ne'er belied the painter's skill. "My dear sister," she said mildly, "it is not dress that makes the difference between us: Nature has been before-hand with her, and I fear Art would rather aggravate than repair her deficiencies. Come, shall we go?"

"Oh! you are too modest, Florence—has this book taught you so much diffidence! What is it! The Game of Chess—ha! well, I shall play a more skillful game than ever Chess taught, it shall be for Francis Cleland's heart, for I am resolved to conquer it! Come!" Julia's foot was on the carriage step as she spoke, for she always preferred hearing herself talk to receiving answers, so she heard not the low sigh, and marked not the crimson blush which her last words had called forth. The sisters were the orphan children of a German, and committed to the care of an aunt residing in America; they had but little fortune, but so great was the beauty and accomplishments of Julia, so sweet the manners of her sister, that their company was eagerly sought by the society in which they mixed. One surpassing skill they equally possessed—the knowledge of Chess to so great and scientific a degree, that neither had as yet met her equal. A few years ago chess was not so common an appendage to centre tables as now, and even now, to meet a player of extreme skill, especially in a female, is of rare occurrence—both sisters could play the game without seeing the board, and either, undertake three antagonists at once, of an ordinary knowledge in Chess. Of course, the young ladies were not without admirers, but the most desired of both was Francis Cleland—of Julia, because his person, fortune and standing, were all excellent—of the gentler Florence, because she had learned to love him. The sisters were aware of this tacit rivalry—and both regarded it as a matter of little consequence, the elder was secure in her own charms, the younger too diffident to hope herself worthy of Cleland, even if the beautiful Julia were not her rival. On their arrival to the favored Temple of the Arts and Graces, they met indeed all whose learning or wit could instruct and enliven conversation—here they heard the quaint remark and the witty retort, the lively attack, and the Parthian-like defence, which hits hardest in flight—here the song and the verse, the recital and the anecdote, joined to make the sands of Time like diamond dust, sparkle as they past the magic glass. Cleland was of the guests, and brighter flushed the eyes of Julia, and glowed her cheek with a more imperial crimson, as he led her to the harp. A few minutes, and the practised coquette heightened anticipation by vowing like Lady Vernon—

Her pretty oath by yea and nay
She could not, would not, durst not play.

And then burst forth the glorious tide of song, in the exquisite melody of "The Rhine—the Rhine—be blessings on the Rhine!" until the listener's eyes overflowed, and their hearts swelled with the unutterable charm of music—and as Cleland led from the instrument the enchantress, she cast a triumphant glance at Florence, on whose pale cheek the white rose deepened to a more death-like hue. Brightly flew the hours; the steps that paced those rooms, that night, seemed to tread alone on flowers—in every cheek the pleased smile played—from every eye the gentler passion beamed—in each heart pleasure, for the while, had built herself a tower and temple—in all and each, save one. There was one loving heart chill as the grave, one heavy eye bent on the floor, one aching head that the sweet music joyed not—Florence De Gher sat lonely and sad, musing o'er the broken fabric of gentle wishes, long subdued—subdued, but cherished long. He loves her: yes—he to whom I

"What a madman has Clodius become!"

"Intolerable! But come, and sup with me on the Nones. You have no objection to meet the Consul?"

"Cicero? None at all. We need not talk politics. Our old dispute about Plato and Epicurus will furnish us plenty of conversation. So reckon upon me, my dear Marcus, and farewell."

"Cæsar, you are in danger. I know all. I overheard Cataline and Cethegus. You are engaged in a project which must lead you to certain destruction."

"My beautiful Zoe, I live only for glory and pleasure. For these I have never hesitated to hazard an existence which they alone render valuable to me. In the present case, I can assure you that our scheme presents the fairest hopes of success."

"So much the worse. You do not know—you do not understand me. I speak not of open peril, but of secret treachery. Cataline hates you; Cethegus hates you; your destruction is resolved. If you survive the contest, you perish in the first hour of victory. They detest you for your moderation; they are eager for blood and plunder. I have risked my life to bring you this warning; but that is of little moment. Farewell! be happy?"

Cæsar stopped her. "Do you fly from my thanks, dear Zoe?"

"I wish not your thanks, but for your safety; I desire not to defraud Valeria or Servilia of one caress extorted from gratitude or pity. Be my feelings what they may, I have learned, in a fearful school, to endure and suppress them. I have been taught to abase a proud spirit to the clasps and hisses of the vulgar; to smile on suitors who united the insults of a despicable pride to the endearments of a despicable fondness; to affect sprightliness with an aching head, and eyes from which tears were ready to rush; to feign love when curses were on my lips, and madness in my brain. Who feels for me any esteem—any tenderness! Who will shed a tear over the nameless grave which will soon shelter from cruelty and scorn, the broken heart of the poor Athenian girl? But you, who alone have addressed her, in her degradation, with a voice of kindness and respect, farewell. Sometimes think of me—not with sorrow; no: I could bear your ingratitude, but not your distress. Yet, if it will not pain too much, in distant days, when your lofty hopes and destinies are accomplished—on the evening of some mighty victory—in the chariot of some magnificent triumph—think on one who loved you with that exceeding love which only the miserable can feel. Think, that wherever her exhausted frame may have sunk beneath the sensibilities of a tortured spirit—in whatever hovel or whatever vault she may have closed her eyes—whatever strange scenes of horror and infamy may have surrounded her dying bed, your shape was the last that swam before her sight—your voice the last sound that was ringing in her ears. Yet turn your face to me, Cæsar. Let me carry away one last look of those features, and then—"

He turned round. He hid his face on her bosom, and burst into tears. With sobs long and loud, and convulsive as those of a terrified child, he poured forth the tribute of impetuous and uncontrollable emotion. He raised his head, but in vain struggled to restore composure to the brow which had confronted the frown of Sylla, and the lips which had rivalled the eloquence of Cicero. He several times attempted to speak, but in vain; and his voice still faltered with tenderness, when, after a pause of several minutes, he thus addressed her:

"My own dear Zoe, your love has been bestowed on one who, if he cannot merit, can at least appreciate and adore you. Beings of similar loveliness, and similar devotedness of affection, mingled, in all my boyish dreams of greatness, with visions of curule chairs and ivory cars, marshalled legions and fasces. Such I have endeavored to find in the world; and in their stead, I have met with selfishness, with vanity, with frivolity, with falsehood. The life which you have preserved is a boon less valuable than the affection—"

"Oh! Cæsar," interrupted the blushing Zoe, "think only on your own security at present. If you feel as you speak—but you are only mocking me—or, perhaps, your compassion—"

"By heaven! by every oath that is binding—"

"Alas! alas! Cæsar, were not all the same oaths sworn yesterday to Valeria? But I will trust you at least so far as to partake your present dangers. Flight may be necessary; form your plans. Be they what

they may, there is one who, in exile, in poverty, in peril, asks only to wander, to beg, to die with you."

"My Zoe, I do not anticipate any such necessity. To renounce the conspiracy without renouncing the principles on which it was originally undertaken—to elude the vengeance of the senate, without losing the confidence of the people, is, indeed, an arduous, but not an impossible task. I owe it to myself and to my country to make the attempt. There is still ample time for consideration. At present, I am too happy in love to think of ambition or danger."

They had reached the door of a stately palace. Cæsar struck it, it was instantly opened by a slave. Zoe found herself in a magnificent hall, surrounded by pillars of green marble, between which were ranged the statues of the long line of Julian nobles.

"Call Endymion," said Cæsar.

The confidential freedman made his appearance, not without a slight smile, which his patron's good nature emboldened him to hazard, at seeing the beautiful Athenian.

"Arm my slaves, Endymion; there are reasons for precaution. Let them relieve each other on guard during the night. Zoe, my love, my preserver, why are your cheeks so pale? Let me kiss some bloom into them. How you tremble! Endymion, a flask of Sarmian and some fruit. Bring them to my apartments. This way my sweet Zoe."

THE MAID OF MALAHIDE.

The dark-eyed maid of Malahide
Her silken bodice laced,
And on her brow with virgin pride,
The bridal chaplet placed:
Her heart is beating high, her cheek
Is flushed with rosy shame,
As laughing bridesmaids slyly speak
The gallant bridegroom's name.

The dark-eyed maid of Malahide
Before the altar stands,
And Galtrim claims his blushing bride,
From pure and holy hands;
But hark! what fearful sounds are those?
"To arms! to arms!" they cry;
The bride's sweet cheek no longer glows,
Fear sits in that young eye.

The gallants all are must'ring now,
The bridegroom's helm is on;
One look, upon that wretched brow,
One kiss, and he is gone!
The feast is spread; but many a knight,
That should have graced that hall,
Will sleep anon, in cold moonlight,
Beneath a gory pall.

The garlands, bright with rainbow dyes,
In gay festoons are hung,
The starry lamps outshine the skies,
The golden harps are strung;
But she, the moving spring of all,
Hath sympathy with none
That meet in that old festive hall;—
And now the feast's begun.

Hark to the clang of arms! is't he,
The bridegroom chief, returned,
Crowned with the wreath of victory,
By his good weapon earned?
Victorious bands, indeed, return;
But on their shields they bear
The laurelled chief, and melt, though stern,
At that young bride's despair.

"Take—take the roses from my brow,
The jewels from my waist;
I have no need of such things now."
And then her cheek she placed
Close to his dead cold cheek, and wept,
As one may wildly weep,
When the last hope the heart had kept
Lies buried in the deep.

Long years have passed since that young bride
Bewailed her widowed doom;
The holy walls of Malahide
Still shrine her marble tomb;
And sculpture there has sought to prove,
With rude essay of art,
What form she wore in life, whose love
Did grace her woman's heart.

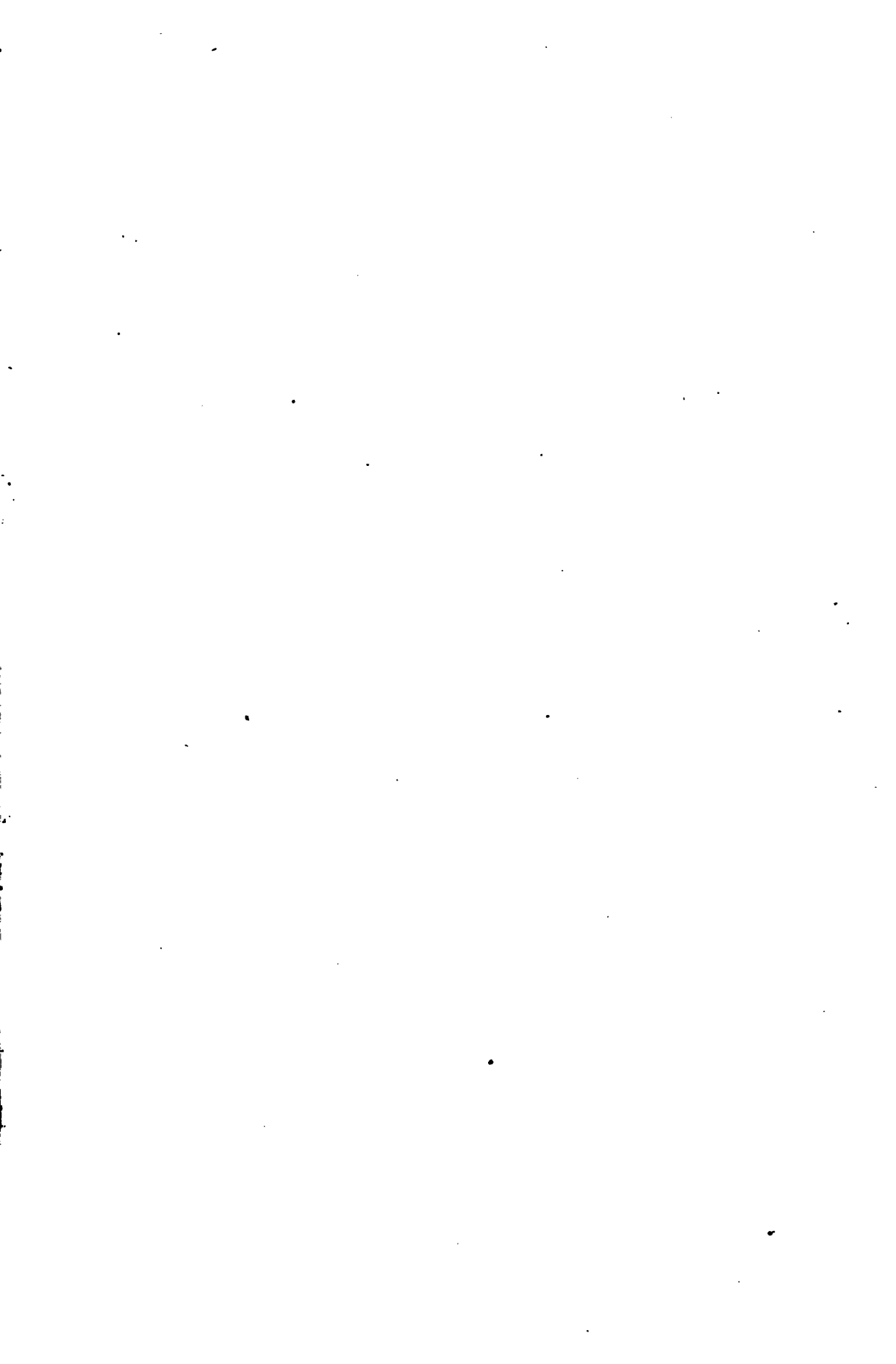




Illustration of a woman in a white dress sitting in a chair, with another woman standing beside her.

THE ROVER

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Mirabel was the admired of all
beholders; the beauty of childhood had ripened and
perfected. Accomplished, gay and fascinating, she
was everywhere surrounded by a crowd of admirers;
while Ida, who still retained the pensiveness we have
noticed, was comparatively the object of little admira-
tion. Mirabel had received many offers, but as yet her
heart had never yielded to the influence of that passion
which was to seal her destiny for weal or woe.

One evening, the cousins were invited to attend an
assembly at the mansion of the wealthy Mr. Islington—
the acknowledged leader of the ton. All the world
was to be there, and among them the count de Sau-

...not noticed? was the orphan cousin
of the rich bells totally neglected on that occasion?
Not so—there was one present who admired her unpre-
tending beauty, and appreciated the graces of her intel-
lect. Ida was beloved by a young gentleman who, like
herself, was left an orphan at an early age; and while the
foreign count was enchanting the ear of Mirabel with
glowing accounts of Parisian life, Gansvoort Mor-
daunt was engaged in conversation with Ida, far more
interesting to both.

* * * * *
"Joy, dearest Ida," said Mirabel to her cousin one
morning, some weeks after this memorable evening.

"Joy is always welcome," replied Ida, blushing, and
half suspecting the cause of congratulation. "What so
delights you, dear Mirabel?"



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THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

MIRABEL THE BEAUTY.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

HAPPY childhood! when memory carries us back to thy joyous days, and the countless dear associations therewith connected, the cares, sorrows and disappointments of maturer life, are all forgotten, and we live o'er again the pleasant moments of our young existence. What fair visions are conjured up in the recollection of by-gone years! the scenes of our youth are again before us: the village school-house—the old play-ground—our young companions—all, all are seen in that magic mirror, which restores the past in all its pristine bloom and loveliness. Even the merry shouts and the blithe songs that were so familiar to us, again come to our ears, and the laughter of one more glad-some than the rest, and the bird-like melody of whose voice has lingered upon mine ears through all the changes and vicissitudes of existence.

Mirabel Lester! alas, that a life which dawned so joyously, should close in sorrow and desolation! I left the pleasant little village of Mantua, when the heroine of my story was ten years of age, and a more lovely, sylph-like creature never fitted in the dream of a poet's fancy. Her complexion was a clear red and white, and a profusion of golden ringlets waved over a neck and shoulders the very models of symmetrical perfection. Mirabel Lester was indeed a little beauty; the only child of wealthy and adoring parents, every whim of childhood was indulged; yet petted and caressed as she was, she was one of the most amiable little creatures in existence, and doatingly fond of her little orphan cousin, Ida Coddington, whose parents were both dead, and who had been consigned to the guardianship of Mirabel's father. Ida was nearly of the same age with Mirabel, and although exceedingly beautiful, her beauty was of a totally different character from that of her fair young cousin. Mirabel we have said was fair and golden-haired. Ida was a little brunette, and her hair was as black as the plumage of the raven, and her countenance had ever a pensive cast, while that of Mirabel was always bright with the smiles of a joyous spirit; and she often endeavored to create the same joyousness in her young companion. The rich ornaments which Mirabel, before the glass in her mother's boudoir, would clasp around her throat, had no brilliancy in the eyes of the little Ida; and when her gay cousin clasped a dazzling necklace around the throat of the little orphan, which strangely contrasted with her mourning habiliments, Ida was restless until she relieved herself from the ornament, which had no charms in her eye, nor seemed to her half so valuable as the simple braid, fastened with a golden locket, containing the hair of her deceased parents.

Pass we over the childhood of the cousins—and sketch rapidly the stories of their lives, from the period when they were introduced into society. Mr. Lester, had taken up his residence in Philadelphia; his mansion was one of the most splendid in the west end of the city, and was constantly visited by the wealthy and most fashionable. Mirabel was the admired of all beholders; the beauty of childhood had ripened and perfected. Accomplished, gay and fascinating, she was everywhere surrounded by a crowd of admirers; while Ida, who still retained the pensive mood we have noticed, was comparatively the object of little admiration. Mirabel had received many offers, but as yet her heart had never yielded to the influence of that passion which was to seal her destiny for weal or woe.

One evening, the cousins were invited to attend an assembly at the mansion of the wealthy Mr. Islington—the acknowledged leader of the ton. All the world was to be there, and among them the count de Sau-

sanne, a young French nobleman, but recently arrived, and whose commanding figure and splendid moustache, had already bewildered the brains of more than one half of the gay young ladies in the quiet city of Penn. Mirabel was attired for the evening, and as she surveyed herself in the mirror, her smiles proved that her toilette had been completed to her entire satisfaction.

"Not ready yet, Ida," said the beauty to her cousin, who entered the room as she took from the stand a splendid bouquet, which had been sent to her from some unknown admirer.

"Quite ready, Mirabel," replied Ida, "how queen-like and beautiful you are looking this evening."

"Thanks for the compliment, *ma chere*, and you are looking as pensive and pretty as ever; but attired altogether with too much simplicity for an assemblage like that we shall meet at Mrs. Islington's. Let me fix this ornament among your dark ringlets, Ida," said the belle, at the same time taking from her jewel case a glittering tiara of diamonds.

"No, dear Mirabel, remember, I am no heiress, and the simplicity with which I am attired is better suited to my state and inclination."

"You were ever self-willed in this particular, Ida; after all, I do not think such beauty as yours requires the adventitious aid of ornament. I should be a fright without it, besides I have dressed to-night for conquest; for know, my pretty coz, I am determined to be the countess of Sausanne, or remain plain Mirabel Lester for the rest of my life."

"Then you are determined to fall in love with this lion, Mirabel?"

"I have already fallen in love——"

"Nay, cousin," interrupted Ida, "I thought you had never met the count."

"Nor have I, sweet simplicity," rejoined Mirabel. "I have fallen in love, nevertheless, not with the man, but his title; there is something in being a countess, notwithstanding your republican taste covets not such distinctions."

The carriage was announced, and the conversation being thus interrupted, the young ladies wrapped their mantillas around them, and in a short time were among the brilliant crowd assembled at Mrs. Islington's. Here, as at all other parties of the season, Mirabel Lester was the belle of the room. Even the entrance of the count de Sausanne, scarcely diverted the attention of the young gentlemen from the fair object of their admiration.

"Ah! here is the lion of the evening, Miss Lester," said one of Mirabel's most ardent admirers. "Now may we despair of winning your attention even for a moment. After all, there is nothing very *distingue* in his appearance."

"I cannot agree with you," replied Mirabel; "I never have seen a man of more graceful bearing."

The count was now introduced to our heroine, who soon engrossed his attention, and during the remainder of the evening he scarcely left her side.

But Ida—was she not noticed? was the orphan cousin of the rich belle totally neglected on that occasion? Not so—there was one present who admired her unpretending beauty, and appreciated the graces of her intellect. Ida was beloved by a young gentleman who, like herself, was left an orphan at an early age; and while the foreign count was enchanting the ear of Mirabel with glowing accounts of Parisian life, Gansevoort Mor-daunt was engaged in conversation with Ida, far more interesting to both.

"Joy, dearest Ida," said Mirabel to her cousin one morning, some weeks after this memorable evening.

"Joy is always welcome," replied Ida, blushing, and half suspecting the cause of congratulation. "What so delights you, dear Mirabel?"

"The prospect of your happiness; Gansevoort Mordaunt has asked the solemn question, and papa having consented, gave me permission to tell you to fix as early a day as possible for the consummation of poor Mordaunt's wishes."

"I wish I knew the day then that the count de Sausanne intends leading you to the altar, dear Mirabel. I should so like to date my happiness from the day which also sees you a bride."

Mirabel turned pale as marble: the quick eye of Ida perceiving the sudden change, she started from her seat, exclaiming—

"Heaven's, Mirabel! you are ill; let me call for assistance."

"Not for your life, Ida. I shall be better presently. Sit down; I have something of importance to confide to you."

"It must be important, Mirabel; for never did I see you looking so pallid and serious. What is the matter?"

"Ida, you must promise to keep my secret—at all events, until after I am gone."

"Gone! Where? What mystery is this? I promise anything—everything you can ask, dear Mirabel, for I am sure this secret involves your happiness. Speak."

"I am the wife of the count de Sausanne."

"Mirabel!" almost shrieked Ida.

"Do not condemn me, Ida, even by a thought. Doubtless you think I have acted rashly—foolishly. So the cold world may think. I have deceived my parents; in that I feel and confess myself most culpable."

"Why did you deceive them, dearest Mirabel? The promotion of your happiness was the chief aim and object of their existence. Had the count solicited your hand, with your approval, my life upon it, my kind uncle would have consented."

"So did I tell the count, Ida; but there were weighty reasons (which he urged with an eloquence so irresistible,) for a private marriage, that my objections were overruled: the spell of the enchanter was upon me. I consented; and a fortnight since, we were secretly married: a fortnight hence, I shall be with him on our voyage to France; but before I go, I must see you married to Gansevoort Mordaunt." Oh! do not look so reproachfully at me, dear Ida. Remember, we have grown together, and in all our happy intercourse, never, never has there been a cold look or an angry word between us."

"And never shall there be, dear Mirabel, whatever may be the consequence of this hasty marriage. But surely, you—that is, the count means to reveal it to your father. You will not quit your home until you leave it his acknowledged wife?"

"Time will show," was the evasive answer. "You know my secret. I was unhappy until I had De Sausanne's permission to confide it to you, my only friend. And now, dear Ida, fix an early day for your marriage—say this day week."

"Be it so, dear Mirabel. But you were to be my bridesmaid: what will the world say if you attend not in that capacity—you, my constant companion, my near relation?"

"And may I not so attend, Ida?"

"And you a wife? Oh! no, dear Mirabel: it would be practising a deceit at the altar of our Creator. We must contrive some excuse. Oh, Mirabel! God grant that you may be happy."

"Amen! I shall be happy. The count loves me—my parents will forgive me."

"And the world, Mirabel?"

"The world! What care I for the world, if I have my husband's love, my parents' forgiveness and your unaltered affection? I shall heed not the world. Besides, Ida, though they may blame the countess de Sausanne, they will not dare to censure the countess de Sausanne. And now I will leave you, for I know Gansevoort will soon be here to learn your decision. This is the gravest interview we have ever had. Let us both seem very gay and very happy when we meet at dinner."

One week after the foregoing disclosure, Gansevoort Mordaunt led Ida Coddington to the altar. The marriage ceremony was performed at Christ Church, and at Ida's request, but few were present on the occasion. Mr. Lester and his wife attended of course, but Mirabel was absent. She was really unwell and anxious, and Ida easily obtained from her confiding and indul-

gent parents, their permission that she should remain at home. The bridal party returned to the residence of Mr. Lester; but Mirabel was not there to greet them. The servant informed her parents that Miss Mirabel had left in the carriage with the foreign gentleman; and handed a letter to Mr. Lester, and he trembled as he broke the seal of the envelope. That letter apprised him of the secret marriage of his daughter to the titled foreigner, and also informed them of her embarkation that very day for France, with her husband; her duplicity was acknowledged, and forgiveness invoked, and while the grief-stricken parents lamented the error of their child, their hearts granted the pardon she solicited. A gloomy wedding day was Ida Coddington's.

Two years had passed since the marriage of the orphan niece of Mr. Lester to young Mordaunt. Fortune had smiled upon her, and her domestic life was one of cloudless felicity. She was the happy mother of a daughter to whom she had given the name of Mirabel; but where was she after whom the little innocent had been so named? In the long interval referred to, not a line had been received from the count or his wife—the letters of Mirabel's unhappy and anxious parents were all unanswered, and at last they resolved upon a voyage to France, in order to ascertain, if possible, the fate of their child. But Mirabel returned to them ere the preparations for their voyage were completed. It was a dreary night in December—the family were seated around the hearth; for Ida even since her marriage had continued to reside with her uncle—a carriage stopped at the door, and shortly afterward a female entered the apartment—an infant in her arms. Her abrupt entrance astonished all; and as she threw herself at the feet of Mr. Lester, and upraised her pale and anguish-stricken face, the father recognized his child, and he exclaimed:

"Gracious Heaven! can this be Mirabel?"

"Yes—yes. Father, forgive me—spurn me not; for the sake of this helpless little one."

She was already forgiven; but sadly had poor Mirabel been betrayed. He in whom she had trusted—whose gay exterior and title were his only passports to good society in America, was an imposter. His title had been assumed. He was a needy adventurer—a gambler—and, as poor Mirabel too soon discovered, the husband of another. He was dragged from her side to a prison, upon the complaint of the wife he had abandoned, and to the galleys, while poor Mirabel, with the innocent offspring of her unhappy union, was left desolate and unprotected. At length she determined to make an effort to return home. In looking among the papers of her betrayer she found the intercepted letters of her parents, containing renewed expressions of affection and forgiveness, which gave her new life and courage.

Collecting the little treasures she had left, she converted them into money, and left Paris. Arrived at Havre, she obtained a passage on board of a vessel about sailing for Philadelphia, and arrived there as we have already seen, ere the preparations of her parents to proceed to France in quest of her were completed. She was once more completely happy; she was forgiven by her parents and surrounded by those she loved; yet was she sadly changed—all joyousness had fled from her—her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and her cheeks their bloom, and none who knew her in her days of happiness, would recognize in her emaciated form, her hollow cheeks, and dim and sunken eyes, "the poor remains" of MIRABEL THE BEAUTY.

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Ye living gems of cold and fragrant fire!

Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers?

Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,

An everlasting farewell of your bowers?

Have I not seen thee, wild rose, in my dreams,

Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies

When the deep blue is brightest, and the streams

Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes

Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine—twined—

Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death?

Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind

When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,

Bending it down with kisses, where the bee

Hums over golden gorse and sunny broom.

Soul of the rose! what saidst thou then to me?

"We meet," thou saidst, "though severed by the tomb:
Lo, brother, this is heav'n: and thus the just shall bloom!"

THE CURATE-CONFESSOR OF VIROFLAY.

A Real Ghost Story.

BY COLLEY GRATTAN.

VIROFLAY is a pretty little village, a couple of miles from Versailles, on the Paris side, within view from the main road, and saugly screened from the east winds by the noble wood of Sartory. It forms one of the succession of pleasant objects between the capital and the truly regal creation of Louis XIV. It has become the fashion to say, and, for aught I know, to think, that this monarch did nothing for France; but with Versailles and its environs before my eyes, I dissent flatly from the assertion.

I hold that magnificence in a king, like charity in a private person, covers a multitude of sins.

Reflecting on the evils which this despot entailed on his country, I see that they brought their remedies with them; and marking the living traces of his pride, I feel that they have stamped on the national mind the impress of the splendor which characterized his own.

There are several methods of going from Paris to Versailles. Men who are the least enslaved by prejudice, indolence or the goat, take their sticks and walk; others ride. The spoiled children of fortune drive in their own carriages. Those less lucky, who like regularity, and kill time by a stop-watch, go in *gondoles*. I, who hate to clip his wings, or pull him by the forelock, and who give him ample leisure to whet his scythe and ogle his victims through the empty end of his glass, prefer the *gondolets*. It may be well to mention that *gondolet*, as here used, does not mean a water-going vehicle, but is adopted as the diminutive of *gondole*—the appellation of those long-bodied, lubberly conveyances, dragged, so apparently against their will, by four horses—and I choose the epithet, as more delicate and dignified than any of the villainous cognomina applied to the humble family of two-wheeled carriages which I so punctually patronize.

This degraded and ill-treated tribe of vehicles was once a flourishing and consequential body corporate. Patient suffering was not then its badge, nor obloquy its only notice. I do not know how it was, but I used to fancy that the raw-boned horses (for they were always of the same breed) held up their blind and crazy heads, stiffened their skeleton necks, and pawed forth their bowed and tottering fore legs, with somewhat of an aristocratical and feudal air. The drivers, too, in those *beaux jours*, cracked their whips with a more independent twist, and prided not, as they are now wont, into every house along the road; nor hallooed forth "Paris! Paris! Versailles!" to every foot passenger, with their present cringing tone.

I look on these poor drivers as I regard a negro, a gypsy, a Jew clothesman, or any other unfortunate being under the ban of proscription. I therefore always give them a helping hand along their comfortless career, and feel much more at my ease when looking up at the ponderous gondole, as its flashy yellow panels flaunt past us on the road. But these gondolets, so much the butt of contempt, have nevertheless many advantages over their gaudy competitors. In the summer season they are much cooler, and at all times to a man of lively fancy much easier. You have not much rumbling of wheels, and no rattling of windows; no suffocation from bad smells—for the air, like my advice, perhaps, "comes in at one ear and goes out at the other." You run no risk of an unpleasant countenance before you, nor of receiving a whiff of garlic into yours, for every one sits front foremost—in contrast to the corps of Irish yeomanry, whose captain, on a retreat, always ordered it to "advance backwards!" So if your front rank neighbors fall asleep and tumble forward, you are not the pillow they recline on. You halt when you like, to stretch your legs; you are not hurried at starting or stopping; and when you arrive, *after all*, and within an hour, more or less, of the unwieldy monsters I am writing (since I cannot run them) down.

Then, let me ask, does it go for nothing to have the *faciès* of the driver cheering your way? Is it nought to have the brave and intelligent soldiers of the guard, flowing over with thrilling anecdotes of flood and field, who go out to spend their Sundays at Versailles? Is it nothing to have the neat, chattering washerwomen—or perhaps the washerwomen's pretty daughters—coming with their linen to Paris on the Monday morning?

Nothing to hear all these, and others of their class, reading you lessons of courtesy and gallantry at every step; to hear of *sensibilité*, and *sentiment*, and *moralité*, and *phisque*, and *amitié*, and *amour*—and a hundred other delicate distinctions, from the mouths of artisans and "operatives," who in England breathe nothing but gin and tobacco?

Had I never gone in a gondolet, I never should have gained all the good things to be picked up in such a way of traveling—never should have learned the adventures of the amazon of the *quartier St. Louis*, who has seventeen wounds on her corpus, and enjoys the pension of a *sous-officier*—and never should have heard of the ghost story of *le bon curé de Viroflay*, nor seen his cross of the Legion of Honor, which he won as a soldier, and wears as a priest.

But before I repeat that story, and while he may be supposed reciting it to me as we joggled along in our gondolet, let me, gentle reader, give a hint or two for the passenger who goes thus from Paris to Versailles. Let him, then, above all things, remember not to forget to give a *sou* at starting, to the infirm, enfeebled wretch, male, female or epicene, who places a stool for his foot as he steps into the gondolet. Let him laugh heartily; and be pleased at, and give a *sou* to, those antic, soot-covered, one-colored harlequins, who tumble and caper at the side of the carriage, and pipe their monotonous, cuckoo-noted salutation, and tell you, grinningly, "*Je vous aimerai bien*?"—those little, barefooted, despised and dirty savoyards, who come down, poor things! in droves from their mountains, to sweep chimneys and clean shoes; and for whose misfortune there is lack of soot and mud in the summer season. Let him give a *sou* to the fine bald-pated octogenary at Sevre, whose head was two or three times anticipated by Rembrandt's imaginings, who tells you of his age, his poverty, his *deux bras cassés*, and his inability to earn his *pauvre pain*. Let him give five *sous* over and above his bargain to the poor driver. Let him—but I need not go on with those appeals to the charities of men. There are objects enough on the road to give the hint more forcibly than I can.

I must, however, caution the traveler to read, by all means, the parallel lessons each side of him on his journey: to moralize, just on quitting the *Place Louis Quinze*, on the bathing boys swimming down the river to the left, opposed to the full grown children floating on the tide of fashion in the *Champs Elysées* to the right. Then there is the golden dome of the invalids, directly fronting the *Pompe à feu*—glory on the one hand, and smoke on the other. Passing on, there is the new bridge of St. Cloud, as useful and unpicturesque as art could make it; and the mouldering remains of the old one at Sevre, as romantic and rotting as any natural beauty. The palace of the king rises royally above the woods to the north; and on the south is the cottage hiding itself in verdure, where lived one of our best poets, and after him an unworthy aspirant for the mantle, which (luckily for the world) he has not yet cast away—the very resting-place where genius would love to nestle.

And now—arrived at Viroflay—now for the story of its worthy curate!

"Yes, yes, my good sir," continued the cure, the previous part of our conversation having led to, but not bearing directly on my present subject, "yes, the man who goes through life in the mere routine of its pleasures, or even its crimes, knows little of the true nature of pleasure or the real effect of crime. It is he who cuts short his dissipation in full career, and retires from the world with all the capability of enjoyment, that sees in the mellow light of reflection the true nature of what he has enjoyed. I have done that; and am now, at fifty, after ten years of seclusion, happy in the memory of delights that will never fade. The darker portion of my problem must be proved, thank Heaven, from other experience than mine. But no one, I firmly believe, can know the terrible consequences of guilt but he who seeks refuge from remorse in solitude. Common contrition, or punishment even, fails to let him into the depths of suffering he has provoked. If a good man, who has enjoyed life, would wish to enjoy it still, or a bad one would repent his wicked ways, it is *there* they must retire, to learn enjoyment and do penance."

"That is to say," replied I, "that *there* imagination has ample play, and brings back all the scenes of life with tenfold exaggeration—you must have known it

power fully, my good father, from the extremes through which you appear to have passed."

"Known the power of imagination!" rejoined the curé, with a peculiar emphasis, a look as if his mind wandered to other worlds, and a gesture of nervous agitation—"of imagination! and pray, sir, what is that? Will you be good enough to define for me the direct line between fact and fancy?"

"Reverend sir," said I, somewhat astonished and piqued at his half serious, half ironical tone, "whoever has learned the first principles of drawing, knows that the most difficult of all things is to trace a straight line."

"True, sir, true—excuse my reticence—you touched inadvertently a tender chord—I did not calculate how far back or how deep my idle observations would have thrown my thoughts. Be satisfied, however, that I have felt the full force of solitude, in reference to guilt as well as folly."

"The latter, as respects your own early life? The former, as relates to—whom?" asked I, with a rather unjustifiable keenness of inquiry. But there was something in the curé's manner and look that spurred my curiosity beyond the bounds of that arrogant servility which is commonly called good breeding.

"Sir," said he, in an impressive and somewhat severe tone, "you may be aware that my duty often leads me into scenes where every human passion is laid bare to me; but at the same time the sufferer—the sinner, let me say—is covered with a sacred veil. Neither the name of the penitent nor the nature of the crime may be breathed from the confessor's lips."

This rebuke silenced me; but I was by no means sulky; and some little attentions to the good curé as we jogged along brought him to his former sociable tone and led to a renewal of our chat. But that epithet is really too familiar and trifling to express the nature of our conversation, which insensibly caught a most serious tinge, and became deeper and deeper at almost every phrase. I thought there was something on the curé's mind connected with recollections that my former random observations had aroused. I made no attempt to check the troubled current of his thoughts. There is a sacredness in the anxiety of a good man which no wise one dares to disturb. And those who best know the wisdom of playing the fool on fit occasions—the practical paraphrasts of the *dulce est decipere*—have the readiest tact at seeing when the cap should be doffed and the bells silent. For my part, I should, in the present case, have assumed a gravity even if I felt it not; but I was thoroughly and deeply impressed with it as the good curé discoursed.

I scarcely remember by what subtle link our talk was led to supernatural subjects. My old remark about the force of imagination was certainly at the end of the chain, along which our ideas ran with electrical speed. We were soon, however, deep in the topic which possesses of all others the profoundest interest—for the enthusiast as a point of his creed, for the sceptic as a mark of scorn. But believer and infidel alike feel a shudder as they pass through a graveyard at night; and whose are the nerves that do not thrill at the solemn narration of a ghost story?

"You are going on to Versailles?" asked the curé, with a determined tone of interrogation, as the gondolet suddenly stopped at a narrow road, leading from the main *chaussée* to the left, and almost covered with the graceful branches of acacias and lime trees which perfumed the air all around us.

"Yes, are not you?" rejoined I, much disappointed at this apparent approach of a separation from my companion.

"No," said he, "this way lies my path;" and it was then only I discovered that I had been journeying and talking with *le bon curé de Viroflay*, of whom I had heard so often and so favorably. A few words of invitation to walk with him to his village hard by, and thence through the wood of Sartory to Versailles, were answered by my springing out of the gondolet; and in a minute more we were *en route* together, under the perfumed canopy that hung across the by-way already mentioned.

"You see that roofless skeleton of a cottage yonder, on the skirts of the wood?" said the curé, pointing to the object he described. "Well! that wretched hovel once formed for me, and not long since, a place of illustration to much of what we have been talking about.

It was for some years the refuge of terrible guilt, and the scene of more terrible expiation—ay, and of more than our conversation has embraced. The wretched criminal who lived and died there was one of those men whom the furnace heat of our revolution reddened into fiends, whose blood turned to flame, and who sought to cool their burning hands by plunging them into streams of gore. He was steeped in cruelty and crime. But of all his deeds, one of still deeper horror than the rest preyed on and haunted him with fearful force. By day or night, sleeping or waking, he had no respite from the memory of this act—would I could say repentance was joined with remorse! But he repented not. A morbid sense of sin, a frightful state of present suffering, and a fierce dread of future punishment, were the sum of his feelings. He shunned mankind. His whole intercourse with the world was limited to the sustenance of life. He employed a poor beggar-woman to seek his scanty food; but he would not, or could not, perhaps, bear to see another human face. Neither had he cat or dog, or any domestic animal, to solace him with a look of dependent sympathy. He lived in the wood, flying even at the sight of the foresters; and the sudden sound of the axe, as it struck against a falling tree, has been often followed by a shriek of despair from the poor sinner that made the rough woodman shudder. Yet no one then knew the secret of his emotion or the cause of his misanthropy—they were never known to but one, and that one is myself.

"But at the time I speak of, he used to shun me with peculiar care. Twice or thrice has he started from the wood into the path along which I was walking, and at sight of my priest's dress, with a look, a shudder and a shriek of mixed horror and hatred, he would spring into the covert and fly. As I heard him rushing through the branches of the underwood, I used to cross myself and send a blessing after him, and offer up a prayer, which I hope found its way to heaven.

"At length came an end to this awful tragedy of life. One night, about a year ago, a deep, solemn summer's night, moonless and starless, oppressive and thick, I was lying in bed in my own cottage in the village there, unable to sleep from heat, reading by the light of my lamp, and inhaling the perfume of the roses that hung clustering round my open window, when I heard suddenly, and close by the casement, that well-known shriek which no voice but his could utter. I sprang from my bed, hurried on my clothes, and went out into the garden—an irresistible influence seemed forcing me along. I caught the sound once more—distant and fainter, and in the direction of the hovel. I followed it instinctively; and as I came close to the dreary abode, I was shocked by the report of a pistol from within. My blood curdled. I was sure the frantic wretch had destroyed himself—I was right. I entered the open door, and found him lying on the earthen floor, bathed in his own blood. The old woman was stooping over him, striving to staunch the wound with her rags. The courageous and clear-sighted humanity of her sex told her to do so. A man would have ran for assistance, and left the sufferer to bleed to death. But all the aid of art could not have saved the miserable suicide. The wound was mortal.

"We placed him on his pallet—he listened to my voice—he heard my words—the first sounds of consolation that had broken on him for years. I had touched his heart, and I saw tears gush from his eyes—the first he had ever shed. I sat by his side alone, for I despatched the old woman for the village surgeon; and the sinner had time and strength to mutter his full confession. He died of exhaustion, for the stream of life would not yield to my efforts to staunch it. When the woman and the doctor arrived, they found me beside the ghastly corpse. I performed my last duties, and left the hovel. Never had I suffered so much. Death and blood had long been familiar to me. Death-bed confessions were of almost daily occurrence. But I had never before seen a self-murderer die—never had heard such a tale of horror as that!

"I reached my cottage, and found the door open as I had left it. I entered. The lamp was still burning by my bedside. I flung myself down, and reciting some passages of my breviary, I strove to compose myself to sleep. But I was long in a fever of agitation. At times I fancied I heard the shriek, and I sprang up in the bed. Again, I thought I heard a rustling in the rose-trees,

and could almost believe I distinguished the sounds of feet flying as did those of the suicide, when he was driven frantic from the cottage window on discovering me reposing so calmly on my bed. For he had come with the intention of seeking me, and pouring his secret into my bosom; but despair seized on him at sight of my tranquil confidence; and his next impulse was to place the fatal pistol to his breast.

"By degrees I grew drowsy—the book dropped from my hand—the lamp was dying beside me—a lurid glare was around—my eyes, which had been half closed, opened suddenly wide—I gazed at the foot of the bed, and I there saw the ghastly and bloody figure of the suicide kneeling with uplifted hands and glazed eyes fixed upon me—and I could not move a limb. I would have shut out the fearful object, but my lids refused to close. I felt the eye-balls starting from their sockets. I strove to cover my head with the bed-clothes, but the spectre leaning against them, held them fast. At length a shower of perspiration, cold and clammy, burst from all my pores. I was relieved, though exhausted; and already my eyes became familiarized to the horrid object. I rose up in the bed, and stepped upon the floor. I made the sign of the cross; but the spectre did not disappear. I repeated more than one prayer; but still it knelt, following me with its leaden gaze. I confess that in my terror the memory of some old superstition, profane, if not blasphemous, crossed my mind; and I muttered, in fear and trembling, some absurd incantations that I learned in boyhood, for exorcising spirits. The spectre stirred not, but a loathsome grin spread across the livid and blood-stained face. At this sight I raised my hands above my head; and I felt the hair stand up on end against my palms, my knees tottered and my teeth chattered. The spectre seemed to chuckle inwardly, for it shook and grinned—but no sound escaped it.

"Good God!" cried I, "I am beset by a fiend—the evil one has thrown himself before me—I am caught in the snare!" The spectre nodded its hideous head, as if in confirmation of my fears. I strove to scream, not exactly for help, for I felt myself hopeless; but in the despairing notion that I might scare away the ghost. My throat was parched—the voice was choked in its attempt at utterance. The spectre never turned its eyes from me, nor relaxed its grin. Can I ever forget that basilisk glance?

"After standing thus for some minutes, all the energy of my despair was aroused, and I prepared to rush through the doorway, which was close at the foot of my bed. But the spectre knelt directly across, and whole mountains of adamant had not formed a more impassable barrier than did that horrid shade. I stood again transfixed. Again I prayed; and still the spectre mocked me. It seemed fixed to the place for ever. I heard the village clock strike the hour—it was two. I strove to turn my head toward the window, hoping to see the dawn. I could not move it—the frightful attraction before me kept it firm fixed.

"The quarter struck. I thought an age had elapsed since the tolling of the hour. Another quarter—another—another! Oh, that eternity of horror! The clock struck three—long, solemn peals, that roused the country for leagues; but the spectre stirred not yet. I saw the dawn. The sunbeams that entered behind me at the window stole gradually along the wall at either side; and at length the yellow light fell full upon the spectre, and gilded its odious aspect with a tinge of horrible splendor. The sunbeams shot through it, proving it to be a phantom—yet it maintained all the dreadful reality of matter. Every nerve and fibre of the fleshless form was displayed to me. It was already a half-formed skeleton. I sickened with disgust, and flung myself back upon a chair close to the window. The morning air breathed on me, and I recovered. I heard the cock crow. My heart throbbled with rapture at this summons. I looked to observe the spectre vanish; but it only grinned again, and mocked me with horrid grimaces. I thought of escaping by the window; but as I attempted to rise, I felt as though held down by an immovable weight of lead. My breast heaved and panted, and I felt suffocating.

"Holy Mary, thought I, can this indeed be real? Surely I sleep—this phantom is only of my brain! At this moment I heard some one in the garden. I made an effort, in desperate delight, to turn my eyes. I did so, and saw the old gardener hobbling across the walk.

I was resolved to speak, if possible. Another forcible attempt at utterance succeeded. I bade old Simeon good morrow! "Good morrow, reverend father," said the pious old man: "your reverence is up betimes." It is, it must have been a dream, said I, and turned my eyes boldly in the direction of my bed. God! how I thrilled with agony at seeing the spectre unmoved from its position, unchanged in attitude and look! Reason and fear (that so often o'ermasters reason,) combined to endow me with almost more than mortal energy—I will not believe this, cried I aloud—I cannot, dare not support it—I am going mad! Heaven save and protect me, and give me grace under this terrible affliction! Or do I indeed sleep, in spite of all this evidence of waking sensation? Do I, can I indeed sleep? With a wild throeb of ecstasy at the revived hope that I slept, I seized in a paroxysm of agitation the water-jug that stood on my table. This will awake me, if indeed I sleep, exclaimed I, and I flung the whole contents in my face.

"A convulsive and half-suffocating sensation in my throat, and a fierce start from the chair on which I sat, were the instant consequences. At the same moment a burst of feeble laughter from a well-known voice burst upon my ear. I looked forward with all my eyes. The spectre had vanished, and I saw in its stead the figure of my old female attendant standing before me. But in a moment her laugh was followed by a cry of terror. I looked into the glass beside me, and saw with horror almost equal to hers, that I was covered with blood.

"In an instant I understood the whole appalling pageant. I had indeed been in that state of animated stupor, that doubtful, double existence, between reality and imagination, when the mind and body are half insensible and half alive. Such was the state of my feelings, at once excited and exhausted. And oh, that such may never be the lot of any human being! A night like that is an eternity of misery—a purgatory upon earth—a living hell! But I must not dwell on the subject—its recurrence is horrible; I must let the memory of that dreadful scene moulder away from my brain, as the remnant of that wretched hovel is crumbling in the winds!"

Such was in substance, and nearly word for word, the curé's recital. I confess it made me thrill in the spoken detail. How it may tell on paper, I cannot venture to surmise. But my readers, let them think of it as they may, must not cavil at its title, nor accuse it of promising more than I meant to perform: for while I knew I was about to tell "a real ghost story," I never intended to say it was the story of a real ghost.

THE WINE CELLAR.

STEPHEN CURLEW was a thrifty goldsmith in the reign of the second Charles. His shop was a mine of metal: he worked for the court, although, we fear, his name is not to be found in any record in the State-Paper Office. Stephen was a bachelor, and, what is strange, he never complained of his loneliness. His chased ewers, his embossed goblets, his gold in bars, were to him wife and children. Midas was his only kinsman. He would creep among his treasures, like an old gray rat, and rub his hands, and smile, as if communing with the wealth about him. He had so long hugged gold to his heart, that it beat for nothing else. Stephen was a practical philosopher; for he would meekly take the order—nay, consult the caprice—of the veriest popinjay with the humility of a pauper, when, at a word, he might have outblazoned lords and earls. If this be not real philosophy, thought Stephen, as he walked slipshod at the heels of his customers, what is it?

Stephen was a man of temperance: he was content to see venison carved on his hunting-cups; he cared not to have it in his larder. His eyes would melt at clustering grapes chased on banquet goblets; but no drop of the living juice passed the goldsmith's lips. Stephen only gave audience to Bacchus when introduced by Pluto. Such was the frugality of Stephen in his sixty-fifth year; and then, or his name had not been eternized in this our page, temptation fell upon him.

It was eight o'clock, on a raw spring evening, and Stephen sat alone in his back room. There was no more fire upon the hearth than might have lain in a tin-

on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked at her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading, innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich coloring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's

love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that de Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and every day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favor this project, he assumed an affectionate manner toward his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him anything, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St. Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated, with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she plead in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire, proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed de Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh why did you marry me?" she exclaimed in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell to the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet, submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-

thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke of her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for de Rance did intend, by demonstrations of kindness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had entrammelled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he had stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his willfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for Louis. "Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the spirit-land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she had once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the spirit-land together," she exclaimed; "he cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it toward the Falls of St. Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves, and beckons!" she said. The boy looked on the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY C. MAC FARLANE.

THE sun was sinking behind the dark blue hills of Priuli, and lengthening the shadows of Venice across the rippling waves of the Adriatic, when two Senators, who were taking their evening promenade on one of the murazzi or outer terraces which the industry of man had gained and secured from a formidable element, perceived a trim galley on the purple line of the horizon, pressing forward toward the city.

"That should be a vessel of the state," said one of the signors; "from whence may she be?"

"Why not from Constantinople?" replied his companion; "it is time that some of that conquering expedition should be returned to the 'Winged Lion.'"

"Saint Mark grant that it prove as you say! But she keeps a gallant course, and will soon be here to speak for herself."

The two senators, who, though both advanced in years, still glowed with that patriotic spirit which was destined to raise the low-sunk islets of Venice to such unprecedented glory, leaned against a parapet wall that ran along the edge of the murazzo, fixing their earnest gaze upon the vessel, which, rapidly advancing, grew in magnitude to their eyes at every minute. She had been laboring on with all her long oars; but now the sun had set, and an evening breeze, a *vento di terra*, from the lofty mountains of Dalmatia, roughened the gulf. The sails, already set, were properly bent to catch the favoring wind, and another and another sail was hoisted, until the hulk seemed to bear the proportion to them that the body of the sea-fowl does to its widely spreading and pure white wings. Nor could the flight of the gull or the albatross be well more rapid or direct than the sailing of the Venetian galley. She rushed like "a thing of life" over the darkening waves, and presently the white foam was seen curling, and the phosphoric light flashing before her impetuous bow. As she neared, the last gleams of day showed the proud banner of the republic floating on her lofty stern.

"My Tebaldo—my son, my only one—fell a victim to the liquid and unextinguishable fire of the Greeks at the first siege of their heretical capital—but there are other fathers than me in Venice, and mothers who love their offspring, and wives who adore their husbands, and of a certainty for some of these there is great joy. The galley is the 'Corriere' of the great Dandolo, the swiftest vessel of our fleets, and she comes, the harbinger of happiness to thousands. The rest will not be far behind."

The senator who pronounced these words, began in a subdued and melancholy tone; but his voice strengthened and his eye flashed as he continued, losing in the bliss of others, and in the contemplation of the glory of his country, the sense of his private and irremediable misfortune.

"Viva San Marco! Viva la Santa Chiesa!—and the republic of Venice, that has put the keys of Saint Peter within the boasted gates of Constantinople!" exclaimed the other senator.

"Viva San Marco and the republic!" rejoined the childless man.

Their aged voices had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when a loud continuous shout—a shout of transporting joy and triumph, rose from the deck and the rigging of the galley, and made itself heard, despite of distance, and the lash and roar of the waves that broke in foam at the feet of the two senators. The next instant that soul-stirring exclamation was answered by another shout that absolutely smothered, while it lasted, the sounds of wind and wave; and turning round, the senators saw, on the edges of other terraces, and on the scattered islets that afforded the best points of observations, the mass of the population of Venice gazing, like themselves, on the returning galley. In an instant numerous barks were seen to glide from the *canales*, and dancing in fantastic groups over the heaving sea, to pull with strenuous oars toward the ship; the patriotism or the more private affections of many not brooking the delay of a few minutes, which would see her at anchor within Venice.

As she came, with the breeze that still freshened singing through her shrouds, a simultaneous display of countless blue lights was launched from her deck high into the heavens, where the crescent moon, with "a single star at her side," seemed to smile at these testi-

monials of joy, and to welcome the wanderers back again. The mimics of heaven's thunders, the pealing cannons, were not yet known; but the roar of voices that again rose from the *marazzi*, and the ship, and the boats mid-way between them, might almost equal the *rimbombo* of artillery, than which it was infinitely more replete with meaning, for the united voices of thousands distinctly syllabled the patriotic cry, which was still—
"Viva San Marco e la città di Venezia!"

There was silence for a while. The galley, now surrounded by the barks from the shore, glided round one of the islets which had intercepted the prospect, and presently the crew saw all the low houses of the town, with the clear domestic light shining from their lattices, full before them. The transport that then bounded in the hearts of the wanderers, the shout that then rose from the galley deck, must have been intense—

"For what can consecrate the joys of home,
Like one glad glance from ocean's troubled foam."

The two senators quitted the parapet, and repaired with hasty steps to the galley-quay, where they found many of their order, with most of the leading citizens, already assembled, and anxiously awaiting to speak with the gallant commander of the "Corriere." Soon the welcome vessel stood with her prow a few spans' length from the shore: and anon, with rapid manoeuvres, she swung round, and lay with her broadside against the edge of the quay. Another shout and cry of triumph, and the captain leaped on shore, and bowed before the senators and citizens of Venice.

"Thou art welcome, Sausti," said the foremost of the company; "thou art welcome as the confirmer of good tidings, but doubly welcome as a hero who has honored his Venetian blood by his deeds before the walls of Constantinople!"

The captain bowed more lowly than before. "The *Scampa-via* of Zani has then brought in safety our lord the Doge's despatches to the senate of Venice?" inquired he modestly.

"It has even done so much," replied the Senator; "and we have long since learned that the winged lion is flying for the second time over the walls of the capital of the east!"

"And long may it there fly," cried Sausti, "and may the sons of Venice 'plant the lion,'—the standard of San Marco and the republic, over many a conquest as fair as this!"

The assembled multitude echoed the words of the captain, and the air was rent by shouts of "*Pianta leone!*" the popular war-cry, which was indeed destined to be heard on many a foreign shore.

"But Sausti," resumed the senator who had already spoken, "what of the fleet? A portion certainly should be at Venice ere this, were it but to lay the trophies in the temple of our saint, under whom our arms have so prospered."

"I left the fleet to-day at noon—they had gained the height of Cape Torrela, and only let this fair breeze blow till midnight, and we shall see them at the rising of to-morrow's sun."

This news spread with the swiftness of lightning through the multitude, and thence through the whole city; and the childless senator had predicted aright when he said "that for some there would be great joy in Venice on this night!" There was indeed too much joy—and alas! in many instances too much assured sorrow, or harrowing apprehension, to permit sleep. The affectionate wife with tears in her eyes kissed the little slumberer in its cradle, or assured the half forgetful prattler on her knee that to-morrow he should see his father; or with provident care she turned over the humble treasures of her coffers, to select fitting raiment for her long absent spouse; or with diligent hands she prepared the restoring condiments, so welcome after the privations of a tedious sea-voyage, or she sought the draughts for the wine-cup which "maketh glad the heart of man." The fond mother, whose son had gone to the east, with the red cross on his breast, rested not on her pillow, but gazing on the flickering lamp, asked a thousand times, "Oh! will the light of to-morrow's sun show me my boy in his strength and in his beauty—or assure me that the light of life has for ever quitted his eyes!" The betrothed maiden, or she who had cherished a fond passion, paced her chamber floor with hurried steps, or, gazing out of her chamber on the sea waves, sighed to the strong winds that agitated them as love did her young bosom—"And will he come with

the morrow?—and will he love me as when he went?"

That short summer night seemed of interminable length at Venice; but the morrow came at last, and in the grey horizon, at the very point where the "Corriere" had first appeared on the preceding evening, a broad white sail was seen. A sail, and another, and another, rose to the eye from that sober but brightening line, until the whole fleet was in view, and advanced, the orb of day rising in their rear, like a vast flock of wild swans, glancing their long white necks and buoyant white wings in the golden beams of morning. In the city the matin summons to prayer sounded cheerfully on the ear, and in each Christian temple a song of thanksgiving succeeded the words of supplication. Our story is laid in very remote times; but it was not until their religious duties were performed, that the people of Venice began their preparations for the triumphal reception of their home-wending heroes, or hastened to meet the object of their hearts' warm affections. But when, in their weakness and insufficiency, they had paid their due to heaven, they entered on the business of life with zeal, and the city was agitated from one end to the other. Carpenters and other artisans were employed in laying stages for the warriors to tread upon, in their descent from the victorious galleys, or in erecting platforms whence the Venetian fair might wave their kerchiefs to the brave, or galleries whence the musicians might hail the return of those who had prevailed in the good fight, with the Lion and Saint Mark for their aid! Women and children ran to gather the scanty supply of verdure and of flowers that the sea-girt city afforded; but others were despatched to the main land, to draw the laurel and the rose from the banks of the Brenta.

Inanimate nature seemed to partake in the joy and triumph of man, and a bright and exhilarating sun, a gay blue sky, a sea serene, and a breeze as gentle as the sigh of happy love, were propitious to Venice and her day of rejoicing.

Meanwhile the fleet came on, spread out into the figure of a crescent. Every ship was distinctly visible through that fine transparent atmosphere; and as they glided over the placid waters toward their place of rest, the appropriate banner of each was clearly seen, and the impatient citizens on shore could tell the particular galley in which had sailed a son, a brother, or a friend. "There is the *Stella!*" cried an old man, "my own brave boy commands there!" "And there the *Speranza!*" cried another, "and, God be praised, my Francesco's flag still floats on her mast head!" Exclamations like these, and the eloquent outpourings of natural affection, were heard every moment to proceed from the congregated thousands, while the speaking faces, the expressive Italian countenances there collected, offered to the eye a picture on which the artist might have dwelt with apprehension and delight.

The fleet was now so near, that the sounds of their warlike music were heard, and every detail, to use the language of the painter, was distinctly made out. The bright painted shields of the returning knights and squires were arranged on either side of the galleys; the warriors stood on the deck in their armor of mail, with the silver-inlaid morion on their heads, and the burnished arms in their hands—the broad lance, the battle-axe, and the steel-tipped mace, threw back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness; the "winged lion," the standard of the republic, flew over their heads; the banners of the patrician families of Venice floated on the elevated stern-quarter of the ships; while the principal galley, "which had borne the blind old Dandolo" to the scene of his glory, was distinguished by a vast white banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, the new, the proud, "the singular, but accurate title" of "Lord of three-eighths of the Roman Empire," assumed by the conquering Doge, and afterward retained by the Venetian republic.

The instruments of the musicians, of which only the more clangous, as the cymbal or the trumpet, had at first been heard, now were all mingled and audible; with each passing moment they waxed louder and louder, until they burst on the ear with an overpowering peal—an air of war and triumph, to which the voices of the warriors and mariners formed an accompaniment. Then there rose to heaven a shout from those on shore that made Venice to ring through her hundred islets, and the cymbal and the harp, "the shrill trumpet, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," gave back a response to the galleys that, "glided

by the sun, and reflected by the waters," now first approached land.

On shore, as on the sea, the spectacle was imposing. Venice, indeed, was not yet the splendid city that claimed the world's admiration; she could not yet boast that accumulation of ancient and modern art, which was afterward to attract the stranger from many a distant land; but so early as this, or at the commencement of the thirteenth century, Venice was a city of importance—as remarkable as she ever could be, from her peculiar situation—even beautiful and stately if compared with the cities, her cotemporaries, in any other part of the world than Italy. The *Campanile*, or lofty tower of St. Mark, did not yet pierce the clouds, nor did the temple then offer to the observer's eye that striking mixture of Greek and Saracenic architecture, those long-extending rows of arches, that forest of columns, all of precious marble, those beautiful mosaics, and that general richness and vastness, which resulted from after-ages of commerce, wealth and genius. But the bones of the blessed apostle—of the evangelist whose name, says a Venetian historian, is associated with all the glories of the republic, had reposed there ever since the eighth century; and the devotion of the Venetians had raised over those sacred relics an edifice vast in dimensions, and not destitute of beauty. The obelisks of granite, and the elaborately sculptured pillars, stood not yet in the piazza or the piazzetta; the horses of bronze—those obsequious followers in the train of victory—those records of the mutability of fortune, stood not yet over the door of the temple, though they were soon to be there, for it was this returning fleet that brought them as a trophy from captured Constantinople. In fine, Egypt and Syria, Greece and the isles of Greece, had not yet been conquered and despoiled of their glorious remains to ornament the proud "Sea Cybele;" but, at the same time, some objects of art and antiquity had been imported; some improvement from the study of them had been introduced in architecture and sculpture; and Italian genius, destined in after-time to rival that of Hellas, had begun to dawn, and Italian taste to show itself in the construction of their habitations, their churches, and public edifices.

It might be said, perhaps, that at the epoch of our tale, Venice was about equi-distant from what she was at her humble origin—a collection of low huts scattered on the sea-lashed sand-banks and rocks, whose poor inhabitants, Cassiodorus, the minister of Theoderic, compared to "water-fowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves;" and what she became after the sixteenth century, when the wealth of the east had been poured in her lap, and the genius of Palladio and others had filled her with beauty.

But the moral picture offered to Venice at that period, was, perhaps, far more interesting and worthy of admiration. In Venice "the art and spirit of commercial industry had revived, and was then extending its Brianan arms to every shore of the Mediterranean. On the perilous career of conquest she had entered with great *clat*, and, considering her origin and position, the influence she exercised on the politics of the south and east of Europe was astonishing. The banners of three subject nations did not yet float before St. Mark's; but an emperor had knelt there—a pope had been the guest of the republic, and his gratitude had invested Venice with the auptial ring with which, on each succeeding year, she was to espouse the Adriatic—which she was to wear as the absolute mistress and sovereign of the seas.

The glorious dawn of liberty among the neighbors of Venice, the Lombard cities—that dawn that was destined never to reach its meridian splendor, but to expire in the night of a despicable and enduring slavery—was even then a faint light compared to that which emanated from the liberal institutions of the republic, where a hard-hearted oligarchy, anxious, indeed, for the glory of the state, but indifferent to human suffering and crime, had not yet seized absolute power, nor sent its victims in mystery across the "Bridge of Sighs." The city of the isles might at this period be compared to a hero, still young, had gallantly advanced on the career of glory; whose aspirations were lofty, whose shield was not bedimmed with blood; who had not yet acquired and abused (alas! why should one be consequent on the other!) extensive and uncontrolled power; to whose future successes one might look with confidence; and we, at the distance of centuries, may

also partake in the enthusiasm of the old chroniclers who record the triumph of her conquering sons returned from Constantinople.

The piazzetta, which is situated by the side of the church of Saint Mark, then contained the principal edifices of the republic, and it was here the knights and the captains of the galleys, that had now come to anchor close to the quay, descended by stairs and platforms prepared for them, and covered with laurels and flowers, banners and silks of Tyrian dye—and it was here their anxious feet again touched their native soil, and their relatives and friends received them to their passionate embrace. As one by one they stepped on shore, the people rent the air with their exclamations; the signiors of the republic, in an open balcony, bowed to them, as a herald repeated their distinguished names; while the bands of music pealed the notes of triumph, and the fair daughters of Venice "looked and smiled a welcome." The general picture of joy and grief—and grief there was in the midst of all these rejoicings, for many returned not to bless the eyes of affection, but remained in the country they had conquered, and many had sped to those regions whence there is no return—this general picture would be far too vast even to be sketched here, and thus we will attach ourselves to the fortunes and feelings of one who figured in this day's pageantry.

Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani, and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the east, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty, as he for his valor. Yet, on the threshold of the hymenial temple, he did not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the doge's exploits were achieved he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, lay the laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered—Constantinople had witnessed his valor—and now, returned, the piazzetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embraces of his aged father, without alarm at his tears—for overwrought joy will weep even as sorrow does: he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relatives and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But what means this omission?—Bianca was not among them—Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd answered, "Bianca is no more! she sleeps with her father in the church of Saint Theodore."

"No more!" moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as monumental marble; and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there—where she must have been had life and love animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, where, now in his youth and his glory, he could have wished to see a grave open for himself. His old father felt on his neck and wept aloud.

For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. "Is it even as they say?" cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend, Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and, dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocated voice, "Alas! alas! it is even so—Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on her road to the sepulchre!"

Such irremediable woe where so much bliss was expected—such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious and stormy waves—such a return—such a welcome—such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes was not to be supported. With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy—the most animated where all were animated, was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

It was long ere he returned to life and reason; and

oh, how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun—he would have shut out its rays for ever! He was deaf to the assiduous advice and consolation of his friends who thronged about him—he was mute, too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or disease of his bride. Was it not enough to know that she was forever torn from him—dead! what mattered the mode or the circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted signor, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company. When, in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him, he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room—he drew the curtains—the sight was a cruel one! There was the *talamo*, or splendid nuptial bed, his friends had prepared and decorated for his return—there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered rose-wreaths mixed with the laurel crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of the name of his Bianca. And hungry death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of wo—in his ear, a sound of despair! He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and, burying his burning face in his hands, gave vent for the first time to a copious flood of tears.

As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph and shouted the names of their gallant warriors and captains of their galleys. It could not be that his should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he; and as a crowd passed in front of his paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed "Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of Saint Mark!" The sounds struck his ears, but now they could elicit only a bitter smile.

The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft bridegroom; but, as the shades of night descended, a wild idea, an uncontrollable impulse invaded him.

"And shall my fond eyes obtain not a glance of that being of love and beauty? Shall my Bianca?" reasoned the passionate youth (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason)—"my betrothed, be consumed by vile worms, and I not see the loveliness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday—must still be beautiful! Yes! I will see her once again! I will once again press those lips, though they be cold—cold!"

At a late hour he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church—alas! he was to have been married there! A handful of gold gained over the *sacristano*, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there dimly before the effigies of the Virgin Mother and of the more conspicuous saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows; but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover. The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind with indescribable emotion; the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings, too—and nothing is more imaginative or creative of ideal horrors than a certain stage of grief—contributed to delude the senses; and as the crests trembled, and the moonlight, strangely colored by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that—he saw, or fancied, the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hands,

as if warning him against sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead. Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the sacristano had left ajar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night-breeze, that, moaning among the columns and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice, but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad, or guilt-burdened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenceness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon, however, came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the capella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of his bride's family. Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre by a lamp that flickered on the altar or capella. Hurried, breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it—it receded; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and cold sweat on his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave; yet he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and, crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin who saw his wo, and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps through a short dark passage, and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death. A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on that cold white marble. He grasped at once the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been effectually deterred from completing his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her "decent limbs composed" beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight—and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand.

When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin; and, as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illuminated the face of his lovely bride. * * * And could this be death? Why even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins!—even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her innocent bosom the same as erst—and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eyelids, with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream! "No, this cannot be death!" cried Gherardo, deliriously: "She sleeps—she only sleeps! Oh wake! in pity, wake, my Bianca—my love—my wife!" He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moon-lit countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate adjuration. "Bianca!" continued he, "my own Bianca! why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the warm kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give them thee!" and throwing himself across the marble coffin, he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again—if it was delusion, it continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus—he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt that heart palpitate beneath his hand! Another moment, and her eyes opened, while a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues, in the moonlight, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both, had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

The *CHRONICLER'S* TALE is told. The ignorance of

the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death, usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed almost at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her hymeneals; and her bridal coronet of white roses was supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral.

SPRING.

And now stern Winter o'er his daughter Spring
Half smiling bends, and from her lovely face,
With cautious hand, as fearful to awake
The sleeping beauty from her trance too soon,
The snowy veil removes; and see the nymph
Slowly arises from her verdant couch,
While Nature with one general burst of joy
Hails her return!
Man owns her influence too—the frozen fount
Of Fancy gushes from his heart anew,
And many a sportive thought, that, midst the gloom
Of cheerless Winter, all neglected lay,
Like some forgotten wild flower, blooms again.

LACY DE VERE.

Doom'd to be
The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,
Must hang upon a blasted tree.—*Wordsworth.*

THE founder of the family of the de Veres came over with the first William; but not as an adventurer allured by the prospect of gain and the hope of acquiring titular distinction, for the insignia of knighthood had already been bestowed upon him in his own land. When, however, the Conquest rendered it alike the duty and policy of William to attach his Norman followers to his person, Rupert de Vere was one of the first who received solid proofs of that monarch's favor. Generation followed generation; king after king succeeded to the throne; centuries of change, romance and tragedy, fulfilled their chequered fate; and in the history of all, the de Veres were eminently conspicuous.

But Time, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,

began, at length, to exercise an evil influence on the fortunes of the house; and toward the middle of the fifteenth century, Hugh, the then baron de Vere, had little to transmit to his children beyond the name and noble nature of his ancestors. Instead of the broad manors and princely dwellings once connected with the title, he found himself reduced to a single castle, situated on the sea-coast in the north of England; one, that in the proud days of the family, had been erected as a mere hold for the protection of the northern vassals from the incursions of the Scottish borderers. At the period in question, the Wars of the Roses, those suicidal wars of the same people, were at their height. Every county became in turn a field of battle, till the whole kingdom was saturated with the blood of its inhabitants. The ties of neighborhood, even of kindred, were dissolved. Inhabitants of the same village, members of one household, separated only to meet again in hatred and blood-thirstiness—only to reunite in the fierce onset of battle—neighbors as strangers, friends as rivals, children of one mother as sworn foes!

Though it was in consequence of these wars that the family of the de Veres became extinct—from one sorrow, and one disgrace, they were free—they neither espoused the cause of rebellion, nor were they divided among themselves. At the first raising of king Henry's standard, the old baron braced on his armor; and if, owing to the changed fortunes of his house, many went forth to the service of that monarch with a larger train of vassals, not one, whether prince or knight, could compete with Hugh de Vere in the value of his offering. He brought with him six brave sons, devoted to him and to each other, the pillars of his house, the guardians of his age. Even the youngest, the fair stripling Lacy, girt with the sword which his father, when himself a youth, had wielded at Agincourt—he too was there, stately in step and bold of heart as the mailed man of a hundred battles.

That was neither a time nor a court calculated to encourage tenderness of heart; and she, the guiding spirit of both, was little subject to its influence; yet as the baron presented his sons, each after each according to his age, an expression of sorrow passed for an instant over the countenance of queen Margaret, when Lacy stepped from the circle and kneeled down. "Nay, nay, my lord," said she, hastily, "leave the boy behind; why expose a life that can benefit neither friend nor foe? Rise, rise, poor child; what canst thou do for us?"

"I can die," said the noble boy, with a passionate enthusiasm, that thrilled his father's heart with mingled pride and sorrow.

"Well said!" replied the queen, fixing her cold, proud eye on Lacy's countenance, yet glowing with emotion.

He understood its meanings and returned the searching glance with something like an expression of indignant defiance.

"I perceive he is a de Vere," said the queen, turning to the old baron, for whom the compliment and its accompanying smile were intended. "But where is poor Blanche?" continued she, again addressing Lacy: "if thou hast left her in the north, she, too, may need a knight's protection: thou art a brave spirit; but dost thou well to leave her in charge of hirelings—for her sake—for thine own—peril not thy youth in our cause. Lord Hugh, command him back to thy castle: if Warwick keep court in the north, he may chance to see fighting even there." This was no common strain with Margaret of Anjou; but her own princely boy, the magnanimous, ill-fated Edward, stood beside her, and the woman and the mother triumphed for an instant over the imperious and dark-minded queen.

"Craving your grace's favor," said Lacy, in a determined tone, before his father had time to reply, "were Blanche my wife, instead of my sister, I would neither live nor die like a bird in a cage: when the arrow finds me"—and the boy pointed as he spoke to his device, a falcon in full flight—"it shall be *thus*, free and fearless."

No farther expostulation or entreaty was attempted. Lacy accompanied his father and brothers; and ere time had written manhood on his brow, he had borne his part in many a well-fought field. The various changes in the royal fortunes are, however, too well known to require enumeration here; indeed, except as connected with the fortunes of Lacy de Vere, they are irrelevant. On him and his they told so soon and so fatally, that at the period to which this legend is supposed to refer, he was no longer the fair stripling who had vowed to die before he well knew the nature of death. The years that had elapsed since then were, it is true, few in number; but they had been years of strife and storm, crowded with fearful alternations of victory and defeat, flight and pursuit, alike grievous and unavailing. The great struggle was yet undecided—Lacy de Vere was still a youthful warrior: but, oh, how changed, how care-worn! The bloom had forsaken his cheek; buoyancy had left his spirit; prompt in fight, and cool in council, he played his part in the desperate game like one to whom life and death, success and failure, were alike uncertain and indifferent. And to him all things else were changed. He no longer rode forth encouraged by the presence of his father and five brave brothers: one by one that little company was cut off: each after each, in the order of birth, fell by his side; and he, the youngest of his father's house, became its head—the sole heir of a race of heroes, the last baron de Vere!

It was the battle of Towton which invested Lacy with these melancholy honors, and rendered him at the same time a fugitive; for that battle, so sanguinary in itself, was fatal to the queen and her adherents. Stung to madness by the death of his last surviving brother, and the utter ruin of that cause, in defence of which all that was dear to him had perished, the words of Margaret, the tears of Blanche, rushed upon his memory; that tie of kindred which he had once so lightly esteemed, now, that it was the only one remaining, assumed its rightful sway over his wounded spirit. He found that the relative love which God hath planted in the human heart, however it may be outraged for a time by stoicism, by worldly wisdom or worldly glory, will return to the proudest bosom in the dark day of adversity. Lacy de Vere, who once, in

the delirium of martial pride, scorned his home, and deserted her who, as the offspring of the same birth, was bound to him by more than common sisterhood, now flung down the insignia of his rank and bearing, and fled from the field of battle. True to that instinct which governs all men in their misfortunes, he fled toward his long deserted home, and he found it as his fears had well predicted, desolate and in ruins. One horrible peculiarity in the present contest was the license assumed by both parties to devastate whatever part of the country they passed through, whether hostile or friendly to their interests. Even those engaged in the same cause were not always safe from each other; many an old feud was avenged; many a rival removed, or his property destroyed, apparently by some excess on the part of the troops, but frequently at the command of their more interested leaders. The devastation which had been wrought in the present instance seemed more than the result of destroyers animated by merely general motives; there appeared to have been a guiding spirit at work. There did not remain sufficient building to shelter a beggar from the storm; not a tree, not a shrub, but was cut down or mutilated; the grass and corn had been consumed with fire as they stood; even paltry hovels which sheltered the domestic laborers were leveled with the earth: all was destroyed without distinction or remorse—destroyed in the spirit of *hatred*.

Lacy de Vere walked round the remains of this, the last hold of his race; and in the anguish of a noble spirit brought low by self-reproach, he rejoiced that his father and brothers were in the grave. But when he reached a spot which had once been a little herb-garden carefully walled round, now open on all sides, and choked with the drifted sea-sand, rage and grief overcame him—he could no longer refrain from the expression of his inward emotions. "Yes," said he, with a bitter smile, "yes, an enemy hath done this; but no enemy of king Henry and his cause: it was no Robin of Redsdale with his marauders; no vindictive Warwick; no savage borderers: *my* enemy, the enemy of my house, Lionel Wethamstede, *thou* didst this evil! Assassin serpent, *twice* I spared thee in battle, and *twice* didst thou ride off bidding me seek my flourishing home and fair sister!—blind, blind fool, to cherish a tiger till it longed for its keeper's blood! Lionel, Lionel Wethamstede," continued the speaker more vehemently, while his whole frame was tremulous with passion, "didst thou slaughter the lamb in the fold? was the bird crushed in the nest? Oh, Lionel, if thou *didst* spare Blanche in the day of destruction, all, all, were thy sins thousand-fold, shall be forgiven!—if Blanche lives—if thou hast spared her—I, even I, thine enemy, will bless thee!"

Lacy was too much engrossed by his own emotions to be aware that he was watched, or even observed, by a boy couched among the rubbish. At the first glance the intruder appeared nothing more than a young peasant, worn with fright and famine; but upon a second view, his attire, coarse as it was, could not disguise the natural grace of the wearer; nor even the dark cloth bonnet, though only of the kind worn by menials, give a sordid expression to the noble countenance which it shaded. Hitherto he had remained perfectly quiet, eyeing Lacy with mingled anxiety and interest; but when the last words of the young knight's passionate invocation died upon the air, he rose from his hiding-place with a slow and stately step, and addressed him in a tone that struck like the east wind to the listener's heart—a tone of reproach, if aught so sweet could be said to convey reproach, of affection and deep sorrow. "And where wert thou, Lacy de Vere, when the spoiler stole upon thy heritage? Where was thy care when she for whom thou mournest prayed thee by that mystery of love which unites those born in the same hour, to stay and shield her from treachery and violence? And didst thou spare Lionel Wethamstede? Look to it; for, of a truth, in the day of his power not so will he spare thee: look to it, for he hath vowed vengeance against all who bear thy name and all who call thee master; but few, few are those. He hath begun his work well; think ye not he will finish? When thou wert young thou hatedst him; for the lying lip and craven spirit are hateful to the brave and true. But he saw it—he withered in the scornful glances of thy dark eye; and he swore to have vengeance: slow, secret, but sure vengeance, on thee and thine!"

"He hath it, he hath it!" groaned Lacy; "he hath it, to the last drop of bitterness."

"He hath it *not*," resumed the boy, solemnly. "Dost not thou, the offender, live? and she who spurred him as a reptile when he proffered her safety—and his hand? Look to it, last of a lordly race; spare him not the *third* time. He hath laid thy dwelling in the dust; those who were hirelings he corrupted; those who were faithful he slew; and she who was born to mate with princes fled for her life to the dark and noisome cavern of the rock. *Yet* is the work of vengeance incomplete. Weep on, Lacy de Vere," continued the mysterious speaker, after a pause, only interrupted by the baron's convulsive sobs: "though thou art a warrior, weep on; what knowest thou of *grief*? It hath come to thee in its royal robes, amid sounding trumpets, and gorgeous banners, and the shout of victory, and the presence of mighty warriors: but grief hath come to me in lowlier guise—in darkness, and cold, and neglect, and hunger, and sickness of heart, and loneliness as of the grave; and I shall weep no more, unless perchance for thee!"

"Curse, curse me, Blanche!" said Lacy, vehemently; for his heart told him that she herself was by his side. "I can bear all things now I have found thee;" and saying this he drew her to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

Further details of the conversation which ensued on the reunion of those who had so long been lost to each other are needless.

Love is a child that speaks in broken words. It is easy to conceive of the self-reproaches uttered by Lacy, and the sweet forgiveness and consolation spoken by Blanche; of the anxious question and fond reply; their mutual mourning over the past, and mutual cares for the future; both softened by the reflection that, come what come woe, the bond of affection would never be more divided. There needed neither vow nor witness; yet there, amid the ruins of that home which had sheltered them throughout a happy childhood, on the hearth-stone round which for centuries their ancestors had gathered, the twins, the last of their race, knelt down, and vowed to separate no more, but to have, living or dying, one home, one grave; and they called upon the spirits of their father and brethren, whose bones lay bleaching on many a field of battle, to witness and sanctify their vow. They arose, homeless and friendless—nevertheless they arose comforted; for that love, which neither change nor sorrow can lastingly embitter or absorb, again triumphed in the soul of each.

The refuge which Blanche had found for herself, on the destruction of her home and the death or flight of those left to guard it, was too fearful a spot to have been selected by one less courageous, or under circumstances less appalling. A line of rock extended along the sea-shore for about the space of half a mile, gradually rising from one extremity, and as gradually declining to the other. It appeared one vast parapet, a continued range of stone battlements, erected by nature—at once to overlook and brave the ocean beneath. The front was as completely perpendicular as if hewn by the hammer and the chisel, while lichens, mosses, ivy, every variety of graceful creeping shrub, overspread its surface, as though trained there by the hand of man. It was wonderful to view what seemed a gigantic wall of cold hard stone, thus magnificently embroidered with the foliage of earth, while here and there masses of the hoary and weather-stained rock showed like ruined castles amid the clinging "greenery." Nearly at the summit of the highest point, inaccessible as it would seem except to the sea-bird and the goat, was a natural arch, scooped out of the rock, and opening into a cavern. The ivy spread around that arch with peculiar beauty; adjacent parts of the rock brightened in the beams of morning, or in the moonlight; but that cavern always retained the same aspect—dark, noisome, unearthly. This was Blanche's refuge—the dwelling-place of her who had been delicately reared, as befitted the only daughter of a noble house. Lacy was mute with surprise and terror when he first saw her ascend what appeared to him as inaccessible to the foot as any castle wall. There were, however, though he perceived them not, inequalities on the surface; and now clinging to a bush—now grasping a root of ivy, her nailed peasant's shoes tinkling at every step against the stony path—her slight figure alternately hidden and revealed amongst the shrubs—Blanche, to whom habit had familiarized the perilous ascent, reached the cavern; but as she stood in the dark entrance, the moonlight

glimmering on her countenance, and her voice coming down from that vast height a mere "filament of sound." Lacy could have believed her a creature of another world and species.

She was not, however, companionless in this her aerial home: the goats often repaired thither to rest; the seabird there deposited her eggs; and to them had she frequently been indebted for sustenance when the rock and the shore failed to afford their natural tribute of berries and shell-fish.

Necessity, that teacher sterner and more efficient even than duty, soon accustomed Lacy to the difficult ascent and rude hiding-place. He had been too familiar with hardship and sorrow to mourn over outward privations; and, ere long, he loved that "dim retreat," hallowed as it was by repose and safety, and cheered by the presence of her who was not only his sister, but his best and only friend.

The desires which once consumed his spirit were extinguished; the vain strife and the yet vainer joys and ambitions of the world no longer occupied his mind. "Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead;" he could remember his enemies, ay, even Lionel Wethamstede, in peace; and when he walked among the neighboring herdsmen, lowlier in lot than themselves, or stood in the opening of his mountain-hold, and looked on the ocean roaring beneath, or the host of heaven shining quietly above, Lacy de Vere forgot the past, and calling his sister to his side, pronounced himself a happy man.

But this retreat, this respite from misfortune, was not destined to remain long undiscovered. The battle of Towton had, it is true, placed Edward Duke of York on the throne, and wholly destroyed or scattered the adherents of queen Margaret; but that remorseless prince, deeming his power only to be secured by continued bloodshed, still allowed his followers to ravish the north, as having been the strong-hold of the Lancastrian cause. Among the most active in this murderous employment was Lionel Wethamstede. He knew that Lacy de Vere yet lived, concealed, as he had reason to suspect, in the neighborhood of his former dwelling. Except as affording means of gaining fortune and distinction, the cause of king Edward or queen Margaret were alike indifferent to him; it was personal hatred which induced him to hunt out the Lancastrians with such relentless zeal—the desire to discover and exterminate the last of that family, whose protection he had so long enjoyed and cruelly requited. During childhood and youth he had been a favorite with the old baron de Vere, and as such allowed to be an inmate of the castle; before him he had masked, under the show of humility and devoted zeal, the designing, treacherous spirit, which crouches that it may the more securely spring its prey, and lays in servile submission the foundation of despotic power. The young Lacy, bold and open as became his birth, instinctively scorned the minion, even before he discovered how well that scorn was merited. Many a proud glance and bitter taunt were bestowed by the fearless youth, little dreaming, that of all such, however unnoticed at the time, Lionel kept a too faithful record, and would one day claim for them a deadly recompense. And now that day was near at hand. Hatred, once formed in the heart, turns neither to the right hand nor to the left till its work is done. Love, even the love of a mother for her babe, may be diverted—grief, though of a father for his first-born, be forgotten—gratitude may pass like the morning dew, and pity as a noon-day cloud—HATRED alone can survive all change, all time, all circumstance, all other emotions, nay, it can survive the accomplishment of revenge, and, like the vampire, prey on its dead victim!

"I know not," said Lacy, as he and Blanche stood together one evening in the archway of their cavern, "I know not why, when all around me is so fair, sadness and forebodings of coming evil should hang so heavily on my heart."

"Nay, nay, dear Lacy," replied Blanche; "look at our castle, which will resist both fire and violence; our faithful rock, with all its luxuriant garniture flashing in the light of that departing sun: what should we fear? Art thou weary of repose, Lacy, or dost thou mistrust thy warder?" continued she with affectionate playfulness, at the same instant placing her arm within his.

But the cloud passed not from her brother's brow, and he replied in the low broken voice men use when troubled in spirit: "I tell thee, Blanche—nay, count not my

words idle, for an influence is on me which I can neither gainsay nor resist—I tell thee, evil hangs over me—my end is near. Twice I spared Lionel Wethamstede; and twice, since the last going down of yonder sun, have I beheld myself in his power. Oh! it was a dark vision, a dream more fearful than a field of battle!"

"Dreams, Lacy, visions!—what of them? When I dwell here alone, oh, how often did I see thee prisoner—wounded—dying—dead! I, too, had dreams and visions, and yet they came not true: why, then, should thine?"

Lacy made no reply to this inquiry, for he heard it not: and when he again spoke, his words were but the expression of the melancholy reverie into which he had fallen. "Yes—it was down there—stealing along the foot of the rock, half hidden by the trees and underwood, Lionel and his black band—six—black in spirit as in outward guise—not one ever known to strike twice or to spare—I knew them all—and why they came."

"Lacy—Baron de Vere!" exclaimed Blanche, shaking his arm, which she held, with her utmost strength, "rouse from this unmanly mood; let the babe and the peasant start at shadows, but thou, I pray thee—let me not have to blush for him whom I ought to honor!"

"And whom thou wilt ere long weep," replied Lacy, in an unaltered voice. "Blanche de Vere, misjudge me not! I spoke neither of flight, nor fear, nor supplication for life, nor aught that may disgrace a warrior—I did but speak of DEATH—death that were welcome, if it came only to myself; but my sister, dearer than all the kindred I have lost, were all now living—my last, last friend, death is on its way to thee too!"

"It will not be death if shared with thee," replied Blanche fervently, "death would be to live when thou wert gone. I did thee wrong, noble, generous brother! forgive it." And she sat down at his feet, and covered her face with her hands.

"Glorious orb!" said Lacy, after having for some minutes earnestly regarded the sun, which was now slowly descending into the ocean with more than meridian pomp, "unchanged, unchangeable—bright at thy setting as on thy first rising—most glorious orb, farewell! And thou too, earth, steeped in the tears and blood of thy children, polluted with crime, groaning with sorrow, yet withal so beautifully apparelled, many graves hast thou afforded my father's house—spate it yet another—the last—and now," said he—the steady solemn tone in which he had hitherto spoke changing to one of indignant defiance, while a change as complete overspread his countenance—"now, even now, that grave is needed—the appointed hour is arrived—yonder the murderers come, black and silent as in the vision; but the last de Vere dies not like a reptile, driven into its hold and crushed in darkness; the doom that is decreed shall be met. Rise, Blanche! sister by birth, companion in sorrow, daughter of heroes, arise, and let us descend! let not Lionel have to glory in our shame!—haste!—haste! I see his black plume waving to and fro—his spear glitters through the trees—nearer—brighter every instant."

"I am ready, ready to endure all," said Blanche, firmly; "but oh, let not Lionel see our parting anguish; bless me for the last time here!"—and she laid her head upon her brother's bosom. They stood regarding each other, speechless and in tears; to part was harder than to die.

Lacy's vision and forebodings were indeed on the point of being realized. The implacable Lionel had learned but too surely their place of retreat, and but too truly was he with his ruffians, winding along the foot of the rock; even now they were within view of the cavern, in the opening of which stood that devoted pair, whose doom was sealed before they knew it. A shout of brutal triumph suddenly arose from Lionel and his band, as they halted when sufficiently near the spot; at the same instant two picked archers obeyed their leader's command with murderous precision, and ere the defenceless victims could look round or utter a cry, the arrows pierced them, clasped as they were in each other's arms! One of the shafts had entered Lacy's heart, and in the twinkling of an eye, without word or groan, he was numbered with the dead. For an instant, a single instant, his dying eyes were turned upon his fellow victim; and that glance, though transient as the flash of lightning, revealed love stronger than death, love that

would exist beyond the grave. The wound received by Blanche, though mortal, was not calculated to occasion instant death, and nobly did she employ the precious respite.

"My brother shall not become a prey to the birds of the air," were her first words on perceiving that he was indeed dead; and, with an energy scarcely human, she prepared for her labor of love. Habit had, it is true, rendered the ascent and descent of that rock so easy, that in the darkest night she would scarcely have missed her footing; but wounded as she was at present, her intention to descend, and convey with her Lacy's yet warm and bleeding body, appeared impracticable. Love, however, enabled her to execute what love had induced her to determine. Carefully wrapping the corpse in every garment she could afford from herself, to defend it in some measure from the sharp points of the rock, she partly drew and partly bore the precious burden down a pathway, which to any but herself would, under such circumstances, have assuredly been fatal. She felt neither fatigue nor pain; she heeded not that every stone and step in her descent was sprinkled with her own blood; her sole care was to shield the senseless body in her arms from wounds and injury. Heaven, in pity, strengthened her for the task, and she reached the ground in safety—her labor accomplished, her reward obtained. Those who had come out against the noble pair, gathered round them in silence; some, in truth, touched by that exhibition of love, passing even the love of women.

She unfolded the coverings from the body, which was now becoming cold and stiff; then looking upon the armed circle, she fixed her eye on him, the evil spirit, whose ministers they were, and addressed him like one gifted with unearthly authority. "Lionel, thy work is finished! thou wert the nursing of our house, and hast become its destroyer! thou hast rendered bitter for sweet, and evil for good, and injuries for benefits! thou hast brought low the old, the honorable, the young, the brave, the virtuous, and hitherto none hath stayed thy hand; but come near, Lionel Wethamstede, and I will advise thee of things that shall befall thee yet. By day thou shalt dread treachery, and by night dream visions of horror; thou shalt flee when none pursue, and be afraid where no fear is; thou hast built thy fortunes in thy master's blood; some around thee shall build theirs in thine; as thou hast hated, so shall others hate thee; scorn, and sorrow, and affliction, and want—every evil thou hast wrought on us shall cleave fourfold and for ever to thee and thine—yea, cleave as the flesh cleaveth to the bone. Ay, go thy way, man of blood! brace thy helmet, and mount thy steed—thou mayest escape me now; but I shall see thee again, where neither horse nor armor shall avail thee: before God, who will condemn the murderer in the face of heaven, in the day of judgment—Lionel Wethamstede, thou shalt meet me there!"

She ceased. The livid paleness and the damps of death had gradually gathered on her countenance; every sentence had been uttered in mortal anguish; nevertheless she had maintained throughout the cold, calm bearing of one already separated from the body. The wretch to whom her words had been addressed shivered under their influence, as though exposed to an ice-blast; superstitious horror mastered the ferocious spirit till then scarcely satisfied with its revenge; and setting spurs to his horse, he departed from the spot like one pursued by an evil spirit.

"Let those who shot the arrows, complete their work!" said the dying maiden to the men, who remained fixed to the spot, subdued by some supernatural agency, and scarcely conscious of their leader's departure: "let them wrap us in one shroud, and bury us in the same grave!"

One of the archers stepped forward: he was rude, even savage, in his exterior, but nature was not utterly extinct: he knelt down beside the dying and the dead, and swore to observe the request.

"Thy victim blesses thee," replied Blanche; "farewell!" She spoke no more, for death claimed his conquest. She stretched herself on the ground beside him whom in life she had loved so well, whom dying she could not forget; placing one arm beneath his head and the other across his bosom, so that her cheek rested against his, she meekly closed her eyes, like a wearied child that slept on its mother's lap.

Thus died Lacy and Blanche de Vere, twins in birth,

and twins also in the manner of their death. They slept not as their fathers before them, in marble monuments adorned with stately devices; they were laid in the peasant's grave, beneath the green and trodden turf, with no record more lasting than its bright but perishable flowers. There was none to mourn over them, none to have them in remembrance, none to perpetuate their name; when they died, they died together, and with them the memory of a noble race passed for ever from the earth.

"So falls, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of!"

Original.

TO ELIZABETH

"We have often in our daily wanderings, met with a face, fairer and more beautiful than any we have ever yet beheld; which has left upon our minds an impression that required weeks—in some cases, months—to erase.

"It may be compared to a single ray of sunshine, suddenly bursting its way, after an April shower, through a dense veil of clouds, gladdening the sight, and imparting an unaccountable feeling of happiness to the heart, but vanishing almost as quickly as it appears. Yet, although the ray has gone, the sensations aroused by its appearance remain behind."

'Tis strange that in this world of ours,
Such sweet and gentle beings dwell,
As e'er life's bright sunny hours
A glow, no pleasure can dispel.

That face of thine, that sparkling eye,
Have nearly turned my ardent brain,
And yet 'twould be a bliss to die,
Could I but see thee smile again.

That pouting lip so full of scorn,
Betrays thine anger with a friend,
Who deems thee all an angel born,
And weeps to think he did offend.

As poets sing, we mortals feel,
A kindred spirit meets its like,
Our burning thoughts we thus reveal,
And hearts with glowing hearts unite.

Methinks when Nature formed thine eye,
Radiant with gentleness and grace,
She plucked a sunbeam from the sky,
And traced each beauty for thy face.

Since not in life 'twill be my lot
To hear thy voice, nor see those smile,
I may not think I'm all forgot,
Yet still I'll think of thee the while.

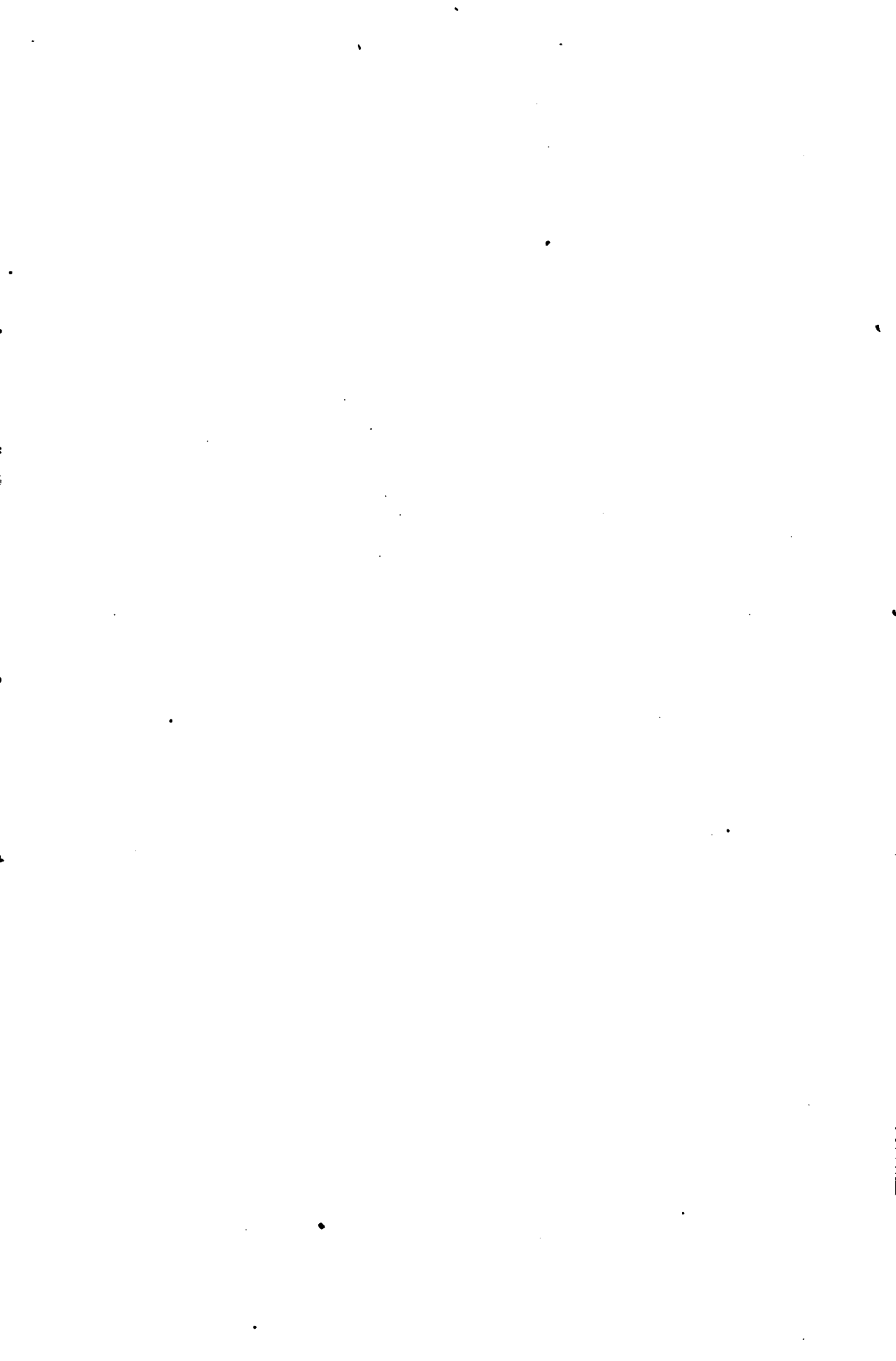
Whate'er may be thy lot on earth,
May Heaven grant thee ne'er to know
The pang that rends this heart of mine,
While life is left on earth below.

But when thy soul is freed from earth
And wanders to its home above,
May my lot be to sing its worth
Around thy eternal throne of love.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Amid the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form;
A widow, meek as Poverty could make
Her children! with a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast:
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the Temple. But her lowly gift
Was witness'd by an Eye, whose mercy views
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness: so He bless'd the widow's mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestow'd.
Thus, is it, Lord! with Thee: the heart is Thine,
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless rots
That lurk in lowly secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers that fall
Beneath a proud man's foot—to Thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where mercy fills the brightest page!





Clara de Casio

Engraving by J. G. Schmitt, 1840

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas. *transl.*

he picture of a thought.

... a smile soft, sweet, and penetrating
... bred, too, under the eye of Buck-
... model of courtly grace and gallantry
... no wonder that he had imbibed
... the manner, which even his enemies
... to have possessed and still less
... could also have contracted some of
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... ert Meynell at the time that he ar-
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... n heart, the following narrative will

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... themselves, however, were warmly
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... She was speaking at the moment when Meynell first
... caught sight of her, and pointing out something in
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... The sweet, soft and musical tone of her voice—the
... beauty of her lips as they moved in speaking, displayed
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... formation of the rounded and delicate arm, as it was
... outstretched in the act of pointing, and, almost above
... all, the hand itself that pointed—the whole picture, in
... short, struck Meynell with the keenest admiration and
... delight; he stopped short, and after a few minutes,
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... to Madrid, were the very
... court. They had been singled out with re-
... ference to their showy and imposing qualities; and
... though the prince himself already indicated that cold
... and reserved temper, which afterwards proved of so
... much detriment during the course of his ill-fated life,
... yet it could scarcely have been possible for Francis I.
... or Henri Quatre to have gathered around him, a re-
... tinue more distinguished for grace, vivacity, and *Pais-
... de cour*.

... But even among these, Sir Herbert Meynell stood
... prominent. He was, at this time, scarcely five-and-
... twenty. Tall, graceful, and athletic in form—with the
... Vol. I.—No. VI.



THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

OLIVIA DE CASTRO.

It is strange, and often lamentable, to consider the influence which public events have upon private fortunes. I do not now speak of the widows made by war, or of the other many and dreadful sufferings which that awful scourge inflicts upon humanity. The stream of the public destinies carries upon its bosom many a private shallop; sometimes aided by its current, and adorned by its course of beauty, but far more often, after a long succession of perils, wrecked and utterly destroyed.

Who, but a soothsayer, would have seen any connexion between the fortunes of Herbert Meynell, the son of an English knight and dame, born and bred in England—and those of Donna Olivia de Castro, the daughter of a Spanish grandee, whose only emigrations had been between her father's old castle and his palace at Madrid? And yet these two persons fixed the fate of each other's lives. And what brought them together? The course of public events.

Sir Herbert Meynell's father had been one of those gentlemen, of knightly families, who bought the hereditary knighthood, which James I. constituted for pecuniary purposes, under the title of baronet. He was a favorite of the king, and his son was bred up very much about the person of Prince Charles. Sir Herbert was thus, at the period of his father's death, which happened about the year 1620, when he was about two-and-twenty years old, far from being the coarse, uninstructed, unmannerly bumpkin, which the mere country gentlemen of England almost universally were at that day. He had been bred about the court, and among the best even there. He had great natural advantages, and he cultivated them, whether of body or of mind, to the utmost. Accordingly, at the time he succeeded to the very large property of his father—another advantage, of the extent of which he was fully conscious—he was one of the most accomplished gallants of the court, in which he fixed his residence. Coming from the midland, he had family connexions with the lord of the ascendant, Buckingham; and, although not by office one of his retainers, he was constantly about his person, and was considered as one of his most favored followers.

Accordingly, when that most extraordinary expedition, the prince's journey to Spain, was resolved on, Sir Herbert was singled out as one of the galaxy of noble persons who were to go direct to Spain and form the retinue of the prince during his residence at Madrid. Buckingham had originally wished that he should accompany them; but, as their escort was limited to three, Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter—this was found to be impossible. He went out, however, with Lord Denbigh, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who formed the court of the prince at Madrid.

Never, perhaps, was more youth, beauty, wit, wealth and rank, congregated together, than in this *cortège*. The Duke of Buckingham, whose eminence itself, had originally arisen from his advantages of person, was at this time in the very zenith of manhood, and an unparalleled course of continued success had added all the animation, buoyancy and brilliancy, which are the usual attendants on good fortune. The young noblemen who had followed the prince to Madrid, were the very *élite* of the court. They had been singled out with reference to their showy and imposing qualities; and though the prince himself already indicated that cold and reserved temper, which afterwards proved of so much detriment during the course of his ill-fated life, yet it could scarcely have been possible for Francis I. or Henri Quatre to have gathered around him, a retinue more distinguished for grace, vivacity, and *l'air de cour*.

But even among these, Sir Herbert Meynell stood prominent. He was, at this time, scarcely five-and-twenty. Tall, graceful, and athletic in form—with the

eye of a falcon, yet a smile soft, sweet, and penetrating as that of a woman; bred, too, under the eye of Buckingham, with this model of courtly grace and gallantry constantly in view, no wonder that he had imbibed much of that exquisite manner, which even his enemies admit Buckingham to have possessed and still less wonder that he should also have contracted some of those vices which even his friends have never denied. Such was Sir Herbert Meynell at the time that he arrived at the court of Spain, in person and outward manner; what he was in heart, the following narrative will probably show:—

It was in the month of May, 1623, that a bull fight was held at Madrid, for the purpose of displaying this national exhibition to the Prince of Wales. Splendidly as these shows were always got up, especially when honored by the royal presence, the magnificence was redoubled on the present occasion, as may very naturally be supposed. And, indeed, if the object were to display to the English prince an exhibition of Spanish character, no means so well calculated for the purpose could have been chosen. It went, indeed, a little farther than was intended; for *all* the points of that character that were displayed, were not, perhaps, quite in consonance with the ideas of the prince.

Certainly, in those days, a public bull fight might be considered as a condensation, upon one spot, of all the most prominent parts of the national disposition in Spain. The love of display—not the light, gay, and giddy feeling of the Frenchman—but more grave, more solid, I had almost said solemn—partaking rather of the nature of the tournament of old days than of the ball room of modern times—with such feelings did the Spanish cavaliers enter the arena, dressed splendidly, but rigidly nationally, and, casting up their eyes to the galleries, loaded with beauty, which stretched around the enclosures above, await with proudly swelling hearts the signal which was to give them the opportunity of exhibiting their persons and their prowess to such fair beholders.

The Englishmen, themselves, however, were warmly interested by the fine and daring spectacle which was passing before their eyes. As for its being cruel also, few people think the worse of any sport for that even now. But then the very meaning of the term was not known by the great. Meynell alone saw but little of the fight. The bull made a splendid first rush, and as Sir Herbert was moving upward to get a fuller view of what would next happen, his eye lighted upon an object which put bull and cavaliers, and metadoces out of his head in an instant. It was a young lady of about eighteen. She was seated just outside the space enclosed for the court and its followers. Being a little in front where Meynell had been standing, he had not observed her till, as he was moving forward, a part of his dress becoming hitched upon the rail, he turned back to disengage it; and then his eyes rested full upon the loveliest face which, till then, they had ever beheld. The English court was, in the reign of James I., undoubtedly remarkable for the degree of beauty which adorned it. But Meynell felt in an instant anything so lovely as *this* he had never seen.

She was speaking at the moment when Meynell first caught sight of her, and pointing out something in the arena, to a lady who appeared to be her mother. The sweet, soft and musical tone of her voice—the beauty of her lips as they moved in speaking, displayed from time to time the exquisite beauty within; the formation of the rounded and delicate arm, as it was outstretched in the act of pointing, and, almost above all, the hand itself that pointed—the whole picture, in short, struck Meynell with the keenest admiration and delight; he stopped short, and after a few minutes, drew near to the rail—and sat down within a few paces of this enchanting vision.

Sir Herbert had, undoubtedly, been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, somewhat taken a-back by the sudden view of a creature so inexpressibly lovely. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession—or, at least not speedily to regain it—even under such circumstances as these. He looked, and looked again—to ascertain whether his first glance had deceived him: on the contrary, the more he gazed, the more he admired. His thoughts ran back to the memory of the English beauties whom he had wooed, but none could compare with this peerless Spaniard. He scanned the peculiar points of her national beauty, and thought them so many ingredients of perfection. The ideas which Byron has since put into such beautiful verse, filled his mind:

How much

Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,

Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!

Who round the North for paler dames would seek?

How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan and weak!

Meynell was not a man to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. "I will wait," thought he, "a little while for an opportunity to accost her—and if it does not occur, I will make one." It did occur, however, and that speedily.

At first he was rather hampered by his difficulty in speaking Spanish; and he complained of his being a poor Englishman, who had not been long enough in Spain to overcome his northern ignorance, in a manner which announced that he was one of the prince's suite—a fact which, as he well knew, was at that moment more likely to forward his suit with any lady in Madrid, than if he had been a grandee of the first class; but he did not yet know Olivia de Castro, or he would have felt how little impression such things as that made upon her mind. She relieved him, however, on the score of language, by asking him whether he spoke French. "My mother," she added, looking toward her, "is a Frenchwoman, and her language is consequently as familiar to me as my own."

At this Sir Herbert was delighted, for he fully felt the exceeding disadvantage of having so faulty a weapon as a language which he imperfectly understood. "It is like fencing with one's left hand," said he to himself, "beside the chance of making some blunder so ridiculous, as inevitably to cast a ridicule upon the speaker. Anything but that I could make head against; but if once the idea of ridicule falls upon a wooer—the die is cast—it is all in vain!"

The conversation now proceeded with animation. Donna Olivia was most curious about England and the English—their habits, their modes of thinking—"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greatest part," answered Sir Herbert, "but you see," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, or the look by which she had accompanied it—"you see that the animosities between catholic and protestant have all passed away. Here is our prince come over, like a knight of the olden time, to woo the king's fair sister; and the pope himself is about to give his sanction to their union."

"But still, he is a heretic;" said Donna Olivia, thoughtfully, and almost as though thinking aloud.

"Ah! sits the wind in that quarter?" said Sir Herbert to himself, "it is hard, but I will trim my sails to meet it." "He has been so bred;" he added, "our religion is instilled into us in our youth, before we have means of judgment. We protestants, indeed, have license to investigate; and if in so doing, we found we had been trained in the wrong, we should undoubtedly embrace the right."

"Aye! indeed!" exclaimed Donna Olivia—and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon Sir Herbert, as though to scan him minutely.

Meynell avoided the glance—but he saw it full well, and thoroughly read its expression. "I thought so," he said within himself, "that way lies my path, and may lead me far."

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the waning moon, as she shed her melancholy light upon the splendid garden of Don Guzman de Castro's palace, shone upon two figures who were in one of its rich alcoves. The lady's head was drooped upon her bosom, as she looked not toward her companion, who was leaning forward, and apparently speaking with great rapidity and earnestness.

"Is it not enough, Olivia," he said, "that you have weaned me from the faith of my forefathers—would you

make me also untrue to my prince? No!—our marriage must be secret, or it cannot be at all. If it were known that Sir Herbert Meynell, the follower and friend of Buckingham, was married to the Donna Olivia de Castro, there would, in this court of form and etiquette, be an end of the prince's negotiation at once. No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and I may own you to be mine in the face of the world—and carry you to my own country, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the court, and the mistress of my soul, and heart, and happiness, in our home."

"Then, why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low, faltering tone—as though, even when she asked it, she was quite aware of the answer which her lover would make.

"Trifle not with me thus!" he exclaimed. "You know that in three days I shall have left Spain. I cannot assign to the prince the real cause of my reluctance, and he has singled me out to bear letters to the king. I must go. And can I go without putting it beyond the reach of fate that you should be mine? Can I go, and leave you to the constant solicitations of Don Guzman, that you should marry the Conde? How can I know how soon they may be turned into commands, and enforced by every species of severity?"

"And could you doubt my truth, though they were?" said Olivia, turning her eyes full upon her lover's face, with a look that might have re-assured the soul of Othello, in his fiercest mood. But Meynell did not doubt. He knew full well, that though she had tendered to her the throne of Spain and the Indies on the one hand, and that she were threatened with a dungeon on the other, the faith of Olivia de Castro, once pledged, would remain unbroken. Assurance was not his object, for he would not have doubted if he had gone; and moreover, he was not going. His journey to England was a fiction, invented to serve the very purpose to which he was applying it: for this crafty and corrupt courtier—this worthy pupil of his false and reckless master, Buckingham—heeded not the means so the end were gained; nay, when the end was such as that for which he was now striving, it would truly have been cause for wonder if any means had seemed to him forbidden.

"Doubt you dearest? No," he answered "doubt never can cross my breast with regard to you. But I know not what they do in Spain. I know only that strange things, such as we hear not of in England are done. Fathers here have power inordinate, and they scruple little how they use it: Dearest, you must be mine before I leave Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—if not, I cannot go at all? Yes," he continued, as though he were wrought to a paroxysm of passion, "I will forfeit all—duty, country, friends—all! rather than leave you without having made you irrevocably mine!"

Five short weeks before, and Olivia de Castro had never seen Herbert Meynell. He now was master of her whole soul. He had begun by letting her have hopes that he might be won from his heretic faith, and that thus a soul might be won for heaven. With consummate art had he led her on and on by degrees, feigning that his mind was more and more moved, while he assured himself of the reality that her's was so. They met almost daily. The religious motive which Meynell had, with the subtlety of the fiend, given her wherewith to deceive herself, blinded her at first; but long before the conversion was completed, she felt that she loved—loved with that fierce intensity, that overflowing tenderness, that fixed unity, with which a soul like her's could alone love. Let not the reader smile at the short time that sufficed to effect this. We all know—it is well if we have not experienced—that, in some situations, years are condensed into months, nay, weeks—feelings which would be spread over the whole life of the cold and the cautious, are often accumulated and compressed into one hour of intense sensation.

When Meynell saw that the blow was stricken, that her mind and heart were his beyond the power of recall, he allowed the work of proselytism to go on more rapidly; and her full fervent confession of unrepressed, irrepressible love was made, as she believed, to a catholic. Still she hesitated; both the difficulties and duties of her position hampered her; and it needed the feigned mission to England to hurry her into the fatal step of a private marriage.

That once secured, Meynell, of course, was no longer compelled to leave Spain. The almost delirium of joy with which she received the intelligence that he was to remain, touched for a moment the heart of this wicked and cruel man. For an instant remorse stung him to the quick; and, as he pressed her to his bosom and fondly kissed her brow, the truth hovered on his lips—he was on the point of telling her all. But the habits of evil years proved too strong for the repentant impulse of one moment—he held his peace.

It was within a few days after this that a painter was engaged to paint her portrait. Velasquez did not know who the lady was that came, secretly, to sit to him; but, concluding it to appertain to one of the love adventures so common at Madrid, he was contented with having painted one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, and made no inquiries. To suit some whim of Meynell's, the lady was dressed in the Greek costume—a droll whim, thought Velasquez—but what was it to him—the painter? The lady wondered as much; but she was very gentle—very kind. Anything to gratify her husband—anything but become a heretic. For a certainty, she would rather have been painted in the costume of her own beloved country; and for a certainty, it would have been equally as picturesque; but men have sometimes strange notions—this was one of them. "It is a head," thought the great master, "worthy of being, and it shall be, the finest that ever passed from my pencil."

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, one day, as he stood gazing on the unfinished work, at the hour he expected his sister—"that brow how noble! those eyes how beaming with the fire of youth and health, and with a keen, deep and all pervading happiness also! How that spirit pervades the whole face, and gives it life and brilliancy! This must be love, happily, fortunate love! nought else could shed such radiance upon such a countenance. Alas! how seldom is it thus! But so glorious a creature as this, indeed, deserves it!"

"The expression of the eye was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he looked at the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone; "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely, exactly, the impression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been error—I may have gazed upon those eyes till, without a figure, they dazzled me, and the very beauty of their light may have prevented my rendering it. I will be very careful next time."

He was so; but the diminished brightness was, this time, beyond doubt. It was distinctly perceptible as she sat and still more so in the portrait after she was gone. "The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought Velasquez, as he closely examined the picture; "this is not as it was. I had thought that I should have executed the most radiant countenance that my art has ever yet embodied, but this will not be so now. It is beautiful—most beautiful still!—perhaps even more so than before; but it is saddened and subdued. Alas! it is not as wont! Love's brilliant morning has become clouded over ere noon. Pray heaven a storm do not supervene ere sunset!"

And what could have changed the whole character of that speaking countenance in so short a time? What could have reduced that heart from the delicious thrill, which accompanies accomplished love, to the dreary, and desolate sensation which wrings it when it first discovers that even *that* is vanity! Was it in the nature of man thus to wound a creature such as this—whose lofty soul had become softened, whose ardent affection had been kindled into a blaze, for him! Yes, so alas, it was! The cold-hearted, if not cold-blooded, follower of Buckingham, had already dashed the bloom from this fair flower—and it was drooping before his eyes.

The gradations by which Donna Olivia's misery came upon her, were very similar in kind with those through which her love had grown. Soon after their marriage, when the prize was won—when this lovely and gifted creature was irrevocably his—and his

"——— joys were lodged beyond the reach of fate."

Sir Herbert began to tire of the constant and minute hypocrisy that was necessary to keep up in his wife the belief that he really had become a convert to the Catholic faith. The first time a doubt of this crossed her mind was, probably, the bitterest moment Olivia had undergone. Her religious feelings were such as might

be expected in a Spaniard of that age, with the addition that that Spaniard was a woman of the strongest feelings and passions, and that, up to that period, religion had been the only object they had to feed on. And even when that supreme and paramount passion, love, had taken possession of her breast, it had been, as it were, introduced by the agency of religion; its progress had been accompanied by religious thoughts and anxieties; and its climax had been almost simultaneous with the completion of the conversion which had gone on with its gradations. She felt, too, that this was her work—she felt that she had saved the soul of the man whom she adored. What, then, must have been her agony, when first his manner made her doubt whether his proselytism were real! We in these days, and of the Protestant faith, can scarcely understand the degree of exclusiveness which Catholics then attached to their creed. "He is a heretic—and therefore must be damned eternally!" Such was the immediate and necessary conclusion to which every mind came, when once the, to them, awful fact was established, that he was a heretic.

As this doubt increased within Olivia's mind, her soul sickened, and her spirit drooped. The eternal salvation of him whom she loved almost as her own was in jeopardy; and as though this idea were not misery enough to crush her heart, she could not conceal from herself that he had played the hypocrite. "And yet—no," she thought, "that cannot be; he is too noble, too honorable, too true: his love for me blinded his reason, and carried him forward beyond the reality? He *thought* that he believed—it was his overwhelming passion that deceived him!"

But alas! she soon found that whatever that passion might have been, it now undoubtedly had no such violent influence upon his mind. He grew impatient and teary when she urged the subject of religion; and in his heat would say things which stabbed her to the heart's core, and lay there corroding it into torture, while he, light, careless, and cold, had forgotten he had ever so spoken. Indeed, as the prince's stay at Madrid drew toward an end, Sir Herbert's behaviour changed so completely as to open the eyes of the unhappy Donna Olivia at last.

"He loves me no more—he never could have loved me!"—for Sir Herbert began to talk of the necessity of his accompanying the Duke of Buckingham on his return to England, and of the impracticability of Donna Olivia coming at the same time.

It is strange that though this wounded every feeling of her sensitive nature, yet lofty and even haughty in mind as she had always previously been, she did not display, under her lover's coolness, the slightest tinge of that fierceness and violence which women of such temperament usually show under ill-requit. No—she was totally subdued, broken. She had staked all upon one cast, and lost it; and her heart, and hope, and energy, and fire were all gone at once.

Sometimes, even yet, she could scarcely believe her misfortune to be real. "Not love me! it is impossible! When I think—aye, on what he has said on this very spot—it is impossible! I have become gloomy and depressed on the score of his religion, and that has made me fearful about all else. Love me!—oh! yes, yes! it is impossible that he should not!" And thus by the repetition of the words, "it is impossible," she strove to make herself believe it was so indeed. "I will come to a full understanding this night, about the English voyage. If I do not accompany him, I shall not live to see him return."

As she resolved so she acted. She again implored him that he should take her with him.

"Impossible!" he said—"the prince goes wifeless from your shores—I am to sail in the same ship. It would seem a direct insult to his Highness that I should take a Spanish wife in his company, as though to show that, though he could not thrive in his wooing, I could. No, no—stay Olivia, till the Infanta comes to England, and then avow our marriage, and come in her suite to join me."

"Alas! Herbert—that will never be. You must feel that this match will never take effect. He is as I said!"—and she sighed heavily at the recollection—"as I said to you the first day we met—he is a heretic—and they will never come together."

"Accursed be the word!" said Meynell, who had latterly always hettled when his wife touched upon the

subject of religion—"heretic though he be, the Infanta of Spain would be but too rejoiced if she could keep him in her net; and Don Philip would resign the political point nearest to his heart, to call the Prince of Wales his brother. Think you, then, they will break off the match on a point of faith?"

"Be it so, or not," Olivia answered sadly, almost solemnly—"the match *will* be broken off; therefore can I never accompany the Infanta to England. Herbert I must go with you. What! do you think, when this concealment preys upon me so heavily—do you think I can support it when you are gone? when I have no longer these dear meetings to look to, to repay me for all I struggle through during the day, do you think I could live?"

"Olivia," Meynell answered, "this is wild and wicked talk. It is imperative upon me, under the circumstances in which I am placed, to go to England without you. But you may follow ere long. And to talk thus of the effect of an absence of a few months is, I repeat, but unwise and wrong."

"A few months!—alas, those months I shall never live to see in Spain! Herbert! is it possible that you can be willing to leave me? Is it, oh God! is it true, as I have sometimes feared, and the thought has almost driven me to madness, that you *wish* it? Oh! no, no—no—it cannot be. You will take me with you, Herbert! won't you?"

It is, I fear, but too true that, when love has once passed away, those endearments and strong appeals to feeling, which would, but some short time before, have thrilled through the very soul, even revolt him to whom they are addressed. He shrinks from them, to say the least, with a sensation of uneasiness and pain. And thus it was with Herbert Meynell—who answered his unhappy victim far more coldly than, did not one know to what man's nature, under such circumstances, can reach, one would suppose to have been possible. At length Olivia became maddened—all the slumbering pride of her nature burst forth into action and life at once,—false and transitory as the impulse was, it impassioned her whole being for the moment—and starting from the almost caressing posture in which she had hitherto been, sprang upon her feet, and exclaimed—"Then, sir, I *will* go with you! I am your wife—and you *shall* not leave me. If you are lost to all honor, humanity and shame, I will go to your prince—and he shall hear my story. *He* will tell me whether or no his presence forbids his followers to take with them their wives—he will tell me—"

"He will tell you, Madam," interrupted Meynell, stung to fury, in his turn, by her threat of appealing to the prince, but compressing his rage into a sneer the devil himself might have envied as he spoke—"He will tell you, Madam, that you are *not* my wife—he will tell you that I am already married in England!"

Olivia stood—as though stricken by the hand of heaven motionless and speechless. But, after the lapse of some seconds a scream, dissonant and terrific, as is always the voice of human anguish carried beyond the extremest pitch of human power to endure, burst from her, and she fell headlong upon the earth. It was the last sound that was ever uttered by her lips.

THE COMET.

BY HENRY NISLE, ESQ.

A FEW years ago, at the little fishing town, or rather village, of G., on the coast of Cornwall, resided a gentleman, who, from his appearance, might be estimated to be nearly sixty years of age, but I have since learned that he was not more than forty. Whatever his age might be, he was more than suspected to be the old gentleman, that is to say, no other than the devil himself. Now I, who happened to be obliged, for the arrangement of some family affairs, to reside a month or two at G., had the misfortune to differ from my worthy neighbors as to the identity of the occupant of the old manor-house with the enemy of mankind. In the first place, his dress bore no sort of resemblance to that of Beelzebub. The last person who had the good fortune to get a glimpse of the real devil was the late Professor Porson, and he has taken the pains to describe his apparel very minutely, so that I am enabled to speak with

some degree of confidence upon this part of the subject. The professor's description runs thus:

And pray how was the devil dressed?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His coat was black, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind that his tail went through.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
And he rambled ever the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

The "*complement externe*" of the old gentleman at G. was quite the reverse of all these. In the first place, he had no Sunday's best; the sabbath and the working day saw him in precisely the same habiliments—a circumstance which confirmed the townspeople in their opinion; whereas I have no less an authority than that of Porson for deducing an opposite conclusion from the same premises, because the devil is scrupulously particular about his Sunday's apparel. Then again he was never seen in a coat, but always wore a loose morning gown. This, however, was a circumstance which, in the opinion of all, told decidedly against him; for why should he always wear that gown, unless it was for the purpose of hiding his tail beneath its ample folds? The goodwives of the town were especially pertinacious upon this point, and used to eye the lower part of the old gentleman's garment very suspiciously as he took his morning's walk upon the beach. As to his rambling over hill and dale, in the manner mentioned by the learned professor, that was quite out of the question, for he was a great sufferer by the gout, and wore bandages as large as a blanket round his leg. Whenever this fact was mentioned, the gossips used to smile, shake their heads, and look particularly wise, observing that it was clearly a stratagem which he resorted to for concealing his cloven foot.

Another circumstance ought not to be omitted: he never went to the parish church—the only place of worship within twenty miles; and after he left G. an ivory crucifix was found in his house, over which there was no doubt (in the opinion of the neighbors) that he used to say the Lord's prayer backwards, and repeat a variety of diabolical incantations. I ventured humbly to suggest that his absence from church, and the discovery of the crucifix, were proofs, not that he was a devil, but a Catholic; upon which I was interrupted with a sneer, and an exclamation of "Where is the mighty difference?"

He gave great offence at the house of a fisherman who lived near him, and strongly confirmed the prejudices against him, by tearing down a horse-shoe which was nailed at the door as a protection against witchcraft, and calling the inhabitants fools and idiots for their pains. Seeing, however, the consternation which he had created, he laughed heartily, and gave them a guinea to make amends. The good folks were determined not to derive any pecuniary advantages from the devil's gold, but they gave it to their last born, an infant in arms, as a plaything. The child was delighted with the glittering bauble, but one day having got it down its throat, there it stuck, and instant suffocation ensued. The weeping and wailing of the family on this occasion were mingled with execrations on the author of the calamity, for such they did not hesitate to term the old gentleman, who had evidently thrown to them this infernal coin for the purpose of depriving them of their chief earthly comfort. They were not long in proceeding to the nearest magistrate, and begging him to issue his warrant to apprehend the stranger for murder. To this, however, his worship demurred, and the good folks changed their battery, and begged to ask, as the guinea was of course a counterfeit, whether they could not hang the devil for coining. To this his worship replied, that though coining is an offence amounting to high treason, yet the devil, not being a natural-born subject of his majesty, owed him no allegiance, and therefore could not be guilty of the crime in question. The poor people departed, thinking it all very odd, and that the people and the squire must be in collusion, in which opinion they were confirmed by a tallow-chandler, who was the chief tradesman of the town, as well as a violent radical, and who advised to petition the House of Commons without delay.

I will explain to my readers the secret of the tallow-chandler's enmity. The old gentleman had of a sudden ceased to buy candles, and illuminated his house, inside

and out, in a strange and mysterious manner by some means, which, from the brimstone-like smell occasionally perceived, were plainly of infernal origin. For several weeks previously, he had been employing laborers from a distant town (for he did not engage the honest man, whose pick-axe was the only one ever used by the good people of G.) in digging trenches and laying down pipes round his house. The towns-folk gazed on in wonder and terror, but at a careful distance; and although they had a longing desire to understand the meaning of all this, they cautiously avoided any intercourse with the only persons who could give them the least information, viz., the laborers who performed the work. At length, one night, without any obvious cause, the lamp before the old gentleman's door, that in his hall, and another in his sitting-room, were seen to spring into light as if by magic. They were also observed to go out in the same way, and thereupon a smell, which could not be of this world, proceeded from them. One day, too, a dreadful explosion took place at the house, and a part of the garden wall was thrown down; all which were plain proofs that it could be no one but the devil who inhabited there. The good folks of G. had never heard of gas or its properties, and I was thought to be no better than I should be for endeavoring to explain all these phenomena by natural causes.

My own opinions were so much opposed to those of my neighbors, that I felt rather a desire to be acquainted with the stranger, whose manners appeared to be open and good-humored, although testy and eccentric. My naturally shy disposition prevented me, however, from accomplishing my wish; and, beside this, I found that my own affairs were enough to occupy me during the short time that I remained at G. I learned that the person who had created so much consternation had arrived at that town about four months before, and that the house had been previously engaged for him. Who, or what he was, or why he came thither, no one who tried could ascertain. Whether I could have attained this wonderful height in knowledge, I do not know; but having something else to do, I never made the attempt.

Many years rolled over my head, and the memory of the mysterious inhabitant of G. had entirely vanished from it, when circumstances which it is unnecessary to detail, obliged me to pay a visit to the north of Germany. At the close of a fine autumnal day in 18—, I found myself entering the splendid city of Berlin. Both my good steed and I were so much fatigued that a speedy resting was very desirable for us; but it was long before I could choose a hotel out of the immense numbers which presented themselves to my view. Some were far too magnificent for my humble means, and the mere sight of their splendor seemed to melt away the guilders in my pocket. Some, on the other hand, were such as no "man of wit and fashion about town" would think of putting his head into. At length I thought that I had discovered one which looked like the happy medium, and the whimsicality of its sign determined me to put up there. The sign was *DEU TEUFEL*; and since my departure from G. I had acquired a sufficient mastery of the German language to know what those two words signified in English. I entered, and after taking all due precautions for the accommodation and sustenance of the respectable quadruped who had borne me upon his back for nearly half a day, I began to think of satisfying that appetite which disappointment, anxiety and fatigue, had not been able entirely to destroy. My worthy host, who did not seem to bear any resemblance to his sign, unless I could have the ingratitude to ascribe his magical celerity and marvellous good fare to the auspices of his patron saint, quickly covering my table with a profusion of tempting viands, while a flask of sparkling Hockheim towered proudly, like a presiding deity, above the whole. My good humor, however, was a little clouded when I saw plates, knives and forks, laid for two instead of one. "What means this?" said I to the landlord. "Mein Herr," he answered submissively, "a gentleman who has just arrived will have the honor of dining with you." "But I mean to dine alone," I replied angrily—not that I doubted the sufficiency of the meal, but I did not choose to be intruded upon by strangers. "Pardon me, mein Herr," said the landlord with unabashed impudence, "I have told Herr von Schwartzman that dinner is ready. I am sure you will like his company.

He is a gentleman of good fortune and family. He is moreover—"—" "I care not who he is," I exclaimed, "but in order to cut thy prating short, and to get my dinner, if I must needs submit, let him come in at once, even if he be the devil himself!"

I had scarcely uttered these words, when I started as if I had really seen the person whom I mentioned, for the room door opened, and in walked the old gentleman who had caused so much wonder and terror at G. The superstitions of the people of that town—the sign of the inn where I now was—the old fellow's name, Schwartzman, (which being interpreted in English meaneth black man)—my own petulant exclamation—and the sudden apparition of this unaccountable person, were circumstances that crowded my brain at once, and for an instant I almost fancied myself in the presence of the foul fiend. "You seem surprized," at length said Herr von Schwartzman, "at our unexpected meeting; and, indeed, you cannot be more so than I am. I believe it was in England that we met before."

"Even so, mein Herr," I answered, encouraged by the earthly tone of his voice, and fancying that the good-humored smile which mantled over his face must be of this world, and at any rate could be of no worse origin—"even so, mein Herr, and I have often regretted that, placed as we were among a horde of barbarous peasantry, an opportunity never occurred for our better acquaintance."

"It is at length arrived," he said, filling two glasses of Hockheim. "Let us drink to our better and our long acquaintance."

I pledged the old gentleman's toast with great alacrity, and it was not until the passage of the wine down my throat had sealed me to it irrevocably, that I reflected upon the sentiment to which I had drunk with so much cordiality, and I was again shaken with doubts as to the nature of the person with whom I had avowed my wish to be long and intimately acquainted.

I looked upon his feet—but that's a fable—and then I looked upon the viands on which he was feeding lustily, while I (although he had the courtesy to load my plate with the best of every thing) was wasting the golden moments in idle alarms and superstitious absurdity. The more reasonable man was roused within me, and I fell to the work of mastication with a zeal and fervor that would have done honor to Dr. Kitchen-er himself.

"Well, my friend," said my companion, after we had pretty well satisfied the cravings of our stomachs, "our landlord has this day treated us nobly, and methinks we have not been backward in doing honor to his excellent cheer. He is an honest fellow who well deserves to prosper, and we will therefore, if you please, drink *Success to Ter Teufel!*"

I had raised my glass to my lips when I found that the old gentleman meant to propose a toast, but I set it down hastily as soon as I heard the very equivocal sentiment to which he wanted me to pledge myself. The fiend, I thought, is weaving his web around me, and wishes me to drink to my own perdition. A cold sweat came over me, a film covered my eyes, and I thought that I perceived the old man looking askew at me, while his lip was curled with a malignant smile.

"You are not well," he said, taking my hand. I shrunk from his grasp at first, but to my surprise it was as cool and healthy as the touch of humanity can possibly be. "Let us retire to our worthy host's garden—the heat of this room overpowers you—and we can finish our wine coolly and pleasantly in the arbor."

He did not wait for my consent, but led me out; and our bottle and glasses were very quickly arranged upon a table in a leafy arbor, where we were sheltered from the sun, and enjoyed the refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze, as it gently stirred the leaves about us.

"They were odd people," said my friend, "those inhabitants of G.; they stared at me, and shrunk from me, as if I had been the devil himself."

"And in truth, mein Herr," I replied, "they took you to be no less a personage than he whom you have just named."

The old gentleman laughed long and heartily at my information. "I thought as much," he said. "It is an honor which has been ascribed to me from the hour of my birth, and in more countries than one."

"Indeed," said I, "you speak as if there were something in your history to which a stranger might listen

with interest. May I crave the favor of you to be a little more communicative?"

"With all my heart!" he replied: "but in truth you will not find much to interest you in my story. A little mirth and a good deal of sorrow make up the history of most men's lives, and mine is not an exception to the general rule. I was born some threescore years ago, and was the son and heir of the baron Von Schwartzman, whose castle is a few miles to the southward of this city—and I am now, by your leave, mein Herr, the baron himself. (I made a lower bow than I had ever yet greeted him with.) My mother had brought into the world, about two years previously, a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, that it was confidently expected that the next child would be similarly endowed; but I was no sooner presented to my father than he was so startled at my surprising ugliness, that he retreated several paces, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'The devil!' This was a *Christian name* which stuck to me ever afterward, and which, as you can bear witness, followed me even into a foreign country.

"My godfather and godmother, however, treated me much more courteously than my own natural parent, and bestowed upon me, at the baptismal font, the high-sounding appellation of Leopold. Nothing worth describing occurred during the years of my infancy. I cried, and laughed, and pouted, and sucked, and was kissed, and scolded, and treated, and whipped, as often, and with the same alternations, as children in general, only I grew uglier, and justified the paternal benediction more and more every day. In due time I was sent to a grammar-school. As I had at home been accustomed to independence and the exercise of my self-will, I soon became the most troublesome fellow there; and yet (I may now say it without the imputation of vanity) I contrived, by some means or other, to gain the hearts of all, whether tutors or pupils. For solving a theme, or robbing an orchard; writing nonsense verses, or frightening a whole neighborhood; translating Homer into German verse, or beating a watchman until his flesh was one general bruise, who could compete with Leopold von Schwartzman? One day I was publicly reprimanded and punished for some monstrous outrage, and the next rewarded with all the honors of the school for my proficiency in the classics. In short, it was generally agreed that there was not such another clever, pleasant, good tempered, good-for-nothing fellow in the school. 'Certainly,' the wise people would say, '*the devil is in him.*'

"And now," added the old man, smiling, but smiling, I thought, somewhat solemnly and sadly, "I must let you into the secret of one of my weaknesses. I have ever had the most implicit belief in the science of astrology. You stare at me incredulously, and I can excuse your incredulity. You, born in England perhaps some forty years ago, can have but few superstitions in common with one whose birth-place is Germany, and whose natal star first shone upon him above threescore years before the time at which he is speaking. Observe that comet," he said, pointing toward the west; "it is a very brilliant one, and this is the last night that it will be visible."

"It is the beautiful comet," I said, "which has shone upon us for the last six months, and which first appeared, I think, in the belt of Orion."

"True, true," replied the baron: "it is the comet which, according to the calculations of astronomers, visits the eyes of the inhabitants of this world once in twenty years, and I can confirm the accuracy of their calculations as far as relates to three of its visits. You will smile, and think that the eccentricity of my conduct and character is sufficiently accounted for, when I tell you that that comet is my natal planet. On the very day and instant that it became visible, sixty years and six months ago, did I first open my eyes in my father's castle. There is, however, a tradition connected with this comet, which has sometimes made me uneasy. It runs thus:

The comet that's born in the belt of Orion,
Whose cradle it gilds, gilds the place they shall die on.

However, this is its third return that I have seen, and being now as hale and hearty as ever I was, the tradition, if it means any thing to interest me, means that I shall live on to the good old age of fourscore. But to return to my history. I was a fervent believer in as-

trology, and I thought that if I could meet with a person, either male or female, who was born under the same star, to that person I might safely attach myself, and our destinies must be indissolubly bound together. I had, however, never met with such a person, and as yet I had never seen my natal star, for on the day on which I entered the university of Halle I wanted three days of attaining my twentieth year. Those three days seemed the longest and most tedious that I had ever passed; but at length the fateful morning dawned, on the evening of which, a few minutes before the hour of eight (the hour of my birth), I hastened to a secluded place at a short distance from the town, and planting myself there, gazed earnestly and intently upon the belt of Orion. I had not gazed long before a peculiar light seemed to issue from it, and at length I saw a beautiful comet, with a long and glittering train, rising in all its celestial pomp and majesty. How shall I describe my feelings at that moment? I felt, as it were, new-born: new ideas, new hopes, new joys, seemed to rush upon me, and I gave vent to my emotions in an exclamation of delight. This exclamation I was astonished to hear repeated as audibly and fervently as it was made, and turning round, I beheld a female within a few paces of me to my right.

"She was tall, and exquisitely formed; her dress denoted extreme poverty; and her eye, which for a moment had been lighted up with enthusiasm, was downcast and abashed with a sense of conscious inferiority, when it met mine. Still I thought that I had never beheld a face so perfectly beautiful. Her general complexion was exquisitely fair, without approaching to paleness, with a slight tinge of the rose on each cheek, which I could not help thinking that care and tenderness might be able to deepen to a much ruddier hue. Her eyes were black and sparkling, but the long dark lashes which fell over them seemed, I thought, acquainted with tears. Her hair was of the same color with her eyes, and almost of the same brightness. I gazed first upon her, and then upon the newly risen comet, and my bosom seemed bursting with emotions which I could not repress, or even understand.

"Sweet girl!" I said, approaching her, and taking her hand, 'what can have induced you to wander abroad at this late hour?'

"The comet," she said, 'the comet!' pointing to it with enthusiasm.

"It is indeed a beautiful star," I replied—and as I gazed I felt as if I were the apostle of truth for so saying—but here, I added, pressing my lip to her white forehead, 'is one still more beautiful, but, alas! more fragile, and which ought therefore not to be exposed to danger.'

"Ay," she said, 'but it is the star which I have been waiting to gaze upon for many a long year; it is the star that rules my destiny, my natal star! Twenty years ago, and at this hour, was I brought into the world.'

"Scarcely could I believe my eyes. I thought that the sounds which I had heard could not have come from the beautiful lips which I saw moving, but that some lying fiend had whispered them in my ears; I made her repeat them over and over again. I thought of the desire which had so long haunted me, and which now seemed gratified; I thought, too, of the beautiful lines of Schiller:

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That its immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, this wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers!"

In short, I thought and felt so much that I fell at the fair girl's feet, told her the strange coincidence of our destinies, revealed to her my name and rank, and made her an offer of my hand and heart without any farther ceremony.

"Alas! sir," she said, permitting, but not returning the caress which I gave her, 'I could indeed fancy that fate has intended us to be indissolubly united, but I am poor, friendless, wretched; my mother is old and bedridden; and my father, I fear, follows deperate courses to procure even the slender means on which we subsist.'

"But I have wealth, sweet girl!" I exclaimed, 'sufficient to remove all these evils, and here is an earnest of it'—endeavoring to force my purse into her hands.

"Nay, nay," she said, thrusting it back, 'keep your

gold, lest slander should blacken the fair fame which is all Adeline's dowry!"

"Sweet Adeline! beautiful Adeline!" I said, "do not let us part thus. Can you doubt my sincerity? Would you vainly endeavor to interpose a barrier against the decrees of fate? Believe that I love you, and say that you love me in return."

"It is the will of fate," she said, sinking in my arms. "Why should I believe what is written in my heart? Leopold, I love thee."

"Thus did we, who but half an hour previously were ignorant of each other's existence, plight our mutual vows; but each recognized a being long sought and looked for, and each yielded to the overruling influence of the planet which was the common governor of our destiny. I was anxious to celebrate our nuptials immediately, but Adeline put a decided negative upon it."

"What," she said, "were you born under you star, and know not the dark saying which is attached to it?"

The love that is born at the comet's birth,
Treat it not like a thing of earth;
Breathes it to nobs but the loved one's ear,
Lest fate should remove what hope deems so near;
Seal it not till the hour and the day
When that star from the heavens shall pass away."

"I instantly recollected the saying, and acquiesced in the wisdom of not acting adversely to what I believed to be the will of destiny. 'It will then be six long months, sweet Adeline!' I said, 'ere our happiness can be sealed; but I must see thee daily—I cannot else exist.'

"Call upon me at yon white cottage," she answered, "at about this hour. My father is then out; indeed he has been out for some weeks now—but he is never at home at that hour; and my mother will have retired to rest. Farewell, Leopold von Schwartzman."

"Farewell, dearest Adeline—tell me no more of thy name. I seek not—I wish not—to know it: tell it not to me until the hour when thou art about to exchange it for Schwartzman."

"Our parting was marked, as the partings of lovers usually are, with sighs and tears, and embraces, protestations of eternal fidelity, and promises of speedily seeing each other again."

"The love thus suddenly lighted up within our bosoms I did not suffer to die away or be extinguished. Every evening, at the hour of nine, I was at the fair one's cottage door, and I ever found her ready to receive me; nay, at length I used to find the latch left unfastened for me, and I stole up stairs to her chamber unquestioned. I soon discovered that her mind and manners were, at least, equal to her beauty; but the utmost penury and privation were but too visible around her. It was in vain that I offered her the assistance of my purse, and urged her to accept by anticipation that which must very shortly be hers by right. The high-minded girl positively refused to avail herself of this offer, and then I could not help, at all hazards, endeavoring to persuade her to consent to our immediate union, as that seemed to me to be the only means of rescuing her from the distressing state of poverty in which I found her."

"Say no more, Leopold," she said, "one night, when I had been urging this upon her more strenuously than ever—say no more, lest I should be weak enough to consent, and so draw down upon our heads the bolts of destiny. And, Leopold, I find thy presence dangerous to me; let me, therefore, I pray thee, see thee no more until the hour which is to make us one. I dread thy entreating eyes—thy persuading tongue: one short month of separation, and then a whole life of constant union. Say that it shall be so, for my sake."

"It shall be so—it shall, for thy sake," I said. For bitter as was the trial to which she put me, the tone and manner in which she implored my acquiescence were irresistible.

"Then farewell," she said; "come not near me until that day. Should you attempt to see me earlier, I have a fearful foreboding that something evil will befall us."

"This was the most sorrowful parting which I had yet experienced; but I bore it as manfully as I could. Three, four, five days, did I perform my promise, and never ventured near the residence of Adeline. I shut myself up in my own chamber, where I saw no one but the domestic who brought my meals. I could not sup-

port this life any longer, and at last I determined to pay a visit to Adeline."

"Whither would you go, mein Herr?" said the sentinel at the city gate, through which I had to pass.

"I have business of importance to transact about a mile from the city," I answered; "pray do not detain me."

"Nay, mein Herr," replied the sentinel, "I have no authority to detain you; but if you will take the advice of a friend, you will not leave the city to-night. Know you not that the noted bandit Brandt is suspected to be in the neighborhood this evening; that the council have set a price upon his head; and that the city bands are now engaged in pursuit of him?"

"Be it so," I said; "a man who is skulking about to avoid the city bands is not, methinks, an enemy whom I need greatly fear encountering."

"The sentinel shook his head, but allowed me to pass without farther question. Love lent wings to my feet, and already was Adeline's white cottage in sight, when a violent blow on the back of my head with the butt-end of a pistol stretched me on the ground, and a man, whose knee was immediately on my chest, pointed the muzzle at my head."

"Deliver your money," he said, "or you have not a moment to live."

"Ruffian," I said, "let me go. I am a student at Halle, son of the baron von Schwartzman. Thou durst not for thy head attempt my life."

"That we shall soon see," said the villain coolly; and my days had then been certainly numbered, had not three men, springing from a neighboring thicket, suddenly seized the robber, disarmed him, and then proceeded very quietly to bind his hands behind him."

"Have we caught you at last, mein Herr Brandt?" said one of my deliverers. "We have been a long time looking out for you. Now we meet to part only once and for ever."

"The robber eyed them sullenly, but did not deign a reply, as they marched him between them toward the town. We soon entered the gate, through which I had already passed, and were conducted before the commander of the garrison, who, as Brandt had been placed by proclamation under military law, was the judge appointed to decide upon his case."

"My evidence was given in a very few words, and corroborated as it was by that of the policemen, was, I perceived fatal to Brandt. I could not help, however, entreating for mercy to the wretched criminal."

"Nay, sir," said the officer, "your entreaty is vain. Even without this last atrocious case to fix his doom, we needed only evidence to identify him as Brandt, to have cost him all his lives, were they numerous as the hairs upon his head. Away with him, and hang him instantly upon the ramparts."

"I think thee, colonel," said the bandit, "for my death. It is better to die than to witness such sights as have torn my heart daily. It was only to save a wretched wife and daughter from starvation that I resorted to this trade. But, fare thee well—Brandt knows how to die."

"The unhappy man was instantly removed; and finding that there was no further occasion for my attendance, I rushed into the streets in a state that bordered upon frenzy. The idea that I had, however innocently, been the occasion of the death of a man, shook every fibre in my frame; and while I was suffering under the influence of these feelings, the sudden roll of the death drums announced that Brandt had ceased to live."

"I went home and hurried to bed, but not to rest. The violence of the blow which I had received from the bandit, as well as the mental agony which I had undergone, threw me into a dangerous fever. For ten days I was in a state of delirium, raving incoherently, and unconscious of every thing around me. At length I arrived at the crisis of my disorder, which proved favorable. The fever left my brain, and the glassy glare of my eyes was exchanged for their usual look of intelligence and meaning. I turned round my head in my bed, and looked toward the window of my chamber. It was evening; the arch of heaven was of one deep azure, and the comet was shining in all its brightness. Its situation in the heavens, which was materially different from that which it occupied when I was last conscious of seeing it, recalled and fixed my wandering recollections of all that was connected with it. I rang

the bell violently, and was speedily attended by my valet, who had watched over me during my illness. I interrupted the expressions of delight which the sight of my convalescent state drew from him by inquiring eagerly what was the day of the month and the hour.

"It is the eighth of August, sir; and the clock of the cathedral has just chimed the hour of seven."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, starting from my bed, "had this cursed fever detained me one hour longer, the destined moment would have passed away. Assist me to dress, good Ferdinand; I must away instantly."

"Sir," said the man alarmed, "the doctor would chide."

"Care not for his chiding," I said. "I will secure thee; but an affair of life and death is not more urgent than that which I am about to do."

"The good curate, Von Wilden, is below," said Ferdinand, "and told me that he must see you; but I dared not disturb you. He was just going away when you rang the bell, and is now waiting to know the result."

"I remembered immediately that I had appointed the curate to meet me at that hour, for the purpose of proceeding to Adeline's cottage, and tying the nuptial knot between us. I had told him of the nature of the duty which I wished him to perform, without, however disclosing so much as to break through the caution contained in the traditionary verses. I lost no time in joining him in the hall, and proceeded to leave the house, accompanied by him, with as much celerity as possible, lest the intervention of my medical attendant or some other person should throw difficulty in the way."

"We soon reached the open fields. It was a beautiful star-light evening. The comet was nearly upon the verge of the horizon, and I was fearful of its disappearing before the ceremony of my nuptials could be accomplished. We therefore proceeded rapidly on our walk. An involuntary shudder came over me as I passed by the scene of my encounter with the bandit; but just then the white cottage peeped out from among the woods which had concealed it, and my heart felt reassured by the near prospect of unbounded happiness. We approached the door: it was on the latch, which I gently raised, and then proceeded, as usual, up the stairs, followed by the curate. I thought I heard a low moaning sound as we approached the chamber door; but it was ajar, and we entered. An old woman, who seemed scarcely able to crawl about, was at the bedside with a phial in her hand; and stretched upon the couch, with a face on which the finger of death seemed visibly impressed, lay the wasted form of Adeline. 'Just heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what new misery have ye in store for me?'

"The sound of my voice roused Adeline from her death-like stupor. She raised her eyes, but closed them again suddenly, on seeing me, exclaiming, "'Tis he, 'tis he!—the fiend!—save me, save me!" The bitterness of death seemed to invade my heart when I heard this unaccountable exclamation. I gasped for breath, and cold drops of agony rolled from my temples. I ventured to approach the bed. I took her burning hand within my own, and pressed it to my heart. She again fixed her eyes upon me solemnly, and said, 'Know you whom you embrace? Miserable man, has not the universal rumor reached thy ear?'

"Dearest Adeline," I said, "for the last ten days I have been stretched upon the bed of delirium and insensibility. Rumor, however trumpet-tongued to other ears, has been dumb to mine."

"You call me Adeline," she said, "is that all?'

"The hour," I answered, "is at length arrived—I thought it would be a less melancholy one—when thou wert to tell me that other name, ere thou exchangedst it for ever."

"Know then," she said, rising up in the bed with an unusual effort, in which all her remaining strength seemed to be concentrated, "that my name is Adeline Brandt!"

"For an instant she fixed her dark eyes upon my face, which grew cold and pallid as her own; then the film of death came over them, and her head sank back upon her pillow, from which it never rose again."

"Weak and sickly, and stricken, as it were, with a thunderbolt, I know not how I preserved my recollection and reason at that moment. I remember, however, looking from the chamber window, and seeing the comet shining brightly, although on the verge of

the horizon—I turned to the dead face of Adeline, and thought of those ill-omened verses—

The comet that's born in the belt of Orion,
Whose cradle it gilds, gilds the place they shall die on.

I looked again, and the comet was just departing from the heavens; its fiery train was no longer visible; and in an instant after the nucleus disappeared.

"I have but little to add in explanation. I learned that on the evening of our meeting, the unfortunate Brandt, who had carried on his exploits at a distance, knowing that a price was set upon his head, had fled to the house where his wife and daughter lived, and between whom and him no suspicion of any connexion existed, resolving, if he escaped his present danger, to give up his perilous courses; but that he found those two females in such a state of wretchedness and starvation, that he rushed out and committed the act for which he forfeited his life. Had I but asked Adeline her name, this fatal event would not have happened; for I should most assuredly have removed her to another dwelling, and provided in some way for her father's safety; or, had not the traditionary verses restrained us from mentioning our attachment to any one until the hour of our nuptials, I should have revealed it to the bandit, and so taken away from him every inducement for following his lawless occupation. Ill news is not long in spreading. Adeline heard of her father's death, and that I was the occasion of it, a few hours after it took place. The same cause which sent her to her death-bed, roused her mother from the couch of lethargy and inaction on which she had lain for many years; and I found that she was the wretched old woman whom I had seen attending the last moments of her daughter."

"The remainder of my history has little in it to interest you. I left the university, and retired to my father's castle, where I shut myself up, and lived a very recluse life, until his death, which happened a few years afterward, obliged me to exert myself in the arrangement of my family affairs. The lapse of years gradually alleviated, although it could not eradicate my sorrow; but when I found myself approaching my fortieth year, and knew that the comet would very soon make its reappearance, I could not bear the idea of looking again upon the fatal planet which had caused me so much uneasiness. I therefore resolved to travel in some country where it would not be visible; and having received a pressing invitation from a friend in England to visit his native land, accompanied by an intimation that his house at G. was entirely at my service, I did not hesitate to accept his offer. You know something of my adventures there, especially of the consternation which I occasioned by laying down gas-pipes round my friend's house, in consequence of a letter which I had received from him, requesting me to take the trouble to superintend the workmen. Twenty more years have now rolled over my head; the comet has reappeared, and I can gaze on it with comparative indifference; and as it is just about taking its leave of us, suppose we walk out and enjoy the brightness of its departing glory."

I acceded to the old gentleman's proposal, and lent him the assistance of my arm during our walk. "Yonder fence," said he, "surrounds my friend Berger's garden, in which there is an eminence from which we shall get a better view. The gate is a long way round, but I think you, and even I, shall find but little difficulty in leaping this fence—I will indemnify you for the trespass"—and he had scarcely spoken before he was on the other side of it. I followed him, and we proceeded at a brisk pace toward a beautiful shrubbery, on an elevated spot in the centre of the garden. M. von Schwartzman led the way, but he had scarcely reached the summit before I heard an explosion, and saw him fall upon the ground. I hastened to his assistance, and found him weltering in his blood. I raised him, and supported him in my arms, but he shook his head, saying, "No, no, my friend, it is all in vain—the influence of that malignant star has prevailed over me. I forgot that my friend Bergher had lately planted spring-guns in his grounds. But it is Destiny, and not they, which has destroyed me. Farewell—farewell!" On these words his last breath was spent: his eyes, while they remained open, were fixed upon the comet, and the instant they closed, the ill-boding planet sunk beneath the horizon.



INDEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"INDEPENDENCE"—it is the word, of all others that, Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land," or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases, in different grades, from a single village—such as are abundant in every neighborhood.

Shane Thurlough, for example, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, as "clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome looking fellow, leaning over the half door of the cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach, wherewith to pelt those useful Irish scavengers, the ducks. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane?"

"Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady!—and won't ye step in and rest?—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower come, it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and, depending on that, I didn't buy one—what I've been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go and purchase one?"

"To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence,) for I depended on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the

brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and—bad luck to him, the spalpeen!—he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear; and she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in fault this time, any how: the child's taken the small-pock; and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pock, and I depended on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor—but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nat'ral, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself)—and it the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty-like, sometimes; and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane!"

"Bad cess to the wheel! I got it this morning about that, too—I depended on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot; but where's the good, says I, sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and, when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'm dear, don't minion it!—it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent-like—'Shane, you've an eye to Squire's new lodge?' says he. 'May-be I have,' says I. 'I'm yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure

I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he; 'and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self.' 'The blessing be about ye,' says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong sup on the strength of it; and, *depending* on him, I thought all safe—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and, without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depend* on."

"James Doyle, General Dealer," and a neat, good-looking shop it was—double fronted—its multifarious contents, doubtless, very amusing. Mr. Doyle was a sleek, civil little man as any in the county, and much respected; he would have been rich also, were it not that he was, unfortunately, a widower, with five daughters. If you had seen his well-stored counters and shelves, and the extraordinary crowd that assembled in his shop, you would have felt certain that everything was to be had within—pins, ribands, knives, scissors, tobacco-pipes, candles, mouse-traps, tea, soap, sugars, tape, thread, cotton, flax, wool, paper, pens, ink, snuff and snuff-boxes, beads, salt herrings, cheese, butter, muslins (such beauties), calicoes (like cambric), linens (better than lawn), twine, ropes, slates, halters, stufis, eggs, bridles, stockings, turf, delisk, pepper, mustard, vinegar, knitting needles, books—namely, the "Reading made Easy," "Life of Freney, and his many wonderful escapes, showing how, after his being a most famous robber, he lived and died a good Catholic Christian in the beautiful and celebrated town of Rose, in the ancient county of Wexford," "Valentine and Orson," "Seven Champions of Christendom," and such like—which books, by the way, turn the heads of half our little girls and boys. The village shop would have vended its finery to greater advantage, if there had been no direct communication with Wexford; for it must be confessed that some of the pretty lasses took it into their heads to be dissatisfied with the goods at the big shop, and absolutely sent for their Sunday elegancies to the county town; but, nevertheless, James Doyle would have made a fortune, if his five daughters had been willing to assist him in his business. Had you seen them, they would not have appeared like the industrious children of an English tradesman, who invariably think it their duty to make every effort for the well-doing of their family, and exert themselves, either at home or abroad, to procure "Independence." Could the slatternly appearance of the five Misses Doyle, or their tawdry finery, designate any beings in the world except the daughters of an ill-regulated Irish shopkeeper? I say ill-regulated, because, truly, all are not so; very far from it. Their mother died when they were young, and their father unadvisedly sent them to one of those hot-beds of pride and mischief, a "fifteen-pound" boarding-school in a garaison town, where they learnt to work tent-stitch, and despise trade. When they returned, honest Doyle saw he could not expect anything from them in the way of usefulness, and not possessing much of that uncommon quality, miscalled *common* sense, he was contented to support them in idleness, hoping that their pretty faces might catch the unwary.

"And sure," said Miss Sally, the first-born, to Miss Stacy, the second hope of the family—"haven't we had six months a-piece at Miss Brick's own school?—can't our father afford us a clear hundred each, down in yellow guineas?—hasn't he got a thousand, maybe more, at the very laste pinny, in Wexford Bank?—and if he, with such a power o' money, demanes himself by keeping a paltry shop, instead of living like a gentleman upon his property, and cutting a dash to get us decent husbands, not bog-trotters, there's no reason in life why we should attend to it. I hope we have a better spirit, all of us, than to do the likes of that, indeed!"

And so the five Misses Doyle chose the handsomest "prints" in the shop for their own especial use; loitered the mornings *en papillote*, lounging up the street, or down the street, or staring out of the window, their shoes slip-shod, and the turn-out strings replaced by pins, that invariably made one rent while they secured another—and, in the evenings, excited the stare of the silly, and the contempt of the wise, by their over-dressed but ill-arranged persons, parading in trumpery finery and French curls. Then they were perpetually

quarrelling, although their tastes on matrimonial points were very similar; and if a young farmer, or, more delightful still, a "boy" from Wexford or Waterford, put up at the village—mercy bless us! What a full cry! Such a set!—five to one!

Take a specimen of the quarrels of the five rivals in love.

"Little good, Babby, there is in your trying to make anything decent of that head of yours, as long as it's so bright and carroty." "It's no sich thing as carroty, Stacy, and, for the matter of that, look at yer own nose. Sure no one in life would think it worth their while to be afther a pug dog." "It's good fun to hear the pair o' ye argufying about beauty—beauty, indeed!" interrupted Miss Sally, tossing her head, and eyeing her really very pretty person in the cracked looking-glass. "Oh, to be sure, you think yourself wonderful handsome!" exclaimed two of the girls at once. "I never could see any beauty in curds and whey," continued she of the elevated nose. "Ye little go-by-the-ground, keep out of my way," said the tallest sister, Johanna, to the shortest, Cicely; "ye keep as much bother about yer dress, as if ye were a passable size." "Hould yer tongue, ye long gawky," retorted the little one, "there's no use in your dressing at the stranger boy—he's not a grenadier!"

Poor Doyle! Miss Sally ran off with a walking gentleman, who refused to marry her unless her portion was made three hundred pounds. "Oh," said the father, "the pride of my heart she was, but it is bad to *depend* upon beauty!" True, Doyle, or upon anything—except well-regulated industry. If he would come into partnership, he might be useful, but the gentleman disdained trade. The poor father mortgaged part of his property, paid the money, and Sally was married; but, in less than a year, was returned on his hands, with the addition of a helpless infant, the scorn of her unfeeling sisters. Stacy was the next to heap sorrow on the old man's head; she, to use her own expression, "met with a misfortune," for she *depended* on the "boy's" honor; but her sin was too degrading to allow of her continuing in the house. Cicely married—honestly married, a daring, dashing smuggler, who, *depending* on his former good fortune, dared an exploit in the contraband trade, which would have banished him for ever from the country, had not Doyle again mortgaged his property to save him; the young man's good name was gone, however, and he lived *depending* on his father-in-law, who now began to suffer seriously from pecuniary embarrassment. Johanna married what was called well, that is, the young man was a gentleman farmer, too proud to look after his own affairs; he *depended* upon "his right-hand man," or the goodness of the times, or anything but his own exertions, for his success—speculated, failed, prevailed on his unfortunate relative to bail him, and, in open defiance of truth and honesty, fled to America.

Then, indeed, the wail and the woe resounded in that house where peace, and comfort, and happiness, might have dwelt; and the old man's bed was the cold jail floor, and the family were scattered, and branded with sin and shame, and all for want of *INDEPENDENT* feelings.

The honorable Mister Augustus Headerton, who once lived in yonder villa, was the youngest of eleven children, and, consequently, the junior brother of the noble Lord of Headerton, nephew of the honorable Justice Cleaveland, nephew of Admiral Barrymore, K.C.B., &c. &c. &c.; and cousin, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh remove—to half the honorables and dishonorables in the country.

When the old earl died, he left four chancery suits, and a nominal estate, to the heir apparent, to whom he also bequeathed his three younger brothers and sisters, who had only small annuities from their mother's fortune, being assured that (to use his own words) "he might *depend* on him, for the honor of the family, to provide for them handsomely." And so he did (in his own estimation)—his lady sisters had "the run of the house," and Mr. Augustus Headerton had the run of the stables, the use of hunters and dogs, and was universally acknowledged to possess a "proper spirit," because he spent three times more than his income. "He bates the world and all, for beauty, in a hunting jacket!" exclaimed the groom. "He flies a gate beyant any living sow! I iver see; and his tally, ho! my jewel—'twould do yer heart good to hear his tally, ho!" said

my lord's huntsman. "He's a generous jentleman as any in the kingdom—I'll say that for him, any day in the year," echoed the coachman. "He's admired more nor any jentleman that walks Steven's-green in a month o' Sundays, I'll go bail," continued Miss Jenny Roe, the ladies' maid.

"Choose a profession!" Oh, no!—impossible! But the honorable Mr. Augustus Headerton chose a wife, and threw all his relations, including Lord Headerton, the honorable Justice Cleaveland, Admiral Barrymore, K.C.B., and his cousins to the fiftieth remove, into strong convulsions, or little fits. She, the lady, had sixty thousand pounds; that, of course, they could not object to. She had eloped with the honorable Mister Augustus Headerton—mere youthful indiscretion. She was little and ugly—that only concerned her husband. She was proud and extravagant—these were lady-like failings. She was ignorant and stupid—her sisters-in-law would have pardoned that. She was vulgar—that was awkward. Her father was a carcass butcher in Cole's-lane Market!—death and destruction!

It could never be forgiven!—the cut direct was unanimously agreed on, and the little lady turned up her little nose in disdain, as her handsome barouche rolled past the lumbering carriage of the right honorable Lord Headerton. She persuaded her husband to purchase that beautiful villa, in view of the family domain, that she might have more frequent opportunities of bringing, as she elegantly expressed it, "the proud beggars to their trumps—and why not?—money's money, all the world over." The honorable Mister Augustus depended on his agent for the purchase, and some two thousand and odd pounds were consequently paid, or said to have been paid, for it, more than its value. And then commenced the general warfare; full purse and empty head—*versus*, no purse and old nobility. They had the satisfaction of ruining each other: in due course of time, the full purse was emptied by devouring duns, and the old nobility suffered by its connexion with vulgarity.

"I want to know, honorable Mister Augustus Headerton," (the lady always gave the full name when addressing her husband; she used to say it was all she got for her money)—"I want to know, honorable Mister Augustus Headerton, the reason why the music-master's lessons, given to the Misses Headerton (they were blessed with seven sweet pledges of affection), have not been paid for? I desired the steward to see to it, and you know I depend on him to settle these matters."

The honorable Mrs. Augustus Headerton rang the bell—"Send Martin up."

"Mister Martin," the lady began, "what is the reason that Mr. Langi's account has not been paid?"

"My master, ma'am, knows that I have been anxious for him to look over the accounts; the goings-out are so very great, and the comings-in, as far as I know—" the honorable Mister Augustus Headerton spilt some of the whiskey-punch he was drinking, over a splendid hearth-rug, which drew the lady's attention from what would have been an unpleasant *éclaircissement*.

"I cannot understand why difficulties should arise. I am certain I brought a fortune large enough for all extravagance," was the lady's constant remark, when expenditure was mentioned. Years pass over the heads of the young—and they grow old; and over the heads of fools—but they never grow wise.

The honorable Mister and Mistress Augustus Headerton were examples of this truth; their children grew up around them—but could derive no support from the parent root. The mother depended on governesses and masters for the education of her girls—and on their beauty, connexions, or accomplishments, to procure them husbands. The father did not deem the labors of study fit occupation for the sons of an ancient house: "Depend upon it," he would say, "they'll all do well with my connexions—they will be able to command what they please." The honorable Mister Augustus could not now boast of a full purse, for they had long been living on the memory of their once ample fortune.

The honorable Mister Augustus Headerton died, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of inflammation, caught in an old limekiln, where he was concealed, to avoid an arrest for the sum of one hundred and eighty guineas, for Black Nell, the famous filly (who won the cup on the Curragh of Kildare)—purchased in his name, but without his knowledge, by his second son, the pride of the family—commonly called Dashing Dick.

All I know further of the honorable Mistress Augustus Headerton is, that—

"She played at cards, and died."

Miss Georgiana—the beauty, and the greatest fool of the family, who depended on her face as a fortune, did get a husband—an old, rich, West India planter, and eloped, six months after marriage, with an officer of dragons.

Miss Celestina was really clever and accomplished. "Use her abilities for her own support!" Oh, no!—not for worlds! Too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, she depended on her relations, and played toady to all who would have her.

Miss Louisa—not clever; but, in all other respects, ditto—ditto.

Miss Charlotte was always very romantic; but refused a respectable banker with indignation, and married her uncle's footman—for love.

Having sketched the female part of the family, I will tell you what I remember of the gentlemen.

"The Emperor," as Mr. Augustus was called, from his stately manner, and dignified deportment, aided by as much self-esteem as could well be contained in a human body, depended, without any "compunctious visitings of conscience," on the venison, claret, and champagne of his friends, and thought all the time he did them honor—and thus he passed his life.

"Dashing Dick" was the opposite of the Emperor; sung a good song—told a good story—and gloried in making the ladies blush. He depended on his cousin Colonel Bloomfield's procuring him a commission in his regiment, and cheated tailors, hosiers, glovers, coach-makers, and even lawyers, with impunity. Happily for the world at large, Dashing Dick broke his neck in a steeple-chase, on a stolen horse, which he might have been hanged for purloining, had he lived a day longer.

Ferdinand was the *bonne-bouche* of the family; they used to call him "the Parson." Excellent Ferdinand!—he depended on his own exertions; and, if ever the name of Headerton rises in the scale of moral or intellectual superiority, it will be owing to the steady and virtuous efforts of Mister Ferdinand Headerton, merchant, in the good city of B——; for he possesses, in perfection, "the glorious privilege of being INDEPENDENT!"

Original.

THE WIDOW'S GRAVE.

BY EDWARD WOOLF.

INTRODUCTION.

Our village church is truly a venerable edifice, and I experience no small gratification in paying a daily visit to this ancient relic, to gaze upon its grey and crumbling turrets, or sit beneath its low and ivy covered porch, or wander among the tombs of the mouldering dead. I fancy that I am somewhat singular in that respect; for, with the exception of one solitary instance, I seldom, if ever, meet with a companion actuated by a similar propensity.

The old sexton is acquainted with my peculiar disposition, and often joins me in my rambles through the churchyard. He is familiar with every inch of ground surrounding the church, and points with a degree of pride and importance to certain mounds, covered with thick grass and sweet-scented flowers, as being the spots where he performed the first melancholy duties of his office, and often sighs while with sorrowful accents he alludes to the approach of that day, when his own form shall mingle with the dust of those whom he has consigned to the bosom of the cold earth.

He is a reverend old man, and his locks are silvered by the frost of age, for seventy winters have passed over his head; yet he is hale and strong. I have conceived a pity and veneration for that old man, because I observe that he is shunned by many persons who are acquainted with his calling. Indeed, a public executioner could not be treated with more contempt, or viewed with greater disgust than this poor, harmless and inoffensive creature, both by the vulgar herd, and persons whose education should teach them to observe the respect due to honorable old age.

This kind hearted man frequently reverts to the

disrespect he encounters from persons acquainted with his calling; and a tear will sometimes moisten his cold grey eye, and roll down his furrowed cheek. He has not a relation in the world to cheer him in his declining years, for Death has hurried his kindred from a life of poverty and wretchedness, and they lie buried in that churchyard, where the old man has performed the office of sexton for the last half century.

We frequently visit the graves of his kindred. They are situated in a retired spot, rendered somewhat gloomy by certain dark cedar and yew trees, that cast a broad and deep shadow upon the green sward around; and he derives a melancholy satisfaction from removing the weeds and briars from such spots of earth, as conceal the remains of those, whose smiles and affectionate assiduities would have rendered his old age happy.

I believe that I am the only being to whom he is really attached; and I never approach the churchyard without beholding him leaning over the white painted palings, looking anxiously for my arrival, and, no sooner does he recognize me, than a smile of satisfaction illumines his countenance, and he hastens to open the wicket, and welcome me.

There is an old elm tree, beneath whose friendly shade we often sit, and hold our friendly converse. It is from beneath this tree, that I view the venerable church, and hear the deep and sombre tones of the old turret bell quiver upon the breeze, and gaze upon the green sward dotted with memorials of the dead. How calm and tranquil is that spot of earth! The awful stillness of death reigns there. So profound is the silence, that the very beatings of one's heart fall perceptibly upon the ear; and, should this silence be interrupted, it is only by the solemn voice of the old bell, or the wind moaning through the branches of the elm trees that shade the avenue. From the crevices of the mouldering tombs the lizard creeps forth to bask in the rays of the sun; he has left his damp and unwholesome cavern, concealed amid rank weeds, to inhale the pure and refreshing breeze, and the genial warmth of the atmosphere, for the white frost of winter has disappeared, and the verdant carpet of Nature enamelled with varied colored flowers, welcomes the approach of Spring.

It is during my rambles with the old sexton among the tombs, that he relates certain anecdotes connected with the past lives of those persons, whose names, ages, and days of their deaths are recorded upon the tablets erected to their memories.

It happened, during one of our rambles, that we arrived at a mound covered with long and soft grass. A plain looking tablet of inferior workmanship placed at the head of the grave, informed us of the names and ages of those who slept below.

The inscription ran as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
MARY ANN WALTERSON,
Who departed this life, February 6th, 18—,
Aged 48 years.

ALSO, OF
JOSEPH HENRY WALTERSON,
Son of the above,
Who departed this life, February 5th, 18—,
Aged 30 years.

Upon our arrival at this grave, the old sexton clasped his hands behind him, and contemplated the tablet with a sorrowful expression of countenance; he then sighed, and shaking his head mournfully, exclaimed:

"Alas, sir! this mound conceals the remains of two persons whose sad history I am too well acquainted with; for the remembrance of that misery a fond and doting mother endured, when bereaved of her only child, who met with an untimely end, can never be obliterated from my memory. Come! let us return to the seat beneath yon elm tree, and I will relate the sad story to you, for I am well acquainted with the facts, having resided near her dwelling when the sad catastrophe occurred."

Anxious to become a listener to his narrative, which promised to awaken much interest, I accompanied the old man back to the elm tree, where, after seating ourselves upon a rustic bench erected beneath the friendly shade of its wide spreading branches, he proceeded as follows with

THE STORY OF THE WIDOW'S GRAVE.

"I remember the time when Mrs. Walterson first arrived in this village: it was about seventeen years ago; and she took up her residence, with her infant son, in a small white cottage, situated upon a knoll close to the meadows. The self-same cottage is standing there even now; but it is sadly dilapidated. The latticed casement, over which the honey-suckle and sweet-brier were wont to twine their pliant arms, and shed a sweet fragrance around, is now rusted on its hinges, and its broken panes are choked with ivy and wild vine. Its neat porch of trellis work, which had been erected by the widow's son under her immediate superintendence, has fallen to decay. The garden is overgrown with weeds; and the white painted palings which surrounded the cottage, have been pulled down and destroyed by our village urchin, who have made the garden a place of rendezvous to carry on their mischievous frolics; and you may frequently observe three or four of those curly-headed little fellows swinging upon the garden-gate, or listening with apparent delight to the creaking of its hinges.

"In a corner of the garden, near the rear of the cottage, is a small wooden house, resembling an ark: it is the residence of 'Cæsar,' once the trusty house-dog, and an especial favorite of Master Joseph. Sometimes a group of children may be observed examining that wooden tenement at a distance, with looks of suspicion mingled with fear; and it frequently happens that one of those chubby little fellows, upon being urged by his companions, will advance a step or two, and whistle, or chirp, in order to invite Cæsar to come forth; and then the poor animal, who rarely quits his cell, unless it be to visit the grave of his former mistress and young master, will thrust forth his grizzly head, and growl at his tormentors. Poor Cæsar! he will never forget his mistress, nor the kind master who cherished him. He is supported by the kind-hearted neighbors, and cannot be induced to quit that spot, for it was there that the widow and her son used to caress him. He has visited the old church-yard regularly every day since he lost his mistress, and I believe he will continue to do so until death prevents him. Upon the death of the widow and her son, he took on sadly, and for several days refused food; and he would start off for this churchyard, and moan over the grave, and burrow up the ground. Poor fellow! it went against my heart to drive him from that spot; but I was compelled to do it, and finally to shut him out altogether; and then the faithful animal lurked round the palings, whining for admittance: I would fain have gratified him, but, as he destroyed the mound, I thought it was best to exclude him. For days, weeks, nay for months, did he hover around this place, and take advantage of every opportunity to gain admittance: at length I ventured to gratify him, and opened the gate for him; whereupon he bounded toward the grave, and whined, and moaned, as he was wont to do before. I was pleased to observe that he did not disturb the earth, and suffered him to continue there as long as he pleased. Since that time he has been a daily visitor. But to return to his mistress.

"It was a glowing afternoon in the month of August, when Mrs. Walterson first arrived with her son. He was a fine little rosy-cheeked fellow, and his auburn ringlets fell clustering over his shoulders. I thought Mrs. Walterson the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. She was above the middle height, with a complexion so delicate and clear, that the small blue veins in her neck, resembled those which appear in the purest white marble; and her cheeks were tinged with the blush of the rose, while her dark chestnut hair, braided upon her snowy forehead, descended in luxuriant ringlets upon her shoulders. Her hazel eyes and finely arched brows rendered her countenance the most expressive imagination can picture. You doubtless feel surprised to hear an old man speak in terms glowing with the fervor of youth. If I am thus led away, it is only the recollection of Mrs. Walterson's worth, beauty and rectitude of conduct.

"It was understood, upon Mrs. Walterson's arrival, that she was the wife of a captain who commanded a merchant vessel of which he was part owner. He was said to be a wealthy man, and respectably connected. It appeared that Mrs. Walterson had married him in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and for that rash step they had discarded her. It was in vain that

Captain Walterson and his wife solicited forgiveness from her incensed parents: their letters were returned; and once the affectionate wife, but erring daughter, ventured beneath her father's roof, to crave his blessing and forgiveness: she had been spurned at, and driven from her father's presence with loud imprecations; and the servants at the hall were commanded, upon pain of instant dismissal, never to admit her or the captain beneath that roof again.

"Having thus forfeited all hope of being reinstated in the affections of her parents, Mrs. Walterson passed her days of solitude in the white cottage which her husband had chosen for her residence.

"Captain Walterson was absent from home for the greatest part of the year, during which time, Mrs. Walterson, to relieve the monotony of her solitary life, and beguile her tedious hours, undertook the instruction of Master Joseph; and it was a delightful thing to behold the young mother bending over her infant son, while her dark ringlets shadowed that cherub face upturned toward her own; and the glance of intelligence from the expressive eyes of that child, as he received instruction from her lips, or when listening to her gentle admonitions, can never be forgotten by me.

"If Mrs. Walterson possessed any one failing—and none are exempt from the frailties of humanity—it was a tincture of pride, approaching to a seeming haughtiness. Probably the secluded life she led, or the remembrance of the slights she had received from her family, might have wrought some change upon her sensitive mind. God forgive me, if I wrong the poor widow! but I have often imagined, that had she been more familiar with her humble neighbors in her prosperity, nay, even in her poverty, many hours of wretchedness would have been spared her; but, notwithstanding all the misery and distress that fell heavily upon her after the death of her husband, she still retained her wonted pride, so that her neighbors, who were really anxious to relieve her wants, were fearful of meeting with a repulse.

"I have already stated that Captain Walterson was absent from home for the greatest part of the year; and when he returned from sea, his wife appeared an altered creature, for she was then all life and gaiety; and I have seen her leaning upon his arm while walking round the neat little garden attached to the cottage, and smiling upon him with looks of affection. And oft did it gladden my heart to behold the captain fondling his little son, or contributing to his amusement, by joining him in his youthful sports. Ah, sir! if there ever was an affectionate husband, and a doting father, Captain Walterson was that man.

"I shall now pass over the events of about twelve or fourteen years, in order to narrate a sad domestic affliction that befel Mrs. Walterson. Intelligence arrived—and, alas! it was but too well confirmed—that Capt. Walterson's vessel had foundered at sea, and that every soul on board had perished. It was truly grievous to behold poor Mrs. Walterson when she received the dreadful tidings. Rumors had made the sad event known in the village, and many a pitying glance was directed toward the cottage.

"I was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the cottage, where I used to trim the garden, and keep the fences in order, and was frequently invited by the old house-keeper to enter and partake refreshment. It happened on the same afternoon, that Mrs. Walterson had received the dreadful intelligence, I was partaking of my usual refreshment, and had an opportunity of seeing her, and never—no never—shall I forget her as she then appeared.

"She was seated in the parlor: the letter containing the afflicting intelligence had fallen from her hand: her eyes were upraised to heaven; but not a tear flowed to relieve the deep anguish that assailed her heart. Her face was pale as marble; her lips trembled, and there appeared an expression of vacancy in her countenance painful to behold. Master Joseph, (who was then about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and a fine tall youth) clasped her right hand, while he endeavored to cheer her with words of comfort; and he imprinted a kiss upon her cold white forehead—but she heard him not, nor felt his tear of affection bedew her pallid cheek.

"The appearance of Master Joseph, for a youth of his age, was manly, and noble in the extreme. His countenance was handsome, and expressive, and bore a great resemblance to that of his mother. His eyes were

black, piercing, and brilliant. His fine black and glossy hair hung in ringlets upon his shoulders, his limbs were firm, and well set, and gave evident tokens of a superior strength to be developed in riper years.

"It was many weeks before Mrs. Walterson recovered the shock inflicted upon her sensitive nature, by the disastrous occurrence already mentioned; and, when she appeared abroad, leaning upon the arm of her son, it was difficult to recognize her for the same person. The bloom of health had deserted her cheek—her eyes were sunken, and her lips bloodless, and traces of care and anxiety became more visible upon her countenance every day I beheld her.

"It happened, unfortunately, that Captain Walterson's vessel was not insured; and as he had devoted a great portion of his capital to the purchasing of a valuable freight, but little remained for the support of Mrs. Walterson and Master Joseph, who had never been put to any trade or profession. However, by a prudent management of the proceeds, arising from the disposal of her stock of jewelry, Mrs. Walterson was enabled to invest a sum in the funds, the interest of which, tended to support her and her son, so that they had nothing to apprehend from those miseries attending absolute poverty; and, as Captain Walterson had purchased the white cottage, they were in the possession of a comfortable residence.

"I have already stated, that Master Joseph was the idol of his parents; but, alas! in their fondness, they neglected to instil into his youthful mind those precepts of morality, which are so essential for our ultimate happiness through life. By their excessive indulgence he had been taught to imagine that he could do no wrong; and as his education had been neglected, his mind was not prepared to resist the false impressions of those allurements with which vice so often entangles her victims; and although his behaviour for the two years succeeding his father's death, was all that his fond mother could wish, and such as to merit the admiration of the whole village, yet, at the end of that time, a perceptible change was observable in his conduct, which caused the widow to experience some uneasiness. At first she attributed his irregularities to that eccentricity which so often accompanies youth; but, as his misconduct daily became more apparent, she began to have some misgivings as to his sense of propriety, and regretted, alas! when too late, that her excessive fondness had been instrumental in causing him to swerve from the paths of duty, and of virtue.

"His disposition, which hitherto had been characterized as gentle and loving in the extreme, was now morose and sullen. He would return from his daily rambles with a flushed brow, and a frowning aspect, and sit for hours in a thoughtful mood. In vain did his fond mother endeavor to elicit from him the cause of this change in his behaviour. To her inquiries he remained stubborn and silent; nay, he often exhibited a degree of petulance, approaching to anger; yet, her tears and gentle admonitions sometimes prevailed, and he would throw himself upon her bosom, and weep; but to all her remonstrances and entreaties appertaining to the perceptible change in his behaviour, he preserved an obstinate taciturnity, and while the fond mother's heart was torn with anguish, that of the erring son was daily becoming hardened and insensible to all those humane feelings which are implanted in our bosoms by the hands of virtue.

"I have previously stated, that Mrs. Walterson was thought to possess a proud disposition; it might not have been so; at any rate she did not seek the advice and friendship of our village dames—on the contrary, she seemed inclined to shun them. Now, I do believe, that had she imparted the cause of her grief to them, they would have afforded her much consolation, and proper counsel to reclaim her son; but those who really sympathized with her, and who were anxious to lessen the weight of her afflictions, became fearful of incurring her displeasure, and she was doomed to undergo all those miseries which the misconduct of her son was daily bringing upon her, without that friendly advice of which she might avail herself. Indeed, my kind-hearted dame frequently opportunely me to allow her to visit the widow, for the purpose of consoling her; but I was apprehensive that such a visit would be deemed impertinent and obtrusive by Mrs. Walterson, and so objected to it.

"The misconduct of Master Joseph, at length began to excite alarming suspicions in the mind of the widow,

for he would frequently absent himself from home two or three nights in the week, and she knew not where to seek him. Many, aye, many a night, have I beheld that poor widow standing at the gate of the cottage, watching the return of her son; and every distant footstep would cause her to start, and look eagerly forward for his approach. Often have I heard her sob, and moan, in that gloom and solitude, until I thought her heart would break. Sometimes I have seen her, by the faint light of a candle, traversing her chamber, and weeping sadly. Alas, poor widow! callous indeed must that heart have been that did not throb with pity for misery like thine.

"I will relate an occurrence I witnessed: it may tend to impress you with sympathy for the sufferings of a mother so devotedly attached to an unworthy son. It was on a gloomy and chilly night in the month of November, that the widow had stationed herself as usual at the gate, to watch for the arrival of her son. The dark and heavy masses of clouds were driven swiftly onwards by a sharp north wind, that howled and whistled through the crackling branches of the withered trees, whilst the slanting rain, mixed with the hail, descended with great impetuosity. The widow was muffled up in a shawl and bonnet, looking anxiously toward the high road for the arrival of her son. Unmindful of the cutting rain, and sharp chilling wind, there she stood amid the rude elements by which she was assailed. It was indeed a pitiless night! I heard the old gates slam to and fro by the violence of the wind, and creak dismally upon their hinges; and the foaming torrent of the swollen brook lashed to fury, rush madly onward; yet there she remained, looking earnestly toward the road by which her son usually returned home. The faithful Cæsar stood by his mistress, eyeing her wistfully, and bounding forward when a footstep was heard, but when he discovered it did not proceed from Master Joseph, he returned to his mistress, and whined pitiously.

"Long did the anxious widow continue upon that spot, drenched with the rain, and chilled by the northern blast: she heeded them not. What were the assaults of tempestuous storm compared to the anguish that lacerated her bosom for the prolonged absence of a beloved son? At length a footstep was heard, and Cæsar bounded forward—his bark of recognition and joy proclaimed the approach of his young master. Nearer, and nearer came the footsteps, and Master Joseph was at length discerned through the gloom, approaching with an unsteady gait. The widow uttered a cry of joy, and rushed forward to embrace her son. Oh God! never shall I forget the scene that followed, and would that I had never witnessed it, the remembrance, even now causes me to shudder; for, when the widow approached with outstretched arms to embrace that son who had caused her to experience so many hours of anguish—he muttered a horrid imprecation, throwing her rudely from him, and with such force, that she was dashed to the ground in a state of insensibility. I ran to her assistance—for I had beheld this transaction from the window of my cottage—and arriving at the spot where she had fallen, raised her in my arms, and bore her to her residence, into which her cruel son had already entered. I placed her gently on a chair, when she soon recovered, and beholding her son—who was seated in an arm chair, gazing upon her with a countenance expressive of stupor and astonishment, for he was evidently inebriated—she clasped her hands, and while the tears gushed from her eyes, exclaimed, "Oh Joseph! it was cruel of you to treat me with such harshness. If you but knew how miserable I have been during your absence, and the anxiety I have felt for your safety, you would pity me, indeed you would—but thank heaven, you have returned, and I am happy!"

"Her son made no reply, but stretched forth his legs, thrust his hands into his pockets, and regarded the widow and myself with a vacant stare. Good God! what an alteration had a few weeks of intemperance wrought upon him! His hair that was wont to curl luxuriantly, hung dishevelled and matted: his eyes had lost their brilliancy: his cheeks were hollow and sunken, and his lips black and parched from the effect of habitual intoxication. His dress was disordered, and bespattered with mire, and, in fact, his appearance was calculated to raise emotions of loathing and disgust in the bosom of the beholder. Ah, sir! it seems but yesterday, that I beheld the widow in her faded mourn-

ing dress; her dark glossy hair parted into plain bands on each side of her white forehead, while she leaned upon the arm of her son, whose eyes beamed with affection, and whose deportment, as he walked up yon shaded avenue, bespoke the pride and joy of his heart, in being thus chosen the protector of his fond mother in her declining years. And many were the blessings bestowed upon that son, as he entered the church on the Sabbath day, supporting his mother, and bearing a small clasp bible in his hands. The village dames smiled, and nodded to each other with looks of admiration upon beholding them walk up the aisle; and the old squire of the manor would often greet them with a friendly salutation and point them out to his lady, as they advanced, as though he experienced a huge gratification on viewing the calm and happy countenance of the mother, and commendable bearing of the son; little did I then imagine that he would become so disobedient and wayward a youth—but let me proceed with my sad narrative; and it will soon be concluded.

"A discovery was made that Master Joseph had joined a set of dissolute companions, who had by the most artful stratagems lured him to their toils, and by degrees had induced him to assist them in their evil practices. From the vices of gambling and inebriety, he had been led to commit the crime of theft, for, at the instigations of his wicked companions, he had broken open a bureau belonging to his mother, and stolen from thence a sum of money, together with a quantity of plate, and some few jewels, with which he had absconded; nor could the poor widow gain any intelligence of him, until the occurrence of that sad adventure, by which he met with an untimely end. It happened in the following manner:

"Those dissolute companions which Master Joseph had joined, were known as a most desperate gang of ruffians. Orchards and hen-roosts had been robbed with impunity, for these depredators were said to be so strong in numbers, and so determined, that the villagers were afraid to attack them; so, that while rewards were offered for their apprehension, they committed the most flagrant and daring acts of robbery unmolested; and, perceiving that no person dared venture to attack them while pursuing their lawless deeds, they had become bold, and had now concerted a plan to rob the manor house at the earliest and most favorable opportunity that should offer, in order to obtain the rich service of plate and jewels which it was said to contain. For the purpose of carrying this plan into execution, enquiries were made by certain members of the gang, and it was ascertained that the Squire had gone to his town residence, in order to spend the winter there, and had left the manor house to the care of his faithful old steward, who, with his wife, son, and servant girl, were the only persons that inhabited it. This information inspired the desperadoes with great joy, and a determination to effect their object without loss of time.

"It was a dark gusty night, in the month of February, that the burglars set out upon their expedition; and Master Joseph—who had been elected a sort of chief, or captain over this desperate gang—undertook to conduct the enterprise.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the gate of the manor house, and a trusty spy was sent forward to reconnoitre, who soon returned, and reported that everything was favorable for their plan of attack; thereupon the gang forced the gate, and moving on noiselessly and upon tiptoe, concealed by the thick gloom which shrouded the earth, they proceeded along the path that led to the principal entrance; and when they arrived there, Master Joseph beckoned to one of his companions, who carried implements for house-breaking, and taking from him a centre-bit, screw-driver and a picklock, he commenced operations upon the shutter, while his companions prepared their weapons of defence, in case of an attack. Master Joseph having cut a hole in the shutter large enough for him to thrust his arm into, retired to procure the dark lantern held by one of his companions, in order to direct where to find the bolt; and as he advanced for that purpose, a window of the upper story was suddenly thrown open, and a blunderbuss discharged upon the burglars—for the old steward had received information of their intentions, and was prepared accordingly. Upon the discharge of the blunderbuss, a cry of agony was heard, followed by the oaths and execrations of the burglars, who retreated precipitately, for numerous lights appeared at a distance,

the bearers of which were hurrying toward the scene of action. A great number of villagers soon arrived upon the spot, and upon directing their steps to the manor house, they discovered a man laying prostrate upon his face near the window. They turned him upon his back, and by the red glare of the light emitted from the lanterns, discovered Master Joseph, pierced near the heart by a bullet. Life was not yet extinct, for, upon raising him in their arms, he said, in a faint voice—"I am guilty—my mother—oh God protect her!" and so expired.

"Never shall I forget the day," continued the old sexton, brushing away a tear, "when the lifeless body of that unfortunate boy was brought to the dwelling of the poor widow, nor the shriek of anguish that burst from her bosom when she beheld his pallid corse; for notwithstanding his vices, and the cruel treatment she had received from him, he was still dear to her heart. Poor heart-broken widow! now she was indeed desolate, for while he lived, she cherished the hope that he might be reclaimed to virtue and honor, and become the solace of her old age; but now that he was dead, what charms had life for her? Her agony became insupportable. She clung to the body, and kissed its cold lips; then gazed upon its rigid features, while she smoothed the hair from the pale, cold forehead, bedewing it with her scalding tears. She spoke to it with the most endearing expressions, and pressed her lips to its mouth, as though her warm breath might recall it to life.

"We endeavored to force her from the body, but our efforts were vain, for she clung to it with a power of grasp that defied our exertions, and continued to weep over it for some hours, refusing the consolation we offered. At length she became exhausted, and fell upon the body of her son in a state of insensibility. After she had remained in that apparent situation for a few moments, we ventured to remove her for the purpose of conducting her from the apartment; but alas! we found her dead. A small stream of black gore issued from her mouth, dappling the bosom of her son. She had died of a broken heart!"—Here the old sexton's voice became inaudible; the remaining words he endeavored to utter died upon his lips, and he turned away his head and wept.

And shall I be accused of weakness, when I confess that my eyes became dim with the tears of sympathy?

"She was buried," resumed the old sexton, drawing his hand across his eyes, "on the following day, beneath that mound; and her son was consigned to the same grave. Yon tablet was erected by the good squire of the manor, who, with his dame, often pays a visit to that spot of earth, to drop a tear of sorrow to the poor widow's memory."

The old sexton having concluded his narrative, I arose, and pressing his hand with silent emotion, took my departure from the village churchyard; and I intend to visit it frequently, in order that I may gaze in silence and solitude upon THE WIDOW'S GRAVE.

PRAY FOR ME.

BY MILLEVOYE, ON HIS DEATH-BED AT NEUILLY.

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems;
How hushed the breeze! the eve how calm!
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm,
Kind villagers! God bless you shed!
Hark! 'tis the prayer—the evening bell;
Oh, stay! and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

What leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs of wo he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone;
But when ye speak of him that's gone,
Fray for the soul of that lost one—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Oh! pity her, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come;
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
She was my love!—point out to my tomb;
Tell her my life should have been hers—
'Twas but a day!—God's will!—'tis well:
But weep with her kind villagers!
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

THE YANKEE BALL.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

HOLMES' HOLE is a harbor well known to all navigators of the coast of New England. During the year 1781, while the hopes and fears of the American patriots were alternating, a half dozen British frigates were lying snug in the Holmes' Hole harbor. Time hung heavily on the hands of the officers on board these vessels, and they availed themselves of every opportunity of breaking in upon its tedium.

The project of a ball on shore was got up, and the hearts of the British officers bounded merrily at the prospect of the pleasure in store for them. The Yankee girls, although not remarkably disposed to smile on a British uniform, were nevertheless not averse to indulging in a little flirtation with those who wore the red coats. Ladies wore the bump of flirtation on their heads the world over, and it is therefore not to be wondered that the girls in the neighborhood of Holmes' Hole were willing to have a few hours of gratification at the expense of the enemies of their country. To bring the lion hearts of these officers to terms of capitulation, was an object not to be resisted; and accordingly these damsels arrayed themselves in their bright smiles, and repaired to the festive hall at the time appointed.

Brilliantly shone everything on that evening. The officers were there forgetful of the errand of butchery on which they were come to the country, and intent only on winning honeyed looks and love-lit smiles from the breathing forms around them. The dance went on; and, as fair and sylph-like forms wreathed through the mazes, the proud Britons forgot their sweet-hearts at home, and yielded up their devotions to the fair strangers before them. Swiftly flew the winged hours away, and the solemn chime of midnight swelled on the air before the sounds of music ceased, and the parties separated, with the promise of many such meetings in future.

It was too late to return to the ships that night, and the gallant officers, after discoursing on the comparative merits of the beauties by whom they had been entranced, drank a toast to woman's smile, and prepared to retire for the night. Pleasant dreams charmed their slumbers—fairy forms flitted around their pillows—away their spirits bounded over the wide expanse of waters between them and their distant homes, and there revealed in half-awakened scenes of former bliss—and sleep to them was a repose and a blessing. No thought, no suspicion had they of coming evil; but, busy with the past, all forgetful were they of the power of the future to bring a saddening change over their hearts, and they slept away with the smiles of tranquillity playing upon their sealed features.

But all were not asleep that night. There were others, counting on future gains and glories, whose wakeful enterprize banished slumber from their eye-lids, and filled their hearts with those high sensations which deeds of chivalrous daring always foster. To these it is now our duty to turn.

The Vineyard Sound is about five miles over. While the dance was in progress on the one shore, preparations of another kind were in progress on the opposite one. The tidings of the ball were spread throughout the vicinity, and eighteen brave fellows agreed to make that night replete with gloomy as well as brilliant recollections to the British officers.

The moon was in her last quarter, and as she sunk below the horizon, and her girdling light vanished from the heavens, a company of resolute fellows descended the bank and made to the water's edge. A couple of boats were soon unmoored and launched on the unsteady element, filled with as gallant crews as ever started on an eventful enterprize. Every spirit swelled high as they cleared the foam of the breakers and the crafts beneath them rode gracefully over the gentle billows.

"Now my hearties," said a voice from the bows of the large boat, "the first thing that I have to ask of you is, that you obey orders.

"Aye, aye, captain," responded the others.

"Then boys, draw your pistols, and prepare for a shot."

Every fellow that owned a pistol—that is, a canteen or flask—drew it forth and uncorked it.

"All hands ready! Then, my hearties, twig this

toast, Success to the Vineyarders, and a bad night's rest to the red coats!"

The toast was duly honored, and every fellow took down his canteen and replaced it in his pocket.

"Now, this is my first order; no word is to be spoken louder than a whisper, between this and the other shore. The success you have just drank to depends on silence."

"Aye, aye," muttered all hands.

The oars were muffled to prevent a splash in the water, and onward the boats went silently. Their heads were pointed directly towards the tavern where the ball had been, and each fellow mused on the scenes which would transpire on their arrival.

"I'll be shot if I call keep still, Joe," said a youth by the name of Sam Dareall to his next neighbor, in a whisper, "I can't help thinking that that chiefest of witches, Sally Renham, is at that party."

"Well, what harm if she is?"

"None, that I know of," returned Sam, "only I don't like the thought of that fair hand being touched by an arm that wears a red coat."

"The girl, Sam, is a fair one, and she is as true as she is fair. Her heart never harbored love for a tory. You see, it runs in all female flesh to like to win a heart, if it be but to see with what kind of grace its owner will yield it up."

"Truer words were never spoken, Joe; but why the devil a girl when she's got one heart safe, can't be satisfied with it, is something that I don't understand."

"I guess there's more than that in female human nature that you don't understand, Sam. Woman has a great many kinds that are perfect mysteries to me. But as to being uneasy about Miss Renham's hand, it is sheer nonsense. Her eye can blink kindly on his majesty's epaulettes, but it dwells Sam, on the plain rigging of a lad that we both know pretty well."

"Who's that?"

"Why, yourself, Sam. Heavens! what blind fools love masses of you fellows. All you have got to do is to capture the biggest officer in the gang to-night, and that act, I tell you, won't fail to take captive the fancy of the lady. She's fond of doing like things herself."

"Give us your hand, Joe, and I promise you that if the taking of the proudest officer at Daggett's to-night, will please Sally, she shall be pleased. I'll swear the prisoner shall be mine."

"Luck to you, Sam;" and thus their colloquy ended.

It was full two o'clock as our party hauled their keels on the strand. A few whispers passed round, and then they mounted the bank, and struck directly for "Old Daggett's." As they drew nigh, they separated, and in a minute, a complete line was drawn around the house, to prevent escape, if any should be attempted.

A part of the force returned to the house, and soon presented themselves at the door of the room in which their destined victims lay, dreaming of any thing rather than a capture. The door turned out on its hinges, and the loud voice of the leader of the invaders, commanded the sleepers to surrender. The room was soon a scene of confusion. The Britons were at first disposed to make resistance, but seeing no way to escape, and knowing that their good treatment depended on their submissiveness, they surrendered with as much grace as was desirable. Out of their beds they were forced, ten as sleepy looking fellows as one would wish to see. One of them, corpulent, red faced and larger than his companions, grumbled as he rose, but a hand was placed on his shoulder, with an order to be as still and as brisk as possible, and he submitted.

"I've got him, Joe," said our lover Sam, to his friend, who assisting a reluctant leg to force itself through a pair of inexpressibles.

"Well hang on to him."

"Aye, that I will, like death to a grim beggar." Then, turning to his prisoner, he added "Come, my dear sir, I don't want to be officious, but let me assist you in adjusting your wardrobe. While you are gartering that stocking, I'll garter your neck with this cravat."

"Take that, d——n you, for your impudence, said the officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his clenched fist, which Sam parried.

"Tenderly, tenderly, my dear fellow," said Sam; but if you want the use of your peepers by the time daylight comes, you will be sparing of your fists."

"Who and what are you," asked the officer, looking grumly up in Sam's face.

"My name is Sam Dareall, at your service, which being interpreted, means Sam Daredevil; and I will promise you a touch of my nature and friendship, too, before we separate."

"You are a devilish obliging fellow."

"Thank you, sir; it runs into the Dareall family to be obliging. Can I be of any use to you in putting on your coat; for I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of marching you off right away. What is this silly thing good for," said Sam at the same time pulling the epaulettes from the officer's shoulder; "its only fit for a child's plaything." And he put his foot on the toy.

The Britons face grew very red, but he had to keep quiet, as Sam assured him that, as he was going a long journey, it would only be an encumbrance to his shoulders, and he had done what he had from the kindest intentions.

To the door Sam led his prisoner, and meeting his friend Joe at it, desired him to say if he had not captured the biggest game. Joe deliberately glanced his eye about the officer's sturdy dimensions, and replied affirmatively.

When they had reached the outside of the house a short parley ensued, in which it was determined the enemy should be hurried by a forced march, off to Boston. One officer, who could neither be persuaded nor forced to put on his regimentals up stairs, and who had been brought down for the purpose of seeing what effect the chill air would have upon him, swore he would die before he would move a foot. One of the captors who had him in tow, now applied a switch to his bare feet, and he moved them with much briskness, to the delight of the joyous Americans, and the evident chagrin of the officers.

The poor fellow, at the earnest entreaties of his friends, after being dragged a few yards, very reluctantly yielded up his resolutions, drew on his pantaloons.

The whole party soon got under way, and made good haste to their boats and over the bay again. Many were the jokes which circulated among the merry fellows, at the expense of their prisoners, who although in the midst of a superior force, could not altogether resist the spirit of insubordination.

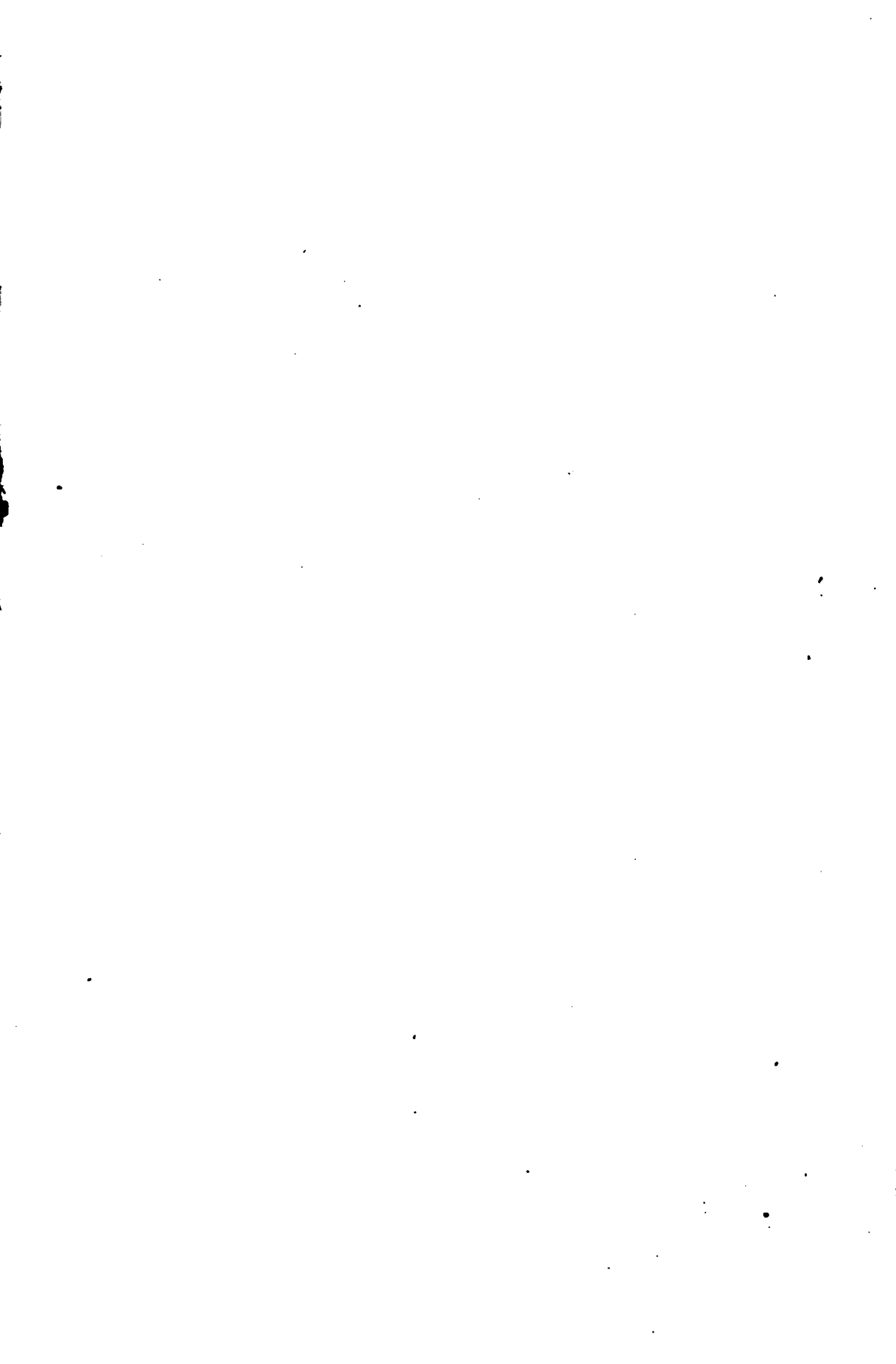
The prisoners were got safe into quarters by daylight, and, after breakfast, were ordered to prepare for an overland journey to Boston, where they arrived in safety, and were deposited for safe-keeping under the protection of John Hancock. They were soon exchanged, and lived to relate in their far homes, to their anxious friends, all the scenes which transpired between the ball-room and Boston—the corpulent one not forgetting to make affectionate mention of Sam Dareall, who, be it known, was shortly after married to Miss Sally Renham, and lived to tell to his grandchildren the story of that night.

TO BEAUTY.

Spirit of all that is divine on earth!
Sole chastening essence of Creation's mould;
Whate'er thy form, where'er thy charms unfold,
Or at pale eve, or at the morning's birth,
Whether thou'rt thrond in rich monarchical worth,
Or in that spiritual galaxy of old,
The forest-nymphs who danced upon the world,
Or chas'd the flying streams with kindred mirth,
Thee do I worship only!—but when thou,
Sublim'd in sweet conception, art enshrind
In the fair temple of Iona's brow,
The living image of her deathless mind—
Oh! then my faltering accents whisper low,
For my heart's peace, to thee I would be blind.

TO A STAR.

To thee, bright plendor of night's ebon scene,
Deep silent orisons are gladly pour'd
From pious hearts, all lonely and serene,
As incense pure ascending to the Lord.
At this dread hour, immers'd in reverie deep,
Holding still commune with the ray afar,
A wilderness of thoughts which banish sleep,
Distracts the mind, and wings it, glorious star!
Up to the centre of the universe,
To wander there, in space of spheres sublime;
Yet still think calmly of the quiet hearse.
What hour it slowly moves to church-bell's chime:
Though earth it bears to earth, yet, like thy light,
The soul shall shine resplendent o'er its night.





The Elopement

Engraved expressly for the Rover

THE ROVER.

my pearl net?"

"Not till I have caught in it some better prize than my ancient German Graf Alberic, with the grey beard. But, while we are talking, the news will be abroad." So the prudent maidens had the old man buried quietly, in the dusk of the evening, and they closed up his chamber, and gave out that he lay sick, watched there by one old serving man. There were none to question this, save their poor maid and follower, for the large retinue of the Silver Palace had, one by one dropped away, some out of discontent, to seek better service; some, like the count, of eighty years, scanty food, spare clothing, and the east wind.

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secretly also. "O! had Alda once seen my beautiful Prince Rosabocca!" was ever her meditation when she walked alone, I could never have a moment's peace. Dainty had been the letter slipped into her long furred sleeves by this ardent cavalier; so eminent for his melancholy visage, and his sorrowful colored suit, and his shoes with peaked toes which pierced her heart. He, too, had knelt near her at mass (the sisters never prayed together), and had plucked for her many a chaplet of roses for her adorning, with every flower offering some of those soft solemn words, to which resistance there is none. And subtly had she, too, spread the lure, and threatened him with a suspicious and watch-



The Elopement

Engraved expressly for the Bower.

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE SISTERS OF THE SILVER PALACE.

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN CHRONICLES.

I AM going to tell you a tale of two beautiful maidens and their lovers, as true as any other *Fabliau*, and as long—bright ladies and noble gentlemen!—as your patience will desire.

The chronicles do not declare in what year of our Lord it was that the Count Giambattista Magliano and his daughters inhabited the noble Silver Palace, which, as you know, doubtless, was the name of the most goodly *Casa* on the Brenta. Count Giambattista was a strange man; no one spoke well of him. The most liberal of the fathers of the monastery hard by, who took tithes of his domains, in roasted and boiled, yea, and in fish, also—the Cardinal, who had dined with him the oftenest, made a wry mouth when his name was mentioned. A sorcerer he was thought by some; by others a plotter; but all agreed he was a miser, and pitied his two daughters, the Lady Alba and the Lady Angelica; for a hard life, said the gossips, must they have had—the one, to squeeze from the old churl the feathers she used to adorn herself with; the other, that rare net for the hair, of pearls which had hung up for a twelvemonth in the market at Damascus, and never found a purchaser, it was so costly. Every one, I say, pitied these maidens, and owned the same to be wonderful for their fair looks, and their varying blandishments; but, with all that, lovers came but scantily to the Silver Palace, and rode away as they came, pretty speedily; whether out of starvation, or from disappointment in not having found in the fair ones all that was expected of sweetness and modesty, is not known to me.

At length it fell out, that between age and the east wind, the Count Magliano deceased. He was tended carefully by his children; and the Lady Alba would have it that to the last, his habits of spare living should be continued. Also, dutifully, the Lady Angelica refused him the clothes to his couch, which he would, if in his sound senses, have despised, but for which, being now somewhat light-headed, he did pray mightily. None but they two were with the father at the hour of his decease; and I have heard, that before the evening of that day ere his death was known to the household, they had searched every nook and crevice of the Silver Palace, finding neither gold nor jewels, nor token of the same, but many scrolls, in which large sums of money, owed by their father were set down. In short, so far from being a miser, the Count Magliano had owned nothing to horde, save the name of being a pinching man. The Saints forgive him!

"Sister," said the Lady Alba, "this is a woful chance!"

"A woful chance, indeed," replied the Lady Angelica, "and hopeless, unless we make our wits help us. Let us hide that our father is deceased, at least till we are married."

"I fear then," answered the Lady Alba, "that we must go to great cost in embalming. Wilt thou give thy pearl net?"

"Not till I have caught in it some better prize than my ancient German Graf Alberic, with the grey beard. But, while we are talking, the news will be abroad." So the prudent maidens had the old man buried quietly, in the dusk of the evening, and they closed up his chamber, and gave out that he lay sick, watched there by one old serving man. There were none to question this, save their poor maid and follower, for the large retinue of the Silver Palace had, one by one dropped away, some out of discontent, to seek better service; some, like the count, of eighty years, scanty food, spare clothing, and the east wind.

Graf Alberic, with the grey beard?" said the Lady Alda to herself, when she walked alone—"Heaven keep us all from unequal matches!"—and devoutly she crossed herself—"my once faithful suitor, the Marquis Ojedo, is half a year older than this German bear: and that squint of his, how it puts mine eyes wrong whenever I look at him: O never, never! Better starve than marry him. What can the young cavaliers be doing?"

A year went by; "a long and dreary season of probation (as was observed by prudent neighbors, who, nevertheless, offered no help), for maidens nursing their sick parent, and for creditors awaiting his death to be paid by the heiresses. Rarely were the ladies Alda and Angelica seen at mass, and many a friar—repulsed when he would have confessed them, or come to the speech of the sick man—preached lustily against the hat and feathers, and the net of pearls and the satin, and the furred robes, and the hanging sleeves, which set the eyes of the congregation a wandering, mostly those of the young men. They were bidden to few revels, for the rumor of what their estate was like to prove, had all but reached even persons so ancient and deaf as the Count Alberic, with the grey beard, and the squinting Marquis Ojedo. But though, as I said, the eyes of the young men followed their steps, and though they remained to be the envy of all the women for their proud looks and rich garments; the grapes were hanging purple on the trees in the second year of their orphanhood, and still; whenever the maidens spoke together, they joined in the lamentable inquiry, "What can the young cavaliers be doing?"

I say, whenever they spoke together, because it is believed that each sister was cheered by hopeful thoughts of comfort when alone. The Lady Alda had been whispered to while at mass—shame that such traffickings should enter the house of God!—by a splendidly attired young gallant, whose velvet doublet, and perfumed busking, and barret cap, clasped with a shining jewel, were the least of his attractions, so honey-sweet were his words; so bold, but not to unseemliness, were his eyes. And the Lady Alda had listened and looked, and let drop something of a gentle and complying answer, mingled artfully with fears of her churlish father, and of her jealous sister, until these moving discourses had reached the mention of a certain arch in the garden wall of the Silver Palace, and of a certain vesper-time at which the Marquis Ojedo was coming to claim her hand, and her cruel father had threatened to rise from his sick bed to sell the maiden to that squinting Spanish nobleman. Ah! Lady Alda confided not to the Prince Armonia-giocoso (such was the name of the swain), that father she had none, and that the Spaniard had been lured on by herself, with good words, till he believed himself indeed the choice of her love. Will you wonder then, that strenuously and secretly did she hide this blessing of a young handsome wooer—for such she deemed it—from her sister? Meanwhile, the Lady Angelica was scheming severely and secretly also. "O! had Alda once seen my beautiful Prince Rosabocca!" was ever her meditation when she walked alone, I could never have a moment's peace. Dainty had been the letter slipped into her long furred sleeves by this ardent cavalier; so eminent for his melancholy visage, and his sorrowful colored suit, and his shoes with peaked toes which pierced her heart. He, too, had knelt near her at mass (the sisters never prayed together), and had plucked for her many a chaplet of roses for her adorning, with every flower offering some of those soft solemn words, to which resistance there is none. And subtly had she, too, spread the lure, and threatened him with a suspicious and watch-

ful sister, and a tyrannical father, and shocking Graf Alberic, with his grey beard. There is a terrace in the gardens of the Silver Palace, (by this time grievously neglected), to the foot of which a gondole could conveniently be brought. "By starlight on Friday evening," were the last words which had passed between them on the occasion of its mention; after which, were echo a babbler of the partings of lovers, she must have told of a kiss! "Thank my woman's wit!" said the Lady Angelica, "it hath delivered me from Graf Alberic. Poor sister Alda! I declare I wish her well!"

The time was sunset—such a sunset Italy only can show. You might have thought that the belfry of Our Lady's church, whence the echo of evening chimes was still quivering, was carved out of amethyst, not common stone, and that the fair statues round about the western front were each one a great golden image. The air was full of the scents of jessamine and orange blossoms, and late roses; and there might already be heard tinklings under the windows of houses where beauties were known to abide; and sometimes a laugh, or a few notes touched on a lute, in answer; here and there in the porch of some monastery might be seen the bald front of an ancient monk or so, as, transgressing, he leaned forth to breathe that perfumed air, or to take a wistful peep at the world without; while the guests in the *osterie* lingered to listen awhile longer to the ballad-monger, or to look at another of the wandering *ballerina's* measures; for who would hurry home on such a night? One way-side-inn, I know of, was that evening crowded. To be sure it was always well filled with guests; for who was in such good renown for thrift and civil words as Monna Peretti, the hostess? or where was there as pretty a damsel to be seen, and chaste and modest as pretty, as Diana, her ward?—or how could gallant be more blithely served to his horse or his supper, with a witty tale or a smart saying, while his foot was in the stirrup, or while he was draining the last drops from the flask, than by the black-eyed, well limbed, shrewd Simplizio, the widow's son. On that pleasant night, however, Diana was something short of her share of the sunshine. "What can all this closting mean, mother," she said, "in the tapestry parlor, between Simplizio and those two ancient gentlemen? that he refuses to reply when I ask—and heeds not if I look angry—nay, and when I wept just now, laughed in my face, and bade me not be curious."

"I know not, darling," was Monna Peretti's answer, (more discreet than true) "but wipe thine eyes, and be not fearful. Simplizio is a good lad, and has been thy true bachelor these three years, next Pasch time. Let him not fancy thee curious or jealous. They are calling for another flask of muscadel! I must be gone."

"Jealous!" murmured Diana, looking after that nimble woman; "then she *doth* know of cause! I never named to her that I was jealous. Simplizio—" here the youth came forth, with as pleasant a face as if he had that instant earned a purse of gold—"hast thou never a moment for me?"

"Not a second, *Piccina!*" cried the youth, gaily stopping further reproach, in a wise which would console any maiden, where she ever so petulant. "Go thy ways within—there is my mother run off her feet with those hungry merchants from Turin; and yonder is the Friar Cherubino, from Vallambrosa, who must needs keep his chamber alone. Go and see that he lacks nothing, my pretty Diana, and bid him teach thee a cure for curiosity till to-morrow, or the morn after. Nay, I will not away with that pointing, and I am already waited for!—and ere she could resist or again beseech him to stay, Simplizio was out of the courtyard. She ran to the gate, shading the sun from her eyes with her hand, to see which way he went; but there were many garden walls round about the inn, and a large elm or two, which being hung with vines were ample enough to hide two men, stouter than Simplizio, had it been needful. In short, he had altogether vanished."

"Poor little Diana!" laughed the youth as he strode away across the plain, half out of breath with his escape. "Well, a necklace of coral, or a satin petticoat

for the *festa*, will soon bring matters round with her. She is a forgiving child, and so fond of me! And now for my proud beauty of the Silver Palace! What if she should have cared for me after all, and not for the Prince Armonia-gioioso? Fle! the girl who could tell a lie about her father's death, will not much regard the plain Simplizio Peretti! And she was won so very easily!" And with that he laughed merrily anew.

The Lady Rosalie

Count Edgar came to woo,
His speech was bold and free,
His mantle it was new,
And he thought himself so fair,
No maid his glance might dare;
Ah! wandering youths beware,
Lest you believe so too!

The lady from on high

Looked far across the mead,
And saw the knight draw nigh,
Upon his prancing steed,
Her hair with flowers she tied,
And laughed to see his pride;
Ah! youths that wooing ride,
Of such a laugh take heed!

He knelt before her feet,

And swore her eye was bright,
And that her voice was sweet
As music heard by night!
"Ah, sweet! thy smiles glow,
Rare gems shall bind thy brow,
If thou wilt hear my vow—
Thy Edgar woos aright!"

"Sister Angelica!" cried a shrill voice from a window above the terrace on which the maiden was walking, singing like a nightingale, "why must thou be abroad at so late an hour?"

"Late, Alda? and the moon not up!—no fear have I of cramps or pains! the air refreshes me." "Twill be my last evening here," she added to herself. "O! when were hours ever so long? Would that to-morrow were come! And again she uplifted her voice—

The Knight departed mute,

The maiden stole unseen
To where a well-known lute
Rang through the thicket green.
And soon a gentle strain
Was heard from voices twain,
"Ah! wealth! thou woost in vain,
Where true love once hath been!"

"What can all Angelica?" said the Lady Alda, who had, by this time, also descended, "that she is restless, and will not abide in her chamber this evening? Well, it matters little now! the Prince Armonia-gioioso is constant—what he seems to be, I dare be sworn. No common man; no traitor in love could have that gallant air! Hark! were those his horse's feet already?" and she sped down a walk, cradled with vines, toward the arch which, as I have said, overhung the river.

"Whither so fast, sister Alda?" called a shrill voice close behind her. It might have been the owl's, for she shook with fear, and turned not to reply to it.

"Whither so fast?" repeated her fleet-footed sister, now close at her ear, "and decked out in all thy bravery; what means it?"

"O! sister, sister! fare thee well!" cried the Lady Alda, making a great show of tenderness, as nought better was to be done; I am waited for—I am——"

"What, art thou going to leave me?" cried the Lady Angelica. "Unkind, cruel, traitress! to have concealed thy mind from me; Thank my good stars!" said she to herself, still hanging on her sister's arms, and weeping, as if in sore despair; "that there is in store for me the sweet Prince Rosabocca. Prettily else had I been deserted!"

But Lady Alda pressed on, invited by the distinct plashing sound of a horse's feet in the water, and scarcely able to keep in the tender ejaculations which rose to her lips. She was soon at the arch. He was there; Santa Maria! how deliciously attired! and his horse, too, was caparisoned fit to carry a king. "Ah! take care, take care!" cried the maiden tenderly, afraid for his buskins: "I fear me the water is deep."

"Heed not, sweetest! cried the youth, and then murmured to himself, "were the horse not a borrowed

one, would I ride so easily? Well, I shall not have the grooming of him to-morrow morning. And thou art ready? Exquisite punctuality!—ah! it is only the false who loiter! And who is that maiden beside thee, for methinks there be two of you?"

"No one; nothing; my bower woman," was the Lady Alda's reply, making the while a great show of affection to the Lady Angelica, who wept more than it is thought she might have done had she heard the whole. "Now, I prythee, dearest child, come with me no further! We must part; I will write; I will send thee a lock of mine hair, sweetest, faithfulest friend! Alas! my Prince, the wall is very high!" But for all that, in one second more she was in his arms, he screening his face, the while he looked up to her, as he could, which was not hard to do, inasmuch as the twilight shadows were falling, and that quickly. Indeed, had he worn a visor, he could not have passed away keeping his features more entirely strange to the Lady Angelica, who, as she stole home, was never tired of repeating to herself, "Who could have thought it? Ride behind him on his horse, like a common vintager's wife! Some mean fellow, dressed out in tawdry clothes, I warrant him. But it serves her justly. Fie upon all such deceit!"

Meanwhile the two, having quitted the river's margin, were making haste across the plain (the horse bearing his part as a spirited minister) as if, indeed, behind them had been, what the Lady Alda professed to dread, a prying sister and a cruel father! For a mile neither spoke much; it may be, because deep love in its first instants of rapture is always silent; it may be, because the Prince Armonia-giocoso was wondering what fantasy could make a maiden desirous to be stolen away, when there was none from whom to steal her! Ye have guessed his true name, I see, already.

"Faster! faster!" cried the Lady Alda, at last, when the speed of Saladin (careless though his burden was fair), began to abate a little. "Care you not, dearest Prince, lest we should be overtaken?"

The Prince made no answer; and the Lady Alda urged him again, a little louder, for, with all her sweet looks, there were times when her voice would make itself heard, and now she was fearful of not being run away with fast enough.

"There is as much fear of thy being pursued, my bright Lady Alda," replied the cavalier, "as there is truth in—"

"Thou wouldst not already say, truth in thy love?" was the tender interruption; for though sure of his reply, like other maidens I have heard of, the Lady Alda was anxious to hear the same. "Thou wouldst not already declare that thou art wearied of thy charge? Ah! man! man!" and with that she fetched a few very tender sighs.

But the answer came not—whereupon she pressed for it again in that sharper tone of her's: "What new falsehood wouldst say, my Prince?"

"Simply," spoke out the youth, his eye glancing keenly athwart the plain, as though he sought something; "simply, that there is as much fear of thy being pursued, as there is truth in my princeship. Diamond hath cut diamond. Thy father, the Count Magliano, deceased a twelvemonth since. Thy sister, who did fill not to peep over the wall just now, is about to try her fortune with my patron's friend, the Prince Rosabocca, whose groom oftentimes have I been; plain Simplizio Peretti being my name; the son of the hostess of our Lady of the Cherries."

I have heard of many storms; of earthquakes also; but never were either so dreadful as the Lady Alda's wrath upon this goodly revelation being made to her. Violent were her words; terrible to hear her menaces.

"Set me down, wretch! set me down, I say! O! if there be law in Italy, or one man left, thou shalt rue this audacity. The Marquis Ojedo shall hear of it!"

"I hope so," said Simplizio, wiping his forehead with his cuff, as he took the disenchanted damsel at her word, and assisted her to alight, "and yonder he sits in his coach, to redress your wrongs, fairest lady! Had he trifled less with his suit, there had been no need of my ministry. I judge that now you will hardly desire to return unwed to the Silver Palace." And, as he spoke, the chariot door was opened, and with a

parting kiss upon her hand, nimbly given, to escape the cuff her fingers tingled to bestow, the faithless Prince Armonia-giocoso, delivered the lady Alda into the staid keeping of the equinting Spanish Marquis.

"Fifty golden crowns won, and this rare suit!" laughed Simplizio, as he rode across the plain, "and as much to-morrow from Graf Alberic! O, Diana! Diana! thou mayest well afford a little heartache, who art so soon to be so sumptuously dowered, and so merrily wedded!"

It was the second morning after the Lady Alda's wedding, that the Marquis Ojedo, a little wondering what had become of some of her charms, stole forth, and left his young wife at home, planning new robes and furniture, and marvellously set upon a plume which she would have the old gentleman buy, because it had been refused as too costly, by no less a personage than the Queen of Cyprus. The Lady Alda, truth to say, for all she was so lately wedded, lacked company—her sister to wrangle with, or news—to discover whether, indeed, there was any truth in what that audacious fellow had declared concerning the Lady Angelica, and some Prince Rosabocca, or other. All at once she hears a voice in the antechamber. "Why, it is Angelica!" exclaimed she, "come to mock me, with her younger bridegroom!" and willingly would she have shrunk behind the arras. But she was Count Giambattista's daughter; and accordingly she stiffened herself up, and prepared to express much contentment in the nuptial state. Opened the door, and one stood there half pale, half red, but wondrously richly dressed—it was Angelica!

"Where is the Marquis? I would see the Marquis! Poor gentleman, how he will take it to heart, when he finds his old comrade married, and he still a bachelor! Ah! sister Alda! sister Alda! what do you here?"

"What my lord's loving wife ought to do," was the other's reply, swallowing her envy as best she might. "And how doth the Prince Rosabocca?"

"Knowest thou aught of that—? Listen, it was thy unkindness in hiding from me thy resolve to marry the Spanish lord, that drove me to think of the wretch! I declare it was! I loved him not; and, even, when he came last evening to fetch me away with his gondola, as was appointed; (he hath a marvellously courtly look, in that dark suit—the imposter!) O! I say, when I came down the west terrace for the last time—he leading me, and soothing me ever so sweetly the while, and swearing the stars were dim, not because they disdained to light us, but because my two eyes shamed them—I tell thee, I felt a doleful foreboding; and I would fain have tarried, but he hurried me along. It was my Graf Alberic's impatience—"

Warmly did the Lady Alda, embracing her, interrupt the Lady Angelica's recital. "Kiss me, sweetest sister! and let us be friends again! I know all. We have been both tricked. But may we deserve to be doubted for no daughters of the Count Giambattista Magliano, rest his soul! if we do not visit it upon our husbands. Heaven be thanked! man is mortal, and an old man especially so!"

Now, I shall be asked—bright ladies and gentlemen—whether these sisters of the Silver Palace kept their vow. But I know no more of their history, save that the Lady Alda was in turn cut short, by a great noise below of *zampogni* and dulcimers, and merry boys and girls shouting, and the ambling of mules' feet.

"What meaneth that uproar, Marquis?" inquired she of her spouse, who entered ere she could inquire: "Is my castle garden turned into an *osteria* already?"

And he answered quietly, "It is the wedding train of Diana, Monna Peretti's ward, and Simplizio her son. Were it not for my stiff neck I would open the window, that ye might hear. So merry a ballad some of them are singing! and the burden is—

Ah! Wealth! thou wooest in vain,
Were true love once hath been.

'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—an everlasting act of parliament, all must die.

HANS IN KELDER;

A LEGEND OF THE GREAT FROST.

Oh riving muse! recall that wondrous year,
 When Winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air;
 When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
 The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
 See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
 And wander roads unstable, not their own;
 Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
 And raise, with whitened tracks, the slippery tide.
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.—GAY.

ITALY has its yearly carnivals; and Holland and Russia can boast of the splendor, durability and extent of the annual fairs and assemblies upon their frozen waters. In modern London, however, such gay scenes are almost entirely unknown; except when a winter of unusual severity freezes up her Thames, and makes it, for a brief season, emulate the icy rivers of Belgium itself. But while such occurrences are so rare as to stand prominently out from the file of ordinary events, many of the more common ancient civic disports have also entirely departed this life, and exist only in our old chronicles, or in those romances which picture out the manners of London's vanished days. For much of this abridgment of our mirth we may thank the puritans; and modern refinement and wisdom have nearly swept away the little which they left. Where, I pray you, be our May-games? Why, gone with the famous May-pole of St. Andrew Undershaft, which that fierce zealot, Sir Stephen, the curate of Creechchurch, preached down, and had sawn into pieces for fire-wood, as Stowe tells us. Where is now the glorious sight of the Midsummer watch, on the eve of St. John, when glass lamps, flowers and green herbs decked the streets through which it passed? It ceased, even against Elizabeth's express command, from a want of the same ancient spirit which inspired it in the time of Henry VIII. Where be the brave processions of archers, and their trials of skill in the suburbs of London? Alas, their glory set in the great shooting-match in Finsbury, in 1583, and Charles I. tried in vain to revive it. But if I should separately recount all the features of decay, time would indeed fall me: our costly pageants are unknown; our splendid mummings are ended; the youths of London no longer contend with sword and buckler after evening prayer; nor do the maidens play on their timbrels, and dance in the presence of their masters and dames for garlands suspended across the streets. All these are past! and London in its magnificent, its simple and its innocent pastimes, is no more! One scene, however, in which the city yet bears a considerable resemblance to its former days, is when the Thames is frozen over; when tents are erected, and various sports are carried on upon its surface. Some instances have occurred, even in our own times, which convey to us a good conception of those of centuries past. And now, if the reader will only look back with me for one hundred and forty-two years from this present January, in the year of human redemption 1843, I will depict, in as lively features as I may, a legend of that great frost which characterized the closing reign of king Charles the Second.

It was during the winter of the year 1683, that a tall man of a foreign aspect, a most cadaverous countenance, and a torn, ancient habit, expressive of the greatest poverty, engaged a lonely and miserable hovel, seated on the worst part of the Bankside, by the river Thames. As he placed in the hands of his landlord a sum amounting to the full worth of the building for ever, he was allowed to take up his residence without many inquiries; and the only information elicited from him was, that he had spent most of his life abroad, where he had acquired the Dutch title of *Hans in Kelder*, or Jack in the Cellar, from his habits of retirement. When he did engage himself in any occupation, it was as an herbalist to the apothecaries, in whose service he frequently absented himself whole days from home. As the good people of England found at this period abundance to talk of in the public events that were

daily occurring, Master Hans was for some time left to enjoy his kelder in quietness; but as he neither discovered plots nor plotted himself, minded only his own concerns, was no gossip, and did not frequent either the convivial parties or the Puritan meeting-houses around him, his neighbors began to think that he must be little better than one of the wicked—simply because he so slightly resembled themselves. His character was the more misrepresented, in proportion to the distance at which it was canvassed: thus he was shrewdly doubted at the Puritan ale-house, entitled "the God encompasseth us,"—or, as some called it, either from waggery or brevity, the Goat and Compasses—on the Bankside; he was openly suspected at the Lamb and Leather Breeches, in the Borough; and at the Pedlar and his Pack, on London-bridge, he was actually denounced by the discordant names of Whig, Papist, Puritan, prophet, madman and wizard. However, he contrived to live through it all; and as he drank only water, he kept himself alike free from the scores of knavish *publicans*, and the inquiries of multitudes of inquisitive *sinnners*. But to speak the plain truth, there certainly were some points in his life really calculated to excite somewhat more than mere vulgar curiosity. He had never been known to cross the bridge into the city, since his first coming to dwell on the Bankside; and his diet was of so ascetic a nature, that none could ever discover anything like ordinary food going into his house. Manchet, the Puritan baker, who lived at the sign of the Golden Shewbread, over against the Bridgegate, affirmed that he must be little better than a Hebrew Jew, who did not eat the same bread as his neighbors; and added something about the leaven of unrighteousness. Aitchbone, the butcher, too—who resided in that market which, until about seventy years past, occupied the middle of the main street of the Borough—swore stoutly that a man who loved not his trencher must be worse than a Turk, and ought to be sent to grass like king Nebuchadnezzar. Another worthy, of the same sagacious and disinterested class, was also enraged at the quiet and inoffensive Hans in Kelder; this was Master Saunders Spleuchan, a Scots tobacconist and tavern keeper of London-bridge, the *dece* and successor of the late Master Shortcut, of the Tobacco-roll and Flaggon, to whose sign the witty king James added the classical but quibbling motto of "*To Bacche*."

Now Master Saunders considered within himself that he of all others had a right to be angered at the recluse's neglect of his wares. "For," thought he, and he thought it aloud, and in broad Scotch, "say the loon were a wee bit o' a papist, whilk is no muckle to be doubted, yet the reek o' gude Virginny tobacco is free to lika sect in this modern Babel o' London; for yere straight-warped puriton taks it in his meeting-house; and yere swithering loons they ca' quakers fuff it awa' in their dumb assemblies; and yere organ-loving Episcopalian fills his pouch wi' the best of Oroonoko; and yere image-worshipping tyke o' the palp does na scorn to mak his pipe reek like a killogie. For my oin part, I see love to moralize the Indian weed ower a tankard o' my ain October, that the gude wife eye thinks I'm fou, when I've emptied only a short English quart stoup or twa." "And I shouldn't wonder if the good wife's very much in the right, Master Saunders, he, he, ha—hoh!" said a pompous, rough voice, behind the reflecting tobacconist. Now this voice belonged to no less a personage than the worshipful Master Democritus Overcrow, the beadle of St. Magnus' church, London-bridge. He was a fine specimen of the ancient city parish officer; overbearing alike in his wisdom and his wit; in all matters and in all companies he was destitute of being the prime mover, principal agent and centre of gravity. If the debate were serious, he spake long and loudly; if the conversation were jocular, he was still long and still loud, garnishing his discourse with sly witticisms and dull jokes of his own, to which he was particularly addicted, when he relaxed his concealed features to a laugh. Lest his hearers, however, should presume upon this freedom, he would bridle up his mouth with that full and pury titter which usually characterizes your wealthy and important busy-body.

"It's very like, Master Saunders," said this worthy

pillar of St. Magnus, "that the good wife, as you call her, is quite right about your moralizing with a pipe and tankard; she's afraid you should be too moral—righteous overmuch, you know, he, ha—hoh!" "What's yere wull?" answered Saunders, putting on his most stupid look, that he might have time to collect his thoughts; "twa pun' o' mild pudding, did ye say? What's yere wull?" "Wool, man?" replied Overcrow, "thou art truly wool-gathering; he, he, hah—hoh! I was saying that your good wife—why d'ye call her so? we've no good wives in England! he, he, ha—hoh!" "My certle, Maister Overcrow! and is it yereael?" ejaculated the wily tobaccoconist, as if he had then for the first time discovered his visitor; "come awa', man, wi' ye intil the parlor; I hae gotten a thing to tell ye of that's o' muckle concern till the parish: come awa', come awa'." As they entered, Saunders pointed out to his guest, through the window of his small back room, which overhung the western side of London-bridge, and looked up the Thames, the tents and fair which were then erected upon the ice; for this scene took place in the January of 1693-4. "Ay," said Overcrow, "that's *Blanket fair*, standing on a *sheet* of ice, over the *bed* of the river: he, he, ha—hoh! Direful frost this, Master Splutter." "Spluechan, wi' yere favor," interrupted the tobaccoconist: "I aye kenned it wad be a lang and sair frost; but we'll cry up a tankard, Maister Demicrock, and then I'll tell ye my story." "Do so, Splutter; and if thine ale be good, I'll cry up the tankard; he, he, ha—hoh!" and when the beverage was produced, and the two worthies of St. Magnus were seated by a blazing fire, Saunders Spluechan thus began his legend:

"Ye maun ken, Maister Bedral, that the laigh chambers o' these biggings are in the plers o' this muckle auld brig." "*Lay chambers?*" interrupted Overcrow, "what be they, friend Splutter?—the *bed-rooms*, I should guess by their name; he, he, ha—hoh!" "Na, na, wi' yere favor, sir, they're no the *bed-rooms*, but the cellars, where the wee winnocks look out upon the river, and the braid flats o' wood, that the folk ca' the *starlings*. Weel, Maister Demicrock"—"Demicrotus, friend Splutter, you mean Democritus," again interrupted Overcrow, "Ay, weel, I'm sure I said Demicrock," answered the tobaccoconist; "and I'm sure ye might tak yere ain tale hame, and ca' me Spluechan, instead o' Splutter, whilk is but a sorry kind o' title, ye ken. Howbelt, Maister Bedral, in aye o' thae rooms we keepit the ale-barrel, and ye'll find it a good browst, wi' a double straik o' malt in it; so ye see that when I tak the solace o' a pipe of leaf-tobacco after the fash o' the day is ower, I aye get me a pint stoup to moisten it withal, or it may be twa; but it's a' in sobriety. Now ye see that ane night in the beginning o' this frost, when we'd a fresh browst in, I was fain to taste it, to ken whether it was gude, and sae I went down by mysel wi' the tankard in my hand, whiles the moon was shinning through the winnock, and ginted bonnily on the spiggot. A bitter cauld night it was, mair by token, that I tasted the yill mair than ance, but ye're no to think I was fou." "I think ye *full*, Master Splutter," exclaimed Overcrow; "no, God save the mark! I think you can't be full, he, he, ha—hoh!"

"Weel, Maister Bedral, when I'd found that the yill was gude, as I was coming back I heard a sort o' an eldritch crooning; and, on looking through the winnock, there stood on aye o' the *starlings*, about a cat's-eloup aff me, a fearsome-looking chiel o' a mighty age, wi' a beard as lang as an ellwand, and wrappit in his white dead-claithes, swithering and quaking in the cauld moonlight! It was nae time then to be thinking o' the yill, for I kenn'd I'd seen either the dell or Jock Frost; but though I tried to cost up a bit prayer or spell, I gaed aye lusty scritch, and cowlpit on the ground, overturning the barrel as I fell, and so lay in a dwam till the gudewife and her quean came down to lift me. Weel, sir, ye wadna think it, but as they found me lying wi' the empty pint stoup, and the yill rinnin' about the floor, Drunken Tyke was the best word in their wame; for the bogie had vanished, and they wadna believe that I'd been fleyed by ony ghaist at a', and no aye has seen it since." "No, friend, I dare say, not," replied Overcrow, "and they thought belike that you should have been *floyed* by a constable

at the Bridge watch-house—he! he! ha! hoh!" "My certle," ejaculated the tobaccoconist, "and wasna siccan a terrible revelation enugh, without the mocking o' twa jaude, like Job's wife and the dell, faith clawing on me at ance?" "Why, truly, neighbor Splutter," said the beadle, "these are not sights for an orderly parish like ours, which is governed by officers of such gravity. And now we're upon it, there's another iniquity which it behoves us of the legality to inquire into; for on the Bankside there dwells a fellow who calls himself Sam's in a Skelter, or some such ungodly name, and," he continued, shaking his head, "there be plotters abroad, you know." "Vera true, Maister Bedral, vera true," rejoined Spluechan; "and to speak my mind o' him, I think that he's nae better than a wizard, or an evil spirit, for he does na smoke; for wi' smoke, ye ken, Raphael drave awa' the evil spilt frae the daughter o' Raguel, whilk ye may read in Tobit the eighth and second." "No, no, no, Splutter, it's no such thing, I tell you," said the beadle; "but we of the legality, the plurables of the parish, think that he's a spy or some part of the late plots: let him have a care though, let him have a care; for there's a springe laid for him that he'll hardly scape an he were in truth an evil spirit. Let it go no farther, honest friend; but as it's known that he's somewhere on the ice every night, he'll be watched for, and made to give a better account of himself than by saying Sam's in a Skelter, I warrant you."

The celebrated frost, which overspread the Thames at the time that this conversation took place, was one of the longest and severest in the history of London. From the beginning of December, 1693, until the 5th of the February following, the river was so completely frozen from London-bridge to Westminster, that another city was erected on the ice, and furnished with all the commodities, carriages, festivities and entertainments which were to be found upon its banks. This British carnival was known by the name of "*Blanket fair*," and its principal scene of merriment was nearly opposite the Temple-stairs. A double line of small square tents, stretching from the water-gate of that building almost straight across the river, was called Temple street; and another running nearly parallel with the Surrey shore, was named Thames street; both of which were decorated with gay signs, garlands and taverners' bushes, intimating that food, wine, fire and amusements of all sorts were to be found within. In that part of the river which was not occupied by tents, the ice generally lay in large irregular masses, with occasional fractures showing the water below, having a board placed over them, and a waterman standing on each side to collect the toll from such as passed across it. In several places, however, a space had been cleared for a bear-bait or bull-running, or the erection of printing-presses, which, Evelyn observes, were said to gain five pounds a day for the printing of names only. There were also gaming-tables, public fires, whirlicotes, and that important featuro of all great frosts on the Thames, the roasting of an entire ox over an iron pan which stood upon the ice. Around each of these exhibitions was collected a very fair specimen of the vulgar of the days of king Charles the Second; some being in attendance from a natural love of brutal pastimes; others from the frost affording a plausible excuse for their very great inclination to idleness; others from the hope of finding an easy prey for their knavery to play upon; others from their attachment to stray purses; and all from an innate propensity to mischief. Beyond this part of the fair, and nearer to the shore, was a stand of various kinds of carriages, ready to seize upon visitors at their first entering upon the river; some being shaped like cars, or the cabriolets of the present day, and others consisting of the ordinary heavy hackney-coaches of the seventeenth century.

As one of the days of this fair was drawing to a close, a tall, hard-featured man, with black hair was seen advancing from Westminster toward the tents which stood by the Bankside: he was met and accosted by a good-looking person, of a remarkably free and cavalier-like air, with a singular habit of striding as he walked, clothed in rather an antique military costume, which seemed to be rather the worse for wear, either from its

continual duty, or perhaps from the very hard service which it had seen in the wars. In short, the whole of his appearance indicated one of those military men who were thrown out of employ at the restoration, with but limited means of support; yet, though he strove to cover his poverty by an air of levity and mirth, the brave soldier and the honorable man were evident through all. "The good time of the evening to you, sir," said the soldier; "you are visiting Blancket fair, I presume: trust me, sir, a merry sight and a goodly; for I take it upon my credit to say to you that there be persons of excellent fashion therein." A wide step at this place. "Witty gentlemen, sir, and valiant; most of them mine intimates, for we have served together." An enormous stride followed this speech. "Indeed, sir; I shall desire your company ere we part over a pottle of burnt sack, an it stand to your liking; and I pray you, sir, to be choice in your comrades, for there be knaves in yonder fair—smite me, sir, there be knaves in it!" And his address concluded with a third immense stride. "Truly, sir," replied the tall stranger, with somewhat of sarcasm in his voice, "truly, I doubt not that you are well qualified to speak touching the knavery of the place. And seeing that I came to look on some of the sports, I shall think myself happy in your escort where I may best partake of them. I will gladly bestow a quart of canaries, or what you will, to have that courtesy." "My most honored friend," cried the soldier, in ecstasy, "I shall desire leave speedily to embrace you: I saw from the first that you were a gentleman—discovered it with half an eye, sir. None of your swaggering troopers"—a stride at this place, as if to give effect to his words—"who tramp the ice for a dinner, spike me! no, sir; but a gentleman, sir, a real gentleman;" and he finished with a long step as before. "And by what title may I accost you, sir?" asked the first stranger of his companion. "I am a poor captain of Rupert's, sir," replied he, with some feeling; "now the wars are over, and the king back again, thrown aside with other rusty armor: my name is Hannibal Corselet, and I led a troop of horse under the most valiant prince Rupert, who hath often bestowed favors on me with his own hand in the field: but that shall pass. For mine house and family, they are of the famous Stradaello in Italy; and for that I have an unconfined and martial step, my comrades were wont to call me Captain Straddle, though I certify you that it was but in honorable jocoseness. And for your peculiar title?" "For me," replied the first speaker, with some hesitation, "you may call me *Hans in Kelder*; 'tis a name I traveled with in Holland." "Ha!" cried Captain Corselet, "then you have seen the Belgic lion and Jack Dutchman. Sir, I honor you for your experience. And now, as the evening is closing, I deem that you will not desire yet to look upon the sports, but rather go into some honest tavern to recruit. What say you, sir?—here is the Royal Oak; and I'll assure you that you shall drink worse French wine than they draw within." "I attend you, captain," said Hans, "for I have found the Royal Oak prove a good shelter ere now;" and our two heroes entered the tent.

The interior of the tavern presented but little room, and few and coarse accommodations. On one side a large fire was supported on an iron stand; and a brass lamp, which blazed fiercely, in the center, served to show some half dozen persons seated near a rude table covered with tankards, tall Venice glasses, and various kinds of flasks and bottles. By the fire sat a stout man in a sailor's habit, who seemed, from the sarcastic ferocity of his features and the arms which he carried, to be of the rudest class of pirates, though few would have ventured to ask him the question. Several strangers, with the landlord of the Royal Oak, his drawers, and their liquors, filled the remainder of the tavern.

"Good even to ye all, gentlemen," said the captain, striding into the tent, and touching his hat; "give ye good even, *Guten Abend*, as your Almaine hath it. Here, Jenkins Drawer," he continued, seating himself and stretching out his legs, "has good canaries and claret, boy, eh? "The best on the river, so please you," said the tapster, taking up a tankard. "Then do me thine office quickly—fill me a quart of sack and burn

it; let the jug cream and mantle like the snow-wreath of the Switzer's mountains.

'Ho! ho! ho! since life is full of woe,
Let the glass be filled again—ho! ho! ho!"

"Well done, captain! your mirth becomes you," said Master Hans, taking a seat in the circle; "here's a health to you." "Sir, you make me proud; but what saith the proverb? 'A merry heart is worth gold;' and fortune could never rob me of that. And now, gentlemen, speaking of fortune reminds me of war. When I was in the army under Prince Rupert, he was a commander of such unmatched courage, that he galloped to battle with as much speed as if he rode to a banquet." "Ay," rejoined the landlord, "and the story runs that there was a song known to many of his officers by the name of Rupert's hymn. I would e'en give a tankard of claret but to hear it." "Order up the claret, landlord, and open your ears, then," answered Corselet: "I'll give it you as we sang it at the grand charge at Naseby field, in 1645; only you must think that the sound of the kettle-drums and trumpets, and the chorus of the whole troops, made it more spirit-stirring than we shall hear it again:—

'Mount, gallants, mount! for the rays of the morning
Are gilding your arms on the tent-cover'd plain;
Mount, gallants, mount! for the day that is dawning
Must shine on us victors, or shine on us slain:
Mount, Cavaliers! it is loyalty speeds you;
Mount, Cavaliers! it is Rupert who leads you;
Mount, Cavaliers! let the flag which precedes you
Be cover'd with blood, or with glory again!

'Draw, gallants, draw! on the enemy dashing,
Full on his ranks irresistibly pour;
On, gallants, on! when the sabres are flashing
Remember King Charles—and remember no more!
On, Cavaliers! it is vengeance that speeds you;
On, Cavaliers! it is Rupert who leads you;
On, Cavaliers! let the flag which precedes you
Be cover'd with glory, or cover'd with gore!"

While these verses were singing, the features of Master Hans began to lose their harshness as they became flushed and animated by the song; and he at length joined in the rushing tide of the chorus with as much ardour as if he had that moment had his foot in the stirrup on the field of Naseby, with the royal army in full charge behind him. The applause and excitement produced by this song had not subsided when a pompous voice was heard exclaiming at the door: "Make way, there! good people, make way for us of the legality, who are come to look for hidden enormities!—we've warrant for that we do, as shall be manifested;" and immediately entered our old acquaintance Overcrow, followed by several watchmen. The beadle cast a scrutinizing glance around the tent, which rested chiefly upon the stout sailor, the captain, and his companion Hans. "Pierce Possett," said Overcrow to one of the watchmen, "guard the door; and, Cresset, hold up the lantern whilst I consult mine intelligencer. I promise you, my masters, some of ye look like knaves that I like not; and it shall go hard but it be proved so ere we depart. I'm in search of," he continued, looking on a paper, "of a—um—um—long-bodied—dark-hair—foreign-looking—" and then addressing himself to the stranger, he added, "And pray, friend, how may you be named?"—"You may call me Hans in Kelder," was the answer. "Nay, an you call yourself so, that's enow for me, and so I promise to show you the inside of the *Brige watch-house* to-night, Master Hans, for you are known to be a knave."—"Not without my consent," replied the stranger, coolly.—"Nor without mine neither," added Captain Corselet; "for this gentleman came hither with me, and *straf mich helle!* as Jack German says, if I see him captured without a blow?"—"Fellow, fellow!" said Overcrow, "this must be answered to your superiors; but you shall be dealt with anon, for we of the legality are not to be bullied in the discharge of our ministry;" and turning to the sailor, he added: "And who may you be, master mariner?"—"The devil!" replied the sailor, starting from his seat, and speaking in a harsh, deep tone. At this the valiant Overcrow at first recoiled a few steps, but recovering himself, answered, "Then I charge the watch with you, in the name of King Charles and St. Magnus the

Martyr. But give us your name, fellow! we're not to be scared by your bullying."—"Hark ye brother," said the mariner, completely rousing himself, "when we sailors are asked for names we don't care to own to, we call the ship *Hans in Kelder*; so, d'ye see me now—be content with a civil answer, and sheer off while the play is good."—"Oh, it's a plot, I see!" exclaimed Overcrow; "there's a villain of the name in every parish; and there'll be old firing of London again!"—"Who was it spake of firing London?" cried the sailor, starting up in frenzy; "who said that I threw the first fire-ball?" and immediately rushed out of the tavern. In the very height of the surprise which this occasioned, Saunders Spleuchan burst into the tent, his face pale, and his hair standing on end with fright, exclaiming: "Come awa'! if ye're christian folk, come awa'! for there's the deil himsel on the starlings o' London bridge, greeting like a crocodile, and rampaging like a flying dragon; and this is the twosome time that I hae see him."—"And as I have never seen him once," said Captain Corselet, "I'll e'en go now; so show me the way, my bonny Scot!" and, notwithstanding the exclamations of Overcrow, the whole party rushed out.

The Bankside and London-bridge were, during the great frost, the most lonely and unfrequented parts of the crowded surface of the Thames, for the tents and streets did not come up close to either; and in 1683 there were several robberies committed about those places, especially upon such passengers as were so incautious as to say with the travellers in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, that "they would along with company, having great charge." It was to this gloomy and silent spot that the visitors of the Royal Oak now rapidly crowded; but ere they could reach it, the report of a pistol, followed by a faint cry, quickened both their steps and their curiosity. The evening had by this time grown quite dark; and from the occasional lights which glanced up and down in the houses upon London-bridge and the Bankside, it was evident that the graver inhabitants were retiring to rest. The edifice itself rose in a dark, heavy mass above the whitened river, forming a strong contrast to the ruddy glare with which the distant fires of Blanket fair had tinted the night-skies, and the cold light that the wintry moon had cast upon the ice. On one of the starlings of the bridge nearest the Surrey shore, a figure in white was seen lying apparently lifeless, with the head hanging over toward the water. "My certie!" exclaimed Spleuchan, when this scene presented itself, "the deil be in me, if they hae na shot the ghast for the sake o' his mort-claithes!"—"There's more knavery in it than that, friend Scot," replied Captain Corselet; "hark! he groans. Gentlemen, the poor wretch is yet living! Such of ye as are valiant and willing, come with me, and perchance we shall yet save him." Upon this he rushed forward, and with some difficulty mounted the high starling by the blocks of ice which lay around it; but scarcely had he ascended it when he found himself seized by a powerful grasp, which the glimmering light discovered to be that of the pirate sailor who had so hastily quitted the Royal Oak. "Holla, comrade!" cried the captain, "let go your hold; we must save the dying man before you."—"Yourself shall be the dying man, then," replied the sailor, "unless you quit us both: I carry two men's lives at my girdle, and, by the fiend of darkness, one of them shall be yours rather than you shall have my secret!"—"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Corselet, taking a firm hold upon the mariner, and loudly calling out to his party, which was now increased by several persons bearing flambeaux, "gentlemen, make up, in the name of God and King Charles! for here's a villain and a secret worth a king's ransom."—"Rather worth a nation's eternal curse!" said the figure in white, recovering, and speaking in a faint voice. The reply to this was another pistol discharged by the mariner; though his arms being arrested by Corselet, the contents were lodged in his own body, which rolled off the starling under the arch of the bridge where the tide was unfrozen, and immediately sank beneath the ice. "Is he gone?" exclaimed the figure, raising himself, and looking wildly after the sailor; "then I must soon follow, and my life is rapidly passing. Nay, attempt not to drag me hence," he continued, to several persons who had now ascended

the starling, and endeavored to remove him: "seek not to drag me hence, for I will die here, and elsewhere I will reveal nothing; but bear me up for a little, and now listen all of you. He whose body is now the prey of the waters, and whose soul is gone to its place, was the infernal Hubert Cloudeley, who first fired London—and I was his accomplice! Ay, well may ye shrink from me," he added, as his supporters, with involuntary horror, let his body fall upon the starling—"but ye are all avenged: for even they who lost friends and fortune in that awful burning, in the wildest moment of horror, were in Paradise to me, ever since that hour. Never could I again enter the city—but, after a restless and wandering life spent all over the earth, I came to die in penance in sight of my recovering victim. My life is ebbing faster than the tide below me. This night, for the first time since we set London in flames, Hubert and I met; and to preserve the accursed secret he hath gone to his account with another murder. Ever since my return to England I have nightly, as an act of penitence, clothed myself in my grave clothes, and sat beneath this bridge till the dawn of morning, weeping over my past guilt, and shivering to the night-blast. My abode hath been the most wretched hovel of yonder bank; and my ill-gotten wealth has been scattered to every sufferer around me, that their blessings might ascend with the curses of my victims. And now I am departing, bound on a longer and a darker voyage than ever mariner sailed. Oh, London!" he continued, making an effort to raise himself and look toward the city, "live for ever! thy name shall rise in glory from thine ashes, while mine shall die accursed and unknown." He uttered these words with all his remaining strength, and his life then forsaking him, he fell backward as the mariner had done, over the starling beneath the bridge. As he sank, however, the shroud blew aside from his face, and Spleuchan exclaimed, "My certie! the deil's kept a gude look out after its ain, for its the wizard chiel they ca' Hans in Kelder!"

"Ay," said Overcrow, bustling up, and laying his hand on the collar of the tall stranger, "but we've another rogue here of that name, that may swing instead of him; for the legality of the land is not to be defrauded of its prey: somebody shall be hanged! that I've made up my mind on."—"Hold there, master constable," cried Corselet, leaping down from the starling and seizing the beadle; "less zeal, and more wisdom: this is a loyalist and a gentleman, and I'm another; and, moreover, we've a cup to dring together before we part."—"That you shall do," answered Overcrow, "by being put in ward together, and both taste of the same cup. He, he, ha, hoh! Bring him along, watchmen! Come on, fellow! you're mighty unwilling to go to prison, methinks." The force of the beadle's grasp tore open the cloak in which the stranger was enveloped, and discovered upon his breast the silver star of the garter, with its rich jewel suspended by a blue riband about his neck. His hat falling off too, at the same moment, discovered the full features of Charles the Second himself, surrounded by that fine dark hair which so strongly characterized him. "God save the king!" cried Corselet, taking the astonished Overcrow by the collar, and giving him a violent swing round—"Who is likely to be hanged now, master constable?"—"Fear not," said the merry monarch: "magistrates should be a terror to evildoers; and, odds fish! this fellow would terrify a knave with e'er a bailiff in Christendom. But fear not, man; fear not: death and disguises make all men equals; and this night hath shown us that which kings may well be instructed by. But now let us back to the Royal Oak, and finish our night, captain, and in the morning you shall have both reward and employment. Believe me, my heart is grateful to all my old defenders; but mine eyes are not all-seeing, nor is my treasury without a bottom."

Such was one of the romantic occurrences of the great frost in 1683: but although history make no mention of it, yet the extraordinary penance is recorded in a periodical paper of 1757; and impressions are still extant of a bill printed on the ice in the famous frost now described, on which are found the names of all the royal family, one of whom is designated by the singular title of HANS IN KELDER.

JULIAN AND LEONOR.

BY R. S. MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

PERHAPS the greatest value of this anecdote is that it is literally "founded upon fact." The circumstances are not wholly unknown in Rome and Venice, nor the *dramatis personæ* in England.

Where sea-girt Venice points westwardly into the Adriatic, there is a little lone island, dimly visible from the sandy shore of the Lido, to which your *gondolieri* may row you in about half an hour. It looks dark and desolate—the stranger's step rarely intrudes upon its loneliness, but it is oftener visited by the Venetians, who turn from the gaiety of the Piazza di San Marco,

"The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,"

to indulge, in that lone place, in the melancholy emotions which follow the *éxtro* of enjoyment. In the triumphant and stirring times of blind old Dandolo, it was a sort of gathering place for the wild mariners who swept the Adriatic and the Levant with a piratical freedom. They built a dwelling there, in which convenience was consulted rather than architectural beauty, and the place seems well adapted for the rendezvous of these skimmers of the seas. When the flag of St. Mark ceased to be the talisman of power, pomp, pride and victory, as the prows of Venice swept over the seas—with an eagle's arrowy flight—these ocean freebooters, also, felt decay: the island became deserted—their citadel a ruin, and, of late years only, did it receive a partial renovation, when it became converted into, and used as a lazaret-house, or receptacle for the insane.

Among the many inmates of this dreary abode was one, whose madness was of a mild and subdued nature. When I learned that he was an Englishman, my curiosity—or, it may be, a higher and better feeling—became strongly excited. I enquired into the particulars of his story, and the result of this inquisition still more deeply interested me in his fate, while it assured me, also, that it would not be very difficult to soften his complaint—less of madness than melancholy—its asperities being few and faint, its paroxysms were unfrequent—his demeanor exhibited more of a mind warped than wrecked—and upon all points but one he was fully as rational as one-half the world. But I anticipate my tale. It is a sad narrative of a high heart which "brokenly lived on," with all its ardent hopes shattered, and its affections scattered in the dust around it.

When I first saw that young Englishman in the Venetian madhouse, he seemed about thirty years of age. Toll and turmoil of the mind had given him a furrowed cheek, for I afterward knew that he wanted some years of his apparent age. He was rich and high-born. He must have been more than usually beautiful—if we may apply the term "beautiful" to man—for even then, the pale shadow of his former self, he was one on whom the eye would involuntarily linger—just as we cannot pass by, with the mere common glance of admiration, some splendid production, where the art of the sculptor (Pygmalion like) has thrown such *mind* into the marble, that it seems as if struggling into the energy of life.

From his youth upward, he was enthusiastic as the veriest poet, whose mind is so exquisitely formed, as to be crushed in contact with the rude world—like some fairy-like piece of exquisite and priceless *bijouterie*, which is fragmented by a slight touch. His imagination had loved to run riot through the asphodel fields of poetic thought, before he had "filed his mind" to the necessity of slaking its thirst at the fresh-welling fountains of solid knowledge. But in time this necessity became self-apparent, and he plunged eagerly into the deep quest of what Learning from her ancient scrolls can bestow, or Nature scatter forth to the inquirer from her ever open and exhaustless volume of beauty and living action. He drank deeply of the mingled waters of other men's detailed experience, and his own dreamy imaginings. The magnificence of this world's external beauty filled him with wild delight. He had become an IDEALIST.

Wherever he looked—whatever he beheld—however Nature arrayed herself—all ministered to the pleasure

of a mind sensitively awake to a keen and quick perception of the beautiful. Like that flower which still turns to the day-god, as he treads the azure paths of heaven, and folds up her golden petals when his glory retires to gladden other lands—so did his spirit expand as it gazed delightedly on this world we are in and of; and so, too, when the dusky twilight of graver thought came on, did it veil its contemplation from the darkness which then surrounded it. For, hitherto, although he sometimes paused, even in the full rapidity of his studious course, to wonder at many things—wildering as the Fata Morgana to the Sicilian peasant—his soul remained tranquil in the rapid path he traversed.

At length—for it could not long be otherwise—he panted for communings with an intelligence like his own. He sighed for some Egeria in his loneliness. His fancy framed for himself a being bright in charms, and beautiful in intelligence. It endowed her with all of fair, or wise, or wonderful, that lover, philosopher or poet could severally have imaged. He languished for the bright reality of this dear vision which haunted his dreams by night and his thoughts by day—breathing, beautiful and real!

And let not this seem strange—for the idealist has endowments which are his own peculiar. All peace, all time, all things, become subsidiary to one engrossing thought. "I will go forth," thought he, "to seek in other lands for that intelligence and beauty which I have vainly quested in my own. In other climes which Nature has arrayed in her most magnificent and beautiful hues, there must exist some corresponding human beauty and intellect to match the gorgeousness which rests beneath those far and favored skies. Surely, the children of these sunny lands must still be beautiful and gifted as in old days, when they were the poet-themes which even now stir the soul of man up from its very depths!"

He made the tour of Europe—and still was dissatisfied. In France he did not find the creature he sought for. Beautiful women met his eye—wit, lightning-winged, sped from their lips they had pretty words, strung like pearls, for his ear—smiles, which seemed the very arrows of a most hearted love—fascination which, like a whirlpool, drew all admiration into its eddy—but he found, or fancied, that all was mere show, and tinsel, he distrusted the *seeming* sincerity of heart with which heartlessness can so well invest herself, and he fled, in disgust, from the Calypso wiles of Parisian fashion. It was the same wherever he went: all places lacked the Hesperian fruit he sought. So as a last resource, he turned his pilgrim-steps to Italy, and if here he failed also: if indeed the being he sought was not to be found—if fancy had cheated him with a dread of what would not be if his desire was to be unsatisfied, his resolve was to return from the wildering world of imagination to the real world of action—to let ambition have a proper sway within his heart—to aspire to a station among the magnates of the land—to live for others as hitherto he had lived but for himself. He knew that a man may himself be bankrupt in happiness, and yet bestow it.

So, he came to Rome, where, for a time the distracting thoughts, which so long had torn his bosom became subdued. He was now amid the wrecks of national glory and grandeur, and thinking on what Rome had been, and viewing her present littleness, it was no wonder if, spirit-led by the memory of hoar antiquity, he should forget his own thoughts. But this was soon past: he still trod upon the grave of Empire, but the spell had lost its power—he returned to the contemplation of the shrined hopes of his youthful fancy, smiling at his having ever forgotten them.

But at Rome, though his stay was prolonged, his pursuit of the embodiment of mental and personal beauty was in vain. Yet he lingered with the "Niobe of nations."—At length, when hope grew dead, and he had become even somewhat ashamed of the phantasy which had cost him so much anxiety, he was preparing—in a chastened and sober mood—to return to England, when he was persuaded to attend a masqued ball at the palace Borghese.

He mingled with the crowds, and was quitting that gorgeous scene—where happy hearts were more happy,

and sad ones put on the seeming of joy to cheat themselves into a forgetfulness of grief—when a lady, habited as Hebe, attracted his attention. He spoke to her, and her ready wit, eloquent words, rich simplicity of manner, and rare dignity of demeanor made him yet more interested in this chance companion. It was the sole daughter of the last of the haughty house of Colonna, who thus enslaved him. She had marked the coldness of his manner, the abstraction of his very mirth, and, with all the innocent thoughtlessness of suspicionless youth, had sportively said that she would endeavor to thaw the frozen veil which enwrapped the northern stranger. She succeeded.

I mentioned that Julian—for I will name him thus—was of high birth. The ancestral house of Colonna, on whose columns the honors of Rome once rested—remained prouder in its poverty, than even when wealth gave it a golden appearance. Julian soon knew that a daughter of that high and haughty line would not be given to a stranger. The Colonna family numbered the mighty among its alliances of old, and Leonora—this fair and sole scion of its latter days—was destined for a convent's cell, or a marriage of interest.

And the knowledge of this but fed the flame which filled Julian's heart. He loved this fair daughter of the land of beauty and of passion. To him she appeared the realization of all which he had hopelessly hoped for, the gem, worth a monarch's ransom, to be snatched from the treasury of life, and pressed to his heart as priceless.

He offered his hand and heart to the lovely maiden. The offer met with calm and cold rejection. But, it is said, I cannot guess how truly, that in Italy, as in England, a lady's "no" may sometimes be interpreted, by love, into a half compliance—and Julian found it well to hold this consoling casuistry of passion.

It were a tedious, and perhaps an idle task to give, with the minuteness of an eye-witness, the delineations of passion—thoughts whose workings I have not witnessed. Leonora was conscious of the power of her great beauty: proud too, of her natural genius, and her wealth of accomplishments: but amid the consciousness of dominion, and this pride of mind, there ran an undercurrent of deeper and better thoughts. She could know the value of a true heart—she soon repented the fancied necessity which led her to reject the hand of such a lover as Julian.

To him—intellectual and enthusiastic, Leonor appeared as gifted in mind as she was confessedly peerless in person, and he still cherished—almost against hope—the thought that she might yet be the living flower to bloom by his ancestral hearth, sole in his heart and nurtured by his love. Mock not at such a hope—love is most dream-like: it is composed of an alternation of hopes and fears: its hopes are clouded by the shadow fear flings across them, and its very fears are sun-tinted by the gleams which hope reflects from its mirror, whereon are imaged a thousand thoughts of future bliss. And who may expect the boon of success so well as the young and the gifted? Julian was one of these.

One evening in the autumn, he walked amid the ruins of the Coliseum accompanied by Leonor—for they had separated from the company. They paused to gaze upon the splendor of the night-queen, then springing from her glory-bed on high, illumining the world with her silvery sheen. It was a scene for the heart to muse over, with a melancholy not unpleasing, beholding the shattered remains of the world's ancient mistress. It was a scene for regret, for memory, for admiration, but it did not deeply interest them long—for when the heart beats high with the pulse of passion, love becomes the only inspiration of the thoughts of youth.

Leonor felt the dangerous stillness of that hour and scene. The devotedness of her lover had touched her heart—is it not ever thus?—and as she looked, stealthily upon his noble brow, and drank in the eloquence which flowed from his lips, as he talked of the glory of Rome's elder days, and as his eye even more eloquent than his winged words, beamed with enthusiasm as he spoke of that departed greatness—oh, who can blame, if the haughty heart of the fair Colonna, unbent from its pride—if a consciousness of her admirer's worth

flashed across her with the suddenness of thought and the certainty of conviction—if a softer accent dwelt upon her tone, and a tender feeling glanced from her flashing eye?

She knew that this was the last evening of Julian's stay in Rome. At the rejection of his suit, he felt indignation, and there flows a narrow Rubicon, to separate that feeling from love. To forget, however, is a task more difficult than to adore. With Julian—for he had tried it—forgetfulness was impossible. He had found it difficult to avoid her society. Latterly, his manner toward Leonor had been studiously indifferent—but now when the morrow's sun was to see him depart for ever, from the place which her presence had sanctified to him—from the only one who had ever seemed suited to share with him the difficult empire of heart, there was a tenderness (unknown to himself) in his slightest words, and this stole into his heart—hitherto cold as the marble pillar at whose base they sat—which he had ceased to hope would ever respond to his.

He changed the subject of their conversation. Hitherto he had spoken of indifferent themes, to wile away the fast-thronging thoughts—unsummoned memories—which rose into his heart. The effort had failed. He ceased to speak, and Leonor and he were both silent, with mutual but unacknowledged emotions. At length, he broke the silence: at first he spoke calmly, but as he proceeded, his voice had a deeper tone of feeling, his manner became more earnest, his eye flashed, and his cheek and brow grew passion-flushed.

"We part, Leonor," said he, "I could have wished for a happier doom. Henceforth a solitary hearth, and shattered hopes are mine. That I loved—that I love you I need not now repeat. The tale had been told you once too often, but the feeling will not—cannot cease, but with my life. You, with the pride of a high ancestral name—amid the admiration of a thousand hearts, and the hopes of youth and beauty—may live lovely and beloved; but the more bitter doom is mine."

"No," interrupted Leonor, "like yours, my course will be a lone and sorrowing one. I can bring but a worldly heart and baffled hopes to the altar, at which, as a victim, I am to be devoted. A little month will see my youth and its beauty, which you praise, lost in the gloom of a convent's cell. Perhaps before then, you will have forgotten this passion which you say consumes you."

But, as she spoke the words, there was a melancholy tenderness in her subdued voice, and Julian's hopes began to bud anew. Even when we are turning away from the portal of hope, some re-calling whisper is heard to teach us the "open sesame" which we had forgotten.

"And why, dearest Leonor, need a convent's gloom be the portion of one so fair, so hearted? Are there no climes but this of Italy where love can make the fond heart happy?—No skies where tenderness may not bloom, and exhaustless affection be nourished? In my own land there are happy hearts to greet my return and love her whose love would make glad my home. Fly with me, then, if flight be needful, or here give me a claim to call you my own; let a husband's rights supersede those of a parent, and the utmost pride of Rome's haughtiest houses shall not, and cannot break the love-links by which our happy hearts will be united!"

The lady's answer is not on record—but she placed her hand in his, and threw herself into his arms and wept, long but not bitterly. If these be not symptoms of her accordance to his proffer, then am I unversed in the lore of love.

The mingled whispers of the lovers—the glad confession, each to each, of the birth and progress of their affection—the happy aspirations for a long life-dream of joy that hope breathed forth—these cannot be mistaken. Has love a happier time than this? Ere they parted, the lovers had agreed to substitute the nuptial ceremony for that ritual sacrifice by which it was intended to dedicate Leonor to cold celibacy. Her heart had always abhorred the cell—she felt happy at avoiding it, and thus.

There is always some bitterness springing up, to cast

its poison into the cup of life. The young can but dream of these things, at first, but the more mature feel them in sad reality—some busy babblers—some wretched eaves-dropper, had listened to the converse of the lovers, and, by the morrow's dawn, her proud father had learned the affection, and the resolve of Leonor. He had no compunction when he doomed her to the gloom of a convent, that living grave where woman in her youth and beauty, is entombed, with all her budding affections, and delicate hopes. But his heart panted with indignation, when he knew that his daughter had dared to feel for herself and wed happiness. "I would not," said he, "have had her espouse the proudest he in Rome, and she shall not wed with a stranger to her country and its faith."—So, ere a week passed, Leonor had been forced to commence her novitiate in the convent.

Distraction seized on Julian when he learned this. He had been absent at Venice, when this harsh step was taken, and exaggeration reported that Leonor had been professed a nun. His paroxysms of anger and outraged love eventuated in a dangerous and tedious illness, which subsided into the melancholy madness, in which I first saw him. He was placed in that *lazar-house*, on the lone island in the Venetian lagoon, of which I have already made mention.

Leonor inherited all the lofty spirit of her ancestors. She did not lack the heart to conceive nor the will to execute. Weeks passed by, and consciousness of her wrongs, with the excitement of her love—stronger from its persecution, as religion grows mightier from the bonds and bars in which intolerance would bind it—urged the desire of rescue—of return to liberty and love. After a time, the circumstances of Julian's madness reached her ear, and augmented her determined will. "He," thought she, "cannot now take me from this living tomb. What he cannot achieve for me, let me perform for him. Let me break the bonds which detain me here, and hasten to restore his mind to its wonted vigor. Medicine fails to do so, but there is a spell in the great power of love which can administer hope even to the hopeless, drive despair from the despairing, and relume the flickering lamp of reason with a light as beautiful as affection ever gleamed upon pain."

At the festival of the carnival—immediately preceding lent—there is always allowed great latitude and liberty to both sexes. Sometimes, although it does not commonly occur, the novices are permitted to leave their convents, under strict *surveillance*, and, in quaint disguises of the season, mingle with that world of life and love, to which they are on the eve of bidding a long farewell. To Leonor this indulgence was proffered and by her accepted. Her demeanor had been so calm, her devotion so regular, her endurance so voiceless, that they feared the monotony of such a life might wear away the vigor of her mind—even as water, drop by drop, wears away the marble—and they did not apprehend that such apathy as hers, would abuse the privilege they allowed her, so she mingled with the crowd, and her well assumed air of abstraction completely deceived her attendant, until at length she became less watchful, and in this interregnum of vigilance, Leonor was left to herself. She seized the opportunity afforded by this desertion, and speeded to execute her project. Its boldness was equalled by its success.

At that time the seventh Pius wore the pontifical tiara. Leonor was no stranger to the person of the good old man. She had more than once received his almost paternal blessing, and to the Vatican she now proceeded strong in hope.

There was not much dignity preserved in that stately dwelling of the "head of the church on earth," and, in that season of revelry and feasting, that little was so much relaxed, that it was no very difficult matter for Leonor to penetrate, almost unquestioned, into the private chamber of the pontiff. She had passed through the splendid suite of apartments, and at length reached the peculiar and private audience room of the pope. As she paused by the door, pondering on the best mode of interesting Pius in the story of her wrongs, she was accosted, in a gentle and parental tone, by an old man plainly clothed, and bearing no external marks of pomp

or power. But in his dark eye—which the storms of seventy years had scarcely dimmed—and on his lofty brow was enthroned that dignity which high station, and its consciousness, rarely fail to confer. It was the pope. She threw herself at his feet, in an agony of tears. Her heart had fallen her when the goal of her desires was reached. The compassionate and mild old man raised her from the ground, and courteously led her into the chamber.

In a very few moments she was calm: the magnitude of the stake—hope and happiness—gave her self-possession and courage. She told her story: she explored the interference of the holy father, and the pathos of her tale won unaccustomed tears from his aged eye. Is there not a charm in the narrative of true and trusting love? Is there not a spell in the holiness of truth and the fervor of affection? There must be so—for the pontiff wept over the sorrows of this youthful lady, and whispered consolation and hope to her wounded spirit.

"I release you, my daughter," said he, "from the solitude of the conventual life: the vows which are not sanctified by a willing spirit, cannot be worthy heaven. Earth as yet has higher claims upon you. Go, and join him to whom your heart's hopes are wedded: offer with him those conjugal vows which are a holy rite of his faith and a solemn sacrament of ours. Go, and serve your God in another land, for your stay cannot be safe in this; and if ever your heart should incline to stray from that faith which has been the faith of your fathers through long ages, remember that I have blessed your union with one whose God is my God, although we worship him in different modes, and pray to the throne of the Highest for grace to guide you in the true path to peace here and happiness hereafter."

Fervently did Leonor thank him, and rapidly did she run through the plan which she had formed for the restoration of her Julian to health and happiness. The good old man smiled at her eagerness of anticipation, and approved of the details of her project. He even offered her money to assist it, and she accepted the assistance. She took leave of him, deeply touched by his kindness, and pleased with the success of her romantic mission. She did not return to the convent.

When Julian had resided for some time in the Venetian madhouse, his disease became much mitigated. It subsided into melancholy: in a word, he was quite rational upon all points but one. He believed that Leonor was lost to him for ever, and thus he had no console him. The very sound of a woman's voice pained him: this was the fatal chord, which could not be touched without awakening the violence of his most darkened mood. When first I saw him, I was struck with the elegance of his pursuits, even in that melancholy abode. One day as I was passing by his door, he accompanied himself on the guitar. His voice was sweet in its manly depth, and he displayed no inconsiderable skill in music. His song was simple; the words were his own, and he had arranged them to a wild but pathetic melody. The song ran thus:

As the violet loveth the welcome shade,
And the mariner loveth the sea;
As the peasant boy loveth his native glade,
Where his bounding step is free;
As the nightingale loveth the lonely flower
Which blooms by the rippling rill;
As the maiden loveth the moonlight hour
Where music hails her still:
So doth my spirit cling to thine,
As it never would part more,
And fancy all it loved were mine,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

But the mariner finds an ocean grave,
And the violet blooms to die,
And the peasant sinks into the slave
Beneath some tyrant's eye;
And withers the rose by the rippling stream,
And the bird's sweet strain grows dull,
And a cloud fits over the moon's pale beam,
For the loss of the beautiful:
And thus, fair spirit, thoughts of thee
In care and grief are o'er;
Why lingers the bright, the glad, the free?
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

While he was singing, my steps had been arrested by the melody, so unusual in such a place, and I yet remained by the door of his apartment when he opened it. A few words of apology led to a gentle and gracious reply from him. A few moments after, and we were wandering, arm in arm, in the garden of the citadel. I did not know then that he was confined therein; indeed, I was scarcely aware of the use to which the Austrian authorities at Venice had devoted that building. We separated, with a promise to meet again.

On inquiry, my boatman told me the popular legend of Julian's sad story, and you may be sure it did not mar the interest I took in him. Frequently I visited that lone island, and became more and more pleased with the wonders of mind and the treasures of knowledge which were the rich possessions of the ill-fated Julian. At last, scarcely a day passed that I did not visit him, for the gaiety of Venice (all glare and glitter) did not suit my mind at the time. My friends smiled as I withdrew from their mirthful society, and many rare quips and jests were passed upon my relinquishing their converse for that of my unhappy countryman. That I did so was well known in Venice.

One day, just as I was about leaving my home for Julian's habitation, a boy was ushered into the chamber, on the plea of urgent business. In a sweet voice, and with entreating aspect, he said, "Dismiss the attendants." I did so, and he threw himself before me, soliciting my permission to attend on my friend Julian, "as a companion—an attendant—a menial. I know," said he, "that I have the power of restoring him to health, and I trust you will not refuse the boon I pray for." I raised the youth from his lowly posture. We had a long interview, during which he communicated such peculiar circumstances, that I could no longer refuse to comply with his request; and, with a hope-flushed cheek, and a heart swelling with admiration of the conduct of the youth, who had given me full confidence in his history and intentions, I went to the island.

I did not lose much time in mentioning to Julian that I had brought a careful attendant with me. Briefly explaining that the youth had solicited to wait upon him, I introduced him. I perceived Julian's cheek to flush and his eyes to brighten, and his frame to tremble with emotion, when the youth entered. These were momentary, but renewed more slightly when he heard the youth's voice, which was low and sweet. As he waited upon us at table, I noticed that his lip quivered and his cheek paled as he watched the ravages which disease and neglect had made in the features of Julian.

Matters went on smoothly enough for some weeks, until the youth one day called me aside and said, "I am tired of this horror of suspense, and would wish to undertake Julian's cure now, before the heat of the summer season, which is always dangerous in this climate to those who suffer from disease of the mind." So, knowing of what he purposed doing, I acquiesced.

That night, when we sat at supper, the youth brought a crystal goblet full of wine, which he proffered to Julian.

"It is," said he, "your birth-day, and you must make merry with your friend, as they do in England, my dear master." Julian said with a smile, "I will drink if you will tell me how you know, what I had forgotten, that this is my birth-day?" The youth blushed and replied, "Drink of the wine first, and I will afterward inform you." So Julian drained the cup, and suddenly fell back on the sofa: for the youth had mixed with the wine a subtle powder which had the power of inducing strong and sudden sleep. We placed him on the couch at ease, and waited his awakening.

He slept calmly as an infant, for many hours, and when at last the heaviness of slumber appeared abating, as we could perceive by his restless movements, the youth left the room, saying, "If he complain of thirst, give him to drink of the cup which stands in yon recess, and before then do not doubt to lead the conversation on the subject of his illness, and its cause."

Presently Julian awoke, and I knew by the color on his cheek and the calmness of his glance, that a great

change had taken place. He first, as if to himself, murmured the refrain of his song—

"Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!"

and then, after a pause, said, "I am, as it were, awakening from a dream: will you not inform me of what has happened?" And I told him of his illness, and we spoke of the cause, and then I knew that he was recovered, for he did not decline to hear me speak of Leonor, whose name, heretofore, he had allowed none but himself to speak. "We must save her," said he; "she loves me better than she loves aught else in this world. The youth who hath so carefully attended me, and yourself, shall join to save her." Then he inquired where that youth was, and complained of a great thirst. I remembered what instructions the youth had given, and handed the cup of wine to him.

He drank. At the bottom of the cup was a golden ring, which, when he saw, he trembled, and his cheeks grew pale as death, and he was for a time without motion, except the tremulous quiver of his lips, which were much convulsed. "Whence came this?" said he, at last. And as I was about replying, the door opened and the youth entered, not dressed in the attire of manhood, as hitherto, but habited as a lady, bright and beautiful. And Julian, when he saw her, knew his lost Leonor.

Indeed, I knew from the first who she was—for she had told me: but fearing that her sudden appearance might altogether overthrow his mind, she had thus provided, to obtain a crisis by means of the subtle drug which she put into his wine. It was a fearful experiment: but what will not love essay, when health and happiness are trembling in the scale against madness and despair?

You may be certain that we kept silence on these matters. I took upon myself to procure a ship to convey the happy lovers to England. That night we quitted the island and proceeded to Malta, where Julian and Leonor were wedded. While we remained at Malta, news arrived of the death of the pope, and much we deplored the loss of that true friend, who had not only sanctioned Leonor's escape, but checked pursuit after her, suggesting that it was probable she had drowned herself in despair at her baffled love.

It is not necessary to continue the tale. The lovers went to England, where Julian's family, delighted at his recovery and return, were grateful to the fair cause of both. If, in youth, Julian was an idealist in fancy, he is now a realist in enjoyment. He has lived, a happy man, and such happiness as his extends instead of diminishing.

THE GHOST OF KILSHEELAN.

It's something more nor forty, or five-and-forty years ago, that there lived in Kilsheelan, in this very county of Tipperary, a real old gentleman—he was one Major Blennerhasset—one of the real old Protestants. None o' your upstarts that come in with Cromwell or Ludlow, or any o' the blackguard biblemen o' them days—for the only difference of a bibleman now, sir, and the biblemen o' former times, was just this—that Cromwell's biblemen used to burn ~~the~~ out of house an' home, while the bibleman now only tells us that we are goin' to *blaze*—so, your honor, you see they were determined to *fire* us one way or another. Well, as I was telling you, Major Blennerhasset was a real old Protestant, and though he'd curse an' swear, and d—n the Papists, when he'd be in a passion, the devil a one of him would be ever after turnin' us out of our little buildings, supposin' we were two, or three, or may be five ~~times~~ in arrear.

Now you may be sure that all the boys were distracted one morning to hear that the major was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, in a most unhand-some manner. There wasn't a Papist in the parish, but knew that he hadn't a hand in it, for the major was as dead as a door-nail, or queen Elizabeth. There wasn't a neighbor's child in the entire barony that wasn't up at the major's big house in no time, to hear "how the poor master's throat was cut," and when they saw him it was plain to be seen that the major

didn't do it himself, for there was the poor right hand cut in two nearly, and such a gash as he had in his throat, they all said, couldn't be given by himself, because the major, it was well known, wasn't *kithogued* (left-handed.) Besides that, there was the old gold watch gone, an' his bonds, an' what money he had in the house, along with a five hundred pound note.

To be sure the magistrates had an inquest, an' pretty work they made about it—an' may be the newspapers didn't make fine talk about it—they never stopped for three months sayin' "all the Protestants in Tipperary were murdered by the Papists," and so on, till this peaceable county was under the insurrection act, an' then to be sure they never stopped transportin' us—an' all this was by reason of a decent gentleman's throat bein' cut by some blackguard or another. At all events there was no makin' head nor tail o' the major's murder till comin' on the assizes, when two innocents, one Jack Carey and one Bill Dorney, were taken up for it. My father knew the two chaps well, and except that they didn't care what they did to come round a girl, he often tould me that milder, nor innocenter, nor modest, nor partier behaved boys he never seen. The people in fact were sure they would be acquitted till they heard that Lord Norbury was comin' the circuit, an' then they gave it up as a bad job.

At last the day o' the trial came, an' to the surprise an' wonderment of every body, who should get upon the table, an' take the book in his hand, to swear away the lives of poor Jack Carey and Bill Dorney, but one Kit Cooney! Now, Kit, you must know, was the only creature that lived with the major, for the major was an old bachelor; an' Cooney fled the country after the major was murdered, an' in troth, every one thought that it was he who did the major's *business*, for he wasn't the best o' character at any time, an' every one was wonderin' why the major let him live with him, at all, at all. Up Kit got on the table, as bold as a lion, an' he swore hard an' fast, as a trooper, that Dorney and Carey murdered the major in his bed, and that he himself, Kit Cooney, the vagabond, agreed to join them in doin' so; but that he repented of it, and wouldn't lay a hand on the ould man, but ran away to Dublin, when it was all over, and tould the *potis* there all about it. He was, you see, sir, a king's evidence, an informant, and, in short, he hung the two men. The truth was, Cooney had the Dublin *potis* magistrates to back him out, an' the two poor boys wouldn't prove an *alibi* at all; but this indeed I often heard their friends say, that if the two gaseons liked it, they could have proved *alibis* for them in twenty different places, all at the same time, and each o' them forty miles away from the murder; besides that, the two boys themselves could show, as clear as day-light, where they really were the night the major was murdered. The fact was, it was said, that Carey and Dorney were doing something that night they didn't want the priest to know anything about. At all events, they might have let such evidence alone, for they'd have been hung on Kit Cooney's *affidavit* at any rate. They, to be sure, said they were innocent, and the people believed them; the judge said they were guilty, and the jury believed him; and the two young men were hung accordingly. This, sir, I was tellin' you, happened five an' forty years ago, and just like the present times. Cooney knew the country too well to stop in it; at best he was but an *informant*, an' Tipperary is a spot that was always counted too hot for them kind of rapscallions. It wasn't for many years after that he was heard of, an' the way that mention was made of him was just thus:

It was, you see, about six and twenty years next Holy-eve night, that my aunt Biddy—an' it's from her own son I have the story, which is next to knowin' it myself—it was on that very night (an' it's a night that's mighty remarkable entirely for quare stories of the *good people*) that she was standin' at the door of poor ould Major Blennerhasset's house that was, and lookin' out to see what in the world was keepin' Paddy (that was her husband's name) so long at the market of Golden (for it was market-day in Golden), when she seen a well-dressed, farmer-like man, with clothes on him that looked as if they were made in Dublin—you see, they hadn't the Tipperary cut upon them at all.

And there was this decentish ould man standin' right opposite her on the road, an' lookin' terrible narrow at the house. Well, she thought nothin' at all o' that, for it's few people could pass the road without stoppin' to look at the major's house, it was such an out o' the way big one to be so near the high road. "God save you, ma'am," says he. "God save you kindly, sir," says she. "It's a could night," says he. "Tis," says she; "will you come in, an' take an air o' the fire?" "I will," says he. So she brought him down to the kitchen, an' the first thing she remarked was, that she forgot to tell him of an ugly step that lay in his way, an' that everybody tripped over, if they weren't tould of it, or didn't know it well before. And yet, without a trip or a jostle, but smooth and smack clean like herself, the stranger walked down stairs before her. "By my sowkins," said she to herself, "you were here before, my good man, whoever you are, an' I must keep my eyes upon you," an' then she talks out to him, "are you dry or hungry?" says she. "No, but I'd like a drink o' buttermilk," says he. "Why, then, I'll get that same for you," says she; "what *countryman* are you?" "Then to tell you the truth," says he, "I'm a Connaughtman." "Why then you haven't a bit o' the brogue," says she, "but talk English almost entirely, as well as myself." "Oh!" says he, "I was in Dublin polishin' off the brogue." "That accounts," says she, "for the fine accent you have; were you ever in these parts before?" "Never," says he. "That's a lie," says she to herself; "but I'll go and fetch you a noggin o' the buttermilk." "Thank 'ee," says he. You see, she left him sittin' in the kitchen, and while she went for the buttermilk, which was to a pantry like, off the kitchen, an' while she was there, she saw the stranger put his hand to the second brick in the hob, take out some little parcel, and run it into his breeches pocket. While he was doin' this, she saw his little black ferret eyes, that were not longer in appearance nor a hawk's, but were bright and glissenin', and dazzin' like them, wheelin' all round the kitchen, to see if any one was watchin' him. In a minute, she knew the gallow's-look of him: it was Kit Cooney, that had hung her own flesh and blood, till they were high an' dry as a side o' bacon. To be sure, the poor woman was frightened enough, but she was very stout, and didn't let on, an' accordingly she came out with the noggin, an' when he drank it off, she sat down opposite him, an' asked him would he stop the night, as her husband would be home in a few minutes, an' would be glad to see any one that could tell him about the castle, an' the parliament house, an' the bridges, an' the lord mayor, an' all the fine sights of Dublin. "No, thank 'ee," says he, "I must be in Golden to-night; I've got all I wanted from you." "Faith you have," says she to herself again, "but whatever it is, it's more nor a drink o' buttermilk."

"Well, sir, the man left her, an' she sat down waitin' for her husband, quite melancholy like, and wondrin' what in the world it was that Cooney had taken from behind the hob; she searched it mighty cutely, but if she was looking from that day to this, not a ha'p'orth she could find, but an empty hole, an' nothin' in it.

Ten o'clock struck—eleven o'clock, an' no Paddy was yet come home—so to comfort herself, she sat down to make a cup of *tay*, an' to make it strong she determined to put a *stick* (a glass of whiskey) in it. She had the bread an' the butter, an' the whiskey bottle, an' the *tay-pot* laid comfortably on the settle-bed, an' there she was sittin' on a *creepen* (little stool) besides it, when the clock struck twelve—the very instant it did, she heard the drawing-room door open—an'—tramp—tramp—tramp, she heard two feet comin' down stairs—an'—whack—whack—whack went a stick against the bannisters, as if somebody, who was lame, was hobbling down to her, as well as his two legs on a stick would carry him. To be sure the poor woman was frightened enough—she knew it could not be Paddy; for if he had a stick in his fist, he would be more likely to knock it against a man's head than an ould wooden bannister; "The Lord save us!" says she to herself, "is this Kit Cooney's comin' back to massacre me." "Halloa!" She then called out. "You vagabone, whoever you are don't be afraid to show your

face to an honest woman than ever your mother was." Devil an answer she got. "Oh," says she, "may be it's nobody at all—I'll take another cup o' tea at any rate." She had just filled it out, an' put the second stick in it, an' was mixin' it with a spoon, when she turned up her eyes, an' who in the world should she see leaning over the settle-bed, an' lookin' quite cantankerous, an' doleful at the same time at her, but—the major himself!!! "There he was in the very same dress that she had seen on him the very last day he was out with the Tipperary militia.

He had on him a cocked hat that was, at least three feet broad, an' two gold bands on it, that were glistenin' as grandly as if they had only that minute come out o' the shop, an' had never got a drop a rain on them—then he had a large black leather stock on his neck, an' a grand red officer's coat, that between the green that it was turned up with, an' the gold that was shinin' all over it, you could hardly tell what color it was—his shirt was as fine as silk, an' fringed with beautiful tuckers—an' then, the leather-breeches on his thin ould legs were as white as the driven snow, an' his boots that came up to his knee were as black an' polished as a crow's neck. The major, in fact, was drest out in the very *shute* that he went up to Dublin to get for himself, an' that he never wore, *barrin'* it was on the king's birth-day, or the like. To be sure poor Biddy, who knew that the major was buried many a long day ago, an' knowin' too right well that she got drunk—with grief—at his wake, was *epiflicated*, an' in fact, sir, completely *amplished* with admiration, when she saw him standin' before her in his best clothes. She handn't time to say "God save you kindly" to him, when he said to her:

"So, Biddy, a man can't walk down his own stairs, that was, without your abusin' like a pickpocket, an' callin' him names. I little thought I'd ever hear your mother's daughter call poor ould Major Blennerhasset, that was a friend to you an' yours, a vagabone. It's 'asy knowin' it's in my grave I am, an' not here, or you'd cut the tongue out o' your ugly head, before you'd dare to say such a word to me, you drunken black-guard."

"Oh! then, major," says Biddy, "sure enough, if I knew that it was you, that was in it, I'd be the biggest o' vagabones to call you names; but how the world was I to think, that you'd be walkin' like a *whit-boy* at this unseasonable hour o' the night?"

"Oh! then, Biddy, if you knew how glad I am to get a walk, you wouldn't wonder at my walkin' whenever I'd be let—may be you'd be glad to stretch your limbs yourself, if they were after being cramped twenty-five years in a cold grave. But how is Paddy?"

"He is mighty well, thank 'ee major."

"How many children have you, betwixt you?"

"Only ten, Major."

"What's become of them?"

"Why then, it's mighty good o' you to ask after them, Major. Then to tell you the truth, my four girls are married, and have three childer each—two of my boys were hanged in the *risin'* in '98—three more were transported because their brothers were hung for that same, an' my youngest son is in hospital from an accident he met with at the last fair o' Golden, when one of the Kinnealies broke his leg with a blow or a stone, because he was fightin' as well as his shillelagh would let him, for the Hogs, who you know yourself are our cousin-germans or his own: But, Major, I'm sorry to see you look so *delicate*. Is there any thing the matter with you?"

"Any thing the matter with me! why then, Biddy, you're enough to drive a man mad. It's no wonder Paddy often gives you a *molloo-roguing* (beating); any thing the matter with me? Blur-an-ouny-fish, am n't I dead and buried? What worse could be the matter with a man nor that? Besides I'm cruel dry; my mouth is filled with the saw-dust that was put in my coffin, an' I did not taste a drop o' wine, malt, or spirits this many a long day."

"Why then, Major," said she, "may be you'd take a cup o'tay with me; I've some *green* in the house."

"Oh! hould your tongue, Biddy, or you'll drive me ragin' mad entirely, an' then I might disremember what brought me here. You couldn't take much tay

yourself, ma'm, if you met with such an accident as that in your gullet. Look at me," says the Major, taking off his leather stock, "am n't I just like an ould turkey cock on a Friday, that you were goin' to dress for my dinner on a Sunday. Wouldn't this be a purty throat to go to a tay party with?" And as he said this, the major loosed his stock, an' there sure enough, upon the sight of that, Biddy didn't wonder that he held his head steady with one of his hands, for fear it might fall off his shoulders entirely.

"Oh! fitajor," says she, "its plain to be seen that they were takin' the head off you. Bad luck to their hands that did that same for you!"

"Amen!" says the major, "an' high hangin' on a windy day to them too; but the dirty rascal, you see, Biddy, that did that is still walkin' the face o' the earth; he hung your innocent nephews for it too; but I won't have my walk for nothin', Biddy, if you remember what I'm goin' to say to you. Do you know who was here to-night? It was Kit Cooney. Now, mind my words. You seen him take somethin' out o' the hob to-night; that was a purse o' mine as full o' guineas as the Catlic church is full o' saints; an' it was Cooney put it there, after killing me, an' my blood is on the purse still; an' you recollect, he swore on my trial that he got none o' my money. Now, the lying scoundrel, at this very minute he has my gold watch in his fob, with my own name on it, and that five hunder found note, that my cousin was more sorry for the loss of than he was o' myself; that is this very minute in the inside o' my gold watch, an' my name's on it; the villain was afraid by reason o' that to change the note ever since. Let you an' Paddy follow him now to Golden; you will find him in a *shebren* house there; charge him with this murder, an' tell him what I say to him, an' let him take my word for it, that I'll never stop walkin' till I see him walk to the gallows; an' Biddy, now that you mayn't be thinkin' this a dhrame you have, here's a guinea that I saved out of the fire, an' I'll make you a present of it."

"Thank 'ee, major," says she, "you were always good to me." So she held out her hand to him for the golden guinea he was goin' to give her; her heart leaped up to her mouth when she saw it, for it was as shinin' and as yellow as a buttercup in a green field on a May morning.

"There it's for you," says he, "hold it fast, an' don't forget I was with you." With that she shut her hand on the guinea, an' the minute she closed her fingers on it she thought the hand was burnt off her.

"Oh! major, major," says she, "you've murdered me entirely."

"Ah! what major are you talkin' of?" called out Paddy, who was that moment come home, and found Biddy jumpin' and skipkin' round the kitchen like a mad dog or a young kitten.

"What major?" answered Biddy, "why the ould major, that was here this minute." "It's drunk you are, or drammin'," said Paddy. "Why then, if I am," said Biddy, "look in the tay-cup, and you'll find the major's guinea, that I threw there to cool it; by the powers, it has burnt the finger an' thumb off me."

With that Paddy went to the cup, an' instead of a guinea he found nothin' but a smokin' cinder. If Biddy took her oath of it, nothin' would persuade Paddy but that she was drammin', till she tould him o' Kit Cooney bein' there, and all the major said to her.

Well, the upshot of it was, that Paddy and Biddy went to the priest, and tould him all that happened, and the priest went to a magistrate, Mr. Fitzgibbon, that he knew had a spite to the father of the magistrate that took Kit Cooney's swearin' against Carey and Dorney.

Cooney was arrested by Mr. Fitzgibbon, and the purse, and the watch, and the five hundred pound note, were found exactly as the ghost tould Biddy; and Mr. Fitzgibbon and the priest never let Cooney alone till he owned to the murder, and that the two poor boys, who by this time should be the father of fourteen or fifteen children apiece, were completely innocent. Cooney was accordingly hung at the next assizes, and there wasn't a Carey nor a Dorney in Tipperary, that wasn't at the hanging in Clonmel. As to that, we have revenged ourselves well on them Cooneys; for at

the last fair o' Thurles, the Careys gave three Cooneys such a thrashing, that it will be a mighty quare thing entirely, if one of the three live to see next Christmas day. Take my word for it, that the worst kind of cattle in Ireland are the informers.

VICTOR;
OR, THE FISHERMAN'S FOUNDLING.

BY A. OAKLEY.

At a romantic village in the north, some years past, there resided, in a small but neat cottage, an humble, aged fisherman, bearing the name of Arnold. He had been reduced to extreme privations by becoming security for a friend; but still he had a treasure, which, to his imagination, far exceeded any other. This was an only daughter, a lovely girl, whose transcendent beauty was the admiration of all who gazed upon her, and in whom was concentrated every virtue that Heaven could bestow: she mourned in secret her father's poverty; but in his presence she endeavored, by her affection and attention, to smooth the rugged path of his life, and lead him to pleasure and contentment. It was the natal day of Ellen, who had attained her eighteenth year: she was seated by her father's side, her raven ringlets hanging on her snowy bosom, and the smile of Innocence playing on her lovely countenance.

She contrasted finely with the care-worn features, and the silvery hair of Arnold, her father, who, though evidently laboring under heavy affliction, endeavored to force a smile, and inwardly blessed his only offspring. They had nearly finished their morning meal, when Ellen began the conversation in the following words:

"Tell me, father, when do you expect our dear Edward will return from sea?"

"Ellen, my child," answered her father, "if I anticipate rightly, in two months we shall again behold him."

"Indeed," said Ellen; "but how strange it is, dear father, that you have never discovered any of his friends."

"Aye," returned Arnold, "strange indeed, girl; 'tis now sixteen years ago when one morning, while hastening to the sea-side for the purpose of fishing, I beheld a lovely boy, apparently lifeless, stretched upon the beach. I flew to his aid, and with joy discovered that it still breathed: I instantly conveyed the little sufferer hither, and consigned it to the care of your poor mother; bless her memory! She relieved its wants, and cherished it as though it was her own offspring. From that time Edward, for so I have called him, became your playmate and companion. I made every inquiry in my power to ascertain his parents, but was never able to succeed. Two years since (as you well remember) he expressed a desire to become a sailor: I obtained for him a situation in a vessel, and placed in his charge the locket found round his infant waist, thinking it might prove a clue to the discovery of his long-lost parents, and then reluctantly for a short time consented to part with him."

The pearly drops chased each other down Ellen's cheek, as in mournful accents she said:

"Oh! father, I shall never forget the day he left us. I never wept so much in my life; but he promised soon to come back to us."

"Alas!" said her father, "I fear I shall not have a roof to shelter him when he returns, for I have not money to pay our heartless landlord, and he threatens to turn us out of the cottage. They will convey me to prison," continued he, in an agitated voice, "and you my child, my only joy, will become a houseless wanderer. Oh, Heavens! I scarce can—" tears choked his utterance, and he fell exhausted into his chair.

Ellen gazed upon his aged form, breathed a prayer to Heaven for his protection, and wiped away the tears that rolled down his furrowed cheeks. At length he recovered, and they tenderly embraced each other. At this moment a knock was heard at the cottage-door, and, on Ellen opening it, she was presented with a letter: she gave it to her father, who desired her to read

it to him. She immediately broke the seal, and read the following lines:

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret I write to inform you that, as the vessel (in which Edward was my shipmate) was returning home, about six months since, it was wrecked."

"Oh—Heavens!" cried Ellen; "read, father—read!"

Arnold took the letter, with trembling hands, which proceeded thus:

"And Edward, with all the crew, except myself, met a watery grave!"

On hearing the last sentence Ellen shrieked, and hysterically exclaimed:

"He is dead—he is gone!—ha! ha! ha!"

Overcome by her feelings, she fell into the arms of her father.

Every preparation had been made at the castle for a grand entertainment, which was to be given by the owner, Count Alphonso. This man was about forty years of age, of sullen aspect, and fierce disposition. He advanced alone from the castle, with an agitated step: his very frame seemed convulsed with fear, and conscience was gnawing at his heart. At length he muttered to himself:

"Alphonso, when will thy miseries cease? My murdered victims haunt my mind! My footsteps, my couch, my every action; the dagger with which I struck the fatal blow, seem glittering before me! And see! see!" he exclaimed, in a fit of frenzy: "See—the blood!—the hot blood is streaming from its point! Oh! agony insupportable!"

At this instant a ruffian in his pay, covered with a dark cloak, came toward him, and, having satisfied himself that no one observed him, in a hoarse voice intimated that his hand and dagger were at his master's service.

"Marven," said Alphonso, "listen to me. Ellen, the daughter of Arnold, the poor fisherman, must become mine. He is indebted to me for rent, which I know he cannot discharge. Could I obtain her consent to unite herself to me, by a false marriage; should I obtain my every desire, this, Marven, for many reasons, would be better than violence. I have been rejected; but her lover has since died, and perhaps—"

At this instant he saw the form of Ellen approaching them: they immediately concealed themselves from observation.

Ellen, who was on her way home, paused, as she drew near the castle. In the bitterness of her grief, she exclaimed:

"Oh, my father!—what will be your fate? No one to assist thee in thy declining age! I had hoped that Edward—O! let me not mention that much-loved name, it rends my soul!"

The tears flowed down her lovely face as Alphonso now came toward her.

"Ellen," said he; "why this sadness? What melancholy thoughts hang so heavy on that snowy brow?"

"Oh! my lord," she replied, the tears starting from her beaming eyes. "My father!"

"Aye, 'tis true," returned Alphonso, "he is poor and friendless; but consent to become mine, and you save him. I love you, and your life would be one of pleasure! Come."

"Oh! my lord," cried Ellen, "do not urge me to this. Kneeling, I implore you to save my father from a prison! Do this, and a daughter's gratitude—"

Alphonso interrupted her.

"'Tis your love I seek. I am rich, and every blessing will attend thee and thy father. Ellen, let this kiss decide it."

He attempted to kiss her; but she, disengaging herself from his grasp, rushed from him.

"Hence! my lord," she exclaimed; "hence! nor dare insult me more. Take all that we possess; leave us houseless, penniless, destitute of food! then glory in the manly triumph you will achieve. Still the humble fisherman and his offspring will retain one treasure that the oppressors of the poor, the destroyers of virtue never can—a clear, unsullied conscience, and a heart that never felt a pang by the thought of

having committed an action which would not be blessed with the approving smile of Heaven."

Ellen hurried from his presence, and was soon far from the castle.

The count stood for some moments silent, and at length, in a passionate tone, cried:

"Fool that I was to suffer her to escape thus easily: but still she shall be mine. Marven, instantly to Arnold's dwelling, and drag him spite of all opposition, to a dungeon in the castle."

"The best plan would be to silence him at once," cried Marven, laying his hand upon his dagger.

Alphonso started at these words.

"No, no," he replied. "Blood enough has been shed already to gain for me these estates."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the ruffian; "why think of that? 'Tis so long since, that I declare I had almost forgotten the whole transaction, although it was this very point that drank the blood of the much loved Count Victor; but why think of that? Let us return to business; what's to be done with the girl?"

"Let her also be brought hither. Away, Marven, away!"

Marven instantly quitted his master's presence. With an air of triumph Alphonso resumed:

"Now, proud girl, thou shalt soon find that Alphonso, like unto the hungry vulture, never suffers his prey to escape him."

He then followed Marven on his way to Arnold's cottage. Ellen meanwhile proceeded toward her home: she entered the cottage, and found her father in the most poignant grief.

"Oh! my father," said she, "how can this calamity be averted? They will take thee to a loathsome dungeon: the winter of thy days to be passed in gloomy wretchedness."

"Nay, my child," replied he, soothingly, "I care not for myself so that my Ellen is happy."

"Happy?" repeated Ellen; "oh! do not think thus of your child. Ever have you been the most affectionate of fathers: to increase my comfort has been your greatest pleasure; and, now that poverty and wretchedness surrounds thee, can I dream of happiness? Oh! my father, talk not thus, or you will break your poor Ellen's heart."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Arnold. "My child; my poor Ellen!"

They were folded in each others arms, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. Ellen, excited almost to madness, entreated her parent to cling to her, and, in a voice choked with emotion, cried:

"They shall not part us!"

Marven, finding the door was not speedily opened, raised the latch, and, entering the apartment, exclaimed: "Arnold, I am ordered, unless you instantly pay the money owing to the count, to convey you to prison."

Ellen imploringly begged of him to desist.

"Nay, my lady," said Marven; "Count Alphonso will not release your father but upon one condition; that is, that you consent to his proposals."

Arnold indignantly replied:

"Never shall she purchase my liberty at the expense of her own happiness!"

"Well, then," returned Marven, "you must go with me!"

He immediately seized the feeble fisherman, and dragged him toward the door. Ellen clung to her father, exclaiming:

"Spare him; spare my father!"

At this crisis the count entered the cottage, and, bowing, ordered Marven to release the old man. He approached Ellen, and, in a low voice, said:

"Ellen—are you still inexorable? Do you still reject, and pronounce a father's doom?"

Ellen, who was in the deepest torment and anxiety at the peril in which her father was placed, replied:

"Count Alphonso, think not that thy riches dazzle me: think not that I could ever love thee! My heart is already broken—my hopes of happiness are lost for ever! He whom I loved dearer than my life is now buried beneath the merciless waves! I have but one golden link to bind me to the earth—'tis my dearest father; and, rather than he, the author of my being, should drag through a miserable existence within a

loathsome dungeon, I—I—consent to—become thy wife."

At these words, which were unconsciously spoken by the despairing Ellen Alphonso's face, brightened up, and, not appealing to notice Ellen's embarrassment, said:

"'Tis well, my girl; to-morrow shall our nuptials be celebrated." And then, turning to Marven, he muttered—"Away to the castle: let a disguise be procured: Thou shalt for a time assume a monkish garb, and a mock ceremony shall secure for me my prize. Away, Marven!" He immediately obeyed his master. "Farewell, Ellen," continued he; "depend on't happiness awaits thee!"—with these words the villain left the house.

When Ellen became conscious of the awful promise she had made, she rushed to her father, crying:

"Gracious Heavens! what—what have I done—consented to wed one whom my soul abhors? Oh! father support me!"

She fell senseless in her father's arms.

On the following morning, as the village clock struck the ninth hour, a young sailor appeared on the bridge by the side of Arnold's cottage. This was no other than the long lost Edward, who, unknown to the person who had written the letter to Arnold, had been rescued from his perilous situation by another vessel which happened to pass him at the time.

"Heave a lead," exclaimed he in a jovial manner to his shipmates: "just steer down to yonder grog-shop, and when I've seen my little craft I'll set sail after you."

They shook hands with him and went to make merry.

Edward now came across the little bridge, and looking steadfastly at his protector's cottage he said:

"There's the house in which I was brought up from my infancy. There dwells my father—no, no—not my father exactly; but he has always proved himself a warm-hearted friend to me, and I can't find another name good enough for him. How I long to kiss the sweet lips of my dear Ellen. Bless her little daylight, she little thinks I'm here, or d—me she'd be in my arms in the turning of a handspike. I don't know how it is, but my heart flutters about like the topsail in a gale of wind."

A villager and his betrothed now crossed the bridge.

"Now listen to me," exclaimed the girl. "Lumpkin, I tell thee what it is, I've made up my mind I won't be married till next Sunday—surely thee can wait till then."

"No," returned her lover, "I be not going to wait any longer. Haven't we been making love for these last two years, and now we ought to be thinking of something else—he! he! we be losing time."

"Oh, nonsense," said Phoebe: "I'm sure thee oughtn't to be in such a hurry. Besides, Sunday be such a fine day to be married, and all the villagers will be dressed in their new clothes like."

"I tell thee what it is, Phoebe, you don't love me, you don't behave well to me, you don't consider my tender feelings. I tell thee what it is, I've made up my mind, I won't be married; I'll die a virgin I will."

He was about to leave her, when Phoebe ran after him, and taking a firm hold of the tails of his coat, cried out:

"Oh, my Lumpkin, do stay and marry me; I'll do anything you please."

"Well, then," said Lumpkin, "give me a kiss, lass." He kissed her, and then proceeded—"You see, Phoebe, the reason that I want to be married to-day is, because my Lord Alphonso is going to do the same; and as Ellen, the daughter of Arnold, is to be his wife, they may give us a trifle for keeping 'em company like."

Edward, who had remained by the cottage unnoticed, now rushed forward, and seizing the affrighted Lumpkin by the throat, cried:

"Liar! vile calumniator!"

They both imagined it to be Edward's ghost, and as soon as Lumpkin was released from Edward's grasp, they hastily made their way over the bridge exclaiming:

"Murder! ghost! murder!"

Edward stood for some time in astonishment; he

could not believe his Ellen false, and yet why should they have spoken thus. As he stood in the agony of suspense, the cottage door opened.

"Ah! 'tis Ellen," he exclaimed.

"Edward," cried Ellen.

The sudden joy overcame her, and she fell insensible into the arms of her lover.

Tears glistened in the eyes of her lover as he gazed upon her lovely cheek.

"Poor Ellen," said he, "can she be false—has time obliterated my name from her memory? It is, it must be so. One last kiss, and then farewell for ever?"

He imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek. As Ellen now recovered, on again beholding Edward, she cried:

"'Tis no dream, it is my dear, dear Edward."

"Dear!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. "Oh, canst thou still use that word? Hast thou not promised to wed Count Alphonso?" Then raising his voice, he continued, "Say, Ellen, say it is false as hell—a foul calumny, or we part for ever."

"Oh! Edward," she replied, "it is true, that in a moment of distraction, I—I consented; but I can explain!"

"Explain!" interrupted he; "aye, thou canst tell me that the vows of constancy when we parted are forgotten; that riches dazzled thee; for the sake of splendor thou didst forget the poor sailor, he who tenderly loved you from his childhood, and would have died for your sake. Thou art false—false. Ellen, farewell for ever!"

With these words he rushed from her presence. He had proceeded some distance, when he discovered he had reached the gate of his rival's abode. When, suddenly, he heard a faint cry of distress; it gradually became more powerful, and listening, he caught the following words:

"This way, Marven—follow me."

Edward immediately concealed himself from notice, when Alphonso approached with Ellen, whom he had seized in the act of endeavoring to retrace her lover's footsteps. Marven followed him.

"Villains! wretches!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Taunt on, proud girl," returned Alphonso. "I care not for thy words, they are useless. Ha! ha! behold thy future home—the castle of Alphonso."

"Release me, my lord, or dread Heaven's vengeance."

"Never. Now, girl, thou shalt keep thy promise: this night thou shalt be mine."

"Oh, my lord," said the weeping maiden, "if thou hast the smallest ray of pity in thy heart, if you would not seal my death, in mercy restore me to my father."

"Never," returned the count. "Thou hast pledged thy word to become mine, and by my power thou shalt keep it."

"Hence, monster, hence!" said Ellen, firmly. "It was madness that tempted me to pronounce that odious sentence. I was bereaved of him who loved me faithfully. A letter informed me of his death; you was about to drag my aged father to a loathsome dungeon; in that moment of frenzy I unconsciously uttered the detested words; but rather than become thine, cowardly villain, I would perish!"

"Ellen," exclaimed the villain, "my triumph is complete; thou art in my power, thy cries are heeded not, and thus do I take possession of my prize."

He seized Ellen by the arm, and was about to drag her into the castle, when she struggled with him, eventually secured a dagger that was in his belt, and rushing from him, cried in a resolute tone,

"Stand back I say; do you or your hired myrmidon move but one step to approach me, and I bury this dagger in my bosom."

Edward, who had observed all that had passed, rushed toward her, exclaiming, in a tone of rapture,

"She is innocent; Ellen, I have wronged thee."

He eagerly embraced her, and then suddenly turned to the astonished villains, placing his hands upon his knees, and staring full in the face, he fearlessly uttered the following words:

"Oh, you couple of d—d piratical land-sharks. Insult a woman! shame on you. She's in your power, eh?" continued he, repeating Alphonso's words. "I will tell you what it is, you lubbers, never, but through

my heart, shall you harm a hair of this maiden's head."

"Hence, dog, or take the reward of thy temerity," proudly exclaimed Alphonso.

"There, just stand on one side, Ellen," said Edward, coolly, "and I'll show them the consequences of insulting a defenceless girl. Come on, you couple of swabs. I'll soon settle your reckoning for you."

They immediately rushed upon him. A terrible conflict took place, which lasted a considerable time. At length, by a heavy blow from Marven's sword, Edward was felled to the ground. They were about to dispatch him, when a shipmate of Edward's, who was passing, rushed between them.

"D—n me, what are you about?" exclaimed the weather-beaten tar. "Two against one, that arn't fair play; no, no, Ben, the boatswain, won't stand tamely by and see it. So up with you lad," said he to Edward, "and we'll show them what stuff British tars are made of."

The combat was here renewed, and both pair of combatants being nearly equal in strength, it was doubtful who would prove the victors. Marven now made a desperate thrust at Ben, who leaped on one side, and the sword entered the breast of Alphonso. At this moment a crowd of villagers and sailors approached the spot. Marven was immediately secured. Edward raised the dying count in his arms, who, in a voice of agony, cried,

"I die—I die! My brain is bursting—my senses leave me—and, ah! what horrid phantom appears to my bewildered gaze?—'tis—the Count Victor, whose blood has died these hands. And see—see his infant son!—he struggles with the merciless waves—he sinks—save him—save him!" Here he started, and gave a cry of horror on perceiving the locket which hung from Edwards neck. "Ah!" he continued, "that locket—thou—thou—art he! Say—say—thy—pa—parents."

"Alas!" replied Arnold, who had accompanied the villagers, "he knows them not; that locket was fastened to his waist when I discovered him sixteen years ago on yonder beach."

"By my orders," said the count, "thou wert placed in that perilous situation; but Heaven hath preserved thee—thou art the son of Count Victor. Thy father perished by these hands! Marven and myself forged a will; but here," continued he, placing in the hands of Edward a bunch of keys; "in my cabinet thou wilt find the true one, which will restore thee to thy estates. Pardon—forgive me. Hark! 'tis Victor calls. Mercy—mercy!" He gave a faint struggle, and in another moment was a lifeless corpse.

Ellen and Edward rushed into each other's arms, as all present simultaneously exclaimed,

"Long live Count Victor!"

The original will was discovered where Alphonso stated. Edward soon after united himself to his beloved and faithful Ellen, and the peasantry around blessed the benevolent Count and Countess Victor:

CHATELAR TO MARY STUART.

It was to die for thee, I left
My home across the bounding sea,
My mind of every thought bereft,

Save what wild fancy fram'd of thee!
It was to serve thee day by day,
Thine eye's entrancing glance to see,
I made my soul to hope a prey,
And lost my peace to die for thee!

The time was once when war and fame,
For me had pow'r all else above,
When to obtain a hero's name,
Amongst the youth of France I strove.
But since that form of light I knew,
Renown a shadow seem'd to be;
My only bliss was in thy view,
My only fame to die for thee!

The bird that sings the live-long night,
If he should love some glorious star,
Must perish in its glowing light,
That will not stoop to earth so far.
All that I dar'd to hope is o'er,
Thy praise shall wake no more from me;
Then chill me with thy frowns no more,
The cloud is past—I die for thee!





D. 26. An. 1890. Drawing.

A. M. Graham.

Gertrude's Mission

Illustrated especially for the Reader

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

family. O, if you knew with what an anxious heart I have watched you from your cradle up—your budding and your blossoming—you would be careful to avoid

~~anything that would~~ cause me a moment's pain. Your letters to me; therefore, Gertrude, sleep calmly on to-day, sleep calmly on to-morrow, determined to receive letters from Maurice to-morrow.

She returned to her own room and thought of the man who loved her—Maurice. He was always noble and kind to her. How could she wish him? Her mother had probably been misinformed of his character. Then, again, she remembered her mother's voice, the earnestness of her words went to her heart. It would not please that mother in whom she so tenderly loved, to see Maurice altogether—to see him no more letters.

It seems a destiny which is a maelstrom of circumstances, clear of. Like an eagle that destroys them, it follows, the *ignis fatuus*

on a visit to a friend. He was agreeable and very pleasantly, and when he returned home, Maurice, as a friend, accompanied her. She thought her mother must be prejudiced against so nice a man? In the bright moonlight, the odor of flowers and the rustling of the fire-files sported their airy wings—it was a very pleasant scene around a love. What harm was there in that? "It is the thought Gertrude," and I will not be a time; besides, to be a friend."

So they walked back together, and on the green lawn Gertrude, and she was uttering more and more words of dislike him, and thinking that she seemed half so kind nor as kind as she had three years ago. Her own dwelling, she had left him off, but to cling to her, notwithstanding the doubts that existed

in her mind. Time's wings were the breath of the lovers' vows. They were written in the starry sky. The mother's warning was forgotten. Maurice, on the other hand, gave the parting kiss to her

... that you kept it a secret from me. My child, that was wrong. I could have advised you—I could have cautioned you. You, Gertrude, are my only tie upon earth. You have been my joy and comfort for seventeen years—and oh! how brief their existence—how swift their flight! I do not expect to hide you from the world—to guard you with a miserly affection; but still I may presume to advise you, to watch you, to fear for you, to set your steps aright when I find you astray, and to pray for you to that great fount of life and love which holdeth the destinies of the human

lover.

How, with a chiding heart, did the daughter seek the chamber of her mother. At that moment the clock struck. She counted the hour. Twelve! Impossible! Where had she been so late? Where had the hours flown? What fascination had covered her that Time had stolen so much the march of her? Her heart answered: Maurice. Ah! Gertrude, Gertrude, it is the first time that ever you felt ashamed to enter into the presence of your mother. What a humiliating feeling! and so good, so kind a mother, too, and who,



Portrait of the artist

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

BY LAWRENCE LABREK.

O, MEMORY mine! how often from the shadowy past dost thou bring up visions of youth and beauty—with a magician's wand conjuring up from the dark charnel-house of time, forms of loveliness and grandeur, till my heart throbs anew with old attachments and associations, which float before the eye of my imagination like ghosts in the drapery moonlight. How materially does time soften and mellow the events of the past—harsher features seeming more mild—fainter lines becoming more strongly marked—as the heart receives and embalms all impressions of the beautiful and the intellectual. "Alas!" we have learned to exclaim, "the days of chivalry are past! 'tis an every-day world we live in now—no romance—no poetry of life!" Knighthood and military dignity, by this *ipso dixit* sort of sentence, are banished from this trading world—this speculating world; but the poetry of life! ah, there is more of it than there are hearts to feel it—minds to sympathize with it.

"Gertrude, my sweet child, give me your hand, while I ask you a simple question; and I wish you to look me in the face as you answer me."

Poor Gertrude! she approached the table at which her mother sat, and extended her hand—the other resting upon her snowy bosom.

"Tell me, my daughter, if that which I expect is true, that you love Maurice Denning? Has he made any avowal of attachment to you?"

A crimson flush overspread the fair features of Gertrude, as her eyes sought the floor; and her silence betrayed how much she dreaded to attempt an answer.

"Why this silence, my child? Have you any partiality to Maurice, above all others?"

"Mother!" said the blushing girl; but she could speak no more. The crimson deepened; her hands trembled and her eyes were moistened with tears.

"Ah!" said her mother, "I see it is so. I am sorry—very sorry, Gertrude. You would oblige me, my dear child, if you would think no more of him. I think it not a happy choice, and it were better put an end to at once, before your heart has too far committed its feelings. Take the age and experience of those older than yourself for it, that he is no worthy match for you."

No answer. Poor Gertrude had naught to say—no denial to make—no excuse to frame. Her pale and anxious mother looked fondly in her face, and saw how true her doubts—how well-founded her fears. The lover's letter lay on the table before them, the mother's hand rested upon it. Who could withstand the pleading expression of that fond parent's face as she addressed her only child. Gertrude dared not raise her eyes to meet that gaze—her shelter was in silence.

"Even so, Gertrude; what I feared is true. There is more confession in your looks than you could make with words. I am sorry that I did not sooner speak of it—that you kept it a secret from me. My child, that was wrong. I could have advised you—I could have cautioned you. You, Gertrude, are my only tie upon earth. You have been my joy and comfort for seventeen years—and oh! how brief their existence—how swift their flight! I do not expect to hide you from the world—to guard you with a miserly affection; but still I may presume to advise you, to watch you, to fear for you, to set your steps aright when I find you astray, and to pray for you to that great fount of life and love which holdeth the destinies of the human

family. O, if you knew with what an anxious heart I have watched you from your cradle up—your budding and your blossoming—you would be careful to avoid aught that would cause me a moment's pain. Your unhappiness would be misery to me; therefore, Gertrude Wilton, think well on it to-day, sleep calmly on it to-night, and arise in the morning determined to receive no more visits—no more letters from Maurice Denning; he is unworthy of you."

They parted. Gertrude retired to her own room and wept. She thought of Maurice who loved her—Maurice whom she loved. He appeared always noble and kind; why should she relinquish him? Her mother must be prejudiced—had probably been misinformed by persons who were enemies of his. Then, again, the melancholy pleading of her mother's voice, the persuasive and tender eloquence of her words went deep to the poor girl's heart; and to please that mother whose only joy she was—whom she so tenderly loved, she resolved to relinquish Maurice altogether—to see him no more—to receive from him no more letters.

Weak heart! there sometimes seems a destiny which no human efforts can avoid—a maelstrom of circumstances which no power can steer clear of. Like insects that flutter around the blaze that destroys them, do we often group around, and follow, the *ignis fatuus* that leads us to destruction.

That evening Gertrude was on a visit to a friend. Maurice came in. As usual, he was agreeable and lively. The time passed away pleasantly, and when Gertrude was ready to start for home, Maurice, as a matter of course, prepared to accompany her. She could not refuse; besides, her mother *must* be prejudiced. What could there be wrong in so nice a man? They left the house together in the bright moonlight, and the air was balmy with the odor of flowers and the fragrance of apple blossoms, and the fire-flies sported around them with their glittering wings—it was a sweet spring evening, and the very elements around them seemed harmonious with love. What harm was it if they did not go immediately home? "It is the last time I shall see him," thought Gertrude, "and I cannot tell him all in so short a time; besides, to be abrupt would be so unkind!" So they walked back and forth in the bright moonlight, and on the green grass, Maurice all the time pouring fond assurances of love into the willing ear of sweet Gertrude, and she more and more pleased, and wondering more and more how her mother could possibly dislike him, and thinking all the while that he never seemed half so kind nor half so dear to her as then; and ere she had three times passed the shadow of her own dwelling, she had made her mind up not to cast him off, but to cling to him in spite of all circumstances, notwithstanding the prejudices, ungenerous she doubted not, which existed against him.

O, how the rosy moments flew! Time's wings were not clipped. He caught the breath of the lovers' vows as he swept along, and they were written in the starry registry of heaven. The mother's warning was forgotten, and the moon had waned as Gertrude, on the threshold of her dwelling, gave the parting kiss to her lover.

How, with a chiding heart, did the daughter seek the chamber of her mother. At that moment the clock struck. She counted the hour. Twelve! Impossible! Where had she been so late? Where had the hours flown? What fascination had covered her that Time had stolen so much the march of her? Her heart answered: Maurice. Ah! Gertrude, Gertrude, it is the first time that ever you felt ashamed to enter into the presence of your mother. What a humiliating feeling! and so good, so kind a mother, too, and who,

with patience and with prayer, is awaiting her daughter's return.

Tremblingly did Gertrude put her finger upon the latch of the door, for she felt like a guilty being. She entered the room, and her mother arose.

"Gertrude," said she, "I am so glad you have returned. Why did you stay so late? I got frightened at your absence. It is now midnight; and the hours have been so very long, and I was so fearful that you was unwell, and so tired with waiting for you. Do not stay so long another time, my dear child."

They retired to rest; but Gertrude could not sleep. Her mind was filled with thoughts of Maurice and of her mother. So patiently had Mrs. Wilton watched for her coming through the long tedious hours of the night—hours that to her had flown so swiftly by; so fondly did she chide her on her return—touching her heart more sensibly than sharp rebuke. No slumber touched her eyelids that night, for her torturing heart beat wildly in her bosom. No happy dreams enveloped her senses in elysian bliss; it was all painful reality—lingering, enduring misery; but how could she avoid her destiny? How could she escape from that strong current of fate which seemed hurrying her onward? Poor Gertrude! the morning's sun found her without sleep, restless and impatient.

After the above night, several days passed without a meeting between Gertrude and Maurice. Mrs. Wilton had avoided saying anything to her daughter that might in any way agrieve her; for, believing her to be a girl of sense, she left her to draw her own conclusions and deductions, knowing, as she did, what were the sentiments of that only parent respecting her intimacy with Maurice Denning, nor for a whole week did she mention his name. Indeed, Gertrude herself sometimes, as she looked upon the pale countenance of her mother, almost formed the resolution never to see him again; but her reason was too weak—the affections and sympathies of her heart overbalanced, and all bright resolutions kicked the beam. They met; their hearts commingled; her mother was forgotten, and their vows of lasting affection were exchanged—she could not believe that Maurice was not the best, the most kind and amiable man on earth. What possible fault could her mother see in him? Still she kept their meetings private—she had not the courage to acknowledge her intimacy with him; advice she had already disregarded. Thus affairs progressed; and day by day, with each succeeding interview, did her attachment strengthen; and she soon felt as if she could sacrifice everything—all persons—for Maurice.

Among the multitude, Maurice Denning would pass for a very clever—a very agreeable young man. His appearance was in his favor—tall, graceful and good-looking. His manners were winning—his voice was persuasive, and at times tender. He really had no very bad trait in his disposition. He would not sit down with an intention of doing a wrong thing; but temptation was luresome—Maurice was impulsive, and he became a particularly improper companion for a weak-minded young woman.

A few weeks more, and a secret marriage was performed. The advice, so kind, so mild, of a mother, was forgotten. She had wandered into the dark; the morn of experience would show whether she had ventured upon misery or happiness. But a secret could not rest long. A mother's watchful eye—the curious tongue of speculation—soon brought to light the marriage of Gertrude with Denning. There was no chiding—it was now too late. But the matron's brow was clouded with sorrow; her heart beat heavy with dread; her eyes grew dim and weary with weeping and watching; but she did not murmur. She feared her daughter would be full soon acquainted with wo; and she forebore to add one pang to her tender heart. She could not part with her at any rate; so matters were arranged, and they all resided together.

For the first month, of course, everything went well and pleasantly. He seemed kind and attentive; she appeared smiling and happy. The next, and the next month passed away, and Maurice lived, spoke and acted as other men did. When business did not control his time, it was spent in the society of his wife and her

mother; and even Mrs. Wilton began to think she had been hasty in forming an opinion.

In the ordinary circumstances of a married life, there is nothing novel or very interesting. Affection, at any rate, is a matter of course. While it was an object to be sought for—when the contest was to win, then, indeed, particularly when doubtful, there is a charm of romance thrown around the pursuit; and man's natural inclination for acquiring, whips him to perseverance. But the prize secured, the goal won, other objects for pursuit appear; ambition becomes whetted, and nothing but the wonderful lamp of Aladdin could turn to light all that the craving and thirsty soul of man requires. But why speculate upon the philosophy of the human soul? Its destiny is uncontrollable and absolute, and the mysterious influences that govern it are subject to no positive laws other than certain nervo-vitalic principles which lie beyond the perfect grasp of mortal intellect.

Six months flew by, and the novelty of marriage had ceased with Maurice Denning. He was less at home—less attentive—less kind. He began to find companions more congenial to his feelings than was the company of his sweet wife and her pious mother. Sometimes he even answered their questions with harshness, that caused Gertrude to weep, and a sad foreboding to possess the heart of Mrs. Wilton. Thus affairs went on for some time, until, at last, the irregularities of Maurice began to encroach upon the evenings that had hitherto been spent at home—for some time longer, and it was not an unfrequent sight to see him wandering home in the grey of the morning; his eyes red—himself nervous with excitement and dissipation. Wo, wo! to the young heart that had linked its fate with his! Why was it marked for desolation? Why were the happy feelings of youth to be blasted in their budding?

For many months did Maurice continue in his reckless course of dissipation, heeding not the tears of his fond wife—the reproving counsel of her mother. Old associations were too strong upon him—the giant grasp of vice was too powerful for his weak mind. His companions were wild and heedless. What cared they for household ties—for the opinion of the world? Drinking, gambling and wrangling were their amusements. Home had no thoughts for them—many of them had none; and they often slept in the very place where they had held their hellish orgies.

But this course of things could not last long. The heart of Gertrude was breaking; the mother was drooping with anxiety for her daughter's health and happiness. Everything went unfortunately. They were pressed with creditors to whom they could give no excuse. One thing after another went from their comfortable household to meet their necessary emergencies, until finally they were reduced to what was merely necessary for their actual comfort. There was no hope—no expectation of reform in Maurice. He had passed the rubicon whence there was no returning.

One cold night in winter, when the wind whistled and the snow drifted into heaps, Maurice was returning home from his riotous debauch. The fumes of the wine made his brain reel; he was maddened with continued losses, and he was also suffering from a severe beating which he had received from one of his companions whom he had accused of robbing him, and who had kept himself more cool and free from liquor than had Denning. He was raving like a madman, incoherently and violently, but evidently getting more quiet as he proceeded, for the effects of a parting-glass were stealing over his brain. What with the blast, the snow and his intoxication, he made his way slowly and with difficulty toward his home, his blood almost freezing in his veins, and himself trembling like an aspen.

All that weary, tedious night, did the weeping wife wait vainly for her husband's return. She thought over her innocent maiden days, and she could see no cause why her affliction should be so great. She recollected her mother's warning, but it was now too late to escape the misery that encompassed her. Patiently and with prayer must she await her fate, trusting in the great disposer of events to soften her affliction, or make her strength equal to the burden. She

cared not so much for her own comfortless situation as for the happiness and reformation of her erring husband. What is the mystery in human nature, that the innocent must suffer oft times for the faults of the sinning?

Daylight had scarcely streaked the east on the following morning, ere Gertrude hastened to the door of her dwelling, for her ears had caught, as she fancied, strange sounds, and all through the long night had she watched for her husband's return. He came not. The wind whistled shrilly around her dwelling, and everything seemed snapping with the sharp frost. Tremblingly did she open the door, and the cold snow blew into her face. She looked out. How dismal the air! no living thing seemed stirring. She would have stepped back, but her eyes caught a sight of unnatural horror, and with a wild shriek she fell upon the floor. There in the grey light, frozen and stiff, sat the lifeless form of Maurice Denning. His ghastly features were like marble, and he seemed a sculptured form carved by a demon-spirit. He had been only able to reach his home; and too intoxicated and chilled by the cold to open the door, he had sunk down upon the step, where sleep and death had overtaken him—a dreadful lesson to the inebriate.

For many weeks there was grief and mourning in that house of misfortune; but the kindness of friends in time softened their grief, and they learned to consider those things which had afflicted them, as, in the end, a permanent blessing. A small property which Gertrude shortly after inherited, gave her the means of comfort. In a few years after she was married again—happily and prosperously—and she lived to enjoy many days of contentment and peace; and she often took occasion to impress upon her young friends the error of disregarding a MOTHER'S WARNING.

THE TEMPTER.

A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

It was fast approaching the eleventh hour; the busy hum of the Holy City had sunk into comparative stillness, and, save some straggling wayfarers, and field-laborers returning from their daily toil, few passengers were to be seen in the streets of Jerusalem. One middle-aged man alone kept his seat in the Water Gate, looking with placid smile along the rugged road which led down to the Valley of Jehosaphat: a silver gorah was held between his fingers, as in the act of giving an alms; but for some minutes no object appeared on whom it might properly be bestowed. He rose from his seat, and gathering his flowing robe around him, was preparing to depart, when the figure of an aged man tottering slowly up the steep, arrested his attention. The old man was meanly clad; and, as he leant feebly on his staff, to take breath after his toilsome ascent, his glance rested upon the person of the sage Rabbi Abimelech, for it was he who sat in the gate distributing his daily alms to the poor, the hungry and the wayfarer.

"The Lord direct thy goings out and thy comings in," said the Rabbi, with a self-satisfied smile, dropping the coin into the extended palm of the stranger. "Lo! I have tarried from the ninth hour, until the towers and pinnacles of the temple have thrown their dark shadows across the brook of Cedron, even unto the base of the Mount of Olives, to bestow this last gerah of forty in an alms, according to a vow which I made last Pentecost, and behold thou art here to receive it."

"Precious is the gift which comes from the heart, more precious than the Arabian frankincense, and sweeter than the rich honey of Hebron. If I might know my lord's name, my heart would not forget it when I lift up my voice in prayer to the Ruler of Israel," said the stranger respectfully.

"I am called the Rabbi Abimelech."

"He whom men term 'the sinless' whose voice is as the neighing of a war-horse in the temple—whose works are the works of righteousness—who clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, and gives alms to the tenth part of his substance?" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered the self-glorified Rabbi; "and now, let me pray of thee, thy name, and in what city thou art a dweller?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "I am as a reproach to my kindred, and my name is a defilement to the lips of an Israelite."

"Unfortunate man! in what hast thou offended against the law?"

"In this thing have I offended. Behold, I went forth at the last vintage season into the vineyards, and the vintagers were pressing the grapes in the wine-presses; and the red wine ran into the vats, even the red wine of Lebanon; and being weary with the heat and toil of the day, I was tempted, and in foolishness I did drink of the wine, which should have been an abomination unto me, seeing that I am a Nazarite from my youth."

The scrupulous Rabbi shrank from the degraded Israelite as from a tainted leper, and elevating his brow, said, with a sanctimonious air, "The way of the wise man is pleasant, but the feet of the fool treadeth in the mire."

"Stop," said the stranger, as the Rabbi was departing. "Is it not also said that 'the vain-glorious man shall fall in the snares of his own proud heart?' Rabbi Abimelech, thy life has been righteous, but fire hath not yet tried, nor water purified thee. See that thou stand fast when the time cometh."

At these words, the stranger, with more alertness than his seeming feebleness indicated, turned into an obscure street, while Abimelech, pondering on the warning of the strange man, took his way toward his own dwelling. On reaching his house, Abimelech retired to his own chamber. It was a small closet or oratory on the housetop, furnished in a style of simplicity approaching to rudeness, and its cold, cheerless appearance was increased by the dim twilight. There was still, however, sufficient light for Abimelech to distinguish a female figure standing in a thoughtful attitude in the centre of the apartment. A rich, mellow ray fell upon her shape, which exceeded in height the usual standard of her sex, but was so exquisitely proportioned as to convey only an idea of graceful dignity to the beholder. Her eye, as she turned it upon Abimelech, seemed dark and lustrous, and her smile was as a sunbeam upon the bosom of the still waters. The Rabbi stood motionless, for he never before had beheld so much beauty; a new pulse stirred in his bosom, and an unusual fire burned in his veins. At length he found words to express his admiration and astonishment. "Fair damsel," cried he, "thy visit is unforeseen; but thou art more welcome to my chamber than the pleasant odor of the young vines in the spring season."

"I am," said the abashed intruder, while a roseate blush overspread the marble whiteness of her soft cheek and lofty brow, "I am, as you may perceive, a stranger and a gentle, unworthy to come beneath the roof of the far-famed Rabbi Abimelech, the words of whose lips are wisdom, and whose precepts are as pearls of great price. Nevertheless, let thy handmaiden find favor in thy sight; and turn aside, I pray thee, unto my lodgings, which are nigh at hand, and let thy handmaiden rejoice in the light of thy countenance, and in the sweet sound of thy voice." The Rabbi, though surprised at this novel address, felt a strange sensation thrill through his frame. Gazing upon the lovely speaker, his resolution began to waver, and, almost unconsciously, he permitted himself to be led out by his unknown visitor. Proceeding at a rapid pace toward the western quarter of the city, they at length stopped before a house of handsome exterior, but which Abimelech could not remember ever having seen before. A single tap at the door caused it to open, and the Rabbi, still following his mysterious conductor, entered a hall, feebly lighted by a single lamp. Here she motioned him to remain for a short time, and disappearing through a passage, the Rabbi was left alone to meditate upon the strange adventure in which he was engaged. But he had little time allowed him for reflection, ere the heavy folds of a curtain, which overhung a small door, were partially withdrawn, and a fair hand and a sweet, soft voice invited him to enter. He approached, lifted up the cur-

tain, and beheld a superbly furnished apartment, lit with silver lamps fed with the perfumed oil of Samaria. Mirrors of polished metal hung around the room, while, on a low couch, sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful stranger, whose charms now shone with a splendor far surpassing anything the Rabbi could imagine of mortal mould. He essayed to speak, but the words dwelt upon his lips. She beckoned him to take a seat beside her. He obeyed tremblingly; but the gentle assuring smile which she cast upon him, at once banished his timidity, and he suffered his eyes to wander in unrestrained freedom over those voluptuous beauties, till the sight became painful from extreme delight. A female attendant spread before them a light but luxurious repast of fresh and dried fruits, grapes, figs, apricots, olives, pomegranates and dates, interspersed with pots of pure honey, rose-cakes of Damascus and bananas of Roetta; with Egyptian syrup, and crystal vases in which the rich wine of Holbon sparkled with tempting brilliancy.

"Fairest of the daughters of men, may I crave thy name, and that of thy father's house?" said the Rabbi, addressing his unknown companion.

"My name is Zorah," replied the damsel. "My father is of the children of Ishmael, an abider in the desert; the fame of the sage Abimelech has reached unto the farther borders of the wilderness, and behold the heart of thy handmaiden was moved to see the man of whose wisdom all nations speak."

"Lovely Zorah!" exclaimed the enamored sage, "my wisdom is become as withered grass before thy beauty, and the strength of my heart as dew in the consuming light of thine eyes. Suffer me, therefore, to be unto thee even as Boaz was unto Ruth, and to love thee with the love wherewith Jacob loved Rachel."

Zorah smiled at the earnestness with which these words were uttered, and filling the cup, presented it to the delighted Rabbi, who instinctively shrank from the dangerous libation; but Zorah would not be denied.

"Urge me not, fair damsel," said he. "I have a vow against the juice of the vine until next new moon."

Zorah's countenance fell, and the big tear hung trembling on her dark eyes' silken lash. Abimelech, torn with conflicting passions, passed his arm around her waist, and drew her unresistingly to his bosom: he felt the quick pulses of her heart throb against his; her warm sighs were upon his cheek, and the perfumed wine-cup at his lips: human strength could resist no longer—he seized the cup with desperate hands, and at a single draught quaffed it to the bottom. *His vow was broken*, and having nothing farther to hope or fear, draught followed draught in quick succession, till his flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bore evidence that he was no longer under the dominion of reason.

"Zorah, my beautiful Zorah!" cried he, "my love for thee is as the love which floods cannot quench, nor many waters drown. Thou art the light of mine eyes—I cannot part from thee; let us therefore flee unto thy father's tents, even unto the wilderness as unto a city of refuge."

"Ah! my lord, thy servant hath neither gold nor silver to bear the charge. Could we live like the raven or the stork of the desert?"

This objection had not struck Abimelech before; he was rich himself, but he could not immediately convert his possessions into money, and his passion was too violent to admit delay. He seemed perplexed and spoke not, till Zorah inquired, in a careless manner, if his next-door neighbor was not the rich publican, Aaron Ben Rabiat.

"It is even so," replied the Rabbi, still musing.

"And he hath, I am told, coffers filled with shekels of pure silver?"

"It is said so."

"And shekels of gold, and pots of double Maccabees, and precious stones, pearls, and sardonyx, and carbuncles, more costly than the jewels of the high-priest's breast-plate?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Abimelech, as if a sudden ray of light had darted across his mind; "speak on."

"Aaron Ben Rabiat is stricken in years and liveth alone; riches are to him as the dust of the earth; there is a private way from thy house into his."

"Stop, stop!" cried the agitated man, grasping the

arm of the tempter convulsively. "What wouldst thou? Shall I peril my soul in this thing? Zorah! Zorah! thy words, are pleasant to my ears as the murmurs of falling waters in the desert, but the bitterness of Marah, even the bitterness of death is in their taste: nevertheless, in this also I will obey thee."

"Go about it, then, instantly," said Zorah, rising; "thou knowest the private passage into the old miser's chamber. Take this weapon—thou mayest need it—and when thou hast secured the treasure, return quickly hither, and all things shall be ready for our flight."

Abimelech, whose scruples had by this time completely vanished, was no less eager than his impetuous mistress to accomplish the deed; he ran with incredible speed through the now silent streets, and quickly reached his own dwelling. Lighting a small lamp, he entered a private passage, which in times of danger had been contrived between the two houses, and in a few moments found himself in the strong chamber of Aaron Ben Rabiat.

Around him lay coffers filled with gold and silver coins, and caskets charged with precious stones, that trembled with varied but incessant lustre in the sickly beams of the lamp he bore. He had raised one jewel box to his eye, to examine it more closely, when, slipping from his fingers, it fell to the floor with a loud crash, and the next moment the alarmed miser rushed into the apartment. Seeing a stranger at such an hour, in the sanctuary of the god of his idolatry, he uttered a piercing scream, and throwing himself upon the robber, grappled him with almost supernatural strength. Vainly did Abimelech endeavor to escape from the old man's grasp, or to still his screams:—every moment increased his danger: he heard the steps of persons ascending the stairs: not an instant was to be lost; the dagger which Zorah had given him was in his girdle; he drew it, and plunged it into the heart of the old man. A piercing shriek rung through the chamber, and the unfortunate Aaron Ben Rabiat fell lifeless on the floor. Instead of providing for his safety, the guilty Rabbi stood petrified with horror over the quivering body of his victim, watching the life-stream welling from his side in a bubbling tide. When the persons attracted by the publican's screams entered the room, he made no attempt to escape, but surrendered himself quietly into their hands. He was instantly hurried to prison, and, amidst the revellings of the crowd, was plunged into a dark noisome dungeon, to await the public ignominy of a trial on the following day, in the sight of that people before whom he had set himself up as an example of righteousness. Dashing himself on the earth, he lay writhing in bitter agony, cursing the hour of his birth and the fatal madness which had led his steps from the paths of virtue; when suddenly a ray of light illuminated his prison—he looked up—it was Zorah. Her eyes' dark orb still shone with undiminished lustre; but there was in the proud smile which curled her elevated lip an expression of demonic triumph, which chilled the Rabbi's blood. Hiding his face in his robe, he exclaimed:

"False tempter, begone. I have done thy bidding—and lo! innocent blood is upon my hands. I am broken and trodden under foot like a defiled thing. The cup of my pride has been filled with gall. Depart, therefore, I pray thee, lest in the bitterness of my wrath I curse thee also."

"Rabbi Abimelech, it is said, 'the vain-glorious man shall fall in the snare of his own heart.' *The time hath come, and thou couldst not stand fast.*"

"Racca! art thou there?" shouted Abimelech, as he recognised in the speaker the voice of the mendicant to whom he had given alms at the Water-gate on the previous evening. Burning with rage, he seized the prophet of evil by the throat; but the strength of the old man far exceeded his own, and he flung him to the earth with a violence that shook his frame. Starting up he beheld not the old beggar of the Water-gate, nor the tempter, Zorah. He was alone, not in the dungeon of a prison, but in his little chamber, with a yellow harvest-moon streaming through the lattice. Several minutes elapsed before he could convince himself that the horrors he had undergone were but the airy painting of a dream, and then, prostrating himself on the

ground, he exclaimed, in the fullness of his heart, "It is a lesson from the Lord—I was proud of my own strength, and when the trial came I was delivered to the Evil One!"

From that day forth the Rabbi Abimelech walked in the path of humility. He had experienced the dangers of self-confidence, and he learned to pity rather than condemn those who, like himself, had fallen in the struggle with *The Tempter*.

PASSION—ITS HISTORY.

It was evening, clear and frosty: I stood in one of the small and deserted streets that intersect Mayfair, waiting for Julia. Yes! our attachment had now progressed to that point; we met—alone and in secret. From the hour Julia first consented to these interviews, Asmodeus left me; I have not seen him since.

"My gratitude stops here," said he. "It was my task to amuse, to interest you, but no more. I deal not with the passions—I can do nothing for you in this affair. You are in love, and in the hands of a stronger demon than myself. Adieu! when the spell is broken, we may meet again." With those words he vanished, and has, I suspect, engaged his services, for the present, to the Marquis of Hertford.

I was waiting then, in this lonely street, for the coming of Julia; I heard the clock strike eight, the appointed hour, but I saw not her dark mantle and graceful form emerging from the cross street which led to our rendezvous. And who was Julia, and what? She was a relation of the gaming adventurer at whose house and with whose daughter I had first seen her—and she lived at a somewhat distant part of the town, with a sister who was a widow and much older than herself. Occupied in the business of an extensive trade, and the cares of a growing family, this sister left Julia to the guidance of her own susceptible fancy and youthful inexperience—left her to reflect, to imagine, to act, as she would, and the consequence was that she fell in love. She was thoroughly guileless, and almost thoroughly ignorant. She could read, indeed, but only novels, and those not of the gravest; she could write, but in no fluent hand, and if her heart taught her the sentiment that supplies skill, her diffidence forbade her to express it. She was quiet, melancholy, yet quickly moved to mirth—sensitive, and yet pure. I afterward discovered that pride was her prevailing characteristic, but at first it lay concealed. I already loved her even for her deficiencies, for they were not of nature, but of education.

And who and what is her lover? Long as I have been relating these adventures, I have not yet communicated that secret. Writing about myself, I have not yet disclosed myself. I will now do so: I am, then, an idle, wandering, unmarried man—rich, well-born, still young—who has read much, written somewhat, and lived for pleasure, action and the hour—keeping thought for study, but excluding it from enterprise, and ready to plunge into any plan or any pursuit, so that it promised the excitement of something new. Such a life engenders more of remembrance than of hope; it flings our dreams back upon the past, instead of urging them to the future; it gives us excitement in retrospection, but satiety when we turn toward the years to come; the pleasure of youth is a costly draught, in which the pearl that should enrich our manhood is dissolved. And so much for Julia's lover; the best thing in his favor is that she loves him. The half hour has passed; will she come? How my heart beats! The night is clear and bright, what can have delayed her? I hear feet—Ah, Julia, it is you, indeed!

Julia took my arm, and pressed it silently; I drew aside her veil, and beneath the lamp, looked into her face; she was weeping.

"And what is the matter, dearest?"

"My sister has discovered your last letter to me; I dropped it, and—and—"

"Heavens! how could you be so imprudent—but I hope it is no matter—what does your sister say?"

"That—that I ought to see you no more."

"She is kind; but you will not obey her, my Julia."

"I cannot help it."

"Why, surely, you can come out when you like?"

"No; I have promised not. She has been a kind sister to me, sir, and—and she spoke so kindly now on this matter, that I could not help promising; and I cannot break my promise, though I may break my heart."

"Is there no way of compromising the matter?" said I, after a pause. "No way of seeing me? My Julia, you will not desert me now?"

"But what can I do?" said Julia, simply.

"My angel, surely the promise was not willingly given; it was extorted from you!"

"No, sir; I gave it with all my heart."

"I thank you."

"Pray, pray do not speak so coldly; you must own it was very wrong in me ever to see you; and how could this end—God knows, but not to my good and my family's honor. I never thought much about it before, and went on, and on, till I got entangled, and did not dare look much back or much forward; but now you see, when my sister began to show me all the folly I have committed, I was frightened, and—and—in short, it's no use talking, I can meet you no more."

"But I shall at least see you at your relation's, the Miss ****?"

"No, sir; I have promised also not to go there, and not to go anywhere without my sister."

"Confound your sister," I muttered, with a most conscientious heartiness; "you give me up, then," said I, aloud, "without a sigh, and without a struggle?"

Julia wept on without answering; my heart softened to her, and my conscience smote myself. Was not the sister right? Had I not been selfishly reckless of consequences? Was it not now my duty to be generous? "And even if generous," answered Passion, "will Julia be happy? Have not matters already gone so far that her heart is implicated without recall? To leave her, is to leave her to be wretched." We walked quietly on, neither speaking. Never before had I felt how dearly I loved this innocent and charming girl; and loving her so dearly, a feeling for her began to preponderate over the angry and bitter mortification I had first experienced for myself. My mind was confused and bewildered; I knew not which course to pursue. We had gone on thus mute for several minutes, when at the corner of a street which led her homewards, Julia turned, and said in a faltering voice, "Farewell, sir; God bless you; let us part here; I must go home now!" The street was utterly empty—the lamps few, and at long intervals, left the place where we stood in shade. I saw her countenance only imperfectly through the low long bonnet which, modestly, as it were, shrouded its tearful loveliness; I drew my arm round her, kissed her lips, and said, "Be it as you think best for yourself—go and be happy—think no more of me."

Julia paused—hesitated, as about to speak—then shook her head gently, and, still silent (as if the voice were choked within) lowered her veil, and walked away. When she had got a few paces, she turned back, and seeing that I stood still in the same spot, gazing upon her, her courage seemed to her; she returned, placed her hand in mine, and said in a soft whisper:

"You are not angry with me—you will not hate me?"

"Julia, to the last hour of my life, I shall adore you; that I do not reproach you—that I do not tamper with your determination, is the greatest proof of the real and deep love I bear to you; but go—go—or I shall not be so generous long."

Now Julia was quite a child in mind more than years, and her impulses were childlike, and after a little pause, and a little evident embarrassment, she drew from her finger a pretty though plain ring, that I had once admired, and the said very timidly:

"If, sir, you will condescend to accept this—"

I heard no more; I vow that my heart melted within me at once, and the tears ran down my cheek almost as fast as they did down Julia's; the incident was so simple—the sentiment it veiled was so touching and so youthful. I took the ring and kissed it; Julia yet lingered; I saw what was at her heart,

though she dared not say it. She wished also for some little remembrance of the link that had been between us; but she would not take the chain I pressed upon her; it was too costly; and the only gift that pleased her, and she at last accepted, was a ring not half the value even of her own. This little interchange, and the more gentle and less passionate feelings to which it gave birth, seemed to console her; and when she left me, it was with a steadier step and a less drooping air. Poor Julia! I staid in that desolate spot till the last glimpse of thy light form vanished from my gaze.

In the whole course of life there is no passage in it so "weary, stale and unprofitable," as that which follows some episode of passion abruptly broken off. Still loving, yet forbid the object we love, the heart sinks beneath the weight of its own craving affections. There is no event to the day—a burdensome listlessness—a weary and distasteful apathy fill up the dull flatness of the hours. Time creeps before us visibly—we see his hour-glass and his scythe—and we lose all the charm of life the moment we are made sensible of its presence!

I resolved to travel—I fixed the day of my departure. Would to heaven that I had been permitted to carry at least that purpose into effect! About three days before the one I had appointed for leaving London, I met suddenly in the street my friend Anne, the eldest of the damsels to whom I had played the sorcerer. She knew, of course, of my love for Julia, and had assisted in our interviews. I found that she now knew of our separation. She had called upon Julia, and the sister had told her all, and remonstrated with her for her connivance at our attachment. The girl described the present condition of Julia in the most melancholy colors. She said she passed the day alone, and (the widow had confessed) for the most part, in tears—that she had already lost her color and roundness of form—that her health was breaking beneath an effort which her imperfect education, feeding her imagination at the expense of the reasoning faculty, and furnishing her with no resources, so ill prepared her to sustain. And with her sister, however well meaning, she had no sympathy. She found in her no support, and seldom even companionship.

This account produced a great revulsion in my mind. Hitherto I had at least consoled myself with the belief that I had acted in the true spirit of tenderness to Julia, and in that hope I had supported myself. Now all thought of prudence, virtue, vanished beneath the idea of her unhappiness. I returned home, and in the impulse of the moment, wrote to her a passionate, imploring letter. I besought her to fly with me. I committed the letter to my servant, a foreigner, well-used to such commissions; and in a state of breathless fever I awaited the reply. It came; the address was in Julia's writing. I opened it with a sort of transport—my own letter was returned unopened—the cover contained these few words:

"I have pledged myself to return your letters in case you should write to me, and so I keep my word. I dare not—dare not open this; for I cannot tell you what it costs me to keep my resolution. I had no idea that it would be so impossible to forget you—that I should be so unhappy. But though I will not trust myself to read what you have written, I know well how full of kindness every word is, and feel as if I had read the letter; and it makes me wickedly happy to think you have not yet forgotten me, though you soon must. Pray do not write to me again—I beseech you not, as you value the little peace that is left to me. And so, sir, no more from Julia, who prays for you night and day, and will think of you as long as she lives."

What was I to do after the receipt of this letter? So artless was Julia, that every word that ought to have dissuaded me from molesting her more, seemed to make it imperative to refrain. And what a corroboration in these lines of all I had been told! I waited till dark. I repaired with my servant to that part of the town in which Julia's sister resided. I reconnoitred the house. "And how," asked I, for the first time, of my servant, "how, Louis, did you convey the letter?"

"I went, sir, first," answered Louis, "to the young lady, Miss Julia's cousin, in — street, and asked if I

could not carry any parcel to her relation. She understood me, and gave me one. I slipped the letter into the parcel, and calling at the private entrance of the house, desired the maid who opened the door to give it only to Miss Julia. I made sure of the servant with half-a-guinea. Miss Julia herself came down, and gave me the answer."

"Ha, and you saw her then?"

"Not her face, sir, for she had put on her bonnet, and she did not detain me a moment."

In this account there was no clue to the apartment which belonged to Julia, and that was now my main object to discover. I trusted, however, greatly to the ingenuity and wit of my *confidante*, and a little to my own. It was a corner house, large, rambling, old-fashioned; one side of the house ran down a dark and narrow street, the other faced a broad and public thoroughfare. In walking to and fro the former street, I at length saw a sudden light in a window of the second floor, and Julia herself—yes, herself! appeared for one moment at the window. I recognized her gentle profile—her parted hair—and then she drew down the curtain; all was darkness and a blank. That, then, was her apartment; at least I had some right to conjecture so. How to gain it was still the question. Rope-ladders exist only in romances; beside, the policemen and the passengers. The maid-servant flashed across me—might she not, bought over to the minor indulgence, be purchased also to the greater one? I called my servant, and bade him attempt the task. After a little deliberation he rang at the bell; luck favored me; the same servant as before answered the summons. I remained at a distance, shrouded in my cloak. At length the door closed—Louis joined me—the servant had consented to admit me two hours hence; I might then see Julia undetected. The girl, according to Louis, was more won over by compassion for Julia's distress, whom she imagined *compelled* by her sister to reject the addresses of a true lover, than even by the bribe. In two hours the sister would have retired to rest—the house would be still! Oh, heavens! what a variety of burning emotions worked upon me, and stifled remorse, nay, even fear. Lest we should attract observation, by lingering for so long a time about the spot, I retired from the place at present. I returned at the appointed hour. I was admitted; all was dark; the servant, who was a very young girl herself, conducted me up the narrow stairs. We came to Julia's door; a light broke through the chinks and under the threshold; and now, for the first time, I faltered, I trembled, the color fled my cheeks, my knees knocked together. By a violent effort I conquered my emotion. What was to be done? If I entered without premeditation, Julia, in her sudden alarm, might rouse the house; if I sent in the servant to acknowledge I was there, she might yet refuse to see me. No! this one interview I would insist upon! This latter course was the best, the only one. I bade the girl then prepare her young mistress for my presence. She entered and shut the door; I sat down at the threshold. Conceive all I felt as I sat there listening to the loud beating of my own heart! The girl did not come out—time passed—I heard Julia's voice within, and there seemed fear, agony, in its tone. I could wait no more. I opened her door gently, and stood before her. The fire burnt low and clear in the grate—one candle assisted its partial light; there was a visible air of purity—of maidenhood about the whole apartment, that struck an instant reverence into my heart. Books in small shelves hung upon the wall; Julia's work lay upon a table near the fire; the bed stood at a little distance with its white simple drapery; in all was that quiet and spotless neatness which is as a type of the inmate's mind. My eye took the whole scene at a glance. And Julia herself—reclined on a chair—her head buried in her hands—sobbing violently—and the maid pale and terrified, having lost all presence of mind, all attempt to cheer her mistress, much less to persuade! I threw myself at Julia's feet, and attempted to seize her hand; she started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You!" she said, with keen reproach. "I did not expect this from you! Go—go! What would you have? What could you think of me—at this hour—in

this room?" and as she said the last words, she again hid her face with her hands, but only for a moment. "Go!" she exclaimed, in a sterner voice. "Go instantly, or—"

"Or what, Julia? You will raise the house? Do so! In the face of all—foes or friends—I will demand the right to see and speak with you this night, and alone. Now, summon the house. In the name of indomitable Love, I swear that I will be heard."

Julia only waved her hand in yet stronger agitation than before.

"What do you fear?" I resumed in a softer whisper. "Is it I—I who, for your sake, gave up even the attempt to see you till now. And now, what brings me hither? A selfish purpose? No! It is for your happiness that I come. Julia, I fancied you well—at ease—forgetting me; and I bore my own wretchedness without a murmur. I heard of you ill, pining—living only on the past; I forgot all prudence, and I am here. Now do you blame me, or do you yet imagine that this love is of a nature which you have cause to fear? Answer me, Julia!"

"I cannot—I cannot—here!—and now!—go, I implore you, and to-morrow I will see you."

"This night, or never," said I, rising and folding my arms.

Julia turned round, gazing on my face with so anxious, so inquiring, so alarmed a look, that I checked my growing courage; then turning to the servant, she grasped her firmly by the arm, and muttered, "You will not leave me!"

"Julia, have I deserved this? Be yourself, and be just to me."

"Not here, I say; not here," cried Julia, in so vehement a tone, that I feared it might alarm the house.

"Hush, hush! Well, then," said I, "come down stairs; doubtless the sitting-room below is vacant enough; there, then, let me see you only for a few minutes, and I will leave you contented, and blessing your name."

"I will," said Julia, gaspingly. "Go, I will follow you."

"Promise?"

"Yes, yes; I promise!"

"Enough; I am satisfied."

Once more I descended the stairs, and sat myself quietly on the last step. I did not wait many moments. Shading the light with her hand, Julia stole down, opened a door in the passage. We were in a little parlor—the gaping servant was about also to enter—I whispered her to stay without. Julia did not seem to observe or to heed this. Perhaps in this apartment—connected with all the associations of day-light and safety—she felt herself secure. She appeared, too, to look round the little room with a satisfied air, and her face, though very pale, had lost its aspect of fear.

The room was cold, and looked desolate enough, God knows—the furniture all disarranged and scattered, the tables strewed with litter, the rug turned up, and the ashes in the grate. But Julia here suffered me to take her hand—and Julia here leant upon my bosom, and I kissed away the tears from her eyes, and she confessed she had been very, very unhappy.

Then with all the power that love gives us over the one beloved—that soft despotism which melts away the will—I urged my suit to Julia, and implored her to let us become the world to each other. And Julia had yet the virtue to refuse; and her frank simplicity had already half restored my own better angel to myself, when I heard a slight alarmed scream from the servant without—an angry voice—the door opened—I saw a female whom I was at no loss to conjecture must be Julia's sister. What a picture it made! The good lady with her *bonnet de nuit*, and her—but, alas! the story is too serious for jest; yet imagine how the small things of life interfere with its great events: the widow had come down to look for her keys that she had left behind. The pathetic—the passionate—all marred by a bunch of keys! She looked hard at me before she even deigned to regard my companion; and then, approaching us, she took Julia roughly enough by the arm.

"Go up stairs; go!" she said. "How have you de-

ceived me! And you, sir; what do you here? Who are you?"

"My dear lady, take a chair, and let us have some rational conversation."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"How can you imagine I do?"

"Leave the house this instant, or I shall order in the policeman!"

"Not you!"

"How! Will I not?"

Julia, glad of an escape, had already gilded from the room.

"Madam," said I, "listen to me. I will not leave this apartment until I have exonerated your sister from all blame in this interview. I entered the house unknown to her. I went at once to her own room—you start: it was so; I speak the truth. I insisted on speaking to her, as I insist on speaking to you now; and, if you will not hear me, know the result: it is this—I will visit this house, guard it as you can—day and night I will visit it, until it hold Julia no more—until she is mine! Is this the language of a man you can control? Come, be seated, and hear me."

The mistress of the house mechanically took a chair. We conversed together for more than an hour. And I found that Julia had been courted the year before by a man in excellent circumstances, of her own age, and her own station in life: that she had once appeared disposed to favor his suit, and that, since she had known me she had rejected it. The sister was very anxious she should now accept it. She appealed to me whether I should persevere in a suit that could not end honorably to Julia—to the exclusion of one that would secure to her affluence, respectability—a station, and a home. I was struck by this appeal. The widow was, like most of her class, a shrewd and worldly woman enough: she followed up the advantage she had gained; and at length, emboldened by my silence, and depending greatly on my evident passion for Julia, she threw out a pretty broad hint that the only way to finish the dispute fairly was to marry Julia myself. Now, if there be any propensity common to a sensible man of the world, it is suspicion. I immediately suspected that I was to be "taken in!" Could Julia connive at this? Had her reserve so great, yet her love so acknowledged, been lures to fascinate me into the snare? I did not yield to the suspicion, but, somehow or other, it remained half unconsciously on my mind. So great was my love for Julia that, had it been less suddenly formed, I might have sacrificed all, and married her; but in sudden passions there is no *calam*. You are ashamed, you are afraid of indulging them to their full extent—you feel that as yet you are the dupe, if not of others, at least of your own senses, and the very knowledge of the excess of your passion puts you on your guard lest you should be betrayed by it. I said nothing in answer to the widow's suggestion, but I suffered her to suppose from my manner that it *might* have its effect. I left the house, after an amicable compromise. On my part I engaged not to address Julia herself any more. On the widow's part she promised that, on applying to her, she would suffer me at any time to see Julia, even alone.

For the next two days I held a sharp contest with myself. Could I, with love still burning in every vein, consent to renounce Julia? Yet could I consent to deprive her of the holy and respected station she had it in her power to hold, to pursue my suit, to accomplish its purpose in her degradation? A third choice was left me: should I obey the sister's hint, and proffer marriage? Marriage with one beautiful, indeed, simple, amiable, but without birth, education; without sympathy with myself in a single thought or habit?—be the fool of my own desire, and purchase what I had the sense to feel must be a discontented and ill-mated life, for the mere worship of external qualities? Yet, yet—in a word, I felt as if I could arrive at no decision myself. I remembered an old friend and adviser of my youth; to him, then, I resolved to apply for counsel.

John Mannerling is about sixty years of age; he is of a mild temper, of great experience, of kindly manners, and of a morality which professes to be practicable rather than strict. He had guided me from many errors in the earlier part of my life, but he had impressed no

clear principle on my mind in order to guide myself. His own virtue was without system, the result of a good heart, though not an ardent one; and a mind which did not aspire beyond a certain elevation—not from the want of a clear sense, but of enthusiasm. Such as he was, he was the best adviser I knew of; for he was among the few who can sympathize with your feelings as well as your interests. With him I conversed long and freely. His advice was obvious—to renounce Julia. I went home; I reasoned with myself; I sat down and began twenty letters; I tore them all in a rage. I could not help picturing to my mind Julia pining and in despair; and, in affecting to myself to feel only for her, I compassionated my own situation. At length love prevailed over all. I resolved to call on the widow, to request permission to be allowed to visit Julia at her house, and, without promising marriage, still to pay her honorable courtship, with a view of ascertaining if our tempers and dispositions were as congenial as our hearts. I fancied such a proposition seemed exceedingly reasonable and *common-sense-like*. I shut my eyes to the consequences, and, knowing how malleable is the nature of women in youth, I pleased myself with that notion which has deceived so many visionaries, that I should be able to perfect her education, and that, after a few years' travel on the continent, I might feel as proud of her mind as I was now transported with her person. Meanwhile, how tempting was the compromise with my feelings! I should see her!—converse with her!—live in the atmosphere of her presence!

The next day I called on the sister, whose dark, shrewd eye sparkled at my proposition. All was arranged! I saw Julia! With what smiles and tears she threw herself in my arms! I was satisfied and happy!

And now I called every day, and every day saw Julia; but after the first interview, the charm was broken! I saw with new eyes! The sister, commercial to the back-bone of her soul, was delighted, indeed, at the thought of the step in life her sister was to make. Julia was evidently impressed by the widow's joy, and visions of splendor evidently mingled with those of love. What more natural? Love, perhaps, predominated over all; but was it possible that, in a young and imaginative mind, the worldly vanities should be wholly dormant? Yet it was natural, also, that my suspicion should be roused—that I should fear I was deceived—that I might have been designedly led on to this step—that what had seemed nature in Julia was in reality art!

I looked in her face, and its sunny and beautiful candor reassured me—but the moment afterward the thought forced itself upon me again—I recalled also the instances I had ever known of unequal marriages, and I fancied I saw unhappiness in all—in seemed to me, in all, that the superior had been palpably duped. Thus a coldness insensibly crept over the wonted ardor of my manner, and instead of that blessed thoughtlessness, that Elysian credulity, with which lovers should give themselves up to the transport of the hour, and imagine that each is the centre of all perfection, I became restless and vigilant—for ever sifting motives, and diving deeper than the sweet surface of the present time. My mind thus influenced—the delusion that conceals all faults and uncongenialities gradually evaporated—I noted a thousand things in Julia that made me start at the notion of seeing her become my wife. So long as marriage had not entered into my views—so long those faults had not touched me—had passed unheeded—I saw her now with other eyes. When I sought in her love and beauty alone, I was contented to ask no more. At present I sought more; she was to become the companion of a life, and I was alarmed—nay, I even exaggerated the petty causes of my displeasure; an inelegance of expression—a negligence of conversational forms—fretted and irritated me in her far more than they would have done in one of my own station. When love first becomes reasonable, it soon afterward grows unjust. I did not scruple to communicate to Julia all the little occurrences of the day, or little points in her manner, that had annoyed me; and I found that she did not take my suggestions, mild and guarded as they were, in a manner I thought I had a

right to expect. She had been accustomed to see me enamored of her lightest word or gesture—she was not prepared to find me now cavilling and reproving—her face, always ingenuous, evinced at once her mortification at the change. She thought me always in the wrong, wearisome, exacting, and unjust. She never openly resented at first—merely pouted out her pretty lip and was silent for the next half hour; but, by degrees, my beautiful Julia began to evince traces of a "spirit"—a spirit not indeed unfeminine, and never loud—a spirit of sorrow rather than anger. I was ungenerous (she said)—I had never found these faults before—I had never required all this perfection—and then she wept—and that went to my heart; and I was not satisfied with myself till she smiled again. But it was easy to perceive that from taking pleasure in each other's society we grew by degrees to find embarrassment—the fear of a quarrel, discontent, and a certain pain supplying the place of eager and all-absorbing rapture, and when I looked to the future I trembled. In a word—I repeat once more—"The charm was gone!"

Oh, epoch in the history of human passions!—when that phrase is spoken—what volumes does it not convey!—what bitter, what irremediable disappointment!—what dread conviction of the fallacy of hope, and the false coloring of imagination!—what a chill and dark transition—from life as we fancied it, to life as it is! In the Arabian tale, when one eye was touched with the mystic ointment, all the treasures of the earth became visible, and the sterile rock was transformed into mines of inexhaustible wealth; but when the same spell is extended to both eyes the delusion vanishes—the earth relapses into its ancient barrenness—and the mine fades once more into the desert; so in the experience of the passions—while we are as yet but partially the creatures of the enchantment, we are blessed with a power to discover glory in all things; we are as magicians—we are as gods!—we are not contented—we demand more—custom touches *both eyes*—and, lo! the vision is departed, and we are alone in the wilderness again!

One evening, after one of our usual quarrels and reconciliations, Julia's spirits seemed raised into more than usual reaction. There were three or four of her friends present—a sort of party—her cousins (the fortune seekers) among the rest—and she was the life of the circle. In proportion to her gaiety was my discontent; I fancied she combined with the confounded widow, who evidently wanted to "show me off," in her own damnable phrase, as her sister's wooer; and this is a position in which no tolerably fastidious man likes to be placed: add to this, my readers very well know that people who have no inelegance when subdued, throw off a thousand little *grosseries* when they are elated. No ordeal is harder for a young and lovely woman, who has not been brought up *conventionally*, to pass with grace, than that of her own unrestrained merriment. Levity requires polish in proportion to your interest in the person who indulges it; and levity in his mistress is almost always displeasing to a passionate lover. Love is so very grave and so very refined a deity. In short, every instant added to my secret vexation. I absolutely colored with rage at every jest bandied between poor Julia and her companions. I swear I think I could have beat her, with a safe conscience. The party went; now came my turn. I remonstrated—Julia replied—we both lost our temper. I fancied then I was entirely in the right; but now, alas! I will believe myself wrong; it is some sacrifice to a dread memory to own it.

"You always repine at my happiness," said Julia; "to be merry is always in your eyes a crime; I cannot bear this tyranny; I am not your wife, and if I were, I would not bear it. If I displease you now, what shall I do hereafter?"

"But, my dear Julia, you can so easily avoid the little peculiarities I dislike. Believe me unreasonable—perhaps I am so. It is some pleasure to a generous mind to sacrifice to the unreasonableness of one we love. In a word, I own it frankly, if you meet all my wishes with this obstinacy we cannot be happy, and—"

"I see," interrupted Julia, with unwonted vehemence.

mence, "I see what you would say; you are tired of me: you feel that I do not suit your ideal notions. You thought me all perfect when you designed me for your victim; but now that you think something is to be sacrificed on your part, you think only of that paltry sacrifice, and demand of me an impossible perfection in return!"

"There was so much truth in this reproach that it stung me to the quick. It was indelicate, perhaps, in Julia to use it—it was certainly unwise.

I turned pale with anger.

"Madam," I began with that courtesy which conveys all reproach.

"Madam!" repeated Julia, turning suddenly round—her lips parted—her eyes flashing through her tears—alarm—grief—but also indignation quivering in every muscle—"Is it come to this?—Go! Let us part—my love ceases since I see yours is over! Were you twice as wealthy—twice as proud—I would not humble myself to be beholden to your justice instead of your affection. Rather—rather—oh, God!—rather would I have sacrificed myself—given up all to you—than accept one advantage from the man who considers it an honor. Let us part."

Julia had evidently conceived the word I had used in cold and bitter respect, as an irony on her station as well as a proof of coldness; but I did not stop to consider whether or not she was reasonably provoked; her disdain for the sacrifice I thought so great galled me—the violence of her passion revolted. I thought only of the escape she offered me—"Let us part!"—rang in my ear like a reprieve to a convict. I rose at once—took my hat calmly—and not till I reached the door did I reply.

"Enough, Julia—we part for ever. You will hear from me to-morrow for the last time!"

I left the house and trod as on air. My love for Julia long decreasing, seemed crushed at once. I imagined her former gentleness all hypocrisy; I thought only of the termagant I had escaped. I congratulated myself that she having broke the chain, I was free, and with honor. I did not then—no—nor till it was too late—recall the despair printed on her hueless face, when the calm low voice of my resolution broke upon her ear, and she saw that she had indeed lost me for ever. That image rises before me to my grave. Her features pale and locked—the pride, the resentment, all sunk, merged in one incredulous, wild, stony aspect of deserted love. Alas! alas! could I but have believed that she felt so deeply! wrote to her the next day kindly and temperately, but such a tone made the wound deeper—I bade her farewell for ever. To her sister I wrote more fully. I said that our tempers were so thoroughly unsuited, that no rational hope of happiness in our union could exist for either. I besought her not to persuade or induce her sister to marry the suitor, who had formerly addressed her, unless she could return his affection. Whomsoever she married, her fortune should be my care. Doubtless in a little time some one would be to her as dear as I once had fancied myself to be. "Let," I said, "no disparity in fortune, then, be an obstacle on either side; I will cheerfully give up half my own to redeem whatever affliction I may have occasioned her." With this letter I entirely satisfied my conscience.

It is almost incredible to think in how short a time the whole of these events had been crowded—within how few weeks I had concentrated the whole history of Love!—its first mysterious sentiment—its ardent passion—its dissension—its coolness—its breach—its everlasting farewell!

In four days I received a letter from Julia's sister—(none from Julia.) It was written in a tone of pert and flippant insolence, which made me more than ever reconciled to the turn of events; but it contained one piece of news I did not hear with indifference, Julia had accepted the offer of her former suitor, and was to be married next week. "She bids me say (wrote the widow) that she sees at once through your pretence, under an affected wish for her happiness, to prevent her forming this respectable connexion; she sees that you still assume the right to dictate to her, and that your offers of generosity are merely the condescensions

of a fancied superiority; she assures you, however, that your wish for her happiness is already realized."

This undeserved and insulting message completed my conquest over any lurking remorse or regret; and I did not, in my resentment at Julia's injustice, perceive how much it was the operation of a wounded vanity upon a despairing heart.

I still lingered in town; and, some days afterward, I went to dine in the neighborhood of Westminster, at the house of one of the most jovial boon companions. I had for some weeks avoided society; the temporary cessation gave a new edge to my zest for its pleasures. The hours flew rapidly, my spirits rose, and I enjoyed the present with a gust that had been long denied to me.

On leaving the house on foot, the fineness of the night, with its frosty air and clear stars, tempted me to turn from my direct way homeward, and I wandered mechanically toward a scene which has always possessed to me, at night, a great attraction, viz: the bridge which divides the suburb from the very focus of the capital, with its proud Abbey and gloomy Senate! I walked to and from the bridge, gazing at times on the dark waters, reflecting the lights from the half-seen houses and the stars of the solemn heavens. My mind was filled with shadowy and vague presentiments: I felt awed and saddened, without a palpable cause; the late excitement of my spirits was succeeded by a melancholy reaction. I mused over the various disappointments of my life, and the ixion-like delusion with which I had so often wooed a deity and clasped a cloud. My history with Julia made a principal part of these meditations; her image turned to me irresistibly, and with renewed charms. In vain I endeavored to recur to the feelings of self-acquittal and gratulations, which a few hours ago had actuated me; my heart was softened, and my memory refused to recall all harsher retrospection—her love, her innocence only obtruded themselves upon me, and I sighed to think that perhaps by this time she was irrevocably another's. I retraced my steps, and was now at the end of the bridge, when, just by the stairs, I perceived a crowd, and heard a vague and gathering clamor. A secret impulse hurried me to the place: I heard a policeman speaking with the eagerness which characterizes the excitement of narration.

"My suspicions were aroused," quoth he, "as I passed, and saw a female standing by the bridge. So, you see, I kept loitering there, and a minute after I went gently up, and I heard the young woman groan; and she turned round as I came up, for I frightened her; and I never shall forget her face, it was so woe-begone, and yet she was so young and handsome. And so, you see, I spoke to her, and I said, says I, 'Young woman, what do you here at this hour?' And she said, 'I am waiting for a boat: I expect my mother from Richmond.' And, somehow or other, I was foolish enough to believe what she said—she looked so quiet and respectable like; and I went away, you understand; and in about a minute after (for I kept near the spot) I heard a heavy splash in the water, and then I knew what it all was. I ran up, and just saw her once rise; and so, as I could not swim, I gave the alarm, and we got the boat—but it was too late."

"Poor girl!" lisped an old coster-woman; "I dare say she was crossed in love."

"What is this?" said I, mixing with the crowd.

"A young woman as has drowned herself, sir."

"Where? I do not see the body."

"It be taken to the watch-house, and the doctors are trying to recover it."

A horrible idea had crossed my mind; unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policemen go with me to the watch-house; I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God!—that white face the heavy, dripping hair—the swollen form—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over it!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women!—What a scene!—what a death-bed! Julia, Julia! thou art avenged!

It was her, then, whom I beheld; her—the victim—the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record.

I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drench as it was, I yet could decipher its characters; it was to me. It ran thus:—

"I believe now that I have been much to blame; for I am writing calm, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always, how dearly, I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in marrying—perhaps loving—me, it maddened me to the brain; and though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable, but I could not help it, and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed madly to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what, perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused, and I knew you still loved me, and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other, and to feel the day approach, and to reflect that you had been all in all to me, and that I was about to pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely, I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life: the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more; I am still a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever, to be sorry for me—to forgive me—to love me better than you have done yet, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!"

And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings, the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agony, led on to death by one hope to be remembered and deplored; with this contest at thy heart didst thou go down to thy watery grave!

What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments, when thou stoodest by the dark waters, hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not! Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!

THE TOURNAMENT.

"Rosalie, beneath thy gaze my young heart's pulse has bounded: Rosalie, to sing thy praise, my wild harp's strings have sounded. I've proved myself thine own true knight, at barrier and in bower. By every token that becometh a gallant troubadour. Then say may such devoirs pretend to love so haught as thine? Say, Rosalie, my lady love—oh, say, wilt thou be mine?"

The singer was a young man of noble and commanding appearance, who, cased in complete armour, and mounted on a Barbary steed, which seemed to have borne its rider many a weary league, was slowly, yet evidently with the jaded animal's utmost speed, pursuing his road to Moulins.

It was one of those inclement autumn evenings, which intimate the near approach of winter; the sun was setting in sullen majesty, and the frequent hollow gusts of wind that swept from the trees which lined the road with their sear and yellow foliage, foretold the gloom of the coming night was about to be deepened by an impending storm, and entirely absorbed by his reflections, the traveler scarce heeded the threatening aspect of the sky till aroused from the reverie by a loud and reverberating peal of thunder, succeeded by a del-

uding rain. Hastily seeking the shelter of some chestnut trees that arched the roads, he patiently waited till the storm should exhaust its rage.

"Low lie your glories now, ye scattered emblems of human life," mused he, as the withered leaves at every gust of wind fell around him, in an almost overwhelming shower. "Ye whisper forth a tale of faded hopes and blighted joys that might well repress the tumultuous throb of the young and ardent bosom. Not long ago ye were smiling in the bloom of luxuriant vigor and beauty, foretelling but little of the sickening change, the worm and the canker that were so soon to rot on your verdure, and then perchance the hopes that long have flourished in my own breast are doomed to a speedy decay; thus, the fair prospect that fancy has decked out with brightest hues may be, ere long, obscured by the blight of an untimely winter. Rosalie, may be another's."

The storm was of short duration, the moon broke from behind the deep lowering clouds that had before obscured her fair face, and the traveler pursued his journey.

Coming, at length, to a spot where two roads met, and ignorant which to follow, he determined to take up his abode for the night, at the first cottage he might chance to discover. His search was not long fruitless, he presently observed a dwelling at a distance, which, on a nearer approach, proved by the cross before the door, to be the cell of an anchorite.

The door was opened by the venerable inhabitant of the retreat, who received the stranger courteously, and prepared a simple, but plentiful meal, to which he pressed him, with the utmost cordiality.

"And though his portion was but scant,
He gave it with good will."

As the anchorite busied himself in performing the rites of hospitality, our traveler had leisure to observe him more narrowly; his silvery locks and snowy beard, imparted to his singularly handsome features a venerable and impressive air, yet the undiminished glances of his bright hazel eye and his tall unbending form, told that the hand of sorrow rather than the weight of years had sprinkled its untimely frost upon his brow. The furniture of the simple apartment was as singular as its owner. Various astronomical and scientific instruments, whose uses were then little known in Europe, with an hour-glass and water dial, lay scattered about, and appended to the wall were several wallets and flasks, containing medicaments and preparations of the healing art, which the traveler readily perceived was practised by the anchorite less as a profession than as a charitable exercise.

The stranger was not a little surprised to find his frugal meal flanked with a flagon of Burgundy.

"I taste not myself the juice of grape," said the solitary, in reply to his guest's commendations of the generous beverage. "I taste it not myself, but reserve it for travelers, who, like thee, honor with a visit, my humble cell. I have, of late, experienced no lack of guests, for many a gay chevalier has within these few days vouchsafed to enter my lowly porch on his way to the tournament, where I trow thou art wending."

The stranger replied in the negative, professing his ignorance of any such meeting.

"Is it possible," added the solitary, "that thou hast heard naught of the gay doings at the castle of Nevers?"

"I have been journeying from a distant province, father," said the young man, "but may I ask the cause of these merry-makings?"

"Nothing less," rejoined the anchorite, "than to honor the approaching nuptials of the count's fair niece, Rosalie St. Clair."

"St. Mary!" ejaculated the youth, "to whom is the maiden betrothed?"

"To the Chevalier de Rosni," replied the solitary, with a deep sigh.

"De Rosni! by St. Michael, it must not be," cried the stranger.

"Thou sayest well, young man, it must not be," replied the solitary, adding in a solemn tone, "the fates oppose it, justice forbids it. De Rosni's nuptial couch shall be the bloody bier."

"Give me thy hand, father," cried the youth, "if thou art a foe to the base De Rosni, thou art, indeed my friend."

"But who art thou, my son, and what hast thou to do with that false knight, that traitorous De Rosni?"

"My venerable friend," replied the stranger, "would I could answer thy inquiry; who I am, is wrapt in mystery; what I am, alas, is too apparent; mine, father, is a wayward lot; I never knew a parent's fostering care, I never whispered to a mother's tender ear, my joys and sorrows. I am a nameless orphan—a foundling; my earliest recollection carries me to a magnificent chateau, where I was nurtured in the lap of splendor beneath the eye of some indulgent friend, but of his rank or his kindred (if any) to myself, my memory retains no record. Anon, a fearful change awaited me, my kind protector died, or perchance deserted me. But, father, thou art unwell," exclaimed the youth abruptly terminating his narrative, as he beheld the anchorite trembling with ill-suppressed emotion.

"It's nothing, a momentary pang; proceed with thy tale; what more of thy protector? Poor child, in losing him, thou wert, indeed, deserted."

"My kind friend left me," continued the stranger, "and with him perished the only happiness I ever knew; I was shortly after removed from the chateau, and consigned to the care of some stern guardian, from whom I experienced nothing but severity. I might, perhaps, have numbered ten summers, when I was removed from this comfortable asylum, and became an inmate of the chateau De Rosni; but, oh! never to my dying hour, can I forget the harsh contemptuous treatment which I received from the chevalier; the domestics imitated their lord in cruelty to the poor friendless orphan, and bitter, in truth, was my lot; I was considered the child of a deceased friend of De Rosni, and often did I marvel that my father left not his cold grave to reproach my tyrant with inhumanity toward his defenceless boy. As I approached to man's estate, the contumelies of De Rosni daily became more galling. At length, disgusted with his haughty and contemptuous bearing, I left him, and in the castle of the Count of Nevers. I sought and found a home; my services, in arms, attracted that gallant nobleman's notice, who created me his esquire, and honored me with his especial regard. But still my evil destiny pursued me. In my attendance on the count, I could not fail full often to enjoy the society of his niece and heiress, Rosalie St. Clair. My presumptuous heart dared to love the noble lady, and her bosom did not disdain my homage. Our intercourse was discovered to the count by an emissary of De Rosni, who still beheld me with an eye of hatred, and watched occasion to undo me. I was disgraced, and forfeited the protection of my noble master. Driven from the home that long had sheltered me, I joined, as a volunteer, the arms of our monarch in Normandy; during a long time of warfare I won my road to renown, and from the royal hands of St. Louis, I, at length, received the honor of knighthood, the escutcheon of Henri of the Arrow, mounted at the king's command, the ennobling cheveron, and I stand forth the first of my race prepared to prove, by deed of arms my title to nobility."

"What saidst thou was thy name?" asked the old man.

"Henri of the Arrow," replied the knight. "I am so named from a mark on my arm."

"Let me see it," cried the solitary in breathless agitation.

The youth bared his arm and discovered the mark alluded to.

"God of Heaven! Thy ways, though inscrutable, are just," cried the old man. "Brave youth, thou art of no ignoble race, I knew thy father, I knew thy sainted mother; thou art—hold, my rash heart," added he, checking himself.

"What, tell me what I am," exclaimed the youth, sinking on his knees.

"Thou art what thy future bearing shall prove thee," replied the old man, recovering his calmness, and adding, "thy destiny is in thy own hands. Early tomorrow thou shalt hie to the tournament, and against De Rosni enter the lists, manfully acquit thyself, and

a declaration of thy rights and restoration to thy father's arms shall be thy reward; seek not to know more," added he, as the youth was about to interrogate him. "Let us address ourselves to that Being who avenges on the head of the oppressor, the wrongs of the fatherless, and then to our pallets, for I promise thee, De Rosni will prove no mean antagonist; thou wilt need rest to recruit thy exhausted powers, ere thou enter the lists with him."

With daybreak Henri arose from his sleepless couch and prepared for his journey to Nevers; ere his departure, the anchorite knelt with him, and implored divine assistance on his hazardous enterprise, then invoking a fervent benediction on his head, bade him adieu.

"Go forth and conquer, my son," said he, "acquit thyself manfully and Heaven protect the righteous cause."

Scarcely allowing himself to reflect on the strange adventure he had witnessed, Henri spurred his courser briskly forward, and leaving the open country, gained the road to Moulines; first, however, having met a peasant, he had taken occasion to learn somewhat of the hermit, with whom he had sojourned.

"Monsieur would ask if I know the venerable Father Clement," replied the man; "in truth I know him, and may the blessed saints reward his goodness! he is the guardian angel of our hamlet. Who but Father Clement visits us in sickness and counsels us in health; who but he instructs our children and directs us in our affairs; our neighbors deem him a wizard, because, forsooth, he possesses knowledge for which simple cottagers cannot account; but we, who know him more intimately, and are benefitted by his assistance, know him to be familiar with no other spirit than the pure spirit of charity."

As the peasant's account had little effect in clearing the mystery that enveloped Father Clement, Henri bade him good day, and continued his route. From Moulines our traveler proceeded through the country, whose picturesque and romantic scenery once familiar to his eyes recalled to his memory the happy days he had spent in the service of Count de Nevers, and filled his bosom with sad, yet delightful sensations. Not a forest reared itself in magnificent grandeur before him, in which he had not once hunted the briety sanglier; not a hillock presented itself on the bright landscape which did not awake some pleasing reminiscence; at intervals, the broad bosom of the Loire burst upon the view, brightened by the beams of the morning sun to a sheet of liquid gold; the winged songsters that flitted among the tall trees, bordering the road, filled the air with their melody; a thousand wild flowers flung round their wilderness of sweets, and the hedges composed of various fruit trees, intertwined with maple, and festooned with vines, offered their choicest products in tempting profusion to the traveler.

Leaving Henri in his journey through these enchanting scenes, we will, with the reader's permission transport him in Nevers, which was now the rendezvous of all the chivalry of the province.

"Belted knights and barons bold,
Stripplings gay and warriors old,
And ladies deck'd in jewell'd guise,
Their richest gems their own bright eyes."

It was the last day of the tournament, and was attended by the unusual assemblage of all the "bright and brave."

The Chevalier de Rosni, who, in his various encounters, had carried off the prize against all competitors, had issued his defiance of all arrived at the dignity of knighthood, to meet him at tilt, tourney, or barrier. From an early hour crowds of spectators were thronging the appointed spot, which was an extensive plain immediately below the town. The view from the lists was of the most delightful description: an extensive range of hills formed an amphitheatre around it; to the right appeared the town of Nevers, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, and crowned by the majestic chateau of the count. At the foot of the town flowed the Loire, with galleys splendidly adorned, whose streamers floated gaily in the morning air.

At mid day, a flourish of clarions announced the approach of the count, who, with the ladies of his family, and a numerous retinue, arrived, and took possession of the splendid marquee prepared for his reception. The heralds sounded to the combat, and De Rosni, armed at all points, and mounted on a charger splendidly caparisoned, entered the lists, and bowed, to the spectators, who received him with acclamations.

The chevalier was a man of gigantic stature, apparently past the meridian of life; the traces of violent passions, and of a haughty imperious temper, were observable on his strong marked countenance, and as his eye glanced in proud triumph toward his intended bride, it spoke little of that chivalrous devotion, which distinguished the chevaliers of the day, it rather seemed to intimate a consciousness that Rosalie could not but,

"Seem delighted with the love he gave."

No such expression was, however, perceptible on the pale features of Rosalie, whose young and lovely form offered a striking contrast to that of her destined lord, arrayed in smiles that ill-agreed with her wounded feelings, the maiden occupied as mistress of the ceremonies, the centre of a throng of fair and noble dames.

Again the clarion's blast thrilled the air, and the herald pronounced De Rosni's challenge once, twice, and thrice—at the intervals of several minutes the trumpets sounded, and still no answer was returned.

"None accept the challenge," exclaimed the heralds.

De Rosni threw himself from his steed, and advancing to Rosalie, claimed from her fair hands the victor's meed. Rosalie trembled as she gazed on her future husband, yet as her tearful eye caught the angry glance of her uncle, she repressed her emotion, and with quivering lip congratulated the chevalier. Already was her hand extended to place upon his brow the wreath of triumph, when a stir was perceived among the crowd, and the words "a defiance, a defiance," burst from a thousand lips.

Mounted on a foaming Barbary steed, a knight pressed through the throng, and cleared the barrier at a leap, entered the lists; his polished steel armour totally devoid of ornament, dazzled the eye of the beholder, and the white plume that danced above his close beaver nodded in proud defiance. His shield bore a chevron engrailed, charged with a radiated star, and surmounted by the motto, "*coronu par ses rayons*."

As he entered the lists, De Rosni's herald once more proclaimed the challenge.

"Alone, and unattended," cried the strange knight, "I bring my own reply; thy challenge I accept, sir knight, and by the aid of God, of St. Michael, and St. George, will prove myself not unworthy of the spurs I wear."

"Hadst thou not best recruit thy own and thy good steed's exhausted strength, sir knight?" demanded De Rosni, advancing toward the stranger.

"I lack not rest," replied he, "and my steed will recover himself while the conditions are being settled. He is used to the service, and recks little of the few leagues he has carried me this morning."

"Thou hast then traveled far to meet me in the lists, and dost reject my courtesy. May I ask the name of my antagonist, and if we meet as friends?"

"Look at my escutcheon, sir knight, and read my answer there. If success attend me in the tournament, thou wilt know too soon; if not, content thyself with knowing thou hast vanquished one who never before knew defeat."

The signal for the encounter broke off further converse, and the combatants took their stations assigned them. De Rosni began the tilt with more than his usual address, compelling his antagonist to remain on the defensive. The stranger, however, proved himself an adept in the use of the lance, defending himself with consummate skill against the herculean strength of De Rosni. At length the chevalier's impetuosity proved fatal to his success; eager to terminate the combat, he sprang violently forward; but the stranger keeping his lance at rest, received him with coolness and precision, and De Rosni's lance shivering into a thousand pieces, he was unhorsed, and fell with stunning violence to the ground.

Roused from his stupor by the shouts that hailed his defeat, he sprang from the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to retrieve his ill fortune. Still, however, the stranger's coolness and address proved superior, and after a desperate combat, De Rosni was disarmed, and his antagonist declared the victor.

Overcome with shame and disgrace, the chevalier refused the consolation offered him by his disappointed friends, and was retiring from the lists, when his attention was arrested by an unexpected circumstance. The strange knight had been summoned to receive the reward of his victory from the hands of Rosalie St. Clair. As he knelt before her, he unclasped his beaver, and discovered the well-known features of Henri of the Arrow.

"Henri!" exclaimed the fond girl, too deeply agitated to repress her tumultuous feelings. She arose, and was clasped weeping to the bosom of her lover.

"Unhand her, villain!" shouted de Rosni, as he attempted to tear her from his arms.

"Away! she is no longer thine," replied the youth, "she has found a valued friend, as thou, false knight, are a determined foe."

"Insolent! I thinkst thou that noble maid can bestow her regards on thee, vile peasant as thou art, equally beneath her love and my revenge? Yet dread my fury, and retire, thou wretch without a name."

"If such he be, what but thy crimes have made him so?" exclaimed a voice from behind, and at the same instant the white locks of father Clements were seen floating in the air. "De Rosni," continued the old man, "vengeance has overtaken thee; he whom thou didst supplant, has brought thee to dishonor. The nameless boy thou long hast scorned, has lived to repay thy many contumelias. That nameless boy is here to claim his rights, to declare and to maintain to the rank which thou hast long usurped; before this noble assembly, I proclaim this foundling to be the heir of the Chevalier Albert de Rosni, who perished in the Holy Land, the elder and injured brother of yon recreant knight. Gaze on him, noble De Nevers," continued the anchorite, taking Henri's hand, and leading him to the feet of the count, to examine well his features, "dost thou not discover the lineament, the form of thy once-loved Albert? and look upon yon cowering traitor—do not his quivering limbs, his haggard countenance betray his guilt?"

"De Rosni," said the count, "I call on thee, as a true knight, to rebut a charge that so immediately affects thy honor."

"Is it possible the noble De Nevers can give heed to the wild raving of a maniac?" replied the chevalier, whose agitation was visible, notwithstanding his affected indifference; "because, forsooth, a drivelling dotard wills to vent on me the monstrous conceptions of his disordered brain, am I to be adjudged guilty of the darkest deeds, and without proof or trial?"

"Both proof and trial, De Rosni, thou shalt have," said the count; "and if thy accuser be found to have trifled with thy reputation, not even his hoary locks shall save him from condign punishment."

"Wisely and justly said, De Nevers," added the anchorite: "now hear the charge I bring against the false knight. When Albert de Rosni departed for Palestine, he confided to his brother's charge his infant heir; that faithless guardian determined to supplant the child; and having surrounded with his emissaries his unsuspecting brother, for the purpose of preventing his return, should he survive the perils of warfare, he assumed to himself the title and estates. Albert escaped the hands of the infidels, and was, according to his brother's instructions, attracted to a lonely desile, and left to perish. The child, from whom nothing could be apprehended, was permitted to live; and, after having remained some time in privacy, was received an inmate of the chateau, as a protegee of the chevalier's. Driven from his home by the many contumelias of De Rosni, he sought thy protection, noble De Nevers; thyself knowest how faithfully he served thee subsequently. He fought beneath the banners of the Royal Louis, with what honor the charges on his escutcheon may show; he now stands forth prepared to maintain in combat his title to the rank and estates of the deceased Albert de Rosni."

As the anchorite concluded, Henri advanced to the centre of the lists, and, throwing down his gauntlet, repeated the defiance, which was accepted by De Rosni, and the following morning was appointed for the combat.

On the spot where, before, they had encountered in the bloodless exercise of the tournament, the combatants met in mortal affray. They fought with short swords, in the use of which they displayed an equality of skill that long rendered the combat dubious.

At length a well-directed thrust pierced the mail of the chevalier, who sunk mortally wounded to the ground.

A grim smile of defiance lit upon the features of the dying chevalier, as he gazed on his youthful victor, and, on his entreaties that he would lighten his conscience by a confession, replied:

"Thou hast conquered, let it content thee."

"Thou wilt not confess thy guilt?" cried his antagonist, raising his weapon.

"Nay, think not, boy, to scare me to confession; thee and thy threats alike I hold in scorn," replied De Rosni, with a laugh that thrilled the spectators with horror.

"Enough," exclaimed the Count de Nevers, "the God of battles has upheld the righteous cause. But say, mysterious being," he added, addressing the anchorite, "how didst thou gain intelligence of De Rosni's treachery—of young Henri's wrongs?"

"De Nevers," replied the old man, "how is the midnight murderer brought to punishment?—how is the wretch that robbed the fatherless, after a long and triumphant course of undetected crime, dragged forth to light with all his infamy upon him? There is an over-ruling Providence that avenges on the guilty head the deeds of darkness—there is an eye that can discover the most secret guilt—that rests not till it has wreaked terrible retribution on the oppressor. But let me ease the dying wretch's conscience of at least one pang," continued he, as he approached the prostrate chevalier.

"De Rosni," cried he, "continue not thus obdurate; confess thyself to God, in whose presence thou wilt shortly be, and let me lighten thy bosom of its heaviest load. Thy brother perished not by the hands of thy emissaries—thou art not Albert's murderer."

The chevalier seemed roused from his stupor by the words, yet it was but to evince his impotence.

"Not Albert's murderer!" he faintly yet sternly ejaculated; "who dared to mock me thus? I tell thee, Albert perished at Joppa. I—I commanded the deed, and Alain Berteler struck him to the heart."

"Eustace, die not with that terrible impression—brood not with that horrid delight upon a deed of guilt that will sink thee deeper in perdition; while thou hast time, repent, and spare thyself the pang—the guilt of Albert's destruction. He yet lives, and implores thee to regard thy eternal welfare."

"Ha! lives! yes, yes, he has escaped me, and thou, thou art he."

His dying hand grasped convulsively his sword, which it had not once relinquished; he strove to raise himself, but with a deep groan sunk back, and immediately expired.

As soon as the Count de Nevers could recover from the agitation by which he had been thrown by the harrowing scene, he addressed the anchorite:

"What am I to understand, my venerable friend," said he, "from the last expression of that impenitent wretch? had his perception deceived him, or do I indeed address—"

"Your friend, Albert de Rosni," interrupted the anchorite, grasping the hand of the count; "yes," added he, "with grief and horror, I acknowledge that wretch my relative; but with pride, with joy, I confess myself the father of that noble boy. Come to my arms, my Henri," he exclaimed, rushing toward the youth; "thy father's heart has long throbbled to feel thine beat upon it; it will no longer hold."

"My father! oh, I am too happy," cried Henri, sinking at the feet of his venerable parent.

"Forgive me, my dear count," said the elder De Rosni, when his agitation allowed him utterance, "for having so long worn the mask before thee. Resolved

to prove my boy worthy his illustrious ancestry, before I acknowledged him, I concealed myself from even him, informing him of nothing farther than was necessary to accomplish my designs."

"Believe me, my dear chevalier," replied the count, warmly returning his friend's embrace, "I cannot give expression to the delight with which I hail a long-lost, loved, and long-lamented friend. But wherefore didst thou not before assert thy rights?"

"It's a long and melancholy tale, De Nevers, of which I can at present give thee but a rude outline. Left for dead by my brother's emissaries, I had strength remaining to crawl to an adjacent habitation; the inmates received me, and, by skilful treatment, I recovered from my wounds, and was, without ransom, set at liberty. The expedition had left Palestine when I was pronounced convalescent: after a tedious journey I arrived in France, enfeebled in mind and body by suffering and fatigue. Judge my feelings at discovering my inhuman brother possessed of my title and estates, and my poor child despoiled of his rights, removed to some place of secrecy, perhaps murdered by his treacherous guardian. Fearing, however, that a declaration of his rights might urge my brother to cruelty toward my boy, if yet he lived, I retired, without making myself known, and occupied, as a solitary anchorite, a retreat near Moulins. A life of seclusion and austerity weaned me from the world, and ere long I ceased to consider my brother's injury a detriment to my own happiness. My poor boy I doubted not had perished, and I left the punishment of his barbarous uncle to the hand of Him who has declared: Vengeance is mine! That vengeance has at length reached him; three days since, my Henri visited by chance my humble cell. I discovered in him my long-lost boy; yet, resolving that himself should win his honors, I continued unknown to him. Thyself, count, knowest the rest, and will not scorn the heartfelt warmth with which a father thanks thy kindness to his friendless boy."

"I merit not thy thanks as yet, my dear De Rosni," replied the count; let me first proclaim to this assembly the restoration of thy rights."

"Nay, De Nevers, do honor to my Henri, if thou wilt; as for me, I am too old to bear the burden I have so long been a stranger to: the anchorite cell must still be my home."

The count took the hand of Henri, and, leading him forward, proclaimed him the lawful possessor of the title so long usurped by the deceased. The declaration was received with enthusiasm, and the cry of "Long live the valiant Chevalier de Rosni!" burst from the lips of the multitude.

The reader will be prepared to learn that ere long the fair Rosalie was united to the lover of her choice, who long continued to wear his dignity with honor to himself and advantage to his master—the gallant Louis VII., who had honored his nuptials with his presence, and ever remained the firm friend of the Knight of the Cheveron.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgo-master, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and throughout her fatal illness the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting-fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may

count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Balthasar—the third black for Melchior.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendor. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offered a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; and when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of the planets as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out, with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!" a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress, he bethought himself of the old Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amid tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, that "he could lend no moneys on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that in a very short time the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cath-

edral. The great clock chimed three quarters it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiote, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs; a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night-wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be noticed by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers gleaming strangely in the dim light of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other; and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his

imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him: now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no!—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp—his hand was clutched, eye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might be said rather to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."

Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.

"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject toward every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not

being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. "I would rather," he exclaimed, "I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was laboring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard specter. The burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?" Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?" "In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph. "Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?" "No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds me up; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window." "I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me." "If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without further opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is a custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men." Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the burgomaster to explain its inscription, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.
 "Where?" exclaimed his master; "I see nothing;
 hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits
 our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long, white veil,
 and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling had he held up the lantern in the
 direction to which he pointed. It was indeed, as he
 had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death
 upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in
 the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the
 church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with
 long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even
 Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaid," he
 cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity,
 answer me—is in thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive,
 and, put for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion.
 Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I
 shall soon be with shadows, unless I receive your
 speedy succor."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One,
 that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to
 destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from
 the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps
 of the altar.

It was indeed Adelaid that he held in his eager em-
 brace—the warm and living Adelaid!—who had been
 buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escap-
 ed from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—THE
 SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

BY T. K. KERVEY.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest—
 Then why should my soul be so sad?
 I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
 And the mourner looks up and is glad!
 Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
 The stains it had gather'd in this,
 And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
 Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd
 With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
 Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
 Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
 I know thou hast drank of the Lethe, that flows
 Through a land where they do not forget,
 That sheds over memory only repose,
 And takes from it only regret!

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
 I believe thou hast visions of mine,
 And the love that made all things a music to me,
 I yet have not learnt to resign—
 In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,
 Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
 I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
 And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark that so long has been dimm'd,
 Ere again it may gaze upon thee,
 But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
 In many a token and sign!
 I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
 But a light like thy beauty is there,
 And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
 When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb
 I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care,
 Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
 Is not the black grief of despair.
 By sorrow reveal'd as the stars are by night,
 Far off a bright vision appears:
 And hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
 Is born, like the rainbow, from tears!

To be good is to be happy; angels
 Are happier than men, because they're better.
 Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
 With whips and stings: the best know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heaven in goodness.—Rowe.

THE LAST MAN.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expir'd in fright—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some!
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with their dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the near leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
 Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is o'er,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go;
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang;
 Hea'd not a passion or a pang
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 In piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in you skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold me not expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded grasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recall'd to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory,
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!





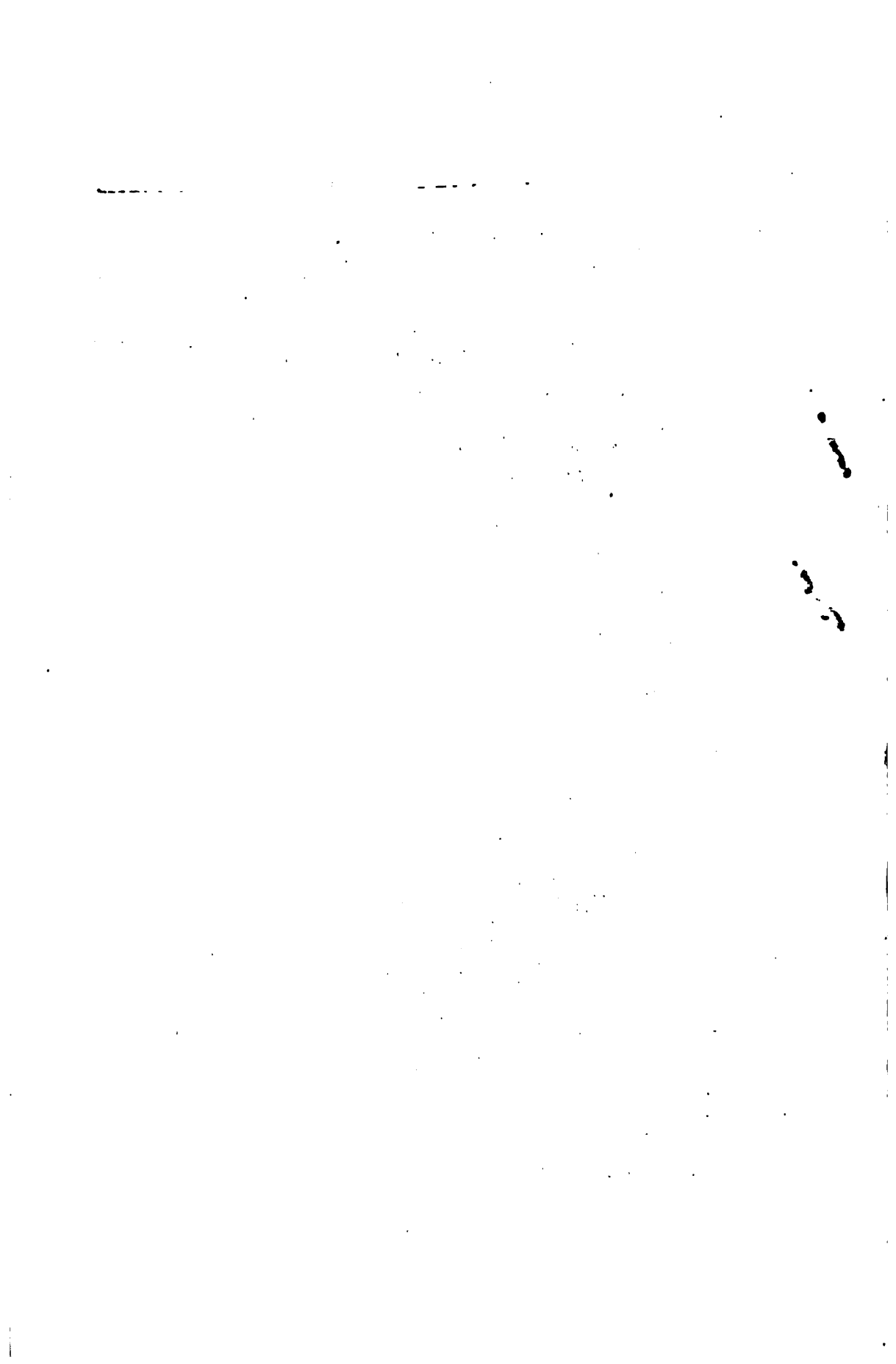
DRYBURGH ABBEY, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

(The burial place of Sir Walter Scott.)

Engraved expressly for the Review.

Curran & Co.

THE ROVER.



THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

THE name of Dryburgh Abbey is familiar to every reader of the Border antiquities of Scotland. It is of great antiquity, and quotes in the history of its abbots the name of St. Modun, who flourished in the middle of the sixth century, and was among the earliest Christian missionaries in Britain. The new abbey was founded in the middle of the twelfth century, by Hugh de Morville, lord of Lauderdale, and his wife, Beatrice de Beauchamp, and confirmed by royal charter in the reign of king David I., who may be distinguished as the monastic monarch of Scotland, from the number and importance of the religious edifices which he endowed. Dryburgh was burnt during the wars of Robert Bruce with the English, but subsequently restored; and after many vicissitudes, prosperous and adverse, shared at last in the destruction with which, in common with other temples of a falling hierarchy, it was visited during the moral cataclysm of the Revolution.

The abbey has, however, been recently invested with an interest so deep, that the tombs of Arqua, Ferrara, Ravenna, and even the immortal groves of Posilippo, have scarcely, within so short a space, witnessed so many distinguished votaries as here crowd around that spot which the dust of our poet has consecrated. What in another place, and among other people, has been said of Posilippo, and the tomb of Virgil, may be applied with no little force and fidelity to the hallowed precincts of Dryburgh—once a favorite scene, and now the sepulchre, of Scott.

The poet's song and sanctifying dust
Here left, and living, stamp upon the soil
The seal of immortality; though best
Nor monument of man's elaborate toil,
Nor precious bronze, nor sculptured urn encrust
The haunted precincts: what no time can spoil
Nor man impair—traits of immortal mind—
Claims for that dust the homage of mankind.

It is the perfect freedom from all the alloys of genius that makes us turn with such delight to Scott, whose mighty mind was unswayed by a single example of envy, hatred or jealousy. Placed on an eminence to which all eyes were directed, even the Argus optics of envy could discover no blemish in him. Unspoilt by praise, and unscathed by censure, his was indeed a brilliant career, and the admiration accorded to the author seemed but to increase the affection felt toward the man. . . . What a profound knowledge of human nature did he evince, when, for years, he conceded that he was the author of the Waverly Novels! The praise so justly—so universally bestowed on these admirable works, could not have failed to raise up a host of jealous foes against an avowed author, however faultless his life, and however brilliant his genius. But Scott fought for, and won, the high guerdon of renown, like the heroes of chivalry, with his visor down; and the victory was won before the victor was known. . . . Scott had no need to look for consolation from posthumous fame; all Europe was filled with his admirers, and his admirers could not fail to be his friends.

[The following particulars, abridged from an account of the funeral procession from Abbotsford to Dryburgh, as recorded by an eye-witness, will be read with melancholy interest by all admirers of the illustrious author.]

When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up and followed in a thick press. There was a solemnity, as well as a simplicity, in the whole of this spectacle, which we had

never witnessed on any former occasion. The long robed mutes—the body with its devotedly attached and deeply afflicted supporters and attendants—the clergyman, whose presence indicated the Christian belief and immortal hopes of those assembled; and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of Scotland. The ruins of Dryburgh glistened at intervals through the trees, as we slowly approached its western extremity. Here a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains, opening to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and defended by a low rail of enclosure; and here was the place of sepulture selected by the poet for himself and family. At one extremity of it, a tall, thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, with "ivy never sere," have spread themselves very luxuriantly on every part of the abbey. These, probably, were in many instances the children of art; but, however this may have been, Nature had herself undertaken their education. In this spot, especially, she seems to have been most industriously busy in twining her richest wreaths around those walls which more immediately form her poet's tomb. Among her other decorations is a plum-tree, once a prisoner, perhaps, chained to the solid masonry, but which, having been long since emancipated, now threw out its wild pendent branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life. Here the coffin of Sir Walter was set down on trestles, placed outside the iron railing; and here that solemn "I am the resurrection and the life," was read with great effect. The manly, soldier-like features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful but inefficient efforts which he made to overcome his emotions. The other relations who surrounded the bier were deeply moved; and, amid the crowd of weeping friends, no eye and no heart but were entirely absorbed in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them, for ever, the poet who had been so long the common idol of their admiration—the man who had so long shared their best affections. Here and there, indeed, we might have fancied that we detected some early and long-tried friends of him who lay before us, who, while tears dimmed their eyes, and while their lips quivered, were yet partly engaged in mixing up and contrasting the happier scenes of days long gone by, with that which they were now witnessing until they became lost in dreamy reverie; so that even the movement made when the coffin was carried under the lofty arches of the ruin, and when dust was committed to dust, did not entirely snap the thread of their visions.

It was not until the harsh sounds of the hammers of the workmen, who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave, to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form which we were wont to love and reverence; that eye which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's frenzy; those lips, which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard rolling out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his exuberant fancy was ever teeming; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of this afflicting truth, men would move away without a part-

ing salutation, singly, slowly and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of the Scottish Shakspeare—a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades—hastily tore ourselves away.

Like Moses, he struck the wild rock, and behold
A stream of delight o'er the barren waste rolled,
While earth's thirsty millions could stand on its brink,
And reason and learning in rich goblets drink.
He drew from antiquity feasts for the soul;
Sent his fame to the stars and his works to the pole;
Bade learning illumine, like sunlight, the world,
While the fables of monks to their cloisters he hurled.
The genius of man leans o'er Waverly's bier,
And pays for her children their tribute, a tear,
While Memory inscribes on her tablets of gold:
"Thy glory shall live when the skies shall wax old!"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE circumstances which I am about to relate, are familiar to many now living. In some particulars I have varied from the truth; but if in relation of an event which excited intense interest at the time of its occurrence, I shall succeed in impressing upon any one the delusive character of circumstantial evidence, my object will be attained.

Beneath the magnificent sycamores which bordered a lovely stream in the south-west part of Kentucky, a party of emigrants had pitched their encampment for the night. The tents were set up, the night-fire threw its gleam upon the water, the weary horses were feeding, the evening repast was over, and preparations were made for repose. The party consisted of three brothers with their families, who were wending their way to the new lands of the distant Missouri. On their visages, where the ague had left its sallow traces, few of the noble traits of human character were visible. Accustomed to reside upon the outskirts of society, little versed in its forms, and as little accustomed to the restraints of law, or the duties of morality, they were the fit pioneers of civilization, because their frames were prepared for the utmost endurance of fatigue, and society was purified by their removal. Theirs were not the fearless independence and frank demeanor which mark the honest backwoodsman of our country; but the untamed license and the wily deportment of violent men, who loved not the salutary influence of the law, nor mingled of choice with the virtuous of their own species.

As they stirred the expiring fires, the column of light, mingled with the smoke and cinder that rose toward the clear sky of the mild May night, revealed travelers of a different appearance, who had encamped on the margin of the same stream. One was a man of thirty; several years passed in the laborious practice of medicine in a southern climate, had destroyed his constitution, and he had come to breathe the bracing air of a higher latitude. The wing of health had fanned into a vigor the waning fires of life, and he was now returning to the home of his adoption with a renovated frame. The young man who sat by him, was a friend, to whom he had paid a visit, and who was now attending him a short distance on his journey. They had missed their way, and reluctantly asked a sullen permission of the emigrants to share their coarse fare, rather than wander in the dark, through unknown forests. Hamilton, the younger of the two, was perhaps twenty-seven years of age, and was a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, of cultivated mind, and of a chivalrous and sensitive disposition. His parents were indigent, and he had by the energy of his own talents and industry, redeemed them from poverty, and placed them in easy circumstances. In one of his commercial expeditions down the Mississippi, he had met with Saunders, the physician. An intimacy ensued, which, though brief, had already ripened into mature friendship.

"Affection knoweth not of time,
It riseth like the vernal flowers;
The heart-pulse is its only chime,
And feelings are its hours."

Together they had hunted over the flowery barrens, and through the majestic forests of their native state—had scaled the precipice and swam the torrent—had explored the cavern, and visited whatever was wonderful or curious in the region around them; and both looked forward with painful feelings to the termination of an intercourse which had been pleasing and instructive. As they were to separate in the morning, the evening was passed in conversation—in the copious and involuntary flow of kindness and confidence which the heart pours out at the moment when friends are about to sever, when the past is recalled and the future anticipated, and friendship, no longer silent nor motionless, displays itself like the beauty of the ocean wave, which is most obvious at the moment of its dissolution.

Early in the morning the two friends prepared to pursue their journey. As they were about to depart, one of the emigrants advanced toward them, and remarked:

"I reckon, strangers, you allow to camp at Scottville to-night?"

"Yes," said Saunders, "I do."

"Well, then, I can tell you of a chute that's a heap shorter than the road you talk of taking—and at the forks of Rushing river there's a smart chance of blue clay, that's miry like, and its right scary crossing at times."

Supposing they had found a nearer and better road, and one by which a dangerous ford would be avoided, they thanked their informant and proceeded on their journey.

In some previous conversations, Saunders had learned that his friend had recently experienced some heavy losses, and was at this time much pressed for money, and wishing to offer him assistance, had from time to time deferred it, from the difficulty of approaching so delicate a subject. As the time of parting approached, however, he drew the conversation to that point, and was informed that the sum of five hundred dollars would relieve his friend from embarrassment. Having a large sum in his possession, he generously tendered him the amount required, and Hamilton, after some hesitation, accepted the loan, and proposed to give his note for its repayment, which Saunders declined, under the plea that the whole transaction was a matter of friendship, and that no such formality was requisite. When they were about to part, Hamilton unclasped his breast-pin, and presented it to his friend. "Let this," said he, "remind you sometimes of Kentucky. I trust that when I visit you next year, I shall see it adorning the person of some favored fair one." "I have no such confidence in you," laughingly returned the other; and handing him a silver-hafted pen-knife, curiously embossed, "I am told that knives and scissors are not acceptable presents to the fair, as they are supposed to cut love, so I have no fear Almira will get this, and I know that no other human being would cause you to forget your friend. They then parted.

As Hamilton was riding slowly homeward, engaged in thought, and holding his bridle loosely, a deer sprang suddenly from a thicket, and fell in the road before his horse, who started and threw him to the ground. In examining the deer, which had been mortally wounded, and was still struggling, some of the blood was sprinkled on his dress, which had been otherwise soiled by his fall. Paying little attention to these circumstances, he returned home.

Though his absence had been brief, many hands grasped his in cordial welcome, many eyes met his own in love, for few of the young men of the county were so universally beloved and so much respected as Hamilton. But to none was his return so acceptable as to Almira. She had been his playmate in infancy, his schoolmate in childhood; in maturer years, their intimacy had ripened into love, and they were soon to be united in the holiest and dearest of ties. But the visions of hope were soon to pass from them, as the mirage of the desert, that mocks the eye of the thirsty traveler, and then leaves him a death-devoted wanderer on the arid waste.

A vague report was brought to the village that the body of a murdered man was found near Scottville. It was first mentioned by a traveler, in company where

Hamilton was present; and he instantly exclaimed, "No doubt it is Saunders; how unfortunate that I left him!" and then retired under great excitement. His manner and expression awakened suspicion, which was unhappily corroborated by a variety of circumstances, which were cautiously whispered by those who dare not openly arraign a person whose whole conduct through life had been honest, frank and manly. He had ridden away with Saunders, who was known to have been in possession of a large sum of money. Since his return, he paid off debts to a large amount. The penknife of Saunders was recognized in his hands—yet none were willing, on mere surmise, to hazard a direct accusation.

The effect of the intelligence upon Hamilton was marked. The sudden death of a dear friend is hard to be supported; but when one who is loved and esteemed is cut off by the dastardly hand of the assassin, the pang of bereavement is doubly great, and in this instance the feelings of deep gratitude which Hamilton felt toward his benefactor, caused him to mourn over the catastrophe with a melancholy anguish. He would sit for hours in a state of abstraction, from which even the smile of love could not awaken him.

The elections were at hand, and Hamilton was a candidate for the legislature. In the progress of the canvass the foul charge was openly made, and propagated with the remorseless spirit of party animosity. Yet he heard it not, until one evening, as he sat with Almira in her father's house. They were conversing in low accents, when the sound of an approaching footstep interrupted them, and the father of Almira entered the room. "Mr. Hamilton," said he, "I am a frank man. I consented to your union with my daughter, believing your character to be unspotted; but I regret to hear that a charge is made against you, which, if true, must render you amenable to the laws of your country. I believe it to be a fabrication of your enemies; but, until it shall be disproved, and your character as a man of honor placed above suspicion, you must be sensible that the proposed union cannot take place, and that your visits to my house must be discontinued.

"What does my father mean?" inquired the young lady, anxiously, as her indignant parent retired.

"I do not know," replied the lover, "it is some electioneering story, no doubt, which I can easily explain. I only regret that it should give him or you a moment's uneasiness."

"It shall cause me none," replied the confiding girl: "I cannot believe any evil of you."

He retired—sought the nature of his charge, and to his inexpressible astonishment and horror, learned that he was accused of the murder and robbery of his friend! In a state little short of distraction, he retired to his room, recalled with painful minuteness all the circumstances connected with the melancholy catastrophe, and for the first time, saw the dangerous ground on which he stood. But proud in conscious innocence, he felt that to withdraw at that stage of the canvass, might be construed into a confession of guilt. He remained a candidate, and was beaten. Now, for the first time, did he feel the wretchedness of a condemned and degraded man. The tribunal of public opinion had pronounced against him the sentence of conviction; and even his friends, as the excitement of the party struggle subsided, became cold in his defence, and wavering. Nothing short of a public investigation could restore him to honor. The unhappy young man surrendered himself to the civil authority, and demanded a trial. Ah! little did he know the malignity of man, or the fatal energy of popular delusion!—He reflected that when the public mind is imbued with prejudice, even truth itself ceases to be mighty. Many believed him guilty, and those who, during the canvass had industriously circulated the report, now labored with untiring diligence to collect and accumulate the evidence which should sustain their previous assertion. But arrayed in the panoply of innocence, he stood firm and confident of acquittal. The best counsel had been engaged—and on the day of trial, Hamilton stood before the assembled county—an arraigned culprit in the presence of those before whom he walked in honor from childhood.

As the trial proceeded, the confidence of his friends diminished, and those who had doubted, became confirmed in the belief of the prisoner's guilt. Trifles as light as air become confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the jealous minds of the audience, and one fact was linked to another in curious coincidence, until the chain of corroborating circumstances seemed irresistibly conclusive. His recent intimacy with the deceased, and even the attention which friendship and hospitality had dictated, were ingeniously insisted upon as evidence of a deliberate plan of wickedness—long formed and gradually developed. The facts, that he accompanied the deceased on his way—that he lost the path in a country with which he was supposed to be familiar—his conduct on hearing of the death of his friend—the money—the knife—caused the most incredulous to tremble for his fate. But when the breast-plate of Hamilton, found near the body of the murdered man was produced—and a pistol known to have been that of the prisoner, was proved to have been picked up near the same spot—but little room was left even for charity to indulge a benevolent doubt. Nor was this all—the prosecution had still another witness—the pale girl who sat by him, clasping his hands in hers, was unexpectedly called upon to rise and give testimony. She shrunk from the unfeeling call, and buried her face in her brother's bosom. That blow was not anticipated—for none but the myrmidons of party vengeance, who had even violated the sanctuary of family confidence, in search of evidence, dreamed that any criminating circumstance was in the possession of this young lady. At the mandate of the court, she arose, laid aside her veil, and disclosed a face haggard with anxiety and terror. In low tremulous accents, broken with sobs, she reluctantly deposed that the clothes worn by her brother, on his return from that fatal journey, were torn, soiled with earth, and bloody! An audible murmur ran through the crowd, who were listening in breathless silence—the prisoner bowed his head in mute despair—the witness was born away insensible—the argument proceeded, and after an eloquent but vain defence, the jury brought in a verdict of GUILTY! The sentence of death was passed.

The summer had passed away. The hand of autumn had begun to tinge with mellow hues the magnificent scenery of the forest. It was evening and the clear moonbeams were shining through the grates of the prisoner's cell. The unhappy man, haggard, attenuated, and heart-broken, was lying upon his wretched pallet, reflecting alternately upon the early wreck of his bright hopes, the hour of ignominy that was just approaching, and the dread futurity into which he should soon be plunged. It was the season with which his marriage with Almira was to have been solemnized. With what pride and joy had he looked forward to this hour! And now instead of the wedding festivities, the lovely bride, and the train of congratulating friends, so often pictured in fancy, he realized fetters, and dungeon, and a disgraceful death! The well-known tread of the jailor interrupted the bitter train of thought. The door opened, and as the light streamed from a lantern across the cell, he saw a female form timidly approaching. In a moment Almira had sunk on her knees beside him, and their hands were silently clasped together. There are occasions when the heart spurns all constraint, and acts up to its own dictates, careless of the public opinion, or prescribed forms—when love becomes the absorbing and overruling passion—and when that which under other circumstances would be mere unlicensed impulse, becomes a hollowed, imperious duty. That noble-hearted girl had believed to the last, that her lover would be honorably acquitted. The intelligence of his condemnation, while it blighted her hopes, and withered her health, never disturbed for one moment her conviction of his innocence. There is a union of hearts which is indestructible, which marriage may sanction and nourish, and hollow, but which separation cannot destroy—a love that endures while life remains, or until its object shall prove faithless or unworthy. Such was the affection of Almira; and she held her promise to love and honor him whose fidelity was to him unspotted, and whose character she considered honorable, to be as sacred, as if they had been

united in marriage. When all others forsook, she resolved never to forsake him. She had come to visit him in his desolation, and to risk all, to save one who was dear and innocent in her estimation, though guilty in the eyes of the world.

The jailor, a blunt, though humane man, briefly disclosed a plan which he with Almira, had devised for the escape of Hamilton. He had consented to allow the prisoner to escape, in female dress, while she was to remain in his stead, so that the whole contrivance should seem to be her own. "I am a plain man," concluded the jailor, "but know what's right. It 'aint fair to hang no man on suspicion—and more than that I am not going to stand in no man's way—especially a friend who had done me favors, as you have. The track's clear, Mr. Hamilton, and the quicker you put out the better.

To his surprise the prisoner peremptorily refused the offer.

"I am innocent," said he; "but I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than injure the fair fame of this confiding girl."

"Go Dudley; my dear Dudley," she sobbed; "for my sake, for the sake of your broken-hearted father and sister."

"Do not tempt me, my dear Almira. I will not do that which will expose you to disgrace."

"Oh, who would blame me?"

"The world—the uncharitable world—they who believe me a murderer, and have tortured the most innocent actions into proof of deliberate villainy, will not hesitate to brand you as the victim of a cold blooded felon. And why should I fly? to live a wretched wanderer, with the brand of Cain on my forehead, and a character stamped with infamy!"

He would have said more—but the form that during this brief dialogue, had sunk into his arms, was lying lifeless on his bosom. He kissed her cold lips, and passionately repeated her name—but she heard him not—her pure spirit had gently disengaged itself, and was flown forever. Her heart was broken. She had watched and wept, and prayed, in hopeless grief until the physical energies of a delicate frame were exhausted; and the excitement of the last scene had snapped the attenuate thread of life.

Hamilton did not survive her long. His health was already shattered by long confinement, and the chafing of a proud spirit. Almira had died for him—and his own mother—oh! how cautiously did they whisper the sad truth, when he asked why she who had loved him better than her own life had forsaken him in the hour of affliction—she, too, had sunk under the dreadful blow. His father lived a withered melancholy man, crushed in spirit; and as his sister hung like a guardian angel over his death-bed, and he gazed on her pale, emaciated, sorrow-stricken countenance, he saw that she, too, would soon be numbered among the victims of this melancholy persecution. When with his last breath he suggested that they would soon meet, she replied, "I trust that God will spare me to see your innocence established, and then I will die contented." And her confidence was rewarded—for God does not disappoint those who put their trust in him. About a year afterward, a wretch who was executed at Natchez, and who was one of the three persons mentioned in the commencement of this narrative, confessed that he had murdered Saunders, with a pistol which he had found at the place where the two friends had slept. "I knew it would be so," was the only reply of the fast-departing sinner; and soon after she was buried by the side of Dudley and Almira. Reader, this is no fiction—nor are the decisions of God unjust—but his ways are above our apprehension.

REMEMBRANCE.

Within, when sorrows lower,
Why givest thou Nature! why,
Alone on outward scenes the power
To close the weary eye!

Oh would on memory, too,
As quick a veil could fall—
To shut from thought my aching view,
And say: Be darkness all!

Original.

THE ROMANCE OF PHYSIC.

EVERY profession has its ornamental parts, as well as its dry and uninteresting details. Incidents take place more refined, circumstances more exciting, and exigencies more fruitful in adventure than those of the ordinary routine of business. At intervals occasions offer more favorable to display, and appear to demand as much gallantry in manner, as skill in performance. Strange as it may seem, the physician is sometimes called upon to leave the retirement of his study and dissecting room, to participate in scenes more stirring than are there enacted. The scientific reputation of the physician, however, is acquired in comparative solitude, his sphere being restricted to the silent mansions of sickness and distress. There is no species of knowledge so difficult of attainment as his, and yet there is no character held in such dubious possession—no profession which receives so little clemency from the world. While the patient is likely to recover, he is flattered by the fondest credulity, but if Nature verges toward dissolution, he is viewed by the eye of suspicion, with dejection and mistrust. In the medical profession there are difficulties to be encountered incident to none other; still this avails nothing to the physician. The complicated mechanism of the human frame, the difficulty of obtaining well-authenticated facts from which to infer general conclusions, the variety of hidden influences which may have eluded his notice—in short, the manifold hindrances which always attend physiological investigations, are dealt with as if his researches were susceptible of mathematical precision. Notwithstanding all these embarrassments, the services of the physician are absolutely indispensable, and the importance of the function that he exercises, will always procure esteem. Let us now proceed to relate the adventure which is to illustrate the meaning of the ornamental part of medical practice.

Bernard Gilpin, who makes no inconsiderable figure in this narrative, was a young man of two and twenty. He was endued with fine natural abilities, which from inclination and the exertions of a kind parent had been well improved; so that in his nineteenth year he entered the office of a distinguished physician, for the purpose of preparing himself to follow the same pursuit. His ambition to excel was continually leading him into attempts which were far beyond the power of his constitution to sustain, and formed a striking contrast with the indolence of his fellow students, who appeared more desirous to fit themselves to act the part of fine gentlemen, rather than skillful practitioners. His companions were principally selected from among his relatives, who belonged to that class who choose the happy medium in all things—enjoying moderation, but never indulging excess. He possessed cheerfulness without levity, modesty without affectation, politeness without buffoonery; was reserved in the presence of strangers, not very talkative at any time, though far from being morose.

Unfortunately for Bernard, his health continued to decline under the severe pressure of accumulated indiscretions, and three years after he had commenced the study of medicine, he was obliged to relinquish it and make choice of another calling. It was about the middle of summer when he recovered from the last attack of disease previous to resigning his station in the medical office, that he took his gun and made an excursion to Walton, a little village about one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis, with a view of strengthening his relaxed constitution by free exercise and sea bathing. During his sojourn at Walton, he was very successful in treating two or three persons who had the misfortune to fall sick at the house where he resided, and who were also summer boarders from the city. It is necessary to remark here, that the village consisted of ten or twelve houses strung along within the space of half a mile; excepting their proximity, however, the place bore no resemblance to a town. It was destitute of stores and shops, maintained no physician, but supported a clergyman, who officiated as priest on the Sabbath, and as schoolmaster on week days. Bernard's success in practice procured for him at once a title, and not a few of the staid matrons of

the neighborhood were known to have avowed openly, that they would as lief trust him as many of the old doctors. After a period of six weeks had elapsed, he returned home much improved in health, and well pleased with his jaunt to the country. He soon entered into commercial pursuits, and contented himself with the study of medicine as an amusement, rather than a profession which he ever expected to pursue.

The study of Nature is extolled by everybody, but not always from the same motives. Some praise it because they would not be thought deficient in taste; others because they find real delight in the contemplation of so sublime a subject. Of those who are the loudest in their eulogiums on this study, and pursue it with the most eagerness, by far the greater number confine themselves to that department of her science which affords most entertainment to the fancy, and not to that which promises the most salutary instruction. Hence we find many enthusiastic students in Botany and Mineralogy, perfectly ignorant of the laws which regulate the action of their own bodies, and who know nothing of that harmony of design which is so beautifully displayed throughout the animal economy. To relish the study of Nature, to form just conceptions of the unity which reigns throughout the natural world, and of the relations which each part sustains to the other, it is necessary to peruse the whole volume of Nature, and not to restrict the attention too rigidly to one particular branch. The importance of a knowledge of physiology is becoming more sensibly felt, and the great advantage, as well as the refined pleasure which attends the study of it is rapidly drawing attention to this science, which has too long been considered as appertaining to the exclusive province of medical men. These sentiments Bernard had adopted by virtue of experience, and he used no trifling influence in persuading his associates, and others, to attend to a subject the most nearly allied to their temporal happiness. Engaged with these honorable endeavors to promote the welfare of his fellow beings, and with his daily occupations, we will suffer a twelvemonth to slip round.

Another delightful summer had now arrived, and Bernard again began to think about seeking his usual recreations. Accordingly his fowling-piece was taken down from its long repose, the locks oiled, the barrels cleaned and put in order for service. It is an ancient saying, that "anticipation is more delightful than reality;" but in his case the adage was reversed, as the sequel will abundantly prove. As the time of departure drew near, his impatience to leave increased. Already his imagination had pictured the calm retirement of Walton, the glorious ocean expanding its broad bosom as far as the eye can trace and lost in the cloudy horizon. Already he fancied the noble flock of snipe wheeling with mathematical nicety around the decoys set out to allure them. He almost felt the warm hand of the honest landlord pressing his own in hearty welcome. A bright summer's sun ushered in the auspicious day on which Bernard was to start for the country. His portmanteau and fowling apparatus were both prepared the preceding evening, in order to prevent all delay. The cab was at his door at the appointed time, kind salutations were exchanged, and our friend was on his way to the "happy hunting grounds." The tall spires of the churches were soon lost in the distance; the busy hum of the city died away, and finally the blooming verdure of the country presented itself. It was near night when he arrived at a small town about thirty miles from his journey's end. Having ordered a private conveyance to be in readiness at eight o'clock, he sat down to tea. What a delightful meal that was, too! The bread looked so white and wholesome—the butter so fresh and sweet—the milk was so refreshing! After tea was over the host and guest entered into conversation, and discussed upon every topic that was new in town, while a score of villagers were seated round in breathless silence to hear the news, and comment upon them as soon as the stranger had left. At the hour appointed the conveyance was at the door to carry Bernard to the place of destination. By the way, he had informed his friends at Walton of his intended visit, and of the exact time to expect him.

But before we proceed any farther, let us anticipate

Bernard's arrival. The comfortable mansion house at Walton had sunk into solemn silence; the evening was quiet and serene—not a breath of air was stirring. The billow breaking upon the sea-shore was only to be heard at intervals; the whip-poor-will sent forth an ominous whistle in its circling flight, as if alone willing to disturb the stillness of the hour. Within the walls of that antique dwelling lay a maiden, around whose couch stood a fond father and a doating mother. There too was the kind nurse ministering to the lovely patient, who ever and anon heaved a sigh as she turned upon a bed of languishing, which as often drew a double response from the anxious parent. The candle burned dimly in its socket; now sending forth a full glare of light, now almost expiring. Flickering and faint, too, was the spark that burned in the breast of the lingering sufferer. The weary soul was struggling to escape its earthly tenement; that subtle essence called life, was fast wasting away. A lad arrived who had been despatched for a doctor who resided in the adjacent village, who reported that he was not expected to return home till the next day. This mournful intelligence bade all hope depart. The father who had labored so zealously to accomplish his daughter in all the arts and refinements of life, must now behold his child sinking into the arms of death without power to save her. He abandoned himself to despair, and covering his face with his hand, could only exclaim, "My daughter! my daughter!" The mother, too—ah, who can picture her grief!—She could not shed a tear. Seated in a large sick-chair, she piously resigned herself to the issue of an event which she could not obviate, to the dispensation of a power which she could not resist.

The landlord was pacing the road in front of the house as if in painful expectation. A small party of summer boarders were seated in the little parlor down stairs in breathless silence. The great hall clock struck eleven, as the landlord entered the sad chamber where nature was fast sinking into dissolution in the person of one of the loveliest of the lovely.

"Don't you hear anything of them yet, John?" inquired the nurse. Ere the good landlord had time to reply, the rumbling noise of wheels was heard at a distance. The father started, and the exhausted mother unclasped her hands. Ere another moment elapsed, the wagon drew up in front of the house, and out leaped a youth, who, as soon as he touched the ground, cried out in a sort of jovial, half-sighing tone. "Thank God, I'm here at last!" The landlord rushed down stairs. The new-comer encountered him at the gate.

"Ah, John! I'm delighted to see you. I hope you are very well!"

"Tolerable, I thank you, Mr. Gilpin; but there's a young lady up stairs very ill; I fear she will not last long. We have been waiting anxiously for you this hour."

"Show me to her room," cried Bernard earnestly.

They entered the apartment. Every one rose to receive him. Bowing slightly, he threw back his coat and walked to the bedside of the almost lifeless girl. His color changed alternately from a death-like hue to a deep blush. Before him lay a being calculated to excite every holy emotion of his heart, and to rouse him to the most decisive action. He took her lily-white hand within his own, placing his fingers upon a pulse that had well nigh ceased to beat. Inquiry was then made concerning the symptoms of the disease, the mode of treatment which had been pursued, and the duration of the attack. No time was to be lost. The young physician procured additional pillows, then putting his arms around the delicate form of his patient, he lifted her head in order to make her position more comfortable. Remedies were immediately applied; cooling anodynes were administered, in short, every thing was done that might have a salutary tendency in so desperate a case. At 12 o'clock the patient fell into an easy slumber, and the Doctor retired, having given directions to be aroused as soon as his charge awoke.

The slanting rays of the sun were beginning to illumine the horizon when Bernard arose from a troubled slumber of a few hours. His first inquiries were after his fair patient. She had not yet awoke. The exhausted parents had spent the hours of the weary night

in contemplating upon the uncertainty of life, and in endeavoring to prepare themselves for the afflicting stroke which seemed impending over them. They had not yet dared to ask the probability of their daughter's recovery. Bernard anticipated their wish, and took an early opportunity to relieve their fearful apprehensions, bidding them, at the same time, to seek repose from the fatigues of watching. They composed themselves to rest, and after a few hours of sleep arose greatly refreshed. The crisis of their daughter's malady had passed, and reasonable hopes of recovery were entertained. The remedies prescribed had proved effectual, and nothing now remained but to strengthen the patient, and to endeavor to prevent a relapse. As soon as the parents could realize their good fortune, and became fully assured that their daughter would indeed be spared to them, their first desire was to return hearty thanks to the kind and faithful friend who had been the author of so much happiness to them. Their acknowledgments did not consist in protestations of thankfulness alone. The tears of the grateful mother spoke more tenderly than words; the mute gaze of the father, overwhelmed as he was with gratitude, touched the heart of the young physician more sensibly than a hundred assurances of obligation. But when the patient herself was sufficiently recovered to take notice of him who had snatched her from the cruel grasp of death, what were her feelings toward him? Did she content herself with confessing that Bernard had saved her life, and that her obligations were infinite? Oh, no. She called him to her bedside, and with words almost inaudible from weeping, assured him how full her heart was; how eagerly she longed for time to fly away, that she might give evidence of her gratitude; how gladly she would share the troubles of his future life; how tenderly she would cherish his memory to the last hour of her existence. "O my kind friend," said she, "when I shall mingle once more amid the happy throng of friends and relations—whenever I shall feel elated with joy and buoyant with pleasure, how grateful shall I be to you, who have restored me from sickness to health, and to whom I stand indebted for everything that is near and dear to me." The poor girl pronounced these impassioned words at such intervals as her weeping would allow. Her gentle heart was too full to utter more. Bernard replied in a mild and pensive tone, that the services he had been able to render so lovely a being, made that the happiest hour of his life. "The thought," continued he, "that I have ministered to you in your distress, will ever fill me with happiness. I needed nothing to convince me that you were fully sensible of all that I had done for you." Bernard experienced something in his feelings toward his patient more than ordinary esteem. He fancied that in her countenance there was something livelier than ordinary intelligence, and that in its beautiful lines he could trace the generous and noble soul.

A fortnight rolled by before the patient ventured out; and when she took her accustomed exercise, it was always on the arm of her friend and deliverer. When she sought recreation in society, it was always in the company of Bernard. She was transported with the rich stores of his learning, as they discovered themselves daily. His calm sobriety pleased her; his noble sentiments, his judicious liberality, his exalted philanthropy, all served to elevate him in her esteem. However, she studiously concealed her feelings, and displayed only a respectful intimacy and sincere gratitude.

Another fortnight terminated the visit of Bernard's friends, himself remaining behind for a few days, anticipating a great flight of birds. Many kind salutations were exchanged, many mutual promises made, and the parties separated. Our young friend pursued his sporting career with greater assiduity than before, yet he did not appear quite so happy. There was a void within; he longed for something—he knew not what. In the midst of company he was in solitude; the tumult of conversation and laughter disgusted him. One morning, as he was probing his heart to find the secret cause of these strange sensations, a boy approached and delivered him a letter. He did not recognize the handwriting, and hastened to dissolve the mystery. The seal broken, he opened and read as follows:

April 16th, 183--.

DEAR SIR:

"The purport of these lines is to inform you, that I arrived in town safely with my family, on Wednesday last. When our friends heard of the great services you had rendered us, they anticipated my resolution to make you the unreserved offer of the hand of the young lady who stands indebted to you for her life, and, consequently, everything she enjoys. She coincides entirely in my proposals, and being perfectly free to form such an alliance, you will please consult your own inclinations, and advise us accordingly. I have nothing to bestow more valuable, or which can better attest the deep sense which I entertain of my obligations to you. If you should find yourself inclined to accept the precious gift now tendered, you will please bear in mind that a portion will accompany it such as the state of my finances will allow. Be assured, my kind friend, you are never out of our remembrance, and will never cease to be the object of our warmest solicitude. My family wish to be gratefully remembered to you, in which sentiment joins

"Your friend and ob't serv't,

"WALTER GRANDON.

"Bernard Gilpin, Esq., Walton."

As the face of Nature, darkened by the intervention of a cloud, becomes suddenly reilluminated when the floating vapor has passed away, so this vivifying epistle dispelled the sadness of Bernard's mind, and gave a new channel to his wandering thoughts. He cared no longer to trace the cause of his previous inquietude: whatever it might have been, this letter was its remedy. The loveliness of the fields, which had seemed to his eye shadowed over for a short time past, began to resume their beauty. The fascinations of sport speedily revived. There was light within the breast of the joyous youth, and that light could transform the glimmerings of darkness into the brilliancy of noonday.

Nothing but delightful anticipations now occupied his mind. At noon, at eve, in solitude, in society, awake or asleep, his vagrant thoughts found no limits until they rested upon her whom he considered as already bound to him by the sacred endearments of mutual affection. Every reflection resolved itself into some surmise inseparable from the name of Della Grandon. Her presence filled his inmost soul. In short, he was fairly initiated into the sublime mysticism of the sacred passion, and every wish of his heart and every picture of his imagination clustered around the ideal image of his "*ladye love*." Ye who have known the holy calm, the tender sympathy, the subduing power of virtuous love, unmingled with the bitterness which too often intrudes its base alloy into the limpid stream, can best judge of his feelings. My poor pen hesitates to depict them. He could now forgive his bitterest enemy; he could participate in every one's sorrows; he could wish unbounded enjoyment to all mankind. He could dwell with exultation on the virtues of the good, and could extenuate the devious wanderings of the wayward. All his passions and sentiments were attuned to harmony and love. O, what a blissful community must that be where love is the ruling passion! Could all mankind become penetrated with its sacred influence, surely earth would be the vestibule of heaven.

The passion which this well-matched pair entertained, was not the wild, tumultuous transport of overheated imagination, but the firm and constant affection arising from lively esteem, based upon mutual conviction of intrinsic worth. It was not the transitory qualifications of wealth or beauty that united their hearts. No: purer elements than these entered into the constitution of their love. Admiration of the enduring qualities of the mind cemented their ardent attachment—those unfading accomplishments of the soul, which are beyond the power of time or the caprice of fortune. How bitterly does every day's experience prove the inconstancy of riches! How easily may the ravages of disease desecrate the temple of beauty! If, then, an alliance founded on these fleeting possessions be fretted by vain assurances into something like conjugal affection, the alliance will stand, but how shall the bond of affection survive the ruthless handling of

adversity? *That, indeed, is true love, which disregards whatever may conflict with its essential fruition.*

Bernard gave some oblique insinuations concerning the purport of his letter to John, the landlord, his friend and confidant in Della's absence. Pleading the urgent necessity of being in town at some specified time, he announced his intention of leaving Walton. The evening preceding his departure, he took a solitary walk on the sea-shore. The mild rays of the moon lent a silvery brightness to the vast liquid plain before him. The billow breaking on the shore added to the calm sublimity of the scene the bold cadence of natural melody. Our friend felt that he was surrounded by everything calculated to sublimate his meditations and to inspire him with the warmest devotion. He remembered the many delightful conversations he had held with his fair patient on the same beach, when there was none to listen but God and the rolling sea before them. He reflected that this was the last view he should take of the ocean for this year, and that he might never look upon it again. He recalled to his mind all that had occurred within the short space of a single month, and how seriously the events of that little point of time might affect the happiness of his future life. His heart lingered around every tree and shrub; the very ground seemed endeared to him. Everything appeared to have contributed to his enjoyment, and to have been the silent spectators of his happy achievements and timely prosperity. With regard to leaving, he was equally balanced in his inclinations. He saw much to entice him to depart and much to remain. Now, in this critical juncture, according to Montaigne and the Necessitarians, poor Bernard would have continued at Walton until some preponderance should have destroyed the equilibrium of desire. Notwithstanding the hypothesis of these erudite philosophers, he made no delay, but left at the time appointed.

If we suffer just one year to slip around, we shall find Bernard again domesticated beneath the very roof where he had previously acted the part of a friend, physician and admirer. But during the interval he had assumed new relations and new responsibilities. He saw in her whom he once called his "*patient*," a fond and faithful wife; in the babe which she held in her arms he recognized a sweet pledge of reciprocal affection—an object upon which their feelings were mutually concentrated. Though not quite so gay this season as heretofore, he was not the less cheerful. One evening, as the whole family, with the honest landlord, were seated on the front porch, the conversation varied from one topic to another, until it touched upon the strange fatuity that had put our young friend in possession of his wife.

"How my poor heart beat," said Mrs. Grandon, "when I heard the noise of his wagon. I can almost recall the very sensation."

"Yes," replied her husband, "you acted with more fortitude than I did."

"Never mind," continued Della, "it is all over now; let us not reflect upon our misfortune, but rejoice at its result."

"But I rather guess," added the landlord, "it's true what they say, that matches are made in heaven."

THE BRIDE OF ALI.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

It was in the days of the pious Schah Omad, during whose reign, it was remarked, miracles never were wanting, that, among other wonders, the return to earth of Ali, the great son-in-law of the prophet, was announced as, at length, positively and infallibly to take place. Centuries had rolled away, since the death of this great man, and still his promised return was looked for, by the faithful in vain. So fondly was this expectation cherished that, through each succeeding reign, a milk-white steed was kept ready saddled, in the royal stables, for his use, and a train of attendants, richly dressed, as for a monarch, to wait upon him. Still, however, the son-in-law of the prophet came not;

and there arose, from time to time, profane and evil minded persons, who even ventured to express a doubt whether he would ever come at all.

In the reign of Omad, however, such doubters had all disappeared. The Schah himself being a believer to no common extent. It was deemed but loyal, in all good subjects, to believe, as much as possible, up to the royal standard.

Great, accordingly, were the preparations, throughout Ispahan, for the reception of so transcendent a guest. At the Schah's palace, all that had been ever before seen of pomp and pageantry for his holy purpose, was now outshone and outdazzled. The milk-white steed, according to custom, stood ready saddled in the royal stable, but with a richness of housings and trappings hitherto unparalleled. A band of falconers, too, (the son-in-law having been known, when living, to admire that sport,) stood ready in attendance, night and day, with each a falcon, of the true Daurian breed on his hand, and the small drum, wherewith to lure the birds, at his girdle. Every night, too, the countless turrets and minarets of the city were lighted up, as for a festival; while watchmen, on all the hills around, were kept looking out incessantly, as well to heaven as to earth, for the great hero's coming.

But it was not only in such devices of homage and welcome, magnificent as they were, that the Schah's zeal displayed itself. By a refinement of piety, of which there had been one other example in history, he set apart for the expected visitor his only daughter, the beautiful Maami, devoting her to be the bride, if not of Ali, of no other being. Destined thus to so high a station, already was the young and innocent girl made to share in all the honors of her anticipated bridegroom; nor was any thing spared that art or fancy could devise, to invest her with the splendor worthy of the destiny that awaited her. Every morning as it rose, was hailed with welcome, as ushering in the princess's bridal day; and the arrival of new presents, new dresses, marked every succeeding hour. As, in the songs of the Bard of Schiraz, the same beautiful thought returns again and again, in new varieties of phrase, even so does a young Persian maid, on her bridal day, pass every hour, through some fresh change of loveliness, "another and the same."

And thus was it that the days of the young Maami rolled away; while earth, air, and ocean, were made tributary to her beauty; the pearl, born of the Nisau dew, hanging its brightness round her neck, and the rich pheasant of the fair East lending his wing to fan her brow.

Among the ladies of Ispahan, the fate of the young bride formed, as easily may be supposed, the sole topic of conversation; nor knew they in which to envy her most, her intended husband, or her wardrobes.

But, alas! amid all these luxuries, could the heart of the young bride have been seen into, there would have been found far more to pity than to envy in her lot; for already was that heart occupied by a real, earthly love, as innocent, but, at the same time, as passionate as ever entered into the soul of woman. The very singularity of the circumstances under which her attachment had been formed, were sufficient to fix it deeply and for ever, in her thoughts. So early, indeed, is the age at which separation takes place between the children of different sexes belonging to a harem, that her having found any one to love, since her heart *could* love, was, among the features of her strange destiny, not the least strange.

However, so it was; a young prince, the son of the Schah's brother, whose gentle and almost feminine timidity of nature had led to his being detained within the apartments of the harem to a much later period of boyhood than was usual, was the beloved object to which her heart's young sighs were given, and which now after a separation of about two or three years, still dwelt in her memory with a freshness and brightness which those thoughts, treasured up by innocence, alone can retain. Though she had little hope of meeting Kaled again in this world, and her creed forbade the presumptuous notion that she would be with him in the next, yet to her simple heart, that dream of the past seemed sufficient to throw a light over the future; nor did she know, indeed, or wish for, any greater

pleasure, present or to come, than to sit alone in her kiosk, beside the fountain, and think of Kaled.

While such was the mood in which poor Maami awaited her doom, by the Schah himself the event was looked forward to with far other eyes. To be father-in-law to the son-in-law of the prophet was the very species of relationship, which, taken both temporally and spiritually, was the most calculated to enchant him; and it was remarked that, ever since he had marked out for himself this semi-celestial connexion, his beard was deeply tinged with henna, in imitation of the prophet. Observing with surprise and regret the entire apathy of his daughter on the subject, he took pains, by picturing to her all the glories of Ali, his heroism, his beauty, to elevate her mind to a pitch worthy of such a lofty destiny: reading over to her for this purpose, all the learned observations which the commentators on the 76th chapter of the Koran have written, and which over the lids of the weary maiden, fell like poppy dews.

Had the young bride's heart been less deeply preoccupied, such an account of her intended husband, would, at least, have piqued curiosity; but as it was, she listened abstractedly, with a sigh, and calling to a faithful female attendant, who had from her childhood, waited upon her, desired that she would sing to her that sweet love-song which her cousin Kaled used playfully to address to her in their happy days.

Haste Maami, the spring is nigh,
Already, in th' unopened flowers,
That sleep around us, fancy's eye
Can see the blush of future bowers;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet, frozen on its way,
To feed the marble founts of kings,
Now loosen'd by the vernal ray,
Upon its path exulting springs,
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blestful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay,
Enough if they a while remain;
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
From time to time, and come again:
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale;
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!

In the mean while, time went on: the milk-white steed and the falconers were relieved, day and night; the watchmen upon the hills kept constantly on the alert; every evening new devices of illumination were invented; and seven times a day was the toilet of the young bride performed by tire women, of inventive fancy, who, like those of the Princess Mherbanou, "washed their hands seven times in rose-water," preparatory to each toilet. Day after day was this routine of magnificence carried on; the treasury of the descendants of Abbas groaned under the expense, and still the son-in-law of the prophet gave no signs of coming.

In short, the chances seemed all in favor of poor Maami's escape, from both the honor and horror of this preternatural marriage, when, one morning, to the confusion of the doubters, and the utter astonishment even of those who had pretended most confidently to expect such an event, it was announced at day break, from all the minarets of Ispahan, with beating of gongs and the clashing of cymbals, that the Great Ali had, on the preceding night appeared to the faithful, and was, at that moment, saying his prayers in the great Porphyry Chapel, adjoining to the tombs of the royal Schahs. The first impulse of the public mind was, naturally, a little feeling of disappointment, at the quiet and unostentatious manner in which this great arrival had been performed; a descent from the clouds, in a chariot of fire, having been the very least that was expected.

Such was the intelligence which, on that memorable morning, was, by the Schah's orders, communicated

to his affectionate subjects, respecting an event so interesting to the whole Musseiman world. Nothing further of moment transpired in the course of the day—no other eyes, but those mentioned, having caught a glimpse of the son-in-law; and as it was supposed, from this seclusion, to be the illustrious visitant's wish to devote the first day of his arrival to prayer and meditation, guards were placed, at a respectful distance, all day, round the chapel and the tombs, to keep off all intruders who might, from curiosity or zeal, encroach upon his privacy.

But, in the midst of all this excitement and wonder, who shall describe the feelings of poor Maami? So long had she been kept in dreadful expectation of such an event, that apprehension had, at last, begun to wear out; and, in the struggle between her natural cheerfulness and the bodings that sometimes crossed her, a mood of mind was produced, half sunny, half shadowy, in which—like the eyes of those who wander through forest-paths at noon—her reason had become bewildered. It even seemed to her, at moments, that she was but the princess of some fairy tale, herself and all around her mere creations of fancy, and that all, therefore, would, according to custom, end happy at last. But from this delusion she was now awakened—awakened to the too dreadful certainty, that the catastrophe of her strange fate had at length arrived, and that she was to be, that very night, married to a man dead since the year of the Hegira 32!

In her despair, but though too well known how obstinate was her revered parent, in all matters of religion, she flung herself at his feet: entreating that he would yet save her from this dreaded doom, and substitute any other young lady of Ispahan in her place. There were numbers, she knew, among the noblest born of the court, who envied her good fortune; and, as it was evident, from the language of the great commander's message, that he knew not—perhaps cared not—who was to be his bride, let lots, she said, be cast among all who were ambitious of such an honor, and with delight would she herself surrender to the happy winner not only her sublime husband, but even her best Badakhan rubies, her most precious silks of Ghilan, and her relays of forty-nine tire-women (seven for every day in the week) into the bargain. The pious Schah was, as might be expected, inexorable; such a son-in-law being a prize not so easily to be relinquished; and the only indulgence her tears and entreaties could wring from him was, that she should not, according to the strict letter of the bridegroom's commands, go alone to meet him, but that her faithful attendant, Haluta, should be allowed to accompany her.

From the unostentatious manner in which the great commander had himself made his appearance, and the solemn character of the place where he had appointed to meet his bride, it was concluded that all ceremonies partaking of aught but the same simple solemnity should be avoided. Accordingly, preceded by the grand Moullah, and about half a dozen doctors of the law, the young princess, in a rich mohaffa, or litter, followed closely by her faithful attendant in another, was conducted, slowly and silently, to the entrance of that place of melancholy grandeur, where, in their tombs of white marble, the princes of the race of Abbas repose.

Here, descending from her mohaffa, it was with difficulty the almost fainting princess could be supported while the grand Moullah, after pronouncing over her a short prayer, in which he hailed her "Bride of Ali," opened the small silver portal that led into the garden of the tombs, and then closed it again upon her and her attendant—as they shuddering thought—for ever. Under any other circumstances, the calm silence of this cemetery, unbroken but by the rustling sound of the doves in the cypress-trees, would have been to the royal maiden a relief, after the life of ceremony she had been leading. But now, her heart sunk within her as she entered it, and unable to advance another step from the threshold, she stood, with her eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look further.

At length, the continued stillness, and a few cheering words from her companion, having somewhat calmed her fears, and made her feel that she was not entirely deserted, she raised her eyes to the scene before her, and nothing could look more assuringly tran-

quill. The moon was just rising, and her light, mingling with that of the lamps which hung dimly from the railing that surrounded the tombs, produced between them, that sort of pale and twilight glimmer, in which the dead, in their middle state, may be supposed to sleep. Though still trembling all over, already was the young maiden beginning to be soothed into a feeling of security by the wooing stillness around; when, suddenly, her eyes grew fixed with horror, and she recoiled, shuddering, against the portal. On looking toward one of the larger tombs, she had seen something in its shadow move like life; and, as she gazed, an armed figure became slowly visible. For a second or two, it stood darkly in the moonlight, and now was fast approaching her. In an agony of fear, she seized convulsively the arm of her attendant, and uttering a faint, smothered shriek, sunk senseless on the pavement.

At a respectful hour in the morning, the grand Mollah, and his reverend brethren, were duly in waiting at the silver portal of the garden of the tombs. They found all closed and tranquil as it had been left the night before—neither the commander of the faithful nor his bride had given any signs of stirring. Hour after hour did these holy personages wait at that portal, holding the cushion with the sacred camel-skin reverently uplifted; but neither the commander of the faithful nor his bride yet made their appearance. All this time, too, couriers mounted on fleet Arab barbs, were, every ten minutes, flying off to the Schah's palace for orders.

In this perplexing state of suspense was the day passing away, all the affairs of church and state kept completely at a stand-still—the milk-white steed pawing the air, the falconers ready with their drums, and all Ispahan on tiptoe, to see the illustrious stranger. At length, toward evening, a council was held by the Schah, at which all the most learned of his counsellors having delivered their opinions, it was decided unanimously by the Schah himself that, without any offence to piety, the grand Mollah might be deputed to wait on the secluded hero, and invite him to "shed the light of his heronstuf over the longing eyes of his faithful."

In pursuance of this resolution, a few minutes after sunset, just as the voices from the minarets were, one by one, dying away, this great functionary of the church proceeded on his important mission—not a little gratified that his success in predictions and a new readings should have been rewarded by an appointment so responsible and dignified. With a few of the most eminent doctors of the law in his train, he repaired, in due pomp, to the garden of the tombs, and under the awful expectation of being dazzled, on their entrance, by the much-sung eyes of the "distributor of lights and graces," opened the grand portal. To their astonishment, they found all within silent and solitary—the tombs, the oratories, the beds of sweet-smelling herds—all mute and motionless, as if life was there unknown. In vain did they pause to listen, well-knowing that the smallest whisper of that voice which had already startled the nerves of some of their fraternity, would be audible. But not a sound was stirring: even the doves in their high nests seemed breathless, and nothing was heard but the din of the distant city already murmuring at the delay of the expected guest.

"Wonderful!" muttered the Grand Mollah to himself, as he walked anxiously among the cypress-trees, expecting, every moment, to meet some vestige of the Great Unseen—some sign, like that of the Shining Hand, put forth from the dark leaves. But no such sign was given; and the only trace they could find of life in that region, was a slight impression on one of the beds of sweet basil, among the tombs, as if some light Peri form had been seated among its leaves; while, on the gravel walk near, lay a dried leaf of jasmine, on which some faint lines of drawing still were visible, and a paper scrawled over with a few indifferent verses, beginning

"Haste, Maami, the Spring is nigh."

From that day to the present, nothing further has ever been known, respecting either the son-in-law, his fair bride, or the faithful Haiuta. The Schah, though deprived of his daughter, and disappointed of the pleasure of showing of, as father-in-law, was somewhat

comforted by a decision of a grand council of Mollahs which pronounced that the miracle of Ali's coming had been accomplished in his reign; and that as on the Hero's first disappearance from earth, he had been accompanied by his favorite camel, on this occasion, he had taken up with him the Schah's daughter and her faithful waiting-woman.

Among the doubters, indeed, there was a story current, which professed to be the true history of the transaction, and according to which, the pretended Ali was no other than the princess's cousin, young Kaled, who having lately, as it was known, returned from the wars on the Caspian, had taken advantage of the expectation of Ali's coming, to possess himself of a treasure which both Heaven and nature seemed to have destined for him.

THE LAST BACHELOR.

Not a divorce stirring—but a great many in embryo in the shape of marriages.—MOON'S BYRON.

IT was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat round the table of a club room, at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left on the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spirituelle looking glass to each member. They had drunk up to Gallagher's best.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St. John, the 'sad dog' of the club, "brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over."

"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Ernest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table; "no, no! It is a sad hour, but a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!" The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say. There are times and places enough when we must be grave. I for one will never mope when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass, and trump my philosophy."

"Smother me! but you're all wrong," hiccupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups, "Gourlay, there, (I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Ernest,) Gourlay is nearer to it—but—but he smacks of his vocation: No preaching—let us be (pass the bottle, Tom!) sober. Send for a dozen 'white top'—and when the clock strikes tw-twelve (those cur-cursed olives make me stutter) seal it up—solemnly—for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use?" thundered Tom Corliss, who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected of being in love, "who would drink it? not I, 'faith! What! sit down when eleven such fellows 'slept without their pillows,' to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear macaroni! It would be much better to travestie that whim, and seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!"

The proposition was received with a shout of universal approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside, with its irregular signatures, till twelve. As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.

It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman,

alightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in — street, with a dusty bottle and a single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the Old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Pah! it cuts like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind! Ten years since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand! It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel and little Gourlay, and to-night, last of all, O'Lavender has got before me with his cursed alacrity. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the *old* bachelor. I, Tom Corliss—that am as soft in my nature as a 'milk diet' I—that could fall in love, any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I—that have sworn (and broken) more vows than mercury! I—that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliss—an old bachelor! Was it for this I flirted ed with you, — — — ? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to you, — — — ? Was it for this, oh — — —, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns for a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious — — —, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have danced with time-out-of-mind wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kerseymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss! Tom Corliss! thou has beaten the bush for everybody, but hast caught no bird for thyself!

And so—they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:—

"DEAR TOM—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that you would drink it? *Pour moi-meme*, I am married as you know, and my children sing "we are seven." I am very happy—very. My wife—(you knew her)—is a woman of education, and knows everything. I can't say but she knows too much. Her learning *does* pester me, now and then—I confess that I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that didn't read Greek. Farewell Tom. MARRY and be virtuous. Yours, HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a 'woman of talents.'"

Ha! ha! "happy—very happy!" Humbug, my dear Harry. Your wife is a blue, as virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts. So much for your crowing. We'll see another:—

"Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, fidgety bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blessed as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent (that's her fault by the way)—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree. She has no opinion but mine—no will of her own (except such as I give her, you understand)—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am happy as I can expect in this sad world. Marry, Tom, marry. 'The world must be peopled.'"

Thine ever,

FRED.

N. B. Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her 'simplicity.'"

I envy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnes, every one! Thou

wouldst give the whole bunch of their carryot heads for thy liberty again. Once more,—

"Tom, my lad! get married! 'Matrimony,' you know, 'is like Jeremiah's figs—the good are very good'"—(the rest of the quotation is inapt.) My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. (I wish she wasn't, by the way!) My house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing (my wife is, that is to say) every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say—but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing—but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years—if my wife settles down—as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well—marry! mind that.

Yours always,

G.

N. B. I wouldn't marry a beauty, if I were you, Tom."

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire:—

"MY SWEET TOM—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am—the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife (I took warning from Gourlay) is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, Heaven knows—(I wish she were a *trifle* prettier) but she's as good as Dorcas. Ah! how we walk and talk, *evenings*. (I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty, when I don't see her, you know, Tom.) And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Ah, Tom! marry and be blessed—as I am!

Yours truly,

PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least *pretty*, Tom."

The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain! And what might not mine have been, had I, too, been irreparably a husband!

Well I *am* an "old bachelor." I didn't think it though, till now. How hard it is to believe one's self past anything in this world! And is it *my* lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony,—with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering—is it *my* lot to be laid on the shelf, after all! Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore—to be pointed at by schoolboys as an "old bachelor"—(shocking title!) to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings—to be quizzed with solicitations for founding hospitals—to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs! The gods pity me!

But, not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part—to feed Heaven-knows-how-many mouths instead of one—to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter—to dine at another's hour and not my own—to adopt another's friendships and submit my own to her pleasure—to give up my nap after dinner for a romp with a child—to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel—to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humor my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palata. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man of family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then? What should I have then, which I cannot have now? Company at my table? I can have it when I like—and what is better, such as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will know like a hunger if they are not fed? *Must*

I love and be beloved? I think not. But this is the rub, if there be one.

I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.

THE LAME PIG.

Mrs. M'CRIE, Charles Matthews's old Scotch lady, was simplicity itself, and her heart overflowed with the warmest affections of human nature. Mr. Josiah Flowerdew, of Manchester, had occasion to visit Edinburgh, that free-stone village which Scotsmen call a metropolis, situated a mile or two from Leith, a seaport town on the river Forth. He had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. M'Crie, and was received by them with all the frank and courteous kindness of their disposition.

One Sunday, after having attended divine service in the doctor's church, he returned with his hospitable friends to their residence. A nice, hot, tasty, but frugal dinner, was quickly placed upon the table.

"Good folk hunger after the word," observed the old lady, putting a haddock of fourteen inches long, with an ocean of oysters and butter, on Josiah's plate; "and tak' a willy waught of that Malaga—it's gusty and priesome; our guld man was dry in the pulpit, and ye hae as guide right to be dry out of it—hem! Excuse me, doctor—Lord, sir, ye are filling your hands."

Mr. Josiah was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and could not, even when an aged and wrinkled face met his gaze, fail to remember, that once the same cheek was dyed with the hue of the rose, and the eyes cast a lustre which would have maddened an anchorite. He therefore, out of devotion to what was past, ate and drank as directed of what was present. After having in this fashion labored with a vigor and industry which would have done credit to an Irish laborer deepening the Thames, or a student of Stinkomalee etting at comprehending the last number of the Edinburgh Review, he was constrained, from absolute want of local capacity, to give over—"to cease labor, to dig and to delve," in a horrid brute, of the bird species, which must have been cousin-german to the penguins of the Falkland Islands.

"The tither leg, Mr. Josiah Powderjew?" said the doctor. "The tither leg, doctor! May I perish if one joint of the whole carcass has moved the flutter of a goat's wing," answered Josiah. "Ye are ower genty with the beast, Mr. Flowerdew," observed the old lady. "Doctor, mark ye that, and abuse nae man's gude name. Rive it, sir—rive it." "It is tough—it is, of a verity," said the doctor, as his eye-tooth snapped in a struggle with a tendon which would have held his majesty's yacht in a hurricane. "And tootsoome forbye," observed Mrs. M'Crie; "but it's wrang to sport we' a human creature's distresses. Na, na, Mr. Josiah, ye needna look sae wae like. Possession, nae doubt, is nine points of the law; but the rightful owner of that yellow stump is lang syne gathered to his forbears. Of a troth, it would be an awfu' moment gin he cam to vindicate his ain."

Mr. Flowerdew shuddered, and for reason than can very well be understood, agreed most heartily with his hostess. "But as I'm in the land of the living!" continued Mrs. M'Crie, "our taupy lass has a'thegether neglected the syllabub. There it stands, in the pride of its beauty, in the aumry. Surely I've been carried mysell. Doctor, whenever you gae by the hour and five minutes, I'm clean done for ony ma'ir use that day—I can mind naething." "Neither can I, Mrs. M'Crie," observed Mr. Josiah, innocently. "It's a blessing for you, Mr. Josiah," answered the old lady; "if I had minded a' I've heard, I would by this time have been demented." "Right, my dear," replied the doctor, "the female is the weaker vessel—a cracked pitcher, as a man may say, and in no way fit to be the repository of the wonders of airt and science." "And yet," retorted Mrs. M'Crie, somewhat piqued at the observation, "there are some airts, of the whilk ye are as ignorant as a dead dog—saving the compairishon." "And in what, may I be permitted to ask?" answered the doctor, with much solemnity. "In what? Ye see, Mr. Lourhew," he added, "I in naewise eschew

the inquiry." "Na, then, gudeman," exclaimed the old lady exultingly, "I hae you now on the hip—that is—God save us—excuse the expression, Mr. Josiah; we are plain folk." "Madam," answered Mr. Flowerdew, "make no apology. The recollections are delightful. I have many warm remembrances of the kind. But pray, madam, don't let us lose the advantage of knowing in what matter of lore you transcend the doctor. Pray be so condescending." "Nay, kind sir," said the old lady, "it's a joke of my own; but, as it is connected with that very syllabub that our lass has set before you, I shall ask the doctor again. Ye that ken the three wonderful things in the warid, yea, the four wonderful things and strange, how mak ye the syllabub?" "I tak the lass." "Whisht, doctor; gin ye begin that gate," interrupted the old lady, "I maun be the expounder of the text mysell. So ye see, Mr. Flowerdew"—

But before the secret is disclosed, we must inform our readers that there is a certain jug or pipkin of earthenware used in various culinary and detergent purposes in Scotland, called a "pig," and which, from the tenacious kind of earth (nam or loam) of which it is composed, goes by the distinctive name of a "lame pig;" a utensil of which, fifty years ago, to have been ignorant, would have been a confession of stultification as great as if you thought that the red sea was rubicund.

"So, sir," continued Mrs. M'Crie, "when I want to make a syllabub—it's grand for a cold, or a kitting in the throat"—

"Madam!—"

"Yes, it's nae doubt of healing virtues," observed the doctor—"medicinal in all matters, thoracical, if I may use the expression; and, Mr. Towerflew, it has the advantage of being divertive and jocund in the swallow. Sir, I hold in utter execration your sennas and giobars; the latter are, of a certy, an abomination before the Lord. I ance had a doos thereof—gin I live to the age of Methusalem, the day will be to me like yestreen: they took a good forty minutes to chow, my inside was curmurring like doos in a docket. It was most special unsavory, Mr. Sourspew."

"So," continued the old lady, after an impatient pause; "I send to the market and our Bell brings me a lame pig."

"But why a lame pig?"

"Why a lame pig, sir?—what way no? Sir, naething but a lame pig will answer the purpose!"

"I cry you mercy, good lady."

"So our Bell brings me a lame pig. I aye tell our lass (she has been wi' us these thirteen years, come Martinmas; she is the O* of her grandfather, as the doctor says, when he is facetious,) to pick me out a clean aye."

"Very right," said Mr. Josiah. "But I'm afraid you would have little choice in that respect."

"Ye are wrang, Mr. Cowersew," said the doctor, "they are aye weel washed outside and in."

"Oh, doctor, no joking; this is a serious matter."

"Na; there's no joking," observed the old lady. "They are weel scraped wi' a heather ringe."

"A what, madam?"

"A nivefu' o' heather; wi' the whilk you get even to the most extreme corner of the concern."

"No doubt, madam, if you are permitted."

"Permitted, Mr. Josiah! and gin I buy a pig, may I no do what I chuse wi' it? or wi' ony ither face of clay for which I gae ready cunzie? Ye have, sir, great character in England for cleanliness, and I am sure that Mrs. Flowerdew never has a pig in her aught but she washes it inside and out, as clean as the driven snaw."

"Nay in that," said Mr. Flowerdew, "I can assure you you are mistaken. Before the pigs reach us"—

"Weel, weel; ither folk do it, and that is the same thing. So, when Bell comes hame, I says, hand me down the can with the virgin honey, and I drap twa dessert spoonfuls into the pig's mouth"—

"Into its mouth, madam?"

"Ay, to be sure, sir; where would you have it put?—a pig's mouth was na gien to it for naething—or jelly will do as weel. Na, I've tried your large bergamot

* O signifies grandchild.

preserved pear; but whiles the pig's neck is no that wide to admit a pear of that size, and it's fashious squeezing it in."

"No doubt, madam, and dangerous."

"Yes, gin the neck break; but when ye mell and meddle wi' pigs, ye maun mind ye deal wi' slippery gear."

"Very true, madam!"

"Weel, then, our lass carries the pig to the cow, and there she gently milks a pint and a half of warm milk in upon the henny or jelly, or pear, as it may be."

"Into the pig, madam!"

"Ay, into the mouth o't. Surely that's nae kittle matter?"

"Now, madam, as I am an ordinary sinner, that is an operation that would puzzle all Lancashire. Into its mouth!"

"Weel, I'm astonished at you, sir: is there ony mystery or sorcery in Bell hauding a pig wi' the tae hand, and milking a cow with the tither?"

"I really, madam, in my innocence of heart, thought that the pig might have run!"

"Run o'er? Nae doubt; so wud it gin ye filled it o'er fu. So hame comes the pig!"

"Of itself, madam!"

"Sir! Lord, sir, you speak as if the pig could walk!"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, madam; I truly forgot the milk and jelly. It would be extraordinary if it could."

"Very, sir. So the lass brings me my lame pig."

"Ah, that's another reason. Weel, may I be drawn to a thread if I could divine why you preferred a lame pig!"

"Ye needna gang to Rome to learn that; a lame pig is aye fendiest. So I begin to steer and steer the milk and jelly."

"Steer and steer, madam!"

"Ay—mix a' weel up together."

"And may I entreat to know with what you stir it?"

"Wi' a spoon to be sure; ye wadna hae me do it wi' my fingers?"

"God forbid, madam! I would use, if heaven ever employed me in the manner you mention, a spoon with a most respectably long handle."

"It's better of length, certainly, sir. Naething can escape you, then! Weel, the next thing we do is this, to gently put the pig before the fire to simmer."

"To simmer!"

"Yes, sir, and there it stand or it reeks again. But you must not let it get o'er het: it would burn the milk."

"And the pig, too, madam."

"Oh! that's naething. We dinna fash ourselves wi' the pig. What were they made for?"

"Why, truly, madam, I thought, until this day, that I knew something of their history; but I find I have been woefully ignorant."

"We canna reach perfection at once, as our gude-man says (wha, by-the-bye, is and has been this half hour, as sound as a top.) And so, after the pig has simmered and simmered, ye in wi' the spoon again."

"Again, madam!"

"Ay, sir; ye wadna hae it all in a mess at the bottom?"

"Far from it, madam; as far as possible."

"So ye maun gie another stir or twa, until it sings."

"Sings, madam? And does the pig make no other noise during all this operation?"

"Scarce any other, gin it's a good pig; but all depends on that. I've seen a lame pig, that afore the heat had touched its sides a matter of five minutes, would have gone off in a crack."

"I don't wonder at that, in the least, madam."

"You would wonder, if your English pigs had half the value of the Scotch."

"Possibly, madam."

"Of a verity," continued Mrs. M'Crice, "there was a pig played me once a maist mischancy trick. Ye see, I expected a pairty of our presbytery to denner, and I had sent our Bell out for the maist capacious pig she could grip; and I had poured in the *quantum suff.*, as the mediciners say, of hot milk on the gooseberries (I was making a posset), and a' went weel; but when I thought it was done to a hair, out lap a het aizie; our

Bell (the bizzzy!) sprang to the tae side; the pig gaed the tither—a' was ruined."

"And the poor pig—what became of it?"

"Puir, indeed! It wasna worth the minding: its head was dunge in, and it gat a sma' fracture on the side; but as it was bonny in its color, and genty in its mak, Bell synded it out in clear water, then rubbed it up wi' a duster, and clapped it on the shelf in the kitchen, where it lies to this blessed day, in peace and quiet, as I may say. In my opinion, sir, the pig hadna been right made."

"Not right made, madam?"

"Not right made, sir. You look surprised. Think you ony body can make a pig?"

"Far from it, madam."

"It would sarely fash you and me, I'm jalousing, Mr. Josiah Flowerdew."

"Admitted, madam, admitted. But, my dear Mrs. M'Crice, I have just one other thing to ask. You have told me—(here Josiah gave a shudder)—how the milk and honey gets in. Now, madam, may I be allowed to ask how you get the syllabub out?"

"How we get it out? Lord, sir, you surprise me! Just the way we put it in. How would you get it out? Sure there's nae magic in that!"

"Nay, madam, I don't pretend to venture upon any speculations on the point. There are many reasons, no doubt, why the pig would easier let it out than in; and I am quite willing to prefer the mouth. But, after it is out, pray, madam, who eats the syllabub?—or, pray, madam, do you also eat the pig?"

"Ha, ha! Weel, that's gude. Lord, sir, the pig's as hard as a stane!"

"Ged, madam, you are right; I had forgot the frying. But as to the milk and jelly, or the bergamot pear, after the pig's, for whose intestines are they devoted?"

"Sir?"

"Pray, madam, who devours that?" pointing with his finger to the horrid potion before him.

"You, sir, if you will do me that honor."

"Me, madam! Me! Good night, madam. Pray don't waken the doctor. I am particularly engaged. Nay, madam, not a morsel—(I would as soon bolt a barbecued toad, or mouth a curried hedge-hog)—I do entreat you to keep it for the next presbytery. If they resemble our clergy in the south, they are more familiar with pigs than I am. Weel, well!" Mr. Flowerdew was heard to exclaim, as he, in a manner, tumbled down, in his haste, from top to the bottom of the stair, "I have often heard that the Scotch were dirty; but, by all the stripes in a yard of gingham, they were born barbarians!"

"Mr. Dourstew!" exclaimed the doctor, awakening. "Where are you? Here's my wife with the syllabub. Where are you, Mr. Moorakew?"

"I'm off!" answered Mr. Josiah; and it is said by his friends, that during a long life of some seventy years, no persuasion could induce him ever again to visit Edinburgh. "The lame pig," he would mutter to himself, "The jelly and hot milk! Heaven save me from such a calamity!"

MERRY TERRY.

OR AN OLD REEFER'S YARN.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"COME, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before a sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar and their abundance of sea-phrases. He was master's mate of the gun-deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished: the greg had been served; the bull stowed away in the spirit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master.

It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle cheat, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:

Merriville Terry, or as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middles that I ever saw. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said anything to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff, that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favor him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and, blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or a close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your buckets, and your bow ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasquet; but up he sprang, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earing, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to stern, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him you may be sure, for I don't believe Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or so much as gave him a cross word, in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rusties, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was skylarking or quarrelling, or doing anything ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and drop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him: I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the stern boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they were almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the stern, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't believe that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will, as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

The day Merry first came aboard our craft is as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday, and a snug, trim-built little fellow he was, too, as ever broke a biscuit, or went coxswain of a captain's gig. He was then about as old as Rosy Willy here, and much such another; only he was taunter built, and broader in the bows, and carried sail more man-of-war fashion. His eye was as blue as the sea in the tropics, and as bright as the tropic sea sometimes is at night, when it seems all on fire. His head was covered with dark hair, that lay as thick and close as the nap on this monkey-jacket; and his skin was so white and soft, that it always seemed a pity when I saw him standing his watch in the heat of the sun, and his plump little cheeks looking as red as if the blood was going to start right through them. However, he didn't mind it the value of a scupper nail, and I don't know but it did him good, for he grew handsomer as he got a little tanned, and seemed never happier than when he was on duty. He was a little green at first, of course, but there was no such thing as getting the weather-gage of Merry, for as sure as an old reefer tried to run a rig on him, he would just cock up his bright blue eye, and see what the other was up to in the turn of a glass.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New York, the most of the middles got their walking-papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his home. Merry's connections, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-bye. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tom-cat the only living-souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of the dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up, we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my buckets, spinning street-yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own namesake, old Jack Adams; she was lying in Hampton-roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation-ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gang-way-till to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favorite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-stern, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skip-

per. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all sorts of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefers went that Merry had come athwart captain's hawse in some love affair: but whether that was so or not was mere dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on in this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to gallant masts struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself in a full rig of citizen's toggs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gigs, and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway he gave a peculiar kind of look at Merry—something like what a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay—and then turning round to the first luff, he said, "Remember, Mr. Orlop, that you are under sailing orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence." As he spoke this he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done anything they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation a shore-boat came alongside, the waterman in which handed a note up to the midly that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately, pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the file-rail, and looking at the superscription discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and tearing it open, rapidly devoured the contents; then rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer's delay, it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffrel, and in a voice that seemed to come from the cable-tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said, "Mr. Orlop, I must go ashore to-night." "You cannot, Mr. Terry, you heard the captain's orders." "Damn the captain!" (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.) "Mr. Terry, you forget yourself!" answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. "If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty." "I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself, "but I am half-distracted. If you will lend me your ear, sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr. Orlop was one of that class of officers who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body on board, had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to use unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast toward the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsoever, for nothing was heard but a low, humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr. Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear. "Enough, Mr. Terry, enough!" cried he. "You shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honor, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion ladder, Mr. Orlop, at the same moment, calling out to me—"Mr. Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time his foot was on the top step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again: "Boatswain's mate!" "Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl. "Call out the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles. Captain of the fo'castle, there!" "Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice. "Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard;—Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!" "Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought to at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Mr. Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favorite by moving lively, shoved off and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal. "Mr. Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honor that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!" "Upon my honor," answered Merry, laying his hand upon his heart; then turning quickly to the men, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way, too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the tail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of, all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen who had got up to send off,

about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say what the devil's all this? At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest. "Damn my chain-plates," said he, "only hark how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flapping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr. Terry's runnin' amongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea-legs wasn't use to such business, and he went heaving and pitching a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the mean time, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove to, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen a spot, it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height, and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the intermediate space. Behind one of these trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly laboring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road-side, and seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye perceiving this favorable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching suc-

"Help! for heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!" cried a female, in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavoring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add any more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choked with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fasten-

ings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Seducer!—scoundrel!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's work!"

"Mr. Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court-martial!"—and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest every fibre received tenfold vigor from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an over-match for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The clear, round moon shone down on the occurrence with a silvery brightness, which, while it made every feature of the scene perfectly visible, yet imparted to the pallid faces, glaring eye-balls, and quivering lips of the combatants a more ghastly and terrible expression, than they derived from their own wild passions. The captain (for it's useless to tell you that it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion he had bitten his lip nearly in twain, and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave great additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered toward him across the road. A sudden movement of the two combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville toward the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed toward her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarce audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill, were soon lost to sight. Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look: their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly toward his guilty commander. The motion seemed to

have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and with both hands, seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, widely distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him: he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with his features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr. Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies, locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.

Just as Jack Palmer arrived at this part of his yarn, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks, and the bustle incident to that piece of duty put an abrupt end to his story.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
The self-same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY THE LATE WINTHROP BACKWORTH FRANK.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to Life's cloudless air,
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding:
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing:
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mein, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptur'd gazer trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other—
But matron cares, or lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, steeled look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the rosette glow,
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper.
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries portray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever!
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender-hearted,—
And, when I mused on later days,
As mov'd she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty,—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

STANZAS.

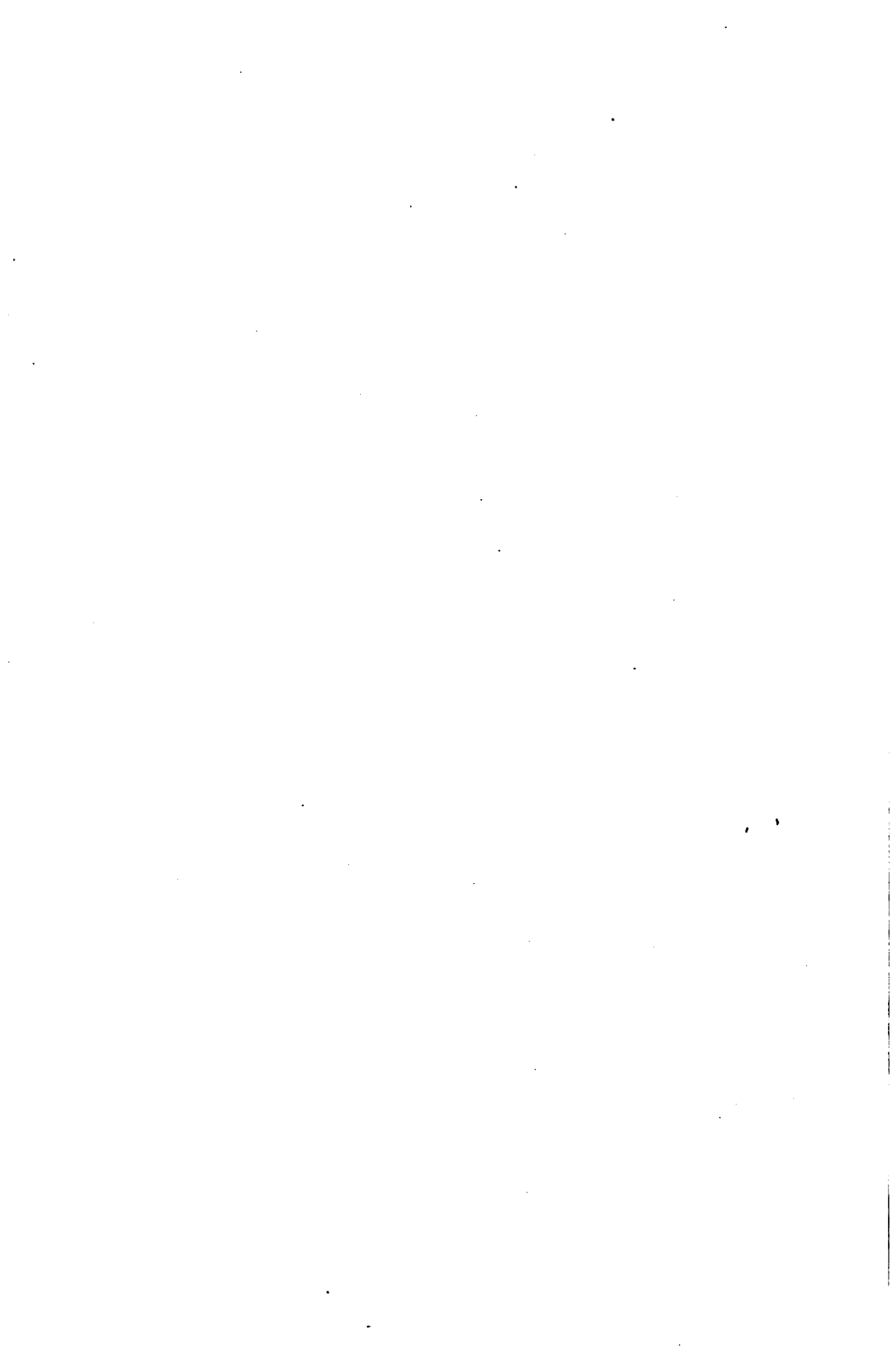
BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I.

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and arch above;
And though in many a midnight dream
Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that thou couldst be
More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful
Which I must teach me to forget,
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities that linger yet.
A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes and sunny hours;
While I—too well I know, will be
Not-even a midnight dream to thee.





Engraved by T. Cattermole expressly for the Bazaar

Pyramid of Gizeh, Cairo at Night

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.



T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

PROTESTANT BURIAL GROUND AT ROME.

THERE is something extremely picturesque in the pyramid of Caius Cestus, the best preserved monument at Rome, and the most splendid piece of ancient sepulchral building there. It is to the ostentation of one individual that we owe this magnificent relic of antiquity. "A stranger among strangers, it has stood there till the language around it has changed." The idea of eternity is attached to the form of a pyramid, and, although the wild plants have taken root and flourish among the enormous stones of that of Caius Cestus, it does not appear that its beauty has yet suffered any injury. It has a character of impressive grandeur that is very striking. Built of marble, it is more than one hundred feet high; and though time has changed its color to grey, yet, as that grey outline is marked against the bright blue sky, and gay-colored flowers hang in festoons from its crevices, it is a thousand times more beautiful in the eye of the painter and the poet, than it could ever have been in its former state of magnificence. The ruin adjoins the walls of Rome. The emperor Aurelian, fearful that the pyramid might serve as a fortress for attacking the city, caused it to be enclosed in the ancient walls, which still exist as the walls of modern Rome. At the base of the pyramid stand two marble columns, which were found under ground, and which have been set up again by one of the popes; and before the pyramid lay the Prati del Popolo Romano, now meadows covered with verdure and wild flowers, and having here and there a large tree growing in unrestrained beauty.

Little is known of Caius Cestus, who reared this magnificent temple for himself, but that he was contemporary with Cæsar and Augustus, and held a sacred office. He is known but by this monument, which commemorates his death. Death had not for the ancients the terrors it has for us: neither awful nor revolting was that which ended in dust and ashes. Their tombs were sedulously placed near the most thronged public ways; and any one who has descended into them, particularly at Pompeii, cannot think that they suggest gloomy or awful thoughts in the association of ideas. That the moderns die in hope or in fear, in horror or in woe, is clearly marked by our tombs; that the ancients died, like heathen or animals, without these feelings, is almost to be seen or felt in viewing their sepulchres.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening, about twenty years ago, that I went to see this monument of Caius Cestus. I lingered long about the ruined walls of the city. The verdure of the surrounding meadows and of the fine trees formed a contrast in color with the sombre ruins, as the long shadows of evening fell, and the soft blue sky was streaked with the vivid tints of an Italian sunset. A flock of gongs and sheep were grazing under the stately trees, and the shepherd and his large dog at his feet were peacefully seated near: a look of tranquillity and repose not to be described hung over every object around. I inquired the meaning of some huge stones that were rudely placed near the trees where the sheep were grazing; and was answered, "There the Protestants who die in Rome are interred." On examining them, I found some tombstones for Prussians and Germans, and a few for Englishmen, who had died at Rome, having probably during the war come to Italy in search of that health which their own climate denied them. The names, rudely inscribed on the stones, were half effaced, and the whole had an air of studied neglect, so as to render them as little conspicuous as possible; for Europe had not been long at peace at that time, and Protestant and heathen were then synonymous terms. There

was something in these neglected graves, in these rudely-carved stones, in these half-effaced inscriptions, in the tranquil look of the scenery, that forcibly brought to my mind those beautiful lines of Pope's, perhaps the most beautiful he ever wrote:

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.

Under what privations and miseries did not these foreigners end their days—far from friends and the comforts of home! And there was a humility in these stones which strongly contrasted with the magnificence of the monument near, and struck me as a type of that Protestant religion in which they had died.

I sat down on the broken, ruined wall, and mused on various matters connected with our latter end and with the scene before me. The hum of insects and the peaceful tinkling of the sheep bell were the only sounds that broke in upon the profound seclusion and retirement of the spot. I had been lately in Switzerland; and that spot in the island of St. Pierre where Rousseau had found repose for his excited mind, and where Lord Camelford had expressed a wish to be interred, (a wish and will, by the by, that have not been regarded), had laid hold of my imagination—a spot where the sun shines brightly, and where no sounds are, save those of the birds singing in the woods, and the rippling of the gentle waters of the lake—and then I thought of England, and of those horrible vaults in which our mortal remains are consigned to oblivion.

All this passed through my mind, and a great deal beside. From these reflections I was roused by the bells of the churches of Rome, which, as the evening fell suddenly, as it does in a southern climate, burst forth at Ave Maria, "and the sound of the bells in the distance seemed to pity and bewail the day that is lost and past." The result of my musings was a strong wish to be interred under the trees near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, if I should die abroad—a wish I never ceased referring to, in illness or in health.

It is seldom that, on any subject, trifling or serious, the same opinion lasts unchanged during sixteen years; so much passes in sixteen years of early life, that changes opinions and feelings. We are forced to feel so deeply for ourselves or for others during those years, when we *live a whole life*, that our reason gets the better of our fancy, or our *insouciance* of both reason and fancy.

Being at Rome in the summer of 1832, I again visited the spot that had so powerfully laid hold of my imagination in my younger years. I found it totally altered. The English had become a colony at Rome; and, out of the crowds who had come thither, some in pursuit of health, some of pleasure, and some of forgetfulness, many had found a grave under her ancient walls. Pope Pius VII. and his minister, Cardinal Consalvi, being both partial to the English nation, and full of gratitude to the king and government, had granted permission for two enclosures to be made, so as to form a proper Christian burial-ground for Protestants. These walls had in some degree spoiled the picturesque beauty of the place, which was now divided into a higher and lower burial-ground; the lower ground being the spot where the first tombs were situated in front of the pyramid of Caius Cestus; the upper on a sloping hill, near and immediately under the massy walls of ancient Rome. Both are exceedingly interesting, independently of their picturesque beauty.

To begin with the lower burial-ground: It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and close under the

trees. Cypressess and stone-pines have been planted there, and they are now of great size and beauty; while the aloe and the rose grow close round the graves. Some of the tombs are highly interesting. The largest monument is to the memory of the lady of Sir Grenville Temple; near it is the tomb of Keats, the poet, with this inscription:

This grave contains
all
that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who
on his death-bed
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired these
words to be engraved on his tombstone:
"Here lies one
whose name was writ in water."
February 24, 1821.

Keats was a true poet in character and disposition; he was composed of most "penetrable stuff," and had a painful susceptibility to the judgments of others. He came to Rome in a consumption, attended by a friend, a young artist: it is supposed that his death was hastened by certain literary criticisms on his poems, that preyed upon his mind. He died at the age of twenty-four. Shelley wrote an elegy upon his friend Keats, some of the stanzas of which are most beautiful, and describe the spot where Keats lies interred. Very near that spot a child of Shelley's is buried, and there were Shelley's verses written on the death of his favorite boy, at Rome, in June, 1819:

My lost William—thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and died,
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb:
And beneath this pyramid
Thou art not—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild;
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion.

The higher burial-ground is in a sloping direction from the ruined wall of ancient Rome; walls now decorated for the stranger's remains with roses, the leaves of which fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the enclosure, gates wide enough to admit a funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to these walls; the walk is between rows of aloes and rose-trees, and rosemary hedges. The tombs at present occupy only the highest part of the enclosure, and several of the graves are dressed out with little edges of violets and low-growing flowers, or white roses; and some are entirely neglected, undecked, and unheeded. Many of the graves evince the care of friends, in the way that the flowers are placed and cultivated. From the high ground is a lovely view of Rome, with the dome of St Peter's and the cypresses of the Villa Millini on the horizon. Between this rich outline distance and the burial-ground, lie verdant meadows, and the large trees, which I had viewed with admiration many years before. Here are buried several artists and learned men of various nations, and here lie the ashes of Shelley, under a plain flat stone, having the following inscription:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Cor Cordium
Natus iv. Aug. MDCCLXXI.
Obiit viii. Jul. MDCCCXXXII.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

This unfortunate man of genius was bitterly sensible before he died, of the mischievous tendency of some of the opinions he had maintained, which drew

upon him so much indignation, reproach, and contumely; for he confessed with tears that he well knew he had been always in the wrong. He had desired in his will to be interred in this burial-ground, near the grave of his child, "a spot so beautiful," he used to say, "that it might make one in love with death." The sea had ever been to him a delight, but he seems, from the following lines, to have anticipated that it might prove his grave:

To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, with dark and deepening mass
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns, the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.

And in those beautiful verses to Time, beginning "Unfathomable Sea," there is a strength of feeling quite awful, when we think of the manner in which Shelley ended his brief life. He passed much of his time in his boat on the gulfs of La Spezia and Lerici, or in the rocky caves on their shores; and in one of those caves he composed by moonlight his last production, "*The Triumph of Life*." He perished in his 30th year, from the upsetting of his boat in a storm. It was some days after the loss of the vessel before his body was found, or that of his friend, Mr. Williams, who perished with him; and then they were not in a state to be removed for interment, the one to England, the other to Rome, according to the known wishes of the deceased. The corpses were directed to be burnt, and Lord Byron, who was both executor and friend, was present.

The duty must have been an awful and a trying one to those on whom it fell, according to the account of Leigh Hunt, who was one of the party. It was in July, 1822, the heat intense, and the spot chosen was a wild place upon the beautiful coast between La Spezia and Leghorn. It was a large tract of wood, stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze, behind which rose the Apennines.

Aromatic spices and various promoters of fire were laid upon the wood on which the bodies were burned; and the extraordinary beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was noticed afar off. Its wild and awful light struggled with the wind—at last wasted, faded, and all was over.

Not far from Shelley's tomb is an upright square monument of white marble, without any inscription as yet, but executed by Westmacott with great taste and feeling. On one side is a bass-relievo, representing a female figure rising from the waves, and ascending with folded arms to that heaven and eternity, to which an angel is pointing. On the reverse of the monument are emblems of eternity, and the figure of a Genius holding a lighted torch. This monument is to the memory of the beautiful Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber.

Near the left wall is a monument to Lord Barrington, and a tombstone to the infant child of Mr. William Lambton.

Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne
Of innocence and purity in Heaven!

Near this end of the burial-ground are many tombs of Prussians, of Germans and Swiss, several of whom were artists. Among the English is that of Harris, the architect. There, too, is buried Bertoldi, the Prussian diplomatist, the wit, and the epicure, whose bon-mots used to animate a whole society.

Near his grave is a flat tomb-stone, around which the grass grows, and the inscription on which is barely legible. With difficulty you can make out the name of Sir William Drummond, who died at Rome some years ago, at the age of fifty-nine. God rest his soul.

At some distance, is an upright monument of the purest white marble, a piece of sculpture of great simplicity and taste. It is the tomb of Miss Little. The urn which surmounts it is beautifully chiselled, and upon it, in basso-relievo, is the name of GEORGIA. There is something both in the monument itself, and in the inscription, that is very interesting.

In the upper part of the line of tombs is a large stone monument, erected to one much lamented.

Sacred to the memory of

LADY CHARLOTTE ALBINA STOPFORD,

Wife of James Thomas, Viscount Stopford, who departed this

Life on the 29th day of February, 1823, in the

29th year of her age.

But God hath delivered my soul from the place of hell; for he shall rescue me.—PSALMS XLIX.

This verse from the Psalms, inscribed on her monument, Lady Stopford was continually repeating during her last illness.

Not far off is a tombstone to the memory of Charles Dudley Ryder, the son of the Bishop of Litchfield, a midshipman on board Captain Robert Spencer's ship, the *Naiad*, who was drowned with five of her crew at the mouth of the river, 28th May, 1825.

I passed many hours of a beautiful summer day looking at the tombs, and then sat down upon part of the ancient ruined wall close to Shelley's tombstone. What a scene for reflection—past, present, and to come!

Close by were the gates of the greatest city of ancient times, and near were its finest monuments; and before me, in the distance, the dome of St. Peter's, and that beautiful and graceful outline of ruins and of more modern buildings, beautiful as Rome only can show. At my feet were the graves of many whom I had known, of wits and scoffers, of the learned, the beautiful, and the gay—all gone to answer for their follies, and for those very sins which caused them in this world to be sought, followed, and worshipped! All was a warning—the dead at our feet—the ruins within view—death in every flower! All was a warning. Here were youth and beauty cut off in their gayest career, without a little moment for reflection: and manhood's prime, and talent, and genius misemployed, and age and infancy, both helpless alike! Here were graves newly dug, flowers newly planted, but already withered.

And yet there was nothing terrific or horrible in all this. On the contrary, there was a tranquillity, a serene repose, that accord with our feelings of eternal rest and eternal forgiveness. Here all was serenely sublime—the dissolution of the body and the flight of the soul had as little of the horrible about them as could well be; and the rays of the sun fell like the rays of divine mercy upon tombs surrounded with flowers. Twilight came on, and while I sat musing on a tombstone, a distant chant was heard in the direction of *S. Paolo fuori della mura*. It was a dirge for the dead, and a funeral procession passed near enough for me to see the light of the torches flashing through the branches of the trees. The chant was low-toned, solemn, slow, feebly sung by the old monks. A moment passed, and the sounds died away. I rose, and followed the procession.

THE SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE.

Our tale commences upon one of those delicious evenings when the splendor of an Italian sunset, and the beauties of an Italian sky, seem purposely adapted by nature to imbue with tenderness and joy the hearts of those lovers who seek the shady groves, or wander on the banks of the Arno, to breathe in each other's ears renewed vows of affection and fidelity. The balmy breeze was laden with the perfume of sweet flowers, the feathered choristers of the woods were closing their daily harmony with a few plaintive and touching notes of melody; and already were the lamps bright and numerous in many of the gay casinos which adorned the vale of Arno. The towers and spires of the city of Florence were for a moment gilded with the departing rays of the setting sun; the mighty dome, which at that period adorned the ducal palace, shone as if it were covered with a sheet of the most precious of metals; and then a soft and delicious twilight succeeded the evanescent effulgence of that splendid sunset.

The period to which we allude was the middle of the sixteenth century; and on the evening in question, and at about the hour of sunset, two forms might have been distinguished in a secluded spot on the banks of

Arno. They walked slowly up and down the place, which they had evidently selected as one of *rendezvous*; and, from the melancholy which pervaded their countenances, and the earnestness of their conversation, an imaginative mind might gather all their history of hopeless and unchangeable love—of passion which some stern command or unkind fate refused to render happy—of vows which were probably never to be fulfilled—and of promises which young hearts so long, so tenaciously and so faithfully cling to.

By what we have ere now said, the reader will have no difficulty in perceiving that the individuals to whom we have partially introduced him were a lover and his fond mistress—a youth and a beautiful girl, on both of whom nature had been prodigal in the distribution of her embellishments. The former was tall and handsome, with a countenance cast in a Grecian mould, and had a slender though sinewy form, which the vesture of the age set off to peculiar advantage. His companion was nearly as tall as he; and her graceful figure, with her long robe dragging upon the ground, resembled the Madonnas whom the artists of those times loved to trace upon their canvases. Her large black eyes were suffused in tears—her vermilion lips, apart, disclosed a set of the whitest teeth—and her scarf falling from her shoulders, revealed short glimpses of a bust of which the low corsage then in fashion could not conceal the snowy beauties.

"Wherefore do you distress yourself, Leonora?" said the youth, in a soothing tone of voice. "Destiny cannot have so sad a fate in store for us."

"Oh, Manuel!" exclaimed the weeping girl; "my father is inflexible; and, as he himself declared, the laws of the Persians and the Medes were not more unalterable than his will. The marquis of Applani is rich and powerful; he is the favorite of the grand duke—and through his influence my father hopes to re-establish his fallen fortunes."

"True—alas! it is too true, Leonora," said the young man, striking his forehead with his hand. "Applani is wealthy and great—and I a poor sculptor and artist, without a name—a wretch whose daily toils are scarcely sufficient to procure him his daily bread! Oh! Leonora—Leonora!"

"Do not give way to despair, Manuel."

"And yet you dare not bid me hope, Leonora!"

There was a bitterness of woe in the words of each which went to the hearts of the disconsolate lovers.

"And yet," said Manuel, hastily, and after a long pause—"and yet I have one chance of acquiring fortune, fame, and the consent of your sire, Leonora; but it is madness—it is childish to entertain so ambitious a design."

"Speak! speak!" cried Leonora, a ray of hope animating her pale countenance. "Speak: in situations like ours, I could fain see flowers of hope growing on the verge of impossibility itself."

"Leonora," said the youth, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice, "in ten days the exhibition of the prize statues takes place. The grand duke awards a laurel crown, a princely fortune and a title to him who produces the best statue of St. Cecilia. Michael Angelo, the pride of Italy, and the wonder of the whole world—Michael Angelo is the judge; and he is as impartial as he is just in his perception of real merit."

"All this I know, Manuel," cried Leonora, somewhat impatiently. "But what reference has it to our position? You are aware that my father has fixed the wedding to take place on the day succeeding the one which marks the election of the happy artist who shall please the great Michael Angelo by his talent and his labor."

"I know that you will laugh at me, Leonora—that you will fancy my words to be the ravings of an idiot, or a conceited fool," continued Manuel, impetuously; "but all may not be so vain and futile as you think. I have prepared my statue also; I have worked night and day for months past."

"Hence those hollow eyes—that pale countenance!" interrupted Leonora, gazing tenderly at her lover.

"Ah! I have toiled as never yet man toiled," proceeded the enthusiastic youth; "and my work is complete, save the arm which supports the lyre. Three strokes of the chisel and it is finished! And my St.

Cecilia is the counterpart of my Leonora; else had not the statue stood the slightest chance of success!"

"Manuel, you have not been guilty of this imprudence?" said Leonora, in a melancholy tone of voice, which went like a dagger to the heart of her lover.

"Oh! it is too true," returned the sculptor, after a moment's pause. "But do not laugh at my folly. I cling to that statue, not as an artist—Oh! no—as a lover. The Greeks concealed the most sublime truths in their fables; that of Pygmalion is my history. When I am with my statue I am not alone; and now that it is almost complete—now that it has the appearance of a lovely living object, I tremble before it as before you. It seems to me that the statue palpitates as I approach it; and then I kneel to it; and I imagine that sweet music issues from its lyre. Oh! that statue is now my only hope and joy!"

Leonora threw herself into the arms of her lover, and wept bitterly. Her voice was lost in sobs; he kissed her chaste forehead, besought her to be calm, and when she had again recovered her presence of mind, he resumed his discourse.

"When the grand duke had filled all Italy with the news of his proclamation relative to the intended competition, of which Michael Angelo was invited to be the judge and arbiter, a sudden idea struck me that I would hew from a shapeless block of marble the image of the most faultless of God's creatures. And I have succeeded, Leonora; and oh! I know not what urges me thus to hope; but I feel that if my statue be exhibited on the day appointed, the prize will be awarded to him who sculptured it."

The hope that thus illuminated the mind of the enthusiastic Manuel, speedily communicated its invigorating influence to the bosom of his Leonora; and she smiled through her tears at her lover, as she poured forth her sanguine anticipations and heartfelt wishes that the laurel crown should encircle his brow.

"And, oh!" said the beautiful girl, as she leaned upon the arm of Manuel, "how dear in after life will be this spot to us both. It was here," she continued, in a mo; playful tone, "that we first met, Manuel—here that you first told me that you loved me—here that you: first statue of the Virgin was placed, for pilgrims to kneel to—and here that you first disclosed the existence of your St. Cecilia."

Scarcely had Leonora ceased speaking, when the lovers drew near to a remarkable image of the mother of our Saviour, which ornamented the spot. It had been placed there agreeably to the will of a miser, who had died a few years previously; and the moderate pecuniary tender of Manuel to the executors of the bequest had procured for him the sculpture of that monument of a miser's penitence and charity in the hour of death. The lovers drew near the statue, and gazed upon it in silence.

"The hand that moulded this form will one day produce works which shall be the glory of Italy," said a solemn voice; and in a moment an old man, whom the shades of evening had hitherto concealed from the view of the lovers, stood before them; but even in the dubious light of that hour, they could not fail to mark his keen dark eyes, his venerable grey hair, and his modest attire, which gave him the appearance of a patriarch-shepherd of the olden time.

"And yet so splendid a production is suffered to remain in the public road," continued the old man, surveying the outlines of the statue as he spoke. "I examined it this morning, when it was light, and it is faultless."

"You are then a judge in these matters, old man," said Manuel, hastily.

"A little," returned the venerable stranger, carelessly. "I once made them my study."

"And do you attach much importance to a work which scarcely occupied the sculptor a month to complete?" resumed Manuel.

"Even in a rough design the germinations of great talent may be discernible was the reply. "But how know you that only a month—"

"Because it is the poor fruit of my toil," said Manuel, anticipating the stranger's question.

"Ah! this is a strange coincidence, then," observed the old man; and with a chuckling laugh, he added,

"But may I be informed if you have prepared a St. Cecilia for the election that is to take place a week or ten days hence?"

"What artist in Florence has not?" demanded Manuel, impatiently; for there was something in the manner of his interrogator that he liked not. He accordingly bade the inquisitive stranger farewell, and having conducted the beautiful Leonora to the gate of her father's casino, he hastened back to the modest apartments which he occupied in a humble dwelling situated in one of the most obscure streets of the city of Florence.

Manuel was met at the door of his apartments by a laughing, fair-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent youth, of sixteen, who ran to him and embraced him fervently, crying at the same time, "Good news, dear brother Manuel; we have gold enough now for many days!" and he displayed a well-filled purse as he repeated his ejaculations.

"Whence came that money, Stephano?" demanded Manuel.

"From the sale of the statue of St. Peter you gave me to take to Solomon the Jew, this morning," was the immediate reply.

"And Solomon gave you thirty ducats?" said Manuel, in a tone of unaffected surprise.

"No, no—not he!" answered Stephano, with an arch smile. "But I will not keep you in suspense, dear Manuel; I was hastening to old Solomon's shop, with the little statue in my hands; when, as I passed the grand exhibition hall, I just stepped in to see the statues that are already sent thither. An old man dressed like a countryman, with white hair—"

"And a cap without a plume?" said Manuel, hastily.

"Exactly," replied Stephano. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him this evening," said Manuel. "Proceed!"

"Well, this identical old man, then, was busily examining the statues with a most critical eye, and peering at each as if he were the best judge of all their respective merits in Christendom, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'What a splendid production!' I turned round, and saw that he was gazing at your little statue of St. Peter, which I held in my hands. 'Is that yours, young man?' said he. I replied that it was my brother's; he asked your name and place of residence, and I could not help telling him the truth. 'Manuel Ascanio?' cried he, repeating the name several times. 'What! he who was employed to sculpture the statue of the Madonna on the banks of the Arno? I only arrived here yesterday,' continued he, 'and I have already heard much about it.' I replied in the affirmative. He asked me to sell him the little statue I had with me; and when he offered me that purse, containing thirty ducats, for it, I was only too glad to make him close the bargain. Old Solomon would not have given us more than six ducats at the outside."

"This is a fortunate presage," said Manuel, "and argues well for the St. Cecilia."

"O my dear brother," cried Stephano, "I am so rejoiced that I have at last met some one who knows how to appreciate your works! I feel certain that you will succeed at the approaching exhibition."

"To supper and to bed, Stephano," exclaimed Manuel, without noticing his brother's observations. "I must arise betimes to visit the gallery and inspect the statues of my rivals. My own performance shall not be placed there before the grand day of trial."

Manuel slept soundly that night, for hope beat high in his breast; and in his dreams he saw Leonora smiling upon him. He fancied that all obstacles would be speedily removed, and that he should shortly lead the beautiful girl to the altar, where his most sanguine anticipations were to be fulfilled. But when he awoke in the morning, he recollected that he had still the marquis of Applani as his rival; and he hastened to the gallery where the exhibition was to take place, to distract his mind for an hour or two from dwelling upon aught that was disagreeable to him.

Manuel had not left his modest dwelling half an hour when a loud knock summoned Stephano to the door; and in the visitor, who walked unceremoniously into the front room, the youth recognized the old man who

had purchased the statue of St. Peter of him the day before. Stephano accordingly received him with all possible politeness, and desired him to be seated.

"Good morning," said the old man, sinking into a chair. "Is your brother within?"

"He is gone to inspect the statues," was the answer, delivered in a respectful tone.

"Perhaps he intends to send one himself to the exhibition?" continued the stranger.

Stephano nodded an affirmative in a certain mysterious and arch manner, which implied that the matter was more than half a secret.

"I must see it," said the old man, abruptly.

"Impossible!" cried Stephano. "My brother has given me the most positive orders never to admit any one into his private studio."

"Did I not proffer you a good price for your little statue yesterday?" demanded the old man.

"For you did, and I thank you," answered Stephano; "for never was money more welcome. We had not an obole in the house."

"And in case your brother's statue does not obtain the prize," continued the stranger, "which is very probable, especially as some of the first artists have forwarded their works to the exhibition—what would become of St. Cecilia then?"

Stephano's countenance became suddenly clouded, as he calculated the chances and consequences of his brother's failure. The stranger saw the advantage he had gained, and hastened to follow it up.

"In case your brother's statue should be rejected," said the old man, "I will purchase it."

"You!" exclaimed Stephano, starting from his seat.

"Yes—I!" calmly rejoined the stranger. "Although an humble individual, I fancy that I have some taste and discrimination in the fine arts; and I pledge myself to purchase the statue if it be rejected at the exhibition."

Stephano did not hesitate another moment.

"Follow me, then," said the youth; and he led the way to an inner apartment, in which the statue of St. Cecilia was standing upon its pedestal. That was the room in which Manuel had toiled "as never before man had toiled"—in which he had devoted hours and days to the contemplation only of his magnificent work—in which a faithful lover had hewn from a shapeless block of marble an all but speaking counterpart of her he adored—in which he had reiterated in private all the vows and protestations he had ever made to Leonora during their evening walks. That was the room, in fine, where had been passed some of the most felicitous as well as some of the most wretched hours of Manuel's life! And that room contained the statue on which rested all his hopes—the symmetrical, the beautiful statue, which was full of life, and meaning, and love, and tenderness to him—the statue which, although bearing the name of the patroness of music, might immortalize the transcendent beauties of her whom he loved so sincerely and so well.

"This is the statue!" said Stephano.

"A master-piece!" exclaimed the old man.

Stephano clapped his hands together with delight.

"It is no wonder that your brother kept this delicious image concealed from every eye!" cried the old man, with a smile of the most unfeigned rapture. "The very air—the very breath of mortals would almost seem to be capable of spoiling that fragile marble, and tainting that most exquisite flower of beauty—ah!" And the old man started as if he were suddenly bitten by a venomous reptile.

"Is anything the matter! Are you ill?" inquired Stephano, anxiously gazing upon the changed countenance of the stranger.

"No, boy, no," said the old man, in an agitated tone of voice. "But there is fault—a grievous fault—or rather negligence in that statue. The arm which supports the lyre is incomplete."

"A fault! Oh no!" cried Stephano, "it cannot be!"

"A fault, I say," cried the stranger. "Three strokes of the chisel—three blows of the hammer, and that statue is complete."

And as he uttered these words, the old man seized

the chisel and a hammer which lay upon the table near him, and approached the statue.

"Consider, signor! what are you about?" cried Stephano, rushing forward, and catching the stranger by the skirt of his doublet.

"Boy, did I not say I would purchase the statue if it failed to please at the exhibition?" said the old man, calmly pushing Stephano aside. "I will forfeit a thousand ducats if I should spoil it;" and he advanced toward the statue.

"And my brother!" cried Stephano.

"He will rejoice at what I'm about to do," was the reply.

Stephano urged no further objection, but stood trembling in the middle of the room, while the old man slowly and cautiously applied the chisel three times to the defective part of the statue, and then surveyed his work with admiration and delight. At that moment a knock was heard at the door. Stephano recognized his brother's signal, hurried the stranger into the front room, closed the studio, and hastened to admit Manuel, who started when he recognized in his visitor the individual he had spoken to the evening before on the banks of the Arno, at the statue of the Madonna.

"This is the gentleman who purchased the statue of St. Peter," said Stephano, presenting the stranger to his brother. "He has called to ascertain if you intend to exhibit a specimen of your abilities."

"Oh, no!" cried Manuel, in a sorrowful tone of voice; "I have just now inspected the statues already placed in the gallery, and see so much perfection there, that I dare not expose myself to the certainty of defeat and consequent disgrace."

"Be not discouraged, young man," exclaimed the stranger. "I am not vain, but I flatter myself that I am able to discern merit where it exists; and by the specimens of your capabilities I have already seen—the Madonna and the St. Peter—I augur well in your favor."

The old man waited not for a reply; but having wished the brothers a hasty "good morning," he abruptly withdrew.

Be not discouraged, dear brother," said Stephano, when the visitor had departed. "That individual is apparently a judge, and his opinion must not be lightly valued."

"Oh, Stephano! I have this day seen some splendid productions of art," exclaimed Manuel. "Let me contemplate my own statue once more, and thus acquire fresh hopes and fresh courage."

"One moment," said Stephano.

"No; come with me," cried Manuel; and he led his brother into the adjacent room.

Manuel cast one look at his statue, and gave a sudden start. He ran up to it, examined the arm, passed his hand over his eyes, and convinced himself that it was no delusion.

"Stephano!" said he, in a voice of thunder, as he turned hastily round to his terrified brother: "that individual who has just left the house—"

"Pardon me—and I will tell you all," cried Stephano, falling upon his knees.

"He applied the chisel to my statue!" ejaculated Manuel; and there is only one man living who could touch it as he has touched it."

"Oh! my dear brother—pardon me!" cried Stephano, still trembling at Manuel's feet.

"And that old man—" continued the sculptor.

"Who is he?" said Stephano.

"Michael Angelo himself!" was the answer.

"Michael Angelo!" cried Stephano, leaping upon his feet. "Manuel, he will award you the crown, and we shall be rich and happy evermore."

"Michael Angelo is my friend!" exclaimed Manuel, in a paroxysm of the wildest joy. "Michael Angelo has seen my statue—Michael Angelo has been in my house! Oh! this mean dwelling will henceforth appear to me a palace! For Michael Angelo has been here—the pride of Italy—the wonder of Europe—and he has bade me hope! Stephano, I suffocate with joy! I fain would weep, and cannot! Oh that such unexpected happiness should have been in store for me!"

"He said your St. Cecilia was a *chef d'œuvre*, Manuel," cried Stephano. "The opinion of Michael An-

gelo is the opinion of Italy: a prophecy of Michael Angelo is an order of destiny. O what a great man has deigned to visit us! And what bounty on the part of Heaven is this!"

"What will happen to me during the next ten days I know not," said Manuel, solemnly; "but this I feel, that I have just experienced the most profound emotion which a man can support. Another such a shock, of happiness or misery, would kill me on the spot, or send me a raving madman to a receptacle for the insane. But, O God! my prayers are pure, and thou canst change my crown of thorns into one of laurels!"

Ten days passed tediously away; and during that period Manuel had not a single opportunity of conversing with Leonora Vivaldi. Her father, who was well aware of her passion for the obscure sculptor, and who was desirous of accomplishing the union between her and the Marquis Appiani, ordered her to be so narrowly watched that she could not once repair to the usual place of *rendezvous* during the time that elapsed between the evening on which our tale opens and the day that was fixed for the exhibition of the statues, and the final judgment of Michael Angelo. A note from Manuel had, however, informed her of all that had occurred in reference to his statue, and the great man who had spoken so highly in his favor.

The morning of the eventful day dawned; and many an artist rose from a sleepless couch with a brow rendered feverish, and a heart aching with uncertainty, hope, and fear. Florence was all confusion, mirth, bustle, and joy; the streets leading to the gallery in which the statues were exhibited were crowded to excess. Every one was anxious to catch a glimpse of the ducal *cortège*; but all were more impatient still to see the arbiter of the competition, Michael Angelo—the mighty artist who had been invited from Rome to preside at the ceremony.

It had been ordered by proclamation that all the statues should be conveyed to the gallery by mid-day; the decision was to be made at about three in the afternoon. Manuel and Stephano rose early, and were anxiously waiting for the arrival of the vehicle which had been ordered to convey the St. Cecilia to the gallery, when a letter was brought by a page bearing the livery of the Count Vivaldi. The missive was addressed to the elder brother, and its contents were as follows:—

"MANUEL:—I have long been aware of your attachment for my daughter; and were I alone with her on earth, if I had not a son whom I should leave poor and miserable, I would gladly consent to your union. But this cannot be. If the marquis Appiani espouse my daughter, my fallen fortunes will be established once more, and my son will be placed in a condition worthy of his family and his ancestors. Ought not Leonora, then, to sacrifice herself for her parents and her brother? If thou thinkest she ought, I pray thee show thy love for her, and do not dishonor her. Recollect that Lisa del Giscando was disgraced when Leonardo de Vinci published her portrait. Renounce, then, the exhibition of your statue—consider my old age, my grey hairs—respect the honor of Leonora—and we will both bless you together.

VIVALDI."

The letter dropped from Manuel's hand—Stephano picked it up and perused it hastily.

"I wait your reply, signor," said the page.

"Lisa del Giscando was disgraced," inused Manuel, audibly, "and she awarded not stolen interviews to her lover—and she was not promised to a marquis Appiani. Tell the Count, your master," he added, in a firm tone of voice, turning to the page, "that I obey his wishes, and that if he order me to break my statue to pieces, I am ready to fulfil his orders."

The boy was about to depart, when Manuel, recollecting a question which he was desirous of asking, called him back.

"You are acquainted with the contents of this letter?" inquired Manuel.

"I am in my master's confidence," was the reply.

"Tell me, then, resumed Manuel, how came the count Vivaldi to ascertain that my statue was the image of his daughter?"

"Michael Angelo was presented to the count, last evening, by the marquis Appiani; and when he was

introduced to Signora Leonora he discovered the likeness."

"You may go," said Manuel: and the page withdrew to bear the sculptor's message to his master. So soon as he was despatched Manuel shut himself up in his studio, and Stephano gave way to his grief in the front chamber.

It was about one o'clock when the marquis Appiani, who was ignorant that Manuel was his rival in Leonora's affections, called at the humble dwelling of the two brothers. Manuel was summoned by Stephano from his studio, and the marquis hastened to unfold the object of his visit.

"Your name, I believe, is Manuel Ascanio?" said the marquis.

"Is is, my lord," was the reply.

"You have accomplished a *chef d'œuvre*, signor," continued the marquis; "and the grand duke has sent me to fetch it. My followers wait outside. You are to accompany me; his highness is desirous of seeing you."

"Accident, my lord," said Manuel, "with a deep sigh, "or rather the indiscretion of my brother, discovered that statue of which you are speaking, to a great man—"

"Despatch—I am anxious to see it," interrupted the marquis. Michael Angelo has already spoken so highly of its merits."

"I dare not show it to a soul," said Manuel, with difficulty suppressing his tears.

"But I," urged the marquis, smiling, "am ordered by the grand duke to carry it to his presence, and I dare not disobey."

"My word is pledged," said Manuel.

"So is mine," returned the marquis, taking a heavy purse from his pocket and throwing it upon the table. "If the statue be sold, there is the money. I re-purchase it; but mine it must be;—and the marquis summoned his followers from the passage where they were waiting without.

"You dare not take it by force," cried Manuel, fiercely confronting the marquis Appiani.

"I dare execute the duke's orders," was the calm reply, as the marquis beckoned his followers to attend upon him whithersoever he might lead.

"This tyranny—this injustice is insupportable!" exclaimed Manuel, wildly.

"O brother!" give them the statue," cried Stephano; "your fame—your fortune depend upon it!"

"Wait one moment—one moment only," said Manuel, after an instant's consideration, "and the statue shall be yours."

The marquis nodded an affirmative, and Manuel rushed into his studio and closed the door.

"He wishes to take one last fond view of it alone," said Stephano, as his brother disappeared.

But a loud and long laugh, and then a cry of rage echoed from the adjacent apartment; and these were followed by the din of a chisel and a hammer upon the marble; and then succeeded a crash which shook the house to its foundation. Stephano, the marquis, and his followers ran into the studio; and as they entered, they stumbled over shapeless pieces of broken marble, which Manuel had scattered upon the floor. The statue had disappeared; but the remnants were before them!

"Oh, Manuel! what have you done?" exclaimed Stephano, bursting into an agony of tears.

"Let them take the statue now—the face is all figured, and the limbs are scattered over the room!" said the sculptor, with an ironical laugh.

"What can I say to his highness?" cried the marquis, as he turned to leave the spot. "It is as much as my head is worth to have been the cause of the destruction of that statue!"

With these words the marquis Appiani departed, followed by his attendants, and leaving behind them two hearts so full of sorrow that a misanthrope would have wept at the sight of the despair which was depicted upon their countenances.

"Fame and fortune for ever gone?" cried Stephano, after a long silence.

"And her honor preserved from calumniating surmise," added Manuel firmly; and he felt a momentary

glow of pride and of happiness, for he knew that he had done a noble and a generous deed: but these sentiments soon passed away, and gave place to others of a more gloomy character still. "And yet, Stephano—I can weep—I can gnash my teeth with rage. I have destroyed a statue which Michael Angelo had perfected—I have effaced the most lovely lineaments that ever represented a living thing! Oh! it is a crime, that which I have done—a great crime!"

"Yes, weep, brother,—weep! Oh! you have good cause for sorrow," said Stephano. "But—hark! numerous footsteps approach our door: the grand duke has sent his sbirres to take us to the Inquisition for the deed you have done."

And as Stephano spoke, the outer room, the door of which had been left open by the marquis and his followers, was filled with visitors, at the head of whom were Michael Angelo and count Vivaldi.

"Rash youth!" cried Michael Angelo, addressing himself to Manuel; "you destroy the masterpiece of the age, at the moment when I obtain the consent of count Vivaldi to your union with his daughter."

"Impossible!" cried Manuel, scarcely daring to believe his ears; "and the Marquis Appiani?"

"The duke has pardoned him," said Michael Angelo; and here is the golden crown for you. His highness, moreover, awards you a year to perfect another statue of St. Cecilia!"

"And Leonora anxiously waits to greet the champion of the exhibition," said Count Vivaldi. "You made a noble sacrifice, Manuel—and you are well worthy of my daughter. Let us hasten to the casino in the vale of Arno, and there celebrate the happy termination of this eventful day!"

HEREDITARY HONORS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

"Si tu es pot de chambre, tant pis pour toi."—VOLTAIRE.

HEREDITARY honors are, certainly, the most rational of human devices. It was an excellent idea to suppose that a man propagated his virtues to the most distant posterity. Few notions have succeeded better in keeping the world in order. In fact, it was the best method of granting to the multitude the inestimable gift of a perpetuity of dependence. Had the idea stopped with the king or chief magistrate, it would not have been half so beautiful, or a hundredth part so useful. So far, a reason for the custom is obvious to the most superficial. Hereditary distinction, it is said, preserves a people from the wars and tumults that might arise from the contests of elective distinction. Very well—I do not dispute this assertion—it is plausible. But dukes and earls?—if their honors were not hereditary, would there be contests about them? The world suffers itself to be disturbed by individuals wishing to be kings, but it would not be so complaisant to every man that wished to be a lord. "On ne desarrange pas tout le monde pour si peu de chose," we should not have wars and discords, as the seeds of that sort of ambition. We do not, then, grant hereditary honors to these gentry as the purchase of peace—we do not make them as a bargain, but bestow them as a gratuity. Our reasons, therefore, for this generosity, are far deeper than those which make us governed by king Log to-day, because, yesterday, we were governed by his excellent father, king Stork—so much deeper, that, to plain men, they are perfectly invisible. But a little reflection teaches us the utility of the practice. Hereditary superiority to the few, necessarily produces hereditary inferiority to the many—and it makes the herd contented with being legislatively and decorously bullied by a sort of prescriptive habit. Messieurs the Eels are used to be skinned—and the custom reconciles them to the hereditary privilege of Messieurs the Cooks.

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town, close to the metro-

polis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney-at-law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was, to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself:

"Singular destiny!—fearful thought! Shall I resist it?—shall I fly? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honors—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an earl marshal, or a grand falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady—the young gentleman stared, the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in a somewhat violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream. "What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do you, too, fear me?" Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview further—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes*? Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honor must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtues of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devoutly Laura loved the young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white-stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed color—he bit his lip—he thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. "I cannot tell you what I am," said he: "No! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all."

"Can he be the king's eldest son?" said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father. "Ah!" quoth the former, squeezing the attorney's hand, "your family have been good friends to mine." "How!" cried the attorney—"Are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, sir?"

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who had shot another in a duel. "Aha!" said the attorney, winking, and lowering his voice—"I smell you, sir—you have killed your man—eh!" "Ha!" cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.—THE LAWYER MATCHED.

"But let us change the theme."—MARINO FALIERO.

It was now clear:—the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combater. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter: if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow,—a crooked thing with two strings to it. It was in the wood that the attorney met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree.

"Strong, strong," muttered he; "yes, it is worth buying." "Are you a judge of trees, sir?" quoth the attorney. "Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree." "Have you much timber of your own?" "A great deal," replied the stranger coolly. "Of the best kind?" "It is generally used for scaffolding." "Oh, good deal!" The lawyer paused. "You cannot," said he, archly, "you cannot conceal yourself; you rank is sufficiently apparent." "Good heavens!" "Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinction—four hundred years it has existed in your family." "It has indeed!" "And does the property—the cash part of the business, go with it?" "Yes! the government provide for us." "Oh, a pension!—hereditary too?" "You say it." "Ah, 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself, "always quartered on the public." "What's that he mutters about quartered?" inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion. "It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer. "Drawn, sir?" cried the stranger aloud. "And if it be not the best way of living, hang me," concluded the lawyer. "You," faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: "horrible supposition!!"

CHAPTER IV.—ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with tranquil grace."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief. Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are." "After our marriage, yes,"—said the stranger, somewhat discomposed. "No! now—now,"—cried Laura, coaxingly. He was silent. "Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son." "Indeed I am," sighed the stranger. "You have an hereditary title?" "Alas! yes!" "It descends to you?" "It does!" "You have a—a—the means to support it?" "Assuredly." "Convince me of that," said the lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!" "Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

CHAPTER V.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The soul wears out her clothes."—PLATO.—Apparently not.

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was traveling to his country seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready. "It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up. "What a cut!" cried the chambermaid. "It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts. "Ha!" said the tailor, "what do I see! it is the coat of the marquis de Tete Perdu: I made it myself." "It is out—it is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a marquis. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!" "What's that, sir? so the strange gentleman is really the marquis de Tete Perdu?" asked the land-

lady. "John, take the fresh eggs to his lordship." "Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE DEPARTURE.

"They have their exits and their entrances
And each man in his time plays many parts,
Of which the end is death."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!" Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a vampire?" said she: "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging." Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlor; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon. "The devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known, then?" "Known! yes, you are known!" cried the boots. "The marquis de Tete Perdu." "Sacre bleu!" said the stranger, flinging into the parlor in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried he, vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will fly to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eye's fell on a marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P." "Ah! it is too true, then," said she, sobbing; "the—the marquis de Tete Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion. "Damnation! what—what of him?" With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word "H—a—ng—e—d!" "It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he disappeared. "Oh! he is certainly a vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much as a husband!"

CHAPTER VII.—THE PHILOSOPHER.

"The tendency of the age is against all hereditary demarcations.—M. ROYER DE COLLARD.

It was a melancholy, dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview, it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the high road that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way toward the capital. He buttoned up the fatal coat, and took particular care of the silk skirts. "In vain," said he, bitterly, is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to redeem my lot. Fate pursues me everywhere. D—n it! the silk will be all spotted; I may not get another such coat soon: seldom that a man of similar rank"—here the rain set full in his teeth, and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter, when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn, standing by the road-side: he quickened his pace, and was presently in the travelers' room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "Glumenborchualsiculorum on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own griefs, the stranger did not notice his companion—he continued to dry his shirt-sleeves and mutter to himself. "Ah!" said he, "no love for me; never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privileges of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher,

and had himself written a large book in which he had clearly proved that "Man was not a monkey," started up in delight at these expressions. "Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are indeed one of the curses of civilization." "You speak truly, venerable sir," said the stranger, sighing. "Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother." "No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore deplore that monopoly. "Noble young man! what generosity! see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher; "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What," said he, "what is so iniquitous as these pre-ordinations of our fate against our will? We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line alone—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventional circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves—" "And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow-creatures!—condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty: ignorance and sin—they offend, and you hang them!" "Hang them!" "Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands. "What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "pardon me, sir, I must introduce myself: you may have heard of me; I am the author *Slatterenobigiosio*; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself; perhaps you have turned your attention to morals, and are acquainted with the true nature of crime." "Ay," groaned the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end." "Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think. For my part, I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my contemporaries." "Indeed!" said the stranger, with inexpressible dignity, and then, putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder, in a voice of conscious pride, "And I, sir, have done the same."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE JEALOUSY.

She wrongs his thoughts.—THE COSSAIR.

"Ah, miss!" said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with "The Sorrows of Werter" in her hand: "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in? What! marry a ——?" "I know what you would say," interrupted Laura, haughtily, "and beg you will be silent. You knew him, then?" "Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning." "Gracious Heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the marquis de Tete Perdu was again apprehended for not being hanged sufficiently. "Why—be prepared—Miss, he is going to tie the noose." "Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?" "Exactly, Miss," said the tailor, and off went his high trotting horse.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"It is not for myself I do these things, but for my country."

PLUTARCH'S APHORISM WHEN IN PLACE.
Common Aphorism among all Placemen.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very

naughty pranks, to be sure: but he is our cousin, nevertheless. We should pay him all possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me: it will divert your mind." "La! papa; but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good." "That's right, girl," said the father: and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform raised above the heads of the people; Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling—it has been four hundred years in the family—he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know he gets all the clothes." "There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the attorney: "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well known figure. "The marquis de Tete Perdu!" cried the lawyer, aghast. "My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura. "My eye! that's the hereditary hangman!" said a bystander, with open mouth. "Hereditary hangman!" said an English lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary hangman! what a burlesque on the peerage!"

Is it a burlesque, truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

THE IRON SHROUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FIRST AND LAST."

THE castle of the prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued,—the dark, fierce, and un pitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud, Vivenzio fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice on a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cave, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or protection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner; and beside it, a vessel filled with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread, of man, would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by

murderous assault? No—for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relentless mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if he had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished; and recolling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the strong light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other, was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, as the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form or color as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept soundly, that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were affected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to

indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks toward the windows of his dungeon, he counted but five! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterward elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight

tremulous motion of the floor. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing toward the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, toward them. There were four! He could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! It must be so!—Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh, fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge!"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony; tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death.

Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he had felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delicious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upward, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immersed there, with anticipations, merely, of a fate, from which in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be relieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish! alone he was to wait a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come! How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble, as not to

yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him that he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed, "Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrow area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backward and forward in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts! Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed here! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes toward them: but his blood freezes as he reads:

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, who'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy, who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine, which in a few hours must crush you, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in a convulsive gripe, as though

he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands: "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims: "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link, that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loth to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mainer, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of his infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered.

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely removed it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that

as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivencio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his design had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivencio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivencio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivencio looked up, and saw the roof almost touched his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivencio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivencio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud*.

COUSIN KATE.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

"I'll tell the story as 't was told to me."

ALACK a day! with what a pleasing, yet melancholy reflection do we look back upon our school-boy days, when we had no care in our hearts but the dread of hard lessons—no fear of aught worse than a flogging. How I do love to recall to the eye of my imagination the school-mates of my happy youth—the plain country school-house, standing on the gently sloping hill-side, in the centre of one of the most beautiful grass plate imaginable—so deliciously green and fragrant—and dotted here and there with violets and butter-cups. And then the trim, staid-looking, matronly school-mistress—kind, though strict; just, though severe; feared, though beloved by every scholar in the school. I remember, too, a few bright, happy, faces—beloved forms—to whom I seemed bound by many kindred feelings. In those days, too, I had my amours; for then the first budding of a fairy passion thrilled my nerves, and my young cheek was often mantled in blushes by the bright glances from the eyes of my sweet cousin, Kate Smithson, as they beamed with the guileless innocence of her then untroubled and peaceful heart. I

shall never forget Kate—poor Kate!—my own dear Kate. I loved her then—I love her memory now. It is a blissful ignorance—that of coming events. It would be an awful curse to our race, could we see, in the mirror of the future, the whole panorama of our lives, with no power to avoid its incidents. But my poor cousin! we schooled together—almost grew up together—and we loved each other as much as, in the innocence of our hearts, we could. We had no visions but those of happiness—no care but our daily partings. We were entirely absorbed in the bliss of the present moment, and no thoughts ever came to mar our waking hopes or midnight dreams. Life seemed one long holiday of enjoyment. But the first hour of our anguish at last came; we were doomed to part. I was sent many a long, long mile away, bidding adieu to my school-mates, and, worse than all, to my own sweet cousin Kate.

I well remember the last hours we spent together. It was a mid-summer's evening. The cold, chaste moon shone brightly, gilding with a silver radiance shrub and flower; the air was redolent with the balmy fragrance of the honey-suckle and the wild rose, and myriads of fire-flies spangled the green sward at our feet, and the shrubbery around, with the shining halo of their golden wings. For a long time we sat beneath the umbrageous boughs of a majestic elm, conversing on the probability of our ever meeting again—myself all sad and cheerless—Kate seemingly gay and thoughtless. At last she began to rally me on my feelings, and finding that they only sank the lower, she sprung from her seat, saying:

"Come, coz, 'tis useless looking so sad at what neither of us can help; so let us part good friends, and hie to rest. I will see you in the morning before you start."

"As you say, Kate; but it seems as though I could sit beneath this tree the live-long night."

"Nonsense, Tom, nonsense! Throw away the pathetic to-night, and let us retire. See, Tom, here is some yarrow; let us each pick a sprig to put under our pillow, to dream on to-night."

Plucking three sprigs of yarrow is a superstitious rite, often performed by New England lads and lasses in bright moonlight evenings. It is done as follows:

The party walks three times round the wee, modest, undignified herb, pulling off at each time, going around, a small twig, and slowly repeating the following lines:

"Sweet yarrow, pretty yarrow,
Pray tell unto me
What color's the hair,
And the clothes he (or she) shall wear,
The night he (or she) is wedded to me."

After this they retire to their rest, and putting the sprigs of yarrow beneath their pillow, profess to believe that they will dream of their destined partner.

I looked on while Kate performed this simple ceremony, but I could not join her in it; and after kissing her fair brow, we each sought our apartment—she, heaven bless her sweet, innocent soul, to rosy slumbers and quiet dreams; but I, alas! to a broken yeast, and sad anticipations of the morrow.

I will hurry over the incidents of the morning—the little arrangements preparatory to my departure. Rapidly, to me, seemed to fly the moments, and while the carriage that was to convey me away, waited at the door, I bade a hurried adieu to my uncle's family, all of which I performed tolerably well, till I came to Kate. As I looked into her beautiful face, my heart grew big within me. The thought that I was to leave her, brought the rising tear to my eye, and I could only press her hands in my own, implant a burning kiss upon her lips, and stammer out a brief farewell! how the word sank into my heart!

The beautiful and innocent girl! I loved her—how much I loved her! Yet we had only been to one another as brother and sister, and such only were her feelings toward me.

Well, at last we parted. Five long years rolled away. What a gulf in time! What mighty incidents had therein transpired! Such is the common lot of mortals. They form attachments to be broken, and dear and near friends are often parted by leagues on leagues. The family circle, that this evening may be

enjoying all the bliss of social society, to-morrow may be separated by unavoidable circumstances, and nothing remaining of their former happiness but the memory thereof.

Five long years! how tediously, how slowly they crept away!

When the vernal equinox had five times rolled over, I returned toward the haunts of my former days, partly impelled by a desire to see my sweet cousin Kate. It was May. The wild flowers were springing richly around; the trees were putting forth their blossoms; the birds were singing blithely among the green shrubbery, and nature seemed enjoying a gay and happy holiday. I passed the school-house; groups of laughing children were playing around,

"And the loud laugh bespoke the vacant mind."

but their faces were all strange to me—they were another generation from my former co-mates. At times a familiar face would pass my carriage, which I would remember as that of a former playfellow; but he passed on without recognizing me. At last the spire of the old church appeared in view, as I came over the top of a hill, and down on the other side. I advanced slowly on toward the place of my destination. I did not wish to hurry through scenes so familiar, and so long lost. I was soon nearly opposite the church—in front of the burial ground. I recollected one or two faces that I had formerly seen laid beneath its sod. Instinctively I turned my eyes toward the ground, when they were attracted by a person within the enclosure, who seemed to be engaged in filling up a new-made grave, covering it neatly with square pieces of beautiful green sod. I approached the man, and accosted him:

"You seem to be engaged in a sad and solitary occupation."

"Ah, sir!" said he, leaning on his spade, "you may well say sad; for much of loveliness—much of gentleness—much of purity—lies beneath this cold earth. 'Tis the most melancholy job that I have done for many a long—long day!—so young—so beautiful—so good. Ah, sir, it was a most melancholy sight—the scene of her death-bed—so calmly—so imperceptibly did she glide away."

I asked the good man how she came to die.

"Why, sir, you see, her time had come; the fever had taken hold of her too powerfully to be shaken off. She died, sir—how beautifully she died!"

"She must have been much beloved," I observed.

"Beloved, sir! Everybody loved her—old and young—the cripple—the blind and the beggar; for she was a friend to them all!" and then abruptly changing his discourse, as he finished covering the grave, he observed, "There, I believe all is done now, except planting the weeping willow at her head at her own request, as she said he would have done it for her."

"And who was he?" quickly inquired I, strange forebodings crowding fast on my brain.

"Some one," replied the old sexton, "whom none of us wot of. It was her dying request. 'Place,' said the sweet creature, 'a weeping willow at the head of my grave, for I know he would do it if he were here.' They promised her. Some said he was a cousin of hers—that they were schoolmates together—nay, grew up as children together. But he has been a long time away; he left before I came here."

"And pray, good sir," said I, my heart rising in my throat, "what is the maiden's name?" I trembled for the response.

"Her name was Katharine Smithson; Kate, they often called her."

The name sent a cold shudder to my heart. My own Kate—my sweet cousin, lay in the ground at my feet, while her pure spirit mingled with angels above. And she had thought of me at her latest breath, the sweet girl; my name was uttered in her last prayer. It was too much of grief for me to bear; the whole purpose of my journey was frustrated—the brightest spot in my existence was blighted. It seemed as though all things worth possessing had perished with my beloved cousin. I sat down on her new-made grave, and wept—tears of wo, heartfelt, agonizing wo. For one hour sat I thus upon her grave, by which time, the sexton, who had gone for the willow, had re-

turned. With my own hands did I plant it at her head, and watered it with my own tears; and after another hour spent beside the hallowed spot, I returned to my carriage, and quickly retraced the ground that, but a short time before, I had passed over with so much of hope.

After burying myself for a long time in gloom, I made an attempt to arouse myself. I sought the blandishments of society in their most attractive forms; I tried to forget that I had ever loved, but in vain! I shall never forget my first youthful passion—I shall never forget my beautiful—my innocent—my sweet—cousin Kate.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

BY VOLTAIRE.

MANY credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest laborer in the neighborhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, which men recollect with pleasure when they afterward meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just on the eve of clapsing, when the tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colors, with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority, which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass, and despised the whole world. Soon after a valet-de-chambre arrived post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from Monsieur the father, that Monsieur the son should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance, and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused, must know that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? It is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army-hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten.

Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprize; and afterward entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream, you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you, at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquisate at the end of six months, took Monsieur the marquis his son from school, to introduce him in the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old school-fellow, in which he wrote his "these lines to congratulate" him. The little marquis

returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; Madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him: "Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier"—"I, sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, "and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt that a man always speaks his own language the better, when his studies are not divided between that and foreign language; look at all our ladies; is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There, now! was not I in the right?" said Madame; "I wish my son to be a wit, that he may make a figure in the world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a law-suit, does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?" Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shown a little geography? "What would that serve?" replied the tutor: "when Monsieur the marquis goes to any of his estates, won't the postillions know which way to drive him? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously, without having the least idea of what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think." "The more's the pity, then," cried the tutor; "does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that Monsieur the marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse, when he will find its very point of time in the almanack, a book which will teach him moreover the moveable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe." Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided. "What must my son learn, then?" said he. "To make himself agreeable; if," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but how to please, he knows everything; that is an art he can learn from his mother, without giving the least trouble to that master or this."

At this speech, Madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, "It is very plain, sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world; my son will owe his entire education to you: however, I conceive that it will be as well if he should know a little of history." "Alas! Madame, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a pre-concerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can disentangle: what does it signify to Monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stut-terer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; "the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius, is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines and points which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and Madame did not understand too much

of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like Monsieur the marquis," continued he, "ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a Benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, architect nor sculptor; but he makes all these arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronize than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything, without having learned anything; because, in fact, they at least know to judge of everything which they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. "You have very justly remarked, Madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun-day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired Clodia passed the Rhine?" "Nobody, without doubt," exclaimed the marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; "and Monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But, after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion, as Monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbe say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*." "With an *h*, Madame; it was not horticulture?" "No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*." "Ah! I understand you, Madame, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed." At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does everything, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent, made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day*, for another, the *Charms* and *Alarms*, for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little, or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at a shilling a song; and thus he got a place in the Literary Year, by the side of La Fares, the Chaulieus, the Hamiltons, the Sarrasins, and the Voltures of the day.

Madame the marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he began to regret very sensibly, that he had not had his son taught Latin; for in that case, he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less groveling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son; and in the meantime the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment; it cost him a great deal; while

his parents pinched themselves still more, in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighborhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use, and marrying the young marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty: sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favorite of his father and mother. An old neighbor proposed their marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendor of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him: they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation, the first fruits of their felicity, and were parceling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to Madame the mother came up quite sacred: "Here is very different news," said he: "the bailiffs are ransacking the house of Monsieur and Madame; everything is laid hold of by the creditors; nay, they talk of seizing your persons; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages." "Let us see a little," said the marquis, "what all this means; what can this adventure be?" "Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals—go quickly. He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away everything they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her: "Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer. "What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? what do you do here? is it thus you have abandoned your mother? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness; I am in want of a chambermaid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference." "My lad," said the officer, "you seem well shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company," I'll give you every encouragement."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself. "Alas!" said the marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this, he sobbed aloud. "Write a romance," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran toward his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him, he prostrated himself before him. "Good God! Monsieur marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? how does that respectable lady, the marchioness your mother?" The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the further he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin. "My son," said he, "it has pleased God to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; God has therefore conferred a favor on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, sir." "Her election is thus rendered the

more sure." "But, father," resumed the marquis, "in the meantime, is there no means of obtaining relief in this world?" "Adieu, my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

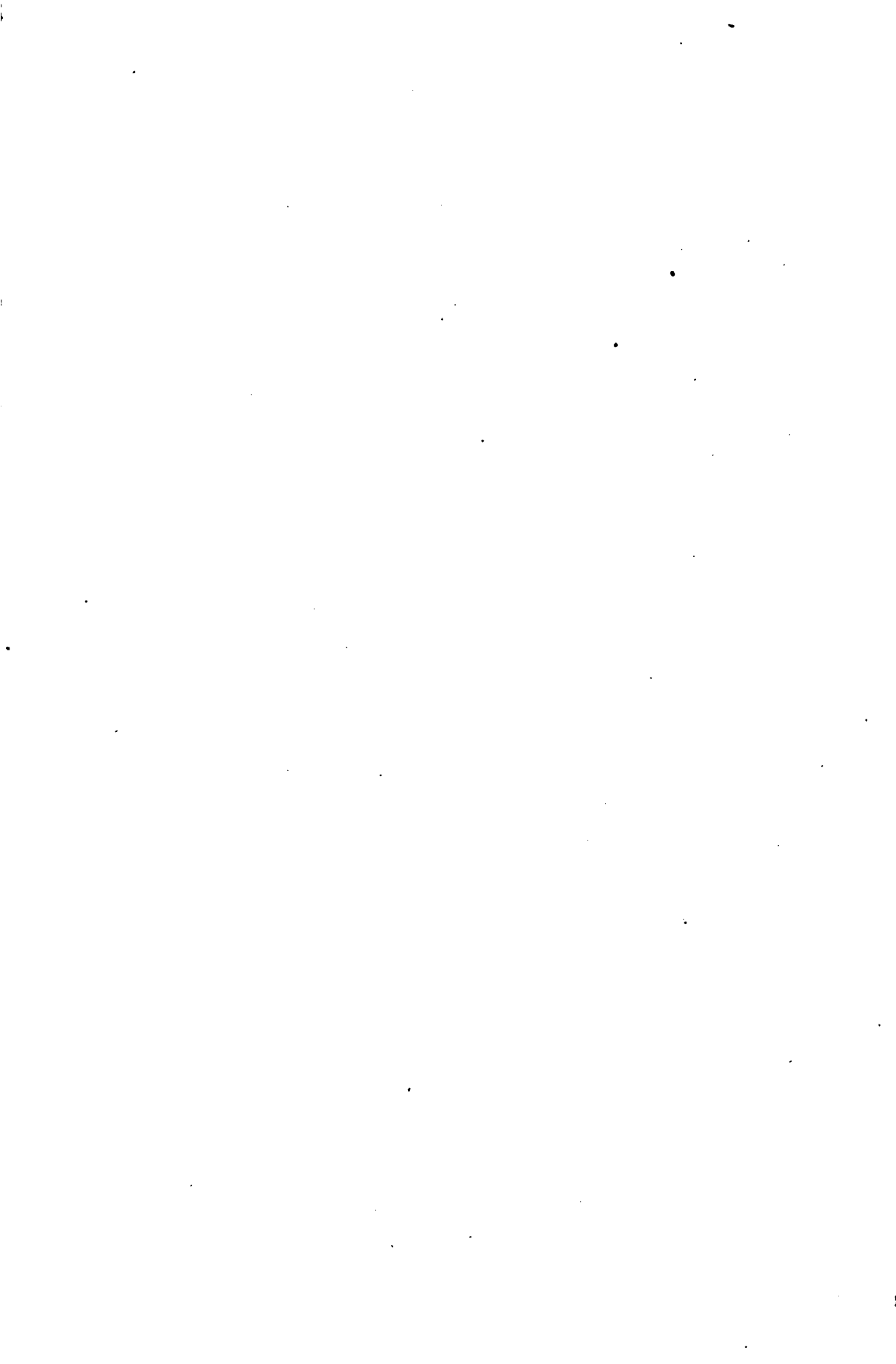
As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather burtais, which was followed by four enormous waggons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely clothed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a petit-maitre, but afforded the traveler sufficient time to contemplate the marquis, motionless and abysed in grief as he stood. "Eh! good God!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot." At this name the marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the marquis. The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great lord, I will love you forever." Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest there," said Colin; embrace my little wife, and then let's go and dine together."

They all three set forward on foot, their baggage following behind. "What is the meaning of all this equipage? is it yours?" says Jeannot. "Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; God has prospered us: we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me; I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born."

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself: "All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief." What an instruction! The goodness of Colin's soul elicited from Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not stifled; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little; his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up matters for a very tittle; I'll undertake to manage the whole business." Colin quickly released the father from prison; Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession; he married a sister of Colin's, who, being of the same disposition of her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

THE SEA CAVE.

Hardly we breathe, although the air be free.
How massively doth awful nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree!
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid;
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport, at noontide, in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.





Engraved by A. H. Lewis expressly for the Boxes.

Printed by Neale & White.

Illustration of the "Blood" Boxes.

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE BLESSED BREAD.

BY J. AUGUSTUS SHERA.

How pleasant are thy fields, oh France!
And rich the land when Nature fills
The vineyards on thy purple hills,
And vintage-girls, with sun-eyed glance,
Awake the spirit of the morn
With merry chorus, such as Earth,
When Music to the world was born,
Woke o'er the sweet enchanter's birth:
When birds, from every bough they meet,
Trill to the Sun their wood-notes sweet,
Filling the pauses with their song;
While laughter light and converse gay
Make Echo, as they pass along,
As merry as a marriage-day:
When Time and Care, who, o'er the earth,
Travel, it is believed, together,
Forget the mission of their birth,
And round the vine-hills, led by Mirth,
Follow the gleam of Fancy's feather.
But there, oh France! are other times,
When not less pleasant are thy fields,
When sweetly call the convent-children,
And to their spell the spirit yields,
While from each point within their sound
The old and young are gathering round,
And hopes, but now the gay ideal,
Become the everlasting real.
And many meet, in joy of pray'r,
To seek with humble heart the Throne,
To be in charity sincere,
And thus to know as they are known,*
In brotherhood of charity,
The greatest of the virtues three.*

The matron was infirm and old,
And may not join the sacred rite;
But one of the domestic fold,
With joyous heart and footstep light—
The young and blooming cottage-child—
Went churchward forth at earliest dawn,
Gay as the flowers that round him smil'd
In their first life o'er hill and lawn,
The feast of love to join and share,
Before the holy place to stand,
And homeward bring the treasure rare,
The symbol-bread of God's command.

THE BENEDICTION.

Bless this bread, oh Lord! 'Tis given
In the special name of Heaven,
Not the body to sustain,
Child of dust and heir of pain,
But to strengthen for the skies
That which never, never dies;
Symbol-bread for sinners here,
Which by memory strengthens grace,
Lifts the spirit from this sphere
O'er the firmamental space
Where the Everlasting lies,
To whose land of light and flow'rs,
The approach was paradise
Ere the fascinator's eyes
Lured from heaven this earth of ours.
Let this bread the symbol be
Of the love of Man the Brother,
Universal unity
'Mid the children of one mother;
That whate'er our banquet here
He who wants may claim a share.
Let its fond memorial nourish
Bounded by nor creed nor clime,
Virtue, till its branches flourish
Far above the realms of Time.
In thy name, oh God of love!
Share we this memorial feast,
That we live with thee above
Of thy servants even the least:

* 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

Hear our supplication lowly,
God of nations high and holy!

Thus pray'd the pastor on that day,
The festal of the AGAPE.
Around the altar's holy place
Innumerable lights their lustre spread,
And flow'rs in many a marble vase,
An atmosphere of odor shed.
In sacerdotal garb array'd,
With aged locks of reverend white,
The priest a blessing sung and pray'd
Before the altar's heaven of light.
And down the crowded aisle he pass'd,
The aisle of thousand worshippers,
Whom the "small voice" loud as the blast
From arch-angelic trumpet stirs
To holiest life: and cherub boys,
White-vestur'd, bear the blessed food
That all should taste in it the joys
Of universal brotherhood.

'Twas now the golden close of day:
The full-orbed sun was in the west,
And the calm day-light, ray by ray,
Was fast retreating to its rest;
When twilight-dews come gently down,
And diadem the valley flower,
Bright as the gems on monarch's crown,
In all his pageantry of power:
When lighter breezes down the hill
Dance with a more elastic measure,
And from its woodland home the rill
Times with its song the bounding pleasure:
'Twas at that hour, of hours most holy,
Through the wild flowers as fair as wild,
Along the hill-path traveling slowly,
Return'd the joyous cottage-child,
Bearing upon his homeward way,
The bread-gifts from the AGAPE—
The love-feast of the olden time,
When, beauteous from the Saviour's hand,
The Christian world was in its prime,
And went the mandate forth sublime,
"Love one another," thro' the land!

Array'd in garb of altar white,
The emblem of unsoiled truth,
Returned that striping down the height,
Like to some heaven-descended youth,
Into the happy cottage-home;
And thou might'st not unjustly deem
That thro' the room, from porch to dome,
Enter'd with him a sacred beam
Of joy and bliss from heaven, that stole
Into the beauty of the soul,
Dispersed the shades of earthly care,
And showed that heaven indeed was there.
The young and old received the bread:
The child, well taught how grace could save,
Repeated as the father said,
Who, softly, with uncovered head,
A portion to the matron gave:
And there the household hearts renewed
To each God's bond of "brotherhood."
Oh! what a lesson in that deed!
Oh! what a sacred bond was plighted!
Oh! what a gift to sinner's need
In hearts refresh'd and souls united,
As heavenward went the voice of love
To Him—the babe of Bethlehem—
The manger-born—who, from above,
Crowned with the godhead's diadem,
Now cometh in the midst of them,
For they, with hearts of heavenly flame,
Have met together in his name.

"Holy! holy! holy, ever!"
Be that hymn of love the highest
To our lips, forgotten never!
Still "Hosannah in the highest!"
Let it, like a mighty river,
Ever flow to God the giver.
Sinner! sing it as thou sighest;
Sing it, mortal! as thou diest:
Still "Hosannah in the highest!"

CAROLINE HOWARD.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

It may not be unnecessary to state, that throughout our revolutionary struggle, the conflicting interests and feelings of two great political parties agitated this country, from lake Champlain to Georgia; that intestine commotions and divisions distracted the operations of the disbelievers in regal and parliamentary supremacy; and that in addition to the horrors ordinarily attendant on defensive war, the friends of civil and religious liberty had to contend, in many instances, with neighbors, friends and brothers. The war which secured our independence, as is well known, was waged for a long time with but precarious prospects of a fortunate termination. Many intelligent and honest men doubted the practicability of such a disjunction; others entertained an affection almost filial for the mother country, and regarded with partricial horror, all endeavors to sever this branch from the parent stock; and others still, from pusillanimous or mercenary motives, remained inert, and kept aloof, awaiting the issue of the contest, under a conviction that whoever gained the ascendancy, they could unite with the dominant power, and thus preserve their lives and property from hazard. There were not wanting those, also, who advocated the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. They conceived the prerogative of the king to be indisputable; and believed that any edict promulgated by parliament and sanctioned by the royal signature, was entitled to implicit obedience. This class of politicians were designated by their opponents as toiles. They however applied to themselves the less opprobrious epithet of loyalists.

On the other hand, those who actuated by the pure spirit of patriotism, strenuously resisted injurious oppression, were stigmatized as rebels, and proscribed as traitors. The concurrent causes which moved the latter so as to take such immediate and efficient interest in this momentous conflict, have been fully detailed by our historians, but may well be glanced at here.

At the close of the French war in 1775, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to nearly 150 millions sterling, for which an enormous sum was annually paid as interest. While the British ministry were digesting schemes for reducing this intolerable burden, they conceived the idea of creating a permanent revenue in the colonies from imposts to be levied by the English parliament. Great Britain argued that the late contest originated on account of the American colonies—that it was right, especially as it had ended in a manner so conducive to their interests, that they should assist in liquidating the expenses they had accrued. To this proposition the provincials were willing to accede, provided they could be represented in the parliament. They believed the chief excellence of the British constitution to consist in guaranteeing to the subject a voice in the enactment of those laws by which he was to be governed. The parliament considered it as the climax of contumacy for the colonists to refuse obedience to laws, which in England were received with unhesitating submission. And to the rigorous and impolitic measures adopted by the king and his ministers to enforce these laws, and to quell the turbulent and refractory spirit of the American people, may be attributed the emancipation of those United States from the thraldom of British tyranny.

Throughout the greater part of the campaign of 1776, and subsequent to the evacuation of New York by the American troops under Gen. Washington, the prospects of liberty exhibited a saddening gloom. The continental army, consisting only of a few thousand men, and those destitute of clothing and every convenience of life, was reduced to a cypher, when compared with the disciplined ranks of England. After the signal victories of Trenton and Princeton, new life and vigor was infused into the breasts of the almost despairing friends of freedom; and the capture of Lieutenant General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, in 1777—whose talents were well known, and whose enterprising spirit and thirst for military renown could scarcely be equalled—while it excited the Americans to great efforts by affording them hopes of ultimate success, confirmed the wavering, and heightened the embarrassment of the

English ministry, who had so vainly endeavored to enslave the colonists.

On a fine afternoon, during the interesting period last mentioned, two horsemen were slowly winding their way along the road which leads to the town of Ridgefield. They were both young, and their appearance such as would insure them attention in any society. The eldest was near twenty-eight, in stature approaching the colossal, with quick piercing eyes, a neck firm and erect, chest expanding, shoulders square and muscular, arms long, no cumbrous flesh about the body, but the whole frame braced with well-compacted sinews; add to this a soldier-like bearing, a huge epaulette on his right shoulder, and other corresponding equipments, matchless skill and address in managing a strong black charger, and you will have an accurate idea of a continental officer. The other was two or three years younger than his companion, and of less powerful dimensions, but of well-knit, sinewy limbs, and calculated to endure great hardships and privations. The beast he bestrode was a mettlesome Narragansett nag, that pawed the earth, and caracoled to all sides of the road almost at once, evidently disliking the snail-like pace at which his rider held him.

The conversation of the riders, which partook deeply of the spirit of the times, was renewed as the horse came abreast of each other, in a wider pass of the road.

"Even now," said he on the black horse, "I have the most undoubted reasons for believing there are confederacies existing, the object of which is to displace Washington, and put in his place the Englishman Gates."

"Admitting such to be the fact, Captain Edwards," said the other, "what objections have you to urge against the hero of Saratoga?"

"Why, sir, Gates lacks every requisite which ought to characterize a commander-in-chief—the only quality which he possesses is a brutal, dare-devil courage, which a general officer had better want than have."

"But," resumed the other, "is not your favorite Washington deficient in spirit and energy?"

"I tell you, Lieutenant Brown," rejoined Captain Edwards, rather impetuously, "that Horatio Gates will no more compare with George Washington, in mental energy and military science, than Lord Cornwallis with the Duke of Marlborough. Green is infinitely superior to Gates, and in the event of the death of Washington—but such a calamity may Heaven avert—he alone, I believe, could conduct our intricate affairs to a fortunate result. And the victory of Saratoga, where all your hero's laurels were won, was gained more by the valor, address and experience of Arnold, Brooks and Morgan, than by any skill on the part of General Gates."

"This I cannot grant," said the subaltern. "Arnold, Brooks and Morgan were undoubtedly brave, accomplished and gallant officers, but their orders all originated with their commander, and consequently the capture of Burgoyne must have been the effect of the deep-laid plans and skilful manœuvring of General Gates."

"I perceive," returned the captain, "that this is a subject on which we shall never agree, and its discussion may elicit offensive observations, and if you please we will discontinue it entirely."

"With all my heart," said Lieutenant Brown. "But it is now some time past meridian, and I think a little aliment might tend to benefit the animal system."

"We are but a short ride from the house of Mrs. Humphreys, and she will be happy to furnish refreshment and shelter to two soldiers of liberty."

"Indeed," said the lieutenant, laughing, "report says that the dwelling of that lady possesses attractions for the gallant captain, independent of the good cheer afforded by the hospitable mistress of the mansion."

"I do not understand you, sir," said the captain, drawing himself up somewhat haughtily.

"Why, to be plain, captain," said Brown, "'tis said that the bright eyes of the fair niece of Mrs. Humphreys are the cause of your frequent visits to her house."

"Though I highly esteem Miss Howard," said the captain, coldly, "I permit no one to indulge them—

selves in such freedom as to associate my name with that of any lady."

"But," rejoined the lieutenant, "you must allow that the smiles of this beautiful and accomplished girl have had their influence on your past conduct."

"I cannot admit any such inference, nor will the premises justify this conclusion."

As the colloquy ended, the horsemen spurred onward, and soon arrived in view of the residence of Mrs. Humphreys, which was situated on a gentle acclivity, accessible by a long avenue, skirted on either side with tall poplars, and defended at the extremity by a slight wooden gate. On entering this avenue, old Scipio came running toward them with a brow darkened a number of shades by his agitation, and grasping the bridle of Captain Edwards' horse, exclaimed:

"Oh! for Heaven's mercy, good master Edwards, don't go the house!"

"What the devil's the matter?" ejaculated the captain, as he endeavored to disengage the hold of the negro.

"Mistress has gone clean 'stracted," began the African, "because young Miss Caroline!"

"What of her?—speak out, in the fiend's name," said Captain Edwards, evincing much greater emotion than he had hitherto betrayed.

"You stop me, sir; I must tell my story in my own way," said Scipio.

"Proceed with it, then, with a murrain to you," said Lieutenant Brown, impatiently, "or by heaven, I'll beat it out of you with the flat of my sword."

"Well, then," said the negro, angrily, "the tory Captain Lewis came to our house last night with some sodgers, and carried off Miss Caroline."

"The unhung villain!" muttered Captain Edwards, from between his clenched teeth; and then compelling himself to speak more calmly, he said, "Brown, my dear fellow, return directly to the camp, and meet me at Stophel's tavern, with Sergeant Watkins and a dozen trusty soldiers. The scoundrel cannot escape me—I know every tory haunt between here and the Hudson; I must go to the house and console the afflicted Mrs. Humphreys."

The subaltern struck his spurs into the flank of his steed, and hastened to execute the orders of his superior. The captain rode up the lane, saying to himself, "I always knew that Lewis was a consummate rascal, but this darling outrage almost passes belief. And what object the wretch can expect to accomplish, I cannot conceive. Caroline has the spirit of Elizabeth of England, and all attempts to gain her love by possessing himself of her person, will only excite her contempt; and if he dares even to meditate an injury to that loveliest of her sex, his life shall pay the forfeit."

He had now reached the house, and throwing his bridle to a servant, entered without ceremony. As he had anticipated, he found Mrs. Humphreys in an indescribable state of grief: her health was delicate, and this unexpected calamity had prostrated her physical and mental energies. After offering a few encouraging words, which produced but a very slight effect, he remounted his horse, and rode rapidly to the place of rendezvous. Here he met Lieutenant Brown, a sergeant, corporal and ten privates, all finely armed and equipped, and prepared to brave any danger, and incur any hazard, in the service of a commander in whom they had the most unbounded confidence. He instantly placed himself at their head, and proceeded on his expedition.

It was now dark. Their road lay along the margin of a small stream, bounded on the one side by half-cultivated fields, and on the other by a thick gloomy forest, in which the death-like silence of its dark bosom was only broken by the occasional howl of its savage tenants.

After pursuing their course for some distance along the bank of this rivulet, now traversing the ground on its very margin, and then again carried by the windings of the path miles from the stream, they came to a sharp angle in the road, on turning which the captain, being a short distance in advance of the troops, discovered a figure, slightly defined, but yet bearing some resemblance to the human species, stealing along the

side of the path, apparently wishing to avoid observation.

Striking his spurs into his horse, and drawing his sword at the same time, the captain had the person completely in his power, before the other had time to offer either flight or resistance.

"For whom are you?" was demanded by Captain Edwards, in no gentle accents.

"I'm nae just free to say," replied the stranger, thus rudely interrogated, with the true Caledonian evasion.

"Answer me at once," returned the captain, "which party do you favor?"

"Ye might have the civility to give me a gentle hint which side ye belong to," said Sawney.

"No circumlocution," rejoined the soldier, sternly. "Inform me immediately, are you a mercenary of the tyrant of England, or a friend to liberty; your life depends on your answer."

"Aweel, then," said the Scotchman, firmly, "sin ye will have it, by my saul, I won't go to heaven with a lie in my mouth—I'm whig to the back-bone, ye carline; now do your warst, and be hanged till ye."

Well pleased was the American captain to discover so staunch a friend, when he had every reason to expect an enemy; and after furnishing him with a pistol, and advising him to avoid the scouting parties of the enemy, by keeping in the wood, he again proceeded on his expedition. They soon reached a fork in the road: one branch led into the recesses of the wood, and the other lay still farther along the banks of the stream, when the captain, calling Lieutenant Brown a little distance from the troop, said, "A few miles' ride will carry us to the encampment of a party of these tories. I wish to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and shall take the road which leads into the wood for that purpose, while you with the soldiers will ride on the other road, till you arrive within sight of the enemy, and then return to this point, which shall be our place of rendezvous. In the mean time, I wish you to avoid coming to any engagement with the tories; but in case you hear me fire two pistol shots, you may believe me to be in danger, and hasten to my relief."

To command, was to be obeyed, with Captain Edwards; and soon no sound was heard, save the slow and regular tread of the horses of the soldiers under command of Lieutenant Brown.

Leaving the republican soldiers for a time, we now turn our attention to the partizan tory who had entered the house of Mrs. Humphreys, like a robber, and forcibly carried off Miss Howard. James Lewis was a loyal officer of much celebrity. Of English extraction, and bred in the principles of entire acquiescence in the orders of the British ministry, he beheld the struggles of the aggrieved colonists with contempt. He saw the inhabitants rising about him in various parts of the country, with feelings of bitter malignancy, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost to crush these evidences of rebellion in the outset. Moved by this inveteracy, he accepted a captain's commission in the English army, and fought for a time under the banners of General Clinton, with success worthy of a better cause. But taking offence at some imperious order of his commander, he threw up his commission in disgust, and retired to his native village near the river Hudson. Here, collecting about him a few choice spirits like himself, he kept the inhabitants in a continual state of alarm by his plundering and rapacious conduct. Acting, as he pretended, under the orders of the king, the tories durst not oppose him, and the whigs were too few in numbers to resist his foraging excursions with any prospect of success.

In his youth he had been a school companion of Captain Edwards, but their principles were widely dissimilar, and little intercourse had taken place between them. In after life they embraced different sides, and the tory disliked the whig for his virtues, and envied him his good name. In one of his marauding expeditions he became acquainted with Miss Howard, and discovering the interest the republican had in her affections, he determined to get her into his power, for the purpose of holding a check on the whig officer, whom he equally feared and hated. A libertine in prin-

ciple and a profligate in practice, he scrupled at no means to attain his object; and a violent attack on the peaceful dwelling of a defenceless woman was as consonant with his views as robbing a henroost.

The dwelling of this renegade was situated on a small elevation on the bank of the river Hudson. His peculiar occupation, and the state of affairs in the country, had rendered it necessary for him to fortify and strengthen his house, and at the time referred to, it resembled, what it in fact was, the rendezvous of a band of lawless desperadoes.

In the principal room of the building was the villain captain, with three of his officers, seated round a decayed deal table, playing cards; on one end of the table stood a dirty decanter, partly filled with apple brandy; three or four cracked, dingy tumblers were scattered over the table, and the rest of the furniture of the apartment was in keeping with what has been described: in a corner of the room sat a lovely girl, apparently in the depth of wretchedness; her long raven curls hung in luxuriant profusion down her snowy neck; her veil, thrown carelessly aside, exposed to view a high, clear, receding forehead, dark arched eyebrows, mild hazel eyes shaded by long delicate lashes, a complexion of brilliant transparency—the whole face possessing that regularity of feature which constitutes beauty, but not that cast of countenance which subjects the person to the charge of insipidity; the natural expression of her face was of buoyant, glad some mirth—but now the calm lustre of her dark eyes was quenched in anguish. She occasionally cast furtive glances at the captain, and then toward a small window, which was firmly barricaded; but seeing no prospect of escape, she relapsed again into hopeless sorrow. Groups of blackguard soldiers were seated on stools in different parts of the room, many of them following the example of their officers, and others amusing themselves with polishing their muskets and equipments. After numerous potations from his bottle, the captain started up, reeling under the influence of the liquor, and addressing a ruffian-looking officer, one of his boon companions:

“Lieutenant Jocelyn, have the drum beat to arms, and take these lazy knaves and scour the woods for a few miles around, and cut down or make prisoner every rebel rascal you meet; leave soldiers enough, however, to guard the old castle: quick—blast me, no hesitation.”

“Humph!” muttered the old soldier; “ready enough to run his comrades into the noose; but devilish careful to keep his own detestable person out of danger.”

“Ha! what say you, you old grumbler? You shall stay here and guard the lady, if you are so much afraid of your beautiful self; and I will take command of the men.”

The lieutenant liked this proposition still worse than the former, but seeing no alternative, obeyed in silence. In a short time, the captain, accompanied by about twenty men, including a sergeant and two corporals, left their camp, and proceeded toward the wood. It was night-fall when they reached the forest, through which the road was very narrow and circuitous. They were travelling along the path in double files, when the sergeant in front ordered a halt.

“Why do we stop here,” roared the captain, “when it is as dark as Egypt?”

“I hear a noise like the trampling of horses,” said the sergeant.

“Hut, then,” said Captain Lewis, “and draw up the men into a body, and await their arrival in silence.”

“The horse’s footsteps were now distinctly heard; but it was a solitary horseman, whom these worthy soldiers were to encounter. When he arrived within speaking distance, the sergeant advanced a few paces in front of the soldiers, and exclaimed:

“Stand! stand! or you are a dead man!”

The horseman evinced no disposition to comply with this arbitrary requisition, but deliberately drew a pistol from his holsters, and endeavored to urge his horse through the ranks of his opponents. Captain Lewis now came to the front of his men, and ordered:

“Seize the bridle, and down with the rebel!”

“Let no man lay a hand on me or on my horse, as

he values his life,” said the horseman, in a determined tone, at the same time cocking his pistol.

The sergeant drew back for a few yards, and discharged his carbine, but without effect; two soldiers grasped the horse by the head at the same instant. The horseman, seeing a struggle inevitable, literally blew out the brains of one of his assailants, and plucking his other pistol from its socket with his left hand, and fired at and slightly wounded his second antagonist; he now threw aside his pistols, &c. and then drew his heavy broadsword, and essayed to cut his way through his opponents—but giant strength, combined with the most desperate courage, could not successfully compete with such vast disparity of numbers; some of his enemies fastened themselves on his horse, while others thrust at him with their bayonets, and after a protracted and furious contest, during which the Tories lost five men, the horseman was disarmed and brought to the ground.

“Bind the rebel dog,” shouted the infuriated captain, “he shall die the death of a felon, were he George Washington. By Heaven!” continued he, as he viewed the prostrate horseman, “it is Captain Edwards! Are then my dearest wishes gratified? I will be doubly revenged! Bind him hand and foot, boys, and throw him across his own horse, if the beast can bear him; if not, drive a bullet through the horse’s brains, and carry the soldier in your arms.”

The whig officer was firmly bound, and placed on his own charger, while a soldier marched on either side of him, and another led the horse. After prosecuting their route homeward near a mile, they were electrified with “No quarter to the cowardly Tories! cut them down root and branch;” followed by the discharge of near a dozen pistols, which killed four men, and wounded two or three others, and in a moment they were nearly surrounded by the dragoons under command of Lieutenant Brown. For a short time the contest was maintained with vigor; the bonds of Captain Edwards were soon cut, and he attacked the Tory captain sword in hand, and after a short conflict succeeded in wounding him in the sword arm, and hurling him to the ground, and placing his foot on his breast, he said:

“Now, you dastardly ruffian—avow your villainies, and inform me where I shall find Miss Howard, or by heaven’s blue arch, I will send you where the tenor of your life will be hard to account for.”

The fierceness of the whig soldier’s manner, and the consciousness of being wholly in his power, completely humbled the Tory, and he begged his life, and promised to conduct the troops to his encampment, where they would find the lady in safety.

The Tories were now effectually routed; some were killed, some wounded, others captured, and some had escaped. A few miles’ travel, and Captain Edwards and the men under his command arrived at the habitation of the Tories. A coarse, slovenly soldier was pacing the ground in front of the building, and on the advance of the continental troops, he presented his musket, and ordered them to halt. Captain Edwards briefly informed him of the reverse that had taken place in the fortunes of his commander, and concluded by telling him that “Submission was safety—resistance death.”

The door was now burst open, and in a moment Miss Howard was folded in the arms of her lover. “Oh! George!” cried the weeping girl, as she endeavored to extricate herself from his embrace; “I had almost despaired of relief; I thought I was forsaken by all my friends, and you with the rest.”

“Forsake you! never!” exclaimed he, fervently, as he again clasped her to his breast, “while life animates this body.”

“I believe you,” said she; “I was a wretch to doubt your constancy and perseverance. But,” she added, “we must not remain here an instant—my aunt will be in an agony till she hears of my deliverance.”

The scene that ensued on the arrival of the rescued fair one at the house of her aunt, may be imagined, but cannot be accurately described.

The old lady nearly stifled her niece with caresses, alternately thanking God, and imploring blessings on the emancipator of the child of her hopes.

Little more remains to be told. No entreaties of Captain Edwards, or persuasions of her aunt, could induce Miss Howard to give her hand to her admirer, till the close of the war. On the establishment of peace, Colonel Edwards, for he had received that title, was made happy in the possession of the object of his long-tried affection. Lieutenant Brown served under his captain during the war, and on the promotion of Major Edwards, succeeded to his command. The tory Lewis and the remainder of his guilty accomplices, were captured shortly after the occurrence of the above related transactions, and executed for desertion.

THE WHITE WITCH OF SOIGNIES.

ALL the roads leading to the famous city of Brussels were thronged with pensioners hastening to the Michaelmas Fair which was held in the year 1567. Traders and farmers with loaded vehicles of every description and size, were streaming onwards; and groups of gayer visitors on foot and on horseback, mingled with them, pursued the same route. The times were more tranquil than they had been for some time past. The recall of the Duke of Alba to Spain had revived the hopes of the wretched Flemings, who had for years endured his iron yoke, until their energies had been wholly subdued, and they had ceased to labor, because the fruits of their labor were seized by their rapacious task-masters. Now, however, fairer prospects seemed to dawn upon them. The departure of the tyrant had driven away the despair which had almost overwhelmed them; and although a very few months had elapsed, the industry and commercial spirit of the people had begun to revive. The Michaelmas Fair, which had been almost deserted, gave promise of exhibiting its former prosperity, and the great influx of merchants and visitors now upon the road seemed to fulfil that promise.

Among the many persons journeying to Brussels, two in particular claim the attention of the readers of this history. They were well mounted and armed, but dressed in the coarse ordinary garb of German horse-dealers; and their occupation was farther indubitably manifested by each of them leading a horse by a halter. At the fair there could be no doubt that they would gain good prices for commodities so rare and so valuable.

One of the riders was a stout, well-built man, of about forty years old. His features, handsome and prepossessing, had that frank and fearless air, which experience and a knowledge of the world, gained by being an actor in its busiest scenes, usually confer. He looked too honest for a horse dealer, and, but for his dress and the other indications which plainly pointed out his calling, a casual observer would have pronounced him to be of a superior class.

The other traveler was much younger, and had not yet seen much more than five-and-twenty summers. He was tall, well-knit, and graceful in his demeanor. Coarse was his garb, yet there was in its arrangement an obvious attempt to triumph over the disadvantages which belonged to it; and by the manner in which his cap was cocked, you might swear the young fellow thought he was worth looking at. At the fair to which he was hastening, there could be no doubt that he would be as much admired by the Flemish lasses, as his horse would be by the connoisseurs of the other sex.

The steeds which they rode and led were such animals as for blood and figure were not often to be met with. Of the true Spanish breed, and full of that Arabian fire which, at the period here spoken of, had so great an influence upon the men as well as the horses of Spain, they were such as would have made fit presents for a king. The rarity and value of their cattle might have accounted for the superior appearance of our dealers; but a conversation which took place between them will explain it in a more satisfactory manner.

"Yonder," said the elder traveler, "are the towers of Brussels, and there, for the present, our journeying must end. Now, for the last time, good comrade, let me remind thee, that thou art a horse-dealer and a

German. Let no word of Spanish, and as little Flemish as may be, pass thy lips. Forget all notions of gentility and chivalry; sit loosely on thy horse, and as like a serving-man as may be. Leave that military straightness of port, and forget that thou hast ever ridden at the head of thy troop."

"Thank heaven that we are about to reach Brussels," said the younger, "for then, at least, most reverend Gaspar, I shall be relieved from thy counsels. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, full and fasting, drunk and sober, hast thou dinned into my ears the sage precepts which thou thinkest necessary to guide my conduct, until I know each of them as well, or better (God forgive me) than my prayers."

"And upon a most ungrateful pair of ears have I bestowed all my good advice, since this is the return I get for it," replied Gaspar.

"Thou dost injustice to thyself, most sage counselor, if thou deemest that I regard not thy precepts, and thou dost me no less wrong, if thou deemest that I do not intend to obey them."

"Marry, Albrecht, thou hadst better, unless thou hast a mind to feel a hempen collar about thy neck, for that will inevitably be the fate of both of us, if we should be discovered."

"And as I have no taste for hanging, Gaspar, thou mayest believe that I mean not willingly to put myself in danger of it. Believe me, old friend, that I do not undervalue thy counsel, but, by being so often repeated, it falls a little dully upon mine ear."

There was no exaggeration in honest Gaspar's speech. If their errand had been discovered, their death was certain. The noblemen and gentlemen of the Low Countries had resolved to make an attempt to throw off the domination of the Spaniards. This had been determined in a numerous assembly, where they had sworn to support the cause of their country's freedom, though it should reduce them to the most abject poverty: for confiscation of all their property was what they must have expected, at least, if their design should be discovered. In the fervor of the moment, one of the chiefs proposed that they should pledge a toast, expressing their devotion to the cause, "*¡hasta a la besaca!*" in allusion to the ruin they were likely to encounter in accomplishing their object. They thence adopted the name of beggars; their device was a scrip or dole-wallet, and many of their party signals consisted of allusions to the habits and practices of beggars. Albrecht von Engelbart was the son of a nobleman who had lost his life and fortune in the earlier part of the struggle which ended in the total subjection of his country. Albrecht, who at his father's death was a mere infant, had been sent into Spain, where he had been educated, and by the aid of some of his father's friends, had been admitted into the Spanish army. He had shown himself the worthy child of a race who had long been distinguished for gallantry and prowess. On his return to the Low Countries, he had been initiated into the fraternity of "The Beggars," and had sworn to devote all his power to revenging his father's death, and freeing his country. The times were favorable for a revolt: all preparations had been made for its taking place at Brussels, at the Michaelmas Fair. Albrecht and Gaspar, his old military instructor, and a firm friend of his father, had agreed to be there to aid the revolt. They had chosen the dress of horse-dealers, not only as a disguise, but because it enabled them to introduce into the city, without suspicion, two excellent chargers, belonging to the Count Berg, who was in person to head the revolt, and who was, like themselves, to come into the city in disguise.

By the time that this discourse had reached the point at which we left it, our travelers were near the gate by which they were to enter the city of Brussels. As their appearance was not calculated to excite any suspicion, they passed the guard unquestioned, and rode to a hotel in the great market-place, where having bestowed their steeds safely, they repaired to the common room of the inn for the purpose of supping.

This place was so crowded that it was with difficulty they found a seat, and when they did so, they were compelled to take up with a place at a table where sat a company who appeared to be little better than mendicants.

If it be true that "misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows," it is no less true that hunger makes folks but little fastidious in their choice of companions. Our travelers sat down to their repast, and were so much occupied with it, that they paid little attention to the conversation which was passing around them, or to the persons by whom it was carried on. Their appetites being satisfied, they had leisure to listen, and the younger traveler became very much interested in a discussion which was carried on with some warmth, respecting a popular tradition that prevailed in the neighborhood of Brussels, and to consider the appearance of the persons among whom chance had thrown him.

An old man, of venerable appearance, accompanied by a young girl, whose complexion announced her to belong to one of those vagrant tribes which, under the name of Bohemians, or gypsies, were then, and are still, scattered over Europe, were sitting at the end of the table. The patched doublet and capacious scrip of the old man, showed him plainly to be a common beggar. The young woman was little better; but all the disadvantages of a very coarse attire were not able to conceal her rare beauty, to which her brilliant and expressive eyes added a power which was almost irresistible. The only other person engaged in the discourse, was a tall man of sinister aspect, who wore a patch over one of his eyes, and whose countenance had a mingled expression of cunning and audacity, which rendered him as disagreeable-looking a ruffian as can be imagined. They were talking over the story of the White Witch of Soignies, which the old man insinuated was as true as that the Duke of Alba was the governor of Spain, and the other man ridiculed it as an old woman's fable. Albrecht's curiosity was excited, and he begged to know what the story was about.

"Whence came you, my son," said the old man, turning to him, "that you do not know the legend of the White Witch of Soignies?" and then, without waiting to be answered, he went on. "In times, and many years before this country owned its present masters, the broad barony of Soignies, extending over many a league, and taking both tower and town within its verge, was the property of the lords of Engelbart. (Albrecht's curiosity was now more strongly excited than ever. He knew nothing of the history of his family but the fate of his father, and he listened eagerly to the old man's story.) Rodolph von Engelbart was the flower of the chivalry of his day, and happier than all his peers in the possession of the most beautiful and virtuous lady in the land as his wife. One thing alone troubled their felicity. The baron, who was an excellent man in other respects, had, either by constitution, or from a want of control, a habit of indulging in very violent transports of passion. When these excesses were upon him, he gave vent to the most unbecomingly and irreverent language, which shocked and distressed his amiable wife beyond measure. She frequently remonstrated with him, and when the fit was over, he would express the greatest contrition for his fault, and make the most fervent vows that he would never so offend again; but when anything happened to awaken the tempest of his ire, he was as fierce and ungovernable in his language as ever. His wife was seized with a sudden distemper, which proved rapidly fatal, and in a few days he was left alone in a world which had lost to him its only charm. He threw himself beside the cold corpse of his wife, and wept with an agony that seemed too violent for existence. At length he was forced violently from the chamber of death, the preparations were made for the funeral, and the baroness was interred with the solemnities that befitted her high rank.

"With that prostration of soul which often accompanies deep grief, the baron repaired to the chapel of his castle, on the evening after the funeral, and, kneeling before the high altar, he humbly and ardently besought forgiveness from heaven, and in the desperation of the moment, prayed either for death upon himself, or that his wife might be restored to him. A low sound of music appeared to pass near him. He rose, and approached the small postern of the chapel which led to the garden, and by which he had entered. Immediately opposite was the chamber in which his wife

had been used to sit. The long window, which opened on the lawn, was widely unclosed. The music again stole over his senses. It was the lute of his wife! It was the very air she had played to him so often! He thought he dreamed: he rushed toward the chamber, and to his unspeakable astonishment beheld her sitting there in her familiar position, and more beautiful than he had ever seen her. In a moment he clasped her in his arms, and found her warm and breathing. As soon as he could command himself so as to utter any coherent expressions, he begged her to explain to him by what means he had been so suddenly restored to existence. She looked at him gravely, and begged him to ask her no such questions. "Heaven has restored me to you for the purpose of correcting that sin in which you have hitherto indulged. If you love me, you will never again give way to passion, or to intemperate language. I am yours upon this condition alone, and the moment that you so offend will be the last of my existence." It were long to tell all the vows and oaths the baron made to his new-found wife in the transports of his gratitude. The event wrought a visible change in him; the impression which it had made upon his mind was so deep and lasting, that he from that moment kept a powerful control over himself, and was never heard to utter an intemperate word. For years their happiness remained undisturbed. Several children blessed their reunion. One day the baron's favorite stag-hound returned home grievously wounded. Some unlucky hunter had stricken the dog with a quarrel. The baron was so vexed that he forgot his oaths, and vented a torrent of imprecations against the hand by which his dog had been crippled. A low moan from his wife arrested his attention; she was gazing at him with an expression of grief which suddenly calmed his rage. He approached, and to his surprise and horror, her form seemed to melt in his embrace, and she vanished into air. The children she had borne since her re-appearance, disappeared at the same moment, and the baron saw then that it was the phantom of his wife, and not herself, that he had been living with. He survived this event but a short time, and ever since that period the wood of Soignies has been haunted at particular times by a female figure, which appears dressed in white, bearing a wand in her hand. She seldom appears but when some important event is going to befall some of the descendants of the house of Engelbart. It is said she will reply to any of that blood when accosted by them; that she will disclose to them the secrets of their destiny, but that to all others she is silent. The people of the neighborhood, many of whom have seen her, call her "The White Witch of Soignies."

The old man's tale being finished, Albrecht asked him eagerly where the phantom was to be seen.

"In the wood of Soignies, at that part which reaches to the lake of Laroux. At least, that is the spot in which she has been the ofttest seen."

Albrecht remained for some time in deed thought. He felt a great desire to visit the place which had been spoken of, and to see, if he might, the phantom shape that could inform him of his future destiny. He was roused from his reverie by the approach of the man who had been in conversation with the old beggar.

"May I ask, comrade," said he, with an air of familiarity, "what brings you hither?"

Albrecht was about to tell him that he thought him an impudent rogue, when Gaspar, who saw the storm rising prevented it by replying, that they were horse dealers, and came in hope of finding a purchaser for two thorough-bred horses.

"You come to a bad market," said the fellow, "for all the nobles in this country are beggars."

Our travelers both looked at him earnestly. Any allusion to beggars was well known among them to be a sign of fellowship, and they were convinced that they had guessed rightly in supposing him to be one of their party, when he made the secret signal by which they announced themselves to each other. They immediately entered into a low conversation, in the course of which the stranger informed them that he was a retainer of the count Berg's; that his master would not be in the city until the next day but one; that the rising would not take place until then, and that in the

meantime they must be cautious, and by no means leave the city.

Albrecht who had felt a prepossession in favor of the old mendicant, whose venerable appearance and imposing manners seemed to imply that he had not always been so low in fortune as he now seemed to be, asked the stranger if he was of their fraternity. He replied he thought not, but immediately tried the old man with the signal. He made no reply, and they were therefore convinced that he was a real beggar, and not one for merely political purposes. The old man rose to depart, and the beautiful girl who had been sitting beside him gave him her arm. Albrecht, seeing he walked with difficulty, offered his assistance. The old man thanked him, and as he drew near to the door, grasping the youth's arm with a force and energy which by no means corresponded with his tottering gait, he whispered in his ear, "Son of Engelbart, if you would see the White Woman of Soignies, repair to-morrow betimes to the lake of Laroux; cross the lake, and to you she will be visible. But say not a word of your intentions to any but Gaspar, and beware of your new acquaintance. There is danger in him. We shall meet again. Now begone." They were by this time at the door of the room, and the old man, shaking off Albrecht at the same time that he warmly pressed his hand, disappeared with the young gipsy.

Albrecht returned to Gaspar, whom he found in discourse with the stranger. He thought he had never seen a more vicious expression than this fellow's features presented, and he was convinced the old man's caution was a useful one. Under the pretence of fatigue he persuaded Gaspar to retire, and as soon as they were alone, he told him of the determination he had formed to visit the lake of Laroux. Gaspar tried to dissuade him, but finding that it was in vain, he resolved to accompany him. He was satisfied that the rising was not to take place till the day following the next, and as he was afraid that Albrecht's impetuosity might break out, he was not perhaps sorry to get him out of the crowded city.

As soon as the sun was up on the following morning, Albrecht roused his companion, and, saddling their horses, they set off toward the wood of Soignies. Half an hour's riding brought them to the spot which had been indicated to them by the old man. The lake here formed a shall bay, at the end of which stood a cottage, inhabited by an old man, who derived his subsistence by fishing in the lake. They easily induced him to take charge of their horses, and to lend them his boat, for the purpose of making an excursion on the lake, and of viewing the scenery on the opposite shore. They entered the boat; and having pulled into the middle of the lake, they saw very plainly, at the most remote point of the opposite shore, a small white cross, which surmounted the chapel or hermitage of which they had heard. With an energy which his strong curiosity had excited, Albrecht directed the boat to that point; and Gaspar, with less curiosity but not with less good will, seconded his exertions. They soon made the chapel; and running the boat into a small creek which was beside it, Albrecht looked about him with that kind of incredulous, but uncertain feeling, which scorns to believe what the heart devoutly wishes may be true. He stood up in the boat, listening and looking intently around. Not a sound fell upon his ear but the murmur of the ripples, which the soft wind roused upon the bosom of the placid lake, as they gently touched the pebbly shore; no sight met his anxious eye but a flitting bird, which occasionally darted out from the thick wood, and flew rapidly from one tall tree to another. He began to think that he should have nothing but his labor for his pains, and the sarcasms of Gaspar on the road to Brussels, when he fancied he heard a sound like that of low music. He listened almost breathless—he could not be mistaken; it increased—and now he heard distinctly a melody as wild and as beautiful as that which the night-wind makes when it dies upon the chords of a neglected harp. Even Gaspar heard it; for, without rising from his seat in the boat, he inclined his head toward the water to catch it. It became louder, and approached nearer. Albrecht was about to speak; when, at a short distance, through the trees, he saw a

light vapory form, which, by degrees, became more distinct. It assumed a positive shape; and he saw, visibly and plainly before him, exactly such a figure as had been described to him. A female form of delicate and beautiful proportions, clad in white, with dark hair hanging down her shoulders, and having a wreath of flowers on her head, stood looking toward him. She glided on, as if she trod not upon the earth, and beckoned him with a wand, which she held, as if inviting him to follow her. Without uttering a word, and before Gaspar was aware of his intention, he leapt ashore, and darting through the thicket, pursued the form, which fled rapidly from him. Gaspar did not venture to leave the boat, until he had devised some means of fastening it to the shore; and by the time he had accomplished this, Albrecht was out of sight. To follow him was in vain, for his companion had not been able to tell exactly at what point he had disappeared; there was no path through the thicket—he called as loud as he could, until the wood re-echoed with Albrecht's name; but it was from the echo alone he obtained a reply. In utter despair, after climbing the tallest trees he could see, he sat down by the shore to vent his anger, by blaming his companion and himself, in the most eloquent vein that his vexation could suggest.

For the first half hour this was well enough; but after that he got tired, and more than ever anxious. The time at which they ought to be at Brussels was drawing nigh. His honor and Albrecht's were pledged to their being in the city. To fail in performing this engagement, was a thought he could not brook; to go alone and leave his friend to dangers, which seemed the greater because he could not define them, was as disagreeable an alternative. He determined, at length, to make one more effort to seek him, and if that should fail, to hasten across the lake, and thence to Brussels where he would supply Albrecht's absence as well as he might. At the same time, in order to secure his friend's retreat, he had resolved to despatch the waterman back with the boat, to await the youth's return. Full of this determination, he penetrated the thicket, by which, as nearly as he could recollect, Albrecht might have gone; but, although he struggled manfully, and received with indifference many a blow on the face and shoulders from the thick underwood which abounded, his labor was in vain. He could find neither track nor path; and after a fruitless struggle, he returned to the shore, to put the other part of his resolution into effect. His boat was moored fast where he had left it, but to his consternation he found that the oars and sail had been taken away during his short absence. He looked about; but the more he looked—the more he thought—the more he was lost in amazement. The means of proceeding were taken wholly away from him, and he could not imagine how. To go by land was impossible. He did not know the road; if he had it was so far about, that he could not hope to reach Brussels by the morning. He was getting monstrously hungry, without the most remote chance of satisfying his appetite; and in short, he began to feel himself in the situation of a man who is perfectly miserable, without the possibility of helping himself. This conviction, when, after much swearing, and stamping, and passion, he did arrive at it, brought him some consolation. He saw it was in vain to struggle, and he therefore made up his mind to endure, as well as he might, the evils he could not remove. He stepped on shore again, and entered the small chapel which was close at hand. Here, to his comfort, no less than to his astonishment, he found on the table some cold meat, and a flask of wine, which whether he had met with it in a hermitage or elsewhere, he could not deny to be excellent.

We must, however, leave him to follow Albrecht in his pursuit of the white phantom. With expectations raised to the utmost pitch, he made his way through the tangled recesses of the wood, ever keeping in view, but never being able to reach the extraordinary being who, by her looks and gestures, clearly invited him to follow her. He had done so in breathless anxiety for some minutes, when a turning in the path brought him in the front of a large mass of rocks, in the centre of which was a rude opening, which served for a door way. Here the Witch entered, and stood, for a mo-

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Can the bracelet of union be composed of unequal gems?
TALES OF A PARROT.

OLD Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration; and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood, yet to the brave Ludovic it recalled a tale of other days, when he, young, ardent, enthusiastic, in defence of his country, first drew his sword against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle to the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many a misbelieving dog had his good sabre smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortune of the war, and too frequently was the glory of the Holy Cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant Crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats that, cut off suddenly from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks; "But the recollection of you and your angel mother," would Ludovic say to his daughter, "nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow, and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infusing fresh vigor into my arm, I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded, and in the agonies of death. I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed, until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it.

"When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure which, during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home—purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war."

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After that sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close his brother's eyes, who, on his death-bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that, when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time, and, satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him; he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place.

It was at a rural fete given by Ludovic to his neighbors, at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What then was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment where the guests were assem-

bled, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, and moving in the graceful waltz.

The evident superiority of his rival, whose well-knit limbs, firm step, free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and in violent wrath he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement—he persisted—she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. "You have no such liberty," thundered forth Karl; "you are my betrothed wife, and as such belong to me alone."

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father; and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father does this man speak the truth?"

"He does, my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissing her fair forehead, and raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, she murmured, "It was all a horrid dream;" and an anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up, and saw her father standing before her with folded arms, and a countenance clouded with grief; Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found it was no dream. She looked to her father.

"Father, is there no hope?"

"None: my honor is pledged!"

She turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hands in his, then rising suddenly, she threw herself at the feet of Karl.

"Oh, Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!"

"By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine, Theresa!"

"I appeal to my father."

"Will your father violate his promise to the dead?"

"I will not," said Ludovic, with solemnity.

"Then, Theresa," exclaimed Karl, with fiend-like exultation, "no power on earth shall save you from being mine!" and saying thus, he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, and endeavored to calm their affliction, and he related under what circumstances his promise had been given; but his concluding words, "That he must hold it sacred," threw them into a new paroxysm of grief.

"We must part, then, Arnhold," said the weeping Theresa, "we must part; ah! can we survive this cruel blow?"

"No," said Arnhold, "no—I cannot live without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us;" and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet.

"Arnhold," said Ludovic, sternly, "thou art a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!"

Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright tress, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father, and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortune of Theresa, as she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Even had her affec-

tions been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but, with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupportable.

"My dear child," would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnold gained your heart?"

"He is a hussar," replied Theresa.

There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic. He recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him that he had too often exalted the profession of arms over the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of the husbandman. Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit, or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her under the afflictions of life. Arnold dwelt near them; he had been the early playmate of Theresa, and together they had often, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, listened to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to narrate to them; and to these conversations may be attributable the passionate desire of Arnold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw, with deep grief, that his daughter was unalterably attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so. He blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast—but the stern honor of the soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village distant about sixty miles from the dwelling of Ludovic. There he left Theresa after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she should complete her sixteenth year. "Father," said she, with streaming eyes, "I have never deceived you. If I live, I will return—but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this fearful struggle." The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sunburnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feeling seemed to be dead, but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic apparently lay on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience, Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick-room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there, too, was the youthful hussar.

"My child," said Ludovic, "my days are numbered; my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also. To my dying brother I solemnly promised that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace—even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?"

"I can—I will," cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, "so help me Heaven!"

"Heaven will bless a dutiful child!" said Ludovic, with fervor. "Karl, draw near."

Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

"Karl," said Ludovic, "you say you love my child; cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure—but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions—"

Karl started, and retreated a few steps.

"That, however," continued Ludovic, "which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine—the murder—"

but enough of this. I have confessed to my ghostly father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue, but on the condition that I leave all my wealth to the church, as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget I was a father—I pleaded the destitute state of my child; I implored—I entreated; at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle. Keep it, dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly good for my soul's health? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?"

"Fool!" exclaimed Karl; "doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine—your possessions should be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from those avaricious monks, and tear them from the altar!"

"You cannot—you dare not!" replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger; "my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it."

"Driver!—dotard!" vociferated Karl; "think you that I will accept of a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for the purpose—I renounce her."

"Give her to me, father," cried Arnold; "I swear to cherish and protect her while life is in my body! Give her to me, dear father; and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!"

Karl laughed in mockery. "You value life but lightly," said he, "when you talk of sacrificing it for a woman; I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all, Theresa."

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment, Ludovic sprung from his couch—tore the covering from his head—snatched his saddle from the wall where it hung—seized his sabre—with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of golden bezants, oriental pearls and sparkling jewels, fell on the earth. "Wretch! worm! vile clod of the earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence, reptile! fly, before I forget that thou art of my blood!" Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colorless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, "Is not this a dream?—are you indeed restored to me?—can this bliss be real?"

"Forgive me, my child," exclaimed Ludovic, "the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that a part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church; not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I enumerated, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children—aye, support her, Arnold—lay her innocent head on your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar."

THE WAGES OF SIN.

FOR the ensuing narrative I am indebted to the kindness of a friend who was tutor and executor to the wayward young man whose guilt and wretchedness it commemorates. Strange though the story may appear, there are those in existence who know it to be true. Why then should I withhold what the writer himself had destined for the world? There are none to be grieved at the disclosures it contains. Moyston left behind him no near relations—he had but one friend. Let then this unconnected record of sorrow and sin appear in his own words. At least it may serve to show that if in this chequered state of being, virtue and happiness are not synonymous terms, still misery is indissolubly allied to crime.

"I am dying—I know it. Despite of all that medical skill can achieve—of every alleviation that art can suggest—and every check to disease that wealth can procure—I am rapidly sinking into my grave. Be it so.

I grieve not at the discovery. Can the captive mourn the hour which will free him from the damp and loathsome dungeon, and open to him the joyous air of heaven? Oh no, the truest friend the wretched have, is he who drops the scene upon their weary life. But let me not spend my few last fleeting hours in moralizing—I have yet much to do. Little has my past life availed my fellow creatures: O let me benefit them from the grave! Surrounded with every blessing which existence can afford—possessing prospects of a brilliant, nay almost unrivalled nature—few entered this chequered scene of being with greater advantages than myself. It is true, that the lapse of a few short years made me an unconscious orphan. But by a kind and watchful guardian and his sister, who had been my mother's early friend, their place was most affectionately supplied; and of such a brother as I possessed, few could boast. He was about eighteen months older than myself, and though in our pursuits, and tastes, and turns of thought, an essential difference was perceptible, we were warmly and devotedly attached. Alone in the world, we clung to each other with an intensity of affection which orphans only can feel. I will describe him—though it cost me a bitter pang.

"More sedate—more reflecting—more refined and highly cultivated than myself, with a mind slightly tinged with melancholy, and deeply but unaffectedly impressed by the great truths of religion, he exhibited a character remarkable for mental energy, when excited, but which took rare and sparing interest in ordinary occurrences. His pleasures were invariably those of a grave and solitary cast. He seemed to endure mirth rather than enjoy it; to enter into society, more from a feeling of duty than an anticipation of amusement. To contemplate nature in her wildest and grandest forms—to listen to the sullen roar of ocean—to survey from the verge of a rock the fretful billows foaming and breaking at its base—to watch the progress of the tempest and gaze upon the forked lightning—to enjoy the sabbath stillness of a summer's evening, and muse upon the starry firmament studded with innumerable worlds—to investigate the structure and powers of the human mind—and to dive into sciences which lead man to his MAKER, and force upon him the magnificence of the Deity and the extent of his benevolence: for pursuits like these he had the keenest relish, and from the prosecution of them he seemed daily to rise with fresh and unabated enjoyment. And in despite of an air of pensive gravity and reserve, unusual in one so happily circumstanced, there were few who were more generally and deservedly beloved, than the young Sir Walter Moyston, of Mountsfield.

"Oh, I *did* love him! Gay, volatile and impetuous—interested only about the present, and careless of the future—governed, far too frequently, by the impulse of the heart, rather than by the decision of the head—often the victim of passion, ever the slave of caprice; yet did I pay involuntary homage to my brother's superiority; and in every moment of difficulty—in every hour of trial—when disgust, or disappointment, or treachery had assailed me, I would turn to this highly gifted being and be comforted.

"What would I give to recall that period? I was happy, for I was innocent. When I first woke in the morning, I could almost weep with pleasure;—the holy calm, the silence, the freshness, the fragrance, would thrill through my soul;—and then—yes, then I could lift a heart to Heaven, which guilt had not torn from confidence in God.

"My brother was about twenty, and I had just quitted Oxford, when an addition was made to our neighborhood in the person of a Mrs. De Courcey. She was the widow of a very gallant officer; and the bravery of her husband—and the circumstance of his loss reducing her from comfort and independence, to the lowliest retirement and the scantiest pittance, added to her own noble descent and very superior manners—excited a powerful interest in her favor, and she was very generally courted on her appearance among us. Yet, amidst it all, she was a cold, calculating, mercenary being; an adept in intrigue, and a heartless manœverer. In a word, SHE WAS A WOMAN OF THE WORLD; and could contrive, at will, to make vice appear virtue, and art seem innocence. She was accompanied by

her daughter;—let me *attempt* to describe Adela De Courcey.

"I see her at this moment before me. That clear, fair forehead, that deep blue eye—that open, frank, confiding smile—that buoyant, airy step—that careless, nay, almost childish gaiety of manner, which seemed so delightfully to mix with the every-day business of life, and to throw a glow of cheerfulness on all around her;—no, no, to her description is injustice.

"To see and love this captivating being—to love against hope, against reason—to love with all the jealousy and despondence of a youthful heart—with all the intensity and devotion of a first affection—was very speedily mine. I say to love against hope, against reason, for I discovered but too soon, that Adela's beauty, her innocence, her misfortunes, and the air of cheerful resignation with which she submitted to their pressure, had made a powerful and permanent impression on my brother's heart. I saw that I had no chance. And yet Adela's return of her lover's passion was cold and faint in the extreme. Living in his immediate neighborhood—hearing, hour by hour, of his unbounded benevolence, his unaffected piety, his humility, his disinterestedness—she respected, she esteemed—but no, she never loved him. To her mother, his wealth, his rank, his generous, easy temper, were irresistible. Mrs. De Courcey smiled upon his suit. I was a bankrupt in affection from that very hour.

"For the first time I now *felt* I was a younger brother; for the first time my heart swelled with envy and animosity toward the unsuspecting Walter; for the first time I regarded, with feelings of satisfaction, his slender form and sickly habit—treasured up the passing indications of delicacy of constitution—and calculated, yes, actually calculated, whether it was not possible I might survive him. And then better feelings would return, and I would oppose to those baneful, but evanescent emotions, my own purity of intention and rectitude of heart! 'Twas the dream of a madman. Oh! would to God I had learnt the lesson of human weakness, the great lesson of human life; that I had been taught the narrow limits of human sufficiency; and had been led to pray for strength and support from above! Would to God I had learnt to control my passions—to subjugate them to the empire of reason—to invoke divine assistance to combat, to stifle, to subdue them! I get weaker. I must on.

"Preparations for the marriage were in progress. Instructions had been issued for the settlements; and the ceremony stood fixed for the day on which my brother would attain his minority. The feelings of my mind strangely harmonized with the season of the year. It was far advanced in autumn: the dew lay thick upon the grass; the landscape was entirely shrouded with vapor, excepting where a solitary sunbeam seemed to struggle with the mist; the woods were silent: and not a single sign of life enlivened the monotony of the scene, save where the dusky livery of a huge old fir was contrasted by the brilliant berries of the mountain ash. It was nature in her sepulchre.

"My brother challenged me to a walk. On a morning cheerless and gloomy as that which I have been describing, I was sure the invitation contemplated some particular object. Nor was I mistaken. He announced to me, in form, his intended marriage—spoke to me most confidentially, most unreservedly—unfolded all his plans for the present, his prospects for the future—apprised me in the most delicate terms, of the addition which he had deemed it right to make to a younger brother's portion—and again, and again assured me, that neither time nor circumstances could effect the slightest diminution in his love.

"Engaged in earnest conversation, we had reached a ravine in the grounds. It was a spot sad and solitary; but wild and picturesque in the extreme. Ivy mantled its sides in some places; and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the crevices of the rock, excluded the light of day, and half concealed the torrent which foamed below. The weeping willow and the mournful cypress waved o'er the waters. At a little distance lower down, the stream—now brawling and foaming in hasty current, now whirling in deep and circular eddies—was joined by a

sluggish and slumbering rivulet, and became a very considerable sheet of water. Its depth, even at the side, was upward of fifteen feet.

"Heedlessly loitering on the brink, and pointing to some recent improvements, my brother faltered and fell into the flood. The slightest motion on my part would have saved him; the least effort, without incurring any risk, any danger to myself, would have been sufficient to avert his fate; the very sapling which lay on the grass beside me, had it been guided to his grasp, would have drawn him to the brink. I stood motionless! The feelings of a fiend rushed over me and prevailed. Twice he rose and struggled manfully with the torrent. I saw his face almost black with agony—I caught his eye fixed full upon me with an expression of anxiety, of entreaty, of reproach, and despair, which impending dissolution only could convey. A convulsive cry escaped him. It was repeated in a deeper, wilder tone. A sullen plunge was heard. There was stillness around me—it was the stillness of death.

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"I returned to the house by a long and circuitous route; and immediately on reaching it, gave the alarm. His body was found an hour afterward. I did not see it. I was pressed to do so, but replied—they were the only words of truth that passed my lips for many years—that "MY FEELINGS WOULD NOT ALLOW ME."

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"Within two years afterward Adela was mine.

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"I had now realized the wildest wish of my heart. Sin I had committed—aggravated—heinous—damning—overwhelming. I had earned—fairly its wages. Fortune was mine. Rank was mine. The being I had so long and so hopelessly loved, was mine. There was no living creature to dispute my will nor control my wishes. Perhaps it may be asked, was I happy? Happy! From the very day my brother died, I never knew the meaning of the term. Soon—very soon—retribution overtook me. The Almighty visited me early with his chastisements. I was passionately fond of children. There was a purity and an innocence about them which breathed to me of another world. I liked them as companions. Their heartful mirth, their sportive playfulness their dove like simplicity, and winning smiles, would always, even in my darkest hours, steal me from myself. I implored Heaven—for I dared to pray!—to vouchsafe me such a blessing of my own. There were other reasons which rendered me earnest and importunate in this petition, I was the last of my race. The name of Moyston, so nobly descended—the title of no recent creation—would die with me. The extensive domains would, in that case, enrich a family who had already aggrandized themselves at our expense, and whose very mention was hateful to me. For those powerful reasons, independent of my passionate attachment to infancy. I was anxious beyond description for a living representative. Years rolled on—I WAS CHILDLESS!

"Conscience gradually resumed her sway. The figure of my drowning brother pursued me like a shadow. Night and day—at home and abroad—in society and in solitude—his image was before me. My health began to show symptoms of decay. Medical science was resorted to. My attendant pronounced me nervous—hypocondriacal; recommended change of air—of scene; hurried me off to Brighton—to Cheltenham; and prescribed "tonic medicines and nutritious diet!"

"Pshaw! I despised their prognostics. I laughed to scorn their self-sufficient ignorance, and the confidence with which they boasted of their ability to cure. My malady was beyond their art; and I knew it. My symptoms were a wounded conscience—my sufferings arose from the anguish of remorse—my feverish days and restless nights had their origin in those bitter feelings of self-reproach, which like the vulture of Prometheus, preyed unceasingly upon my vitals, and were but too lively an emblem of "the worm that never dies."

"After a melancholy sojourn at Malvern, Harrogate, Buxton, and half a dozen other places sacred to folly and fashion, I returned to Mountsfield with a decided increase of malady. It had now reached such

a height, that I was unable to encounter a human eye. I insisted, with the vehemence of frenzy, no servant should presume to meet me. No matter what might be its importance—on pain of instant dismissal, I enjoined them to retrace their steps. Lady Moyston reasoned—remonstrated—entreated. In vain. I adopted the jargon of my physician, and laid the blame on the "total derangement of my nervous system!" Dr. Warren—he's now in his grave—commended my "prudent precaution!" Prudence! Precaution! Ha! ha! ha! I could not—I dare not meet the steady gaze even of the menials that surrounded me. I dreaded—I anticipated—they would read the guilty secret in my care-worn, haggard countenance. I was obeyed—obeyed to the very letter. I could wander at will through the grounds without meeting a human being. I could traverse the long gallery at Mountsfield—pace up and down, to and fro, in the splendid but deserted apartments—and muse unchecked by the presence or even the sound of any living witness, over my ever increasing anguish, compunction, and despair.

"Sleep forsook me. That clear, sweet, soft voice for ever rung in my ears. I heard it above the swell of the pealing organ—above the waves of the ocean as they rolled in thunder on the shore—in the silence of midnight—in the glare of noon-day—in the song—in the dance—go where I would, still an invisible monitor sounded in my ears—"HENRY, DEAR HENRY, SAVE ME—SAVE ME!"

"I endeavored to soothe my wounded spirit by acts of the most unbounded charity. I would fain have bribed Heaven by a life of the most extensive benevolence. To the needy, the suffering, the aged, and the diseased, I dispensed by wealth liberally—largely. Alas! light where it would it seemed followed by a curse! The objects of my bounty proved unworthy, or ungrateful, or impostors, or importunate. Few, very few, appeared on examination deserving or necessitous. And the blessings which these invoked on my head seemed to my distempered imagination, expressions of the bitterest derision; and the heartfelt aspirations which they uttered, "that I might never know what sorrow was," seemed the exultations of a fiend that mocked at my calamity and laughed at my despair.

"Months had I continued in this feverish state of being, when an incident occurred which diverted the current of my thoughts, and had afterward a very material influence upon my destiny. In one of my solitary rambles through the park, I found a little boy, cold, hungry, and almost destitute of clothing, watching, with the most affectionate solicitude, and weeping over a dying mother. She was a soldier's wife, who having lost her husband, was returning to her native village, when disease and want had arrested her progress. She was, indeed, hastening to her final home. Her little companion, I may say, comforter, was a noble, manly looking boy of five years old, with a face which had, without exception, the finest, softest, sweetest expression I ever saw. He was sitting by her side with a look of childish, helpless anguish; and the tone in which his little clear voice murmured, "Don't cry, mother, don't cry," as he wiped the damps of death from her brow, touched a heart, cold, churlish, and insensible as mine.

"She was carefully removed to the house. Every remedy that experience could suggest, every comfort that wealth could procure, was afforded her. It availed but little. Death would not be cheated of his prey; and his approach hourly became more perceptible. The little mourner watched every turn of her disorder with a glistening eye and quivering lip—sat hour after hour with his little hand clasped in hers—and when the last struggle came on, and we forcibly excluded him from the chamber, he fixed himself on the step outside the door—inquired in faltering accents of all who entered or quitted the apartment—and as each reply became more hopeless than the former, wept in silence. When he told him of his poor mother's death, he refused food. No delicacy we could offer could tempt his appetite. He sat by the coffin in childish sorrow, and mourned as one that "would not be comforted."

"There was something in this homage of the heart

which deeply interested me. I will keep him—educate him—provide for him. He at least will love me. The flame of gratitude will burn bright and clear in such an affectionate bosom; and on him, bound to me by the ties of countless obligations, the rumors of the world will have no power. His profession shall be that of his choice. How these day dreams were realized will appear hereafter.

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"The passing stimulus of the moment over—my mind made by respecting the education of the little orphan—and every arrangement for his comfort completed—my thoughts gradually returned into their old channel; and some slightly exciting cause was all that was requisite to bring back my malady with renewed violence. It was not long wanting. I had taken pleasure in going to church. Yes—unaccountable as it may appear, my happiest hours by far were those which I spent *there!* I could and did pray. I felt the beauties, and was alive to the unction of our incomparable liturgy; and if I ever had an interview free from the knowings of remorse, it was when I was under the roof of my God. This confession may appear extraordinary. I care not. It is true. Touched by a passage of Scripture—by some brief, but exquisite reference in the state of my own mind; softened by the calm—the holy stillness of the sanctuary; or subdued by the plaintive persuasions of the good old man who counselled there; I have wept—often—bitterly. Wept—as I thought of that heaven from which I felt myself eternally excluded; wept—as I thought of that fearful account to which I so unrelentingly consigned my generous brother; wept—as I reflected on what I *might have been, and what I was!* Yet these were not tears of penitence. I knew not the meaning of contrition. And from every thing resembling confession of my guilt and supplication for pardon, my proud spirit revolted together. No—such was the conclusion at which I invariably arrived—no pity for me! The human being does not exist to whom I would breathe my secret. The mental gangrene which preys upon me, may corrode my heart's core. But I will carry it with me to the grave.

"I wander. I have said, my happiest hours were those which were spent in the exercise of public devotion. This interval of enjoyment was not long permitted me. On Easter Sunday—I have as vivid a recollection of the time, and place, and circumstances, as though it had been an affair of yesterday—I chanced to catch Mr. Alleyne's eye resting upon me as he slowly read in his deep, solemn tones—*THOU SHALT NOT MURDER.* I was instantly unnerved. I could detect a deeper, graver modulation than usual—could trace in his penetrating eye a peculiar expression—a point and severity in his generally mild and gentle manner. He suspected me! Did he dare? I would brave him! I could not. I WAS AT CHURCH FOR THE LAST TIME.

"My malady now returned with tenfold violence. I was unable to bear the presence even of my own servants. I insisted upon their never presuming to look at me as they waited at dinner—upon their eye constantly and invariably shunning me. "I will not," said I, with the tone and gesture of a madman, "be bearded by menials in my own hall." "But, consider, my love," said Lady Moyston, "the endless, the unaccountable constructions which such a command would bear," "No matter," said I, with increasing vehemence, "I will be obeyed." "Certainly, Henry," was Adela's reply. "Certainly. Your will, you know, is ever mine. Suppose, then, we dispense with their attendance altogether? I myself," said she, with her own sweet smile, "will wait upon you. Will you accept of me for a cup-bearer?" The idea pleased me. I adopted it. But after a while I had the misery of perceiving that even Adela's presence was a painful restraint upon me. I proposed dining alone. She struggled with her tears, and—acquiesced.

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"Marcius—for so I had named the little orphan—was now eighteen. In him I fancied I should find an ample recompense for the bitter disappointment, vexation and chagrin, which had attended all my former schemes of benevolence. O he *did* promise fair! In

attainments—in disposition—in person and in manner, he was all that I could wish. Hourly did I congratulate myself upon the incident which had enabled me to foster such generosity of character—such originality of mind. I was anxious he should be near me. I urged him to direct his thoughts toward the church. In him I felt assured my fancy-portrait of a country-clergyman would find a living illustration. "T was not to be! The "plumed troop and spirit-stirring drum" had captivated his young and ardent temperament; and I, unwilling to thwart his choice, interested myself in procuring him a commission. I was successful. The conscientious, but not slavish adherence with which our family had for years supported government measures, was admitted and acknowledged; and after a little delay, I received a letter acquainting me that an ensigncy in the — foot was at my service. As early in the morning as I felt myself *equal to the interview*, I summoned Marcius to hear the gratifying intelligence. He came not. Another messenger was despatched. There was an unusual delay—a hesitation—an embarrassment I could neither understand nor tolerate. I got irritated. I was then told that Mr. Beresford was nowhere to be found. After an interval, I learned that he had quitted Mountsfield immediately after breakfast—and, at last, that LADY MOYSTON HAD ACCOMPANIED HIM! My cup of sorrow was now filled to the brim. The curse of a justly offended God was tracking my footsteps. His wrath had overruled my darling project—crushed my proudest hopes. The only beings that loved me—that cared for me had abandoned me to my fate. I was now to struggle alone—unpitted and unheeded—into my grave.

"She left me—but I will not blame her. Kind, light-hearted, affectionate being, how could I expect she would love one so gloomy, so churlish, so selfish and misanthropic as myself? No, no, I will not blame her. I deserved her not. Standing on the brink of eternity, I will permit no unkind feeling to mingle with my last recollections of one who was for many years so very dear to me. Thou wilt find, Adela, that in my testamentary dispositions thou art not forgotten; and may'st thou be forgiven at the bar of heaven as fully and as freely as I forgive thee now!

"I copy her last letter. It reached me a few hours after her departure. It is but justice to herself that I should give it:

"TO SIR HENRY MOYSTON.

"I have left you for ever. For years I have been laboring under the agonizing conviction that I no longer possessed your confidence. In vain have I scrutinized my conduct to see where I had failed in duty or affection. I cannot discover, and you will not point out, how I have forfeited your esteem. I can struggle with it no longer. Your coldness, your indifference, your cruel neglect, have cut me to the soul. But farewell! I have taken nothing with me but what was strictly my own. The pittance which I inherited from my poor mother, and a few articles of personal property, dear to me as having once been hers, are all I have appropriated to myself. My jewels—my wardrobe—my valuables of every description, I have left behind. To them I felt I had no claim. May the future years of your life make amends for the misery which has embittered the past. Yet remember, when left at liberty by divorce to make another choice, that domestic happiness must be founded in domestic confidence.

"ADELA."

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"I could not sleep alone. Wake when I would, I was in agony. The silent and gloomy ravine was continually before me. I heard the roar of the torrent at a distance—the sullen plash of the waters as he sunk for ever—saw the supplicating agony of his countenance as he struggled with his fate—caught the echo of his last convulsive shriek for "help." I could *count* the bubbles as the air escaped from his lungs, and rose to the surface of the water.

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"Hubert, my own valet occupied my dressing-room. I must, in my sleep, have betrayed my secret; or he, waked by my agony, overheard and understood me! Be that as it may, speedily and bitterly did he make me feel his power. Not a syllable ever escaped him;

he was silent as the grave; but his insolent air, his arrogant manner, soon gave me to understand the knowledge he had acquired; and from that hour he never ceased to exercise a thralldom over me which has crushed me to the dust. I dreaded him. *I dared not command him.* And in the midst of luxury—in my own almost princely mansion—with a fortune not many could equal, and a retinue few could boast—I *felt what it was to be a slave.*

"The blow has been struck! Two days since, unable to submit to Hubert's increasing insolence of manner, and irritated by disease, I ventured to reprimand him sharply, and to hint, that were he to obtain his deserts, it would be a free passage from Mountsfield—"If every one got his due, where would you be? There was a gibbet in my country, twenty years since stood—quite close to my mother's cottage it—was that of a man who was hung—for the murder of his only brother?" I fell back on my chair, covered with blood. I had ruptured a blood vessel.

"I am thankful I have been spared to complete my narrative. To conclude it I have written till midnight. The wind whistles wildly around me. Hark again—it comes borne on the blast—"Henry, dear Henry, save me—save me!"

"A few hours, and I enter upon the world of spirits. God of compassion pity me. The victim of impulse—the slave of ill-regulated passions—guilty, and debased, and degraded as I am—O remember that for me—yes, even for me—a Saviour died!

AN INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.

I SAT, tossing pebbles into Lake George, on a fine summer morning in June—ten or twelve years ago—say about the introduction of the black cravat and the beginning of the reign of king William. The ripples just feathered with the wind and no more. A swan with his wings spread would have rounded the point of Isle Diamond in half an hour—a standard mile. It was in other respects as lovely a morning as the "lark at heaven's gate" ever heralded.

"What a fairy boat!" She shot suddenly out from a small cove above me—a white, slender aerial thing, with a deep green band through her waist, her sails snowy and all set, and a pink streamer from either mast running away in long curves from the wind, and flaunting most gracefully. At her helm sat a lady, and as I caught a glimpse of a dark eye under her bonnet, she leaned forward just so far as to show an exquisite figure in relief, and putting down the tiller, ran right for the point where I was sitting. I minute more, and the sharp bow grated on the pebbles, and the shadow of the little topmast passed over my feet. I rose and looked around for the object of their visit. I was on the bank alone—no one within sight—what could they mean by running down on me so pointedly. Before I had time to wonder twice, a young man, of sixteen apparently, who had been hid from view by the mainsail, leaped ashore and raised his hat with a very courteous "good morning."

"You seem to be alone, sir! will you honor us with your company up the lake?"

"Certainly, sir—with all my heart—but—but"—and, as I hesitated, I looked inquisitively at an elderly gentleman who had risen from the windward seat in the stern, and stood looking at us with a smile.

"My son's invitation is rather abrupt, sir," said he, bowing in answer to my look, "but I beg you will accept it notwithstanding. We are losing the morning breeze—will you step on board."

A single leap and my foot was on the taffarel.

"Stop!" said the lady, springing up from the tiller, and motioning me back with her hand—(her voice was enough to set you dreaming the rest of your life)—"one condition—as I ran the shallop down for you without permission of these two gentlemen, (who by the way have the honor to stand for my father and brother,) I claim the right to make it. Do you agree?"

She nodded to us all—and I bowed my assent.

"We are bound to some one of these lovely islands—

as far up as the wind will take us—to idle away the day. You, sir, (addressing me) are to have the honor of my society and special protection as commander of the boat, till I set you on this bank again at sunset—promising, however, before these gentlemen, that you will ask us no personal questions whatever during the voyage, and make no inquiries of our name and whereabouts after you have left us. This sacrifice of curiosity I consider necessary to my maidenly delicacy—otherwise compromised perhaps by this whimsical assault upon a stranger."

I had been left at the hotel that morning by a large party, who, after coming down the lake in the steamboat—thirty miles through the rain, and all the time passed in the cabin—were content to rise at daylight and take coach for the springs, without waiting even an hour or two to see the most beautiful sheet of water in the world by sunshine. I had been hurried from Niagara, and dragged past the Thousand Isles, and deprived of all but a mere glimpse of Montmorenci—but to leave Lake George in such a grocer's hurry—without touching one of its green Islands, or looking once into its strangely transparent depth by a clear sky—it was the drop too much! I was missing when the coach drove up, and they went without me. There was no other visitor at the lonely hotel, and when the wheels were out of hearing, I felt for the first time in a month, the luxury of solitude.

The sails filled and away we shot from the shore, the beautiful shallop steeling through the water as if, like the boat of the Witch of Atlas, some fairy influence

"had lit

A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it."

I sat between the fair skipper and her father, in a dream of bewilderment. Their manner put me perfectly at ease, and the conversation went on as swimmingly as the keel, every topic heightened and freshened inexpressibly by the mystery of the acquaintance. There was no danger of a betrayal even of name, for they called each other by the familiar appellation, and "Constance," and "Arthur," and "Papa," soon became as used to my ears as if I had known them intimately from my boyhood.

I think I am "in" for a description. I don't very well see how I can let you off without it. If I were to report the gay conversation around the tiller, it would not be at all the same thing as the sweet toned bagatelle of a voice like a disguised enchanter's, and as I forget everything I said myself, and only remember here and there an observation of Mr. Arthur and his venerable father, there would be a precious probability that two-thirds of the dialogue would be clear fancy—a quality I wish particularly to avoid in this narration. A description of the lake will both eke out the story and save me from the dilemma. You shall have it.

Imprimis—it is the most beautiful lake in America—and, *sequitur*, the most beautiful spot in the world. Its thirty mile of length are more like a river than a lake—a river with mountain banks, its bosom studded with small green islands covered with the most lavish verdure and foliage, and its waters as clear and transparent almost as the atmosphere. You may see the long heavy pickerel moving drowsily about on the bottom at the depth of thirty feet, and the shoals of smaller fish scudding across your bow, and count the rocks and white crystals with which the lake abounds, as distinctly as if the element were not water, but air. Then the wooded shores are so near and so bold, and the islands are so many and so buried in leaves, that as your boat runs through the narrow channels, it seems to you as if you were floating among clouds, the shadows in the water of rock and tree and outline are such faultless resemblances. Like Wordsworth's swan, every gem of an island

Floats double, isle and shadow;

and as you put out from the little pier at Caldwell (the place of the hotel at the south end of the lake) and pull away with a couple of smart oars for the north, islet after islet, not much larger than a parlor ottoman, steals out to your view, and so you may voyage on, hours and hours, spattering at every dip almost, some fairy shore, till your mind absolutely becomes surfeited

with beauty. And with these general features I leave the rest to your imagination.

The breeze died away in the middle of the forenoon, and left us with our sails flapping against the mast, opposite a small island, fringed with beeches, and carpeted with short rich grass and moss—the prettiest flower for fairy feet in the world. At the bidding of our fair helmsman, I took an oar with Arthur, and three or four fair pulls brought us alongside, and covered the boat with the overhanging branches. The shade was deep and cool, and we spread the contents of a certain ambiguous looking hamper on the cloth, and setting bottles of claret and champagne down by a rock in the water, prepared to pic-nic in the most rural *innocence*. Oh those three or four or five hours—I don't know how long—they flew like hours in paradise! I was happier than I could expect to be again. And that superb creature—perfectly frank, and half gay half thoughtful—now running to the shore-edge for a flower, now noting some exquisite effect of light or shadow—laughing, moralizing, quoting poetry and glancing at sentiment—everything unstudied and everything in taste—she was enough to ruin a whole academy of cynics.

We dined at the primitive hour of twelve, and spent the afternoon in reading and lounging, and at eight, just as the moon was rising, we embarked, and on a perfectly glassy surface, rowed slowly back to Caldwell, our lovely skipper grown a little penseroso, and mingling passages of songs with low-toned, beautiful conversation, more interesting and bewitching with every change of her humour.

We touched the pier. They looked at me with a smile. I was about breaking my promise, but she put her finger on her lip, and with a heart almost sick with regret, I shook hands hastily with them all, and sprang on shore.

"Push off," said she, in a tone of gayety. I looked at her as the gay word sounded harshly in my ear, and with something in her eye which I have the vanity to believe would have been a tear in a moment, she met my look, and smiled half sadly, and with a kiss of her white hand, turned away to the sway of the shallop.

I have never heard of them since. The landlord remarked that they were boarding privately at a farm house a mile back in the country, and that is all I know of them. They were people of the first cultivation, and the highest tone of breeding and courtesy I ever met. I hope some day to see them. But after traveling through all the northern and middle cities since, and going much into society, but seeing no trace of them, I almost despair. I have recorded our delightful rencontre in the hope it may reach their eye. If it should, and they will send but a card to me, through the editor of this polite periodical, it will be the happiest hour I have known since I saw them, in which I pack my valise for a journey.

It is my lot in life—every thing comes to me fragmented and imperfect. I have encountered hundreds of these mere inklings of romance. Every stage coach, steam-boat, canal,—every hotel in a strange city gives me some *beginning* to an adventure. There is no *dénouement*. I am a sort of traveling Tantalus. I shall die some day of sheer wonder!

THE PASSING CROWD.

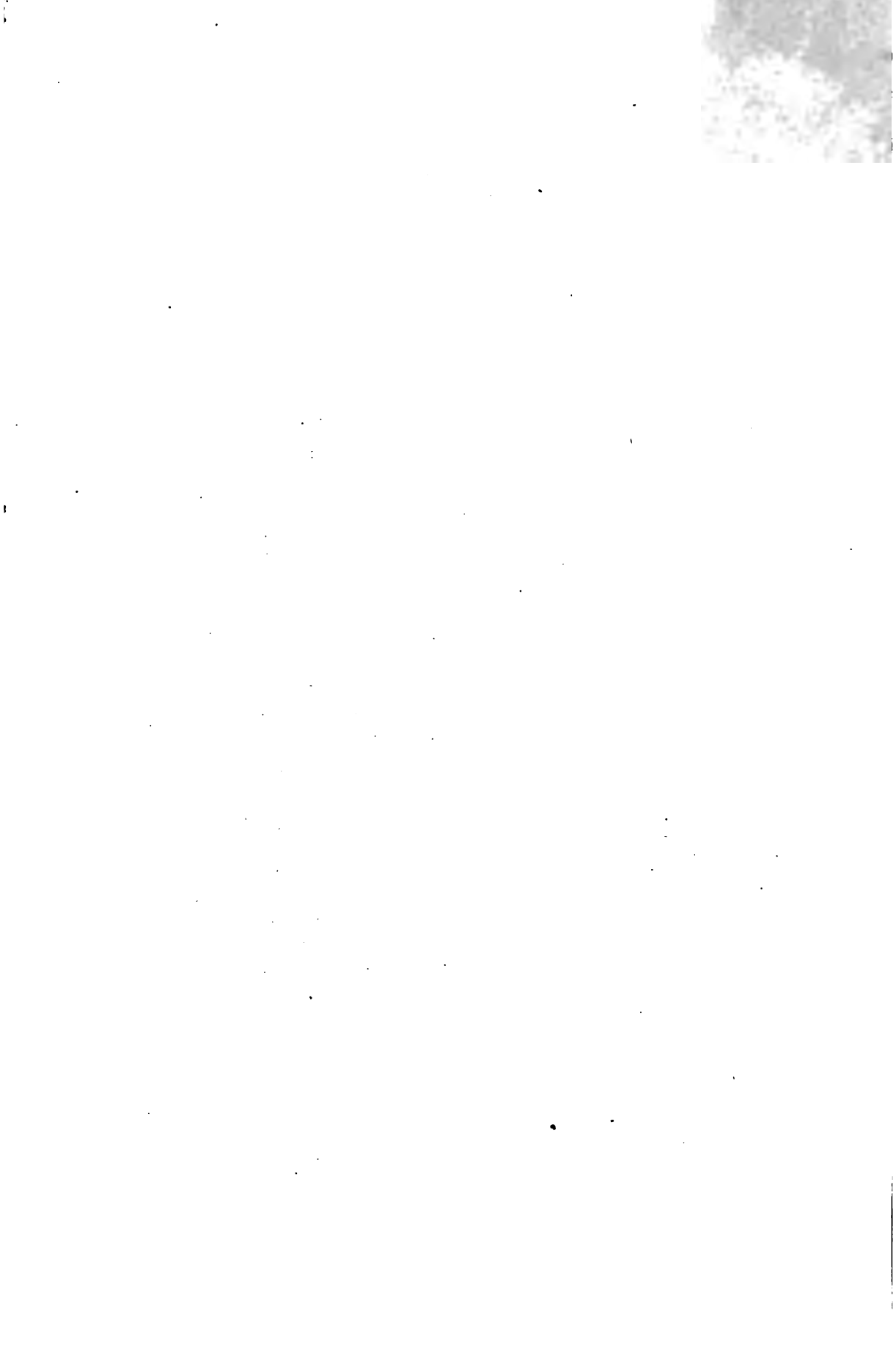
"The passing crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration, by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which

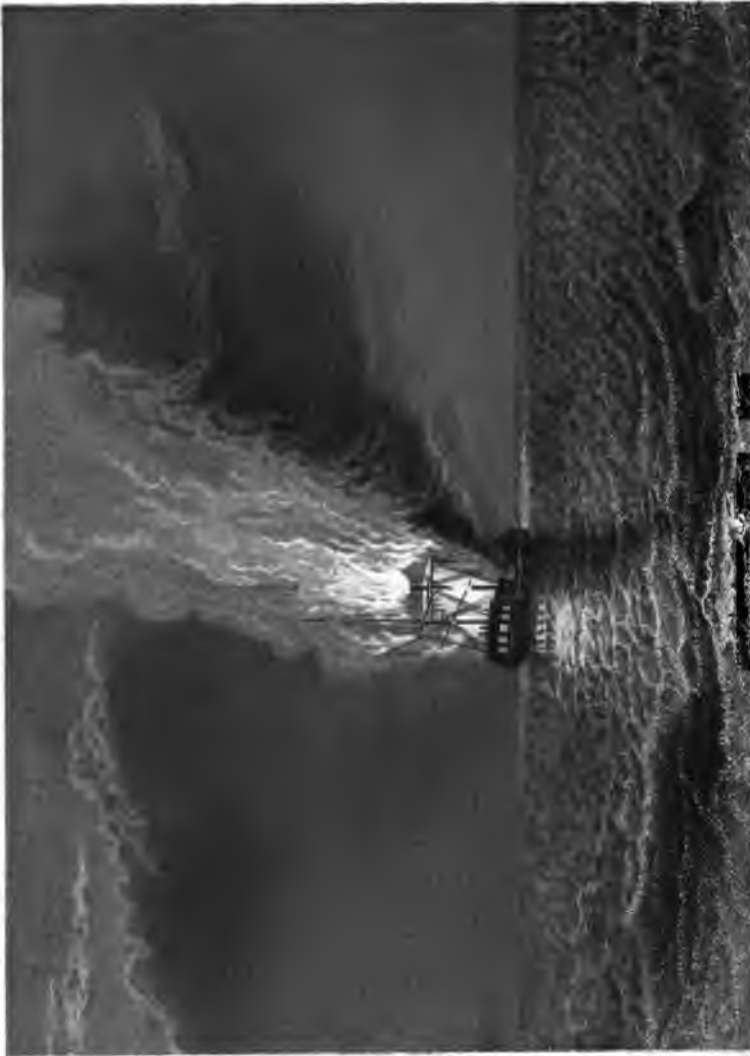
they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory, and of humiliation, could be told by these beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation.

Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervor of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by Himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons, as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so: he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery, (the reader will excuse the confessed inadequacy of this metaphor,) we find individuality every where, mere portrait no where. In all its various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same human nature, which is every where present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits—their shapes, tastes, and odors.





Engraved by P. Clerander expressly for the N.Y.C.

The Burning of the Albatross

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

they were all dis-
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observed a man
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Oh, how glad I am
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and mother, and brother and sister.
Oh, it grieves me still, whenever I think upon it, to re-
member what I have seen in all parts of Scotland, and
what I that day saw upon the quay of Greenock, the
heavy-hearted emigrants loitering about with such
cheerless looks, with all the little store of their cot-
tages lying in confusion around them. I question
whether aught can make up to their country the loss
of such a peasantry as I have seen depart by ship-
loads from her shores.

At the interval of many months, on a Sabbath night,
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of cheerfulness and hope. After breakfast, it was our
custom all to meet upon the deck, and talk together of
our home and friends, and lay plans for the manage-
ment of our little colony when we should be landed at
Algoa Bay. The sailors were very kind, and commu-
nicative of all they knew concerning foreign parts; and
the children running about the deck gave an innocent
liveliness to the whole scene. Our wives, after they
had sorted our cabins, would come and take their work
in their hand; and every thing wore a pleasant and
even joyful aspect."



THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE LOSS OF THE ABEONA.

ONE night, when returning from the house of a friend, with whom I had sat late at supper, to my own lodging in the city of Glasgow, where at that time my lot was cast, I was passing along the darkest part, commonly called the How, of the Gallowgate, and in the midst of the deep silence I heard a heavy footsteps approaching me. We passed close to each other, when instantly the man stopped short, named my name, and took hold of my hand. Somewhat startled, but nothing alarmed, I said, "Who are you, friend, and where are you going at this hour of the night?" He answered, "I am James —, and am going to the Broomielaw to catch the first steamboat in the morning, to take me down to the Abeona, which sails to-morrow for the Cape. This brought at once to my recollection one of our parishioners, whom, along with the elder of his district, I had visited some few days before, to converse and pray with him and his wife before their departure as settlers for Algoa Bay, in South Africa. "Well, James," said I, "and is this the last of you that I am to see in this world?" "I fear it is," said James, "for my wife is already at the Broomielaw, and I have just settled all our little matters, and parted with my friends, and we sail to-morrow. But oh, sir, I am glad to see you, and count it good luck that you should be the last man in the parish to shake me by the hand, and bid God bless me." "Well, James," I said, "grant it may be so; fear His name, be kind to your wife, be honest and true, and fear no evil." And so, after lingering a while, as loth to part, and having no interruption at that quiet and dark hour, we took our several ways, little knowing what should fall out before we met again.

Toward the end of the same week I had occasion to visit a friend and brother minister at the mouth of the Clyde. While the steamboat waited, to set out and take in passengers at Greenock, whom should I see standing at the quay, with a little child in each hand, but my friend James: the instant I recognized him, I stepped out, and right glad were we to meet again. "I did not expect to have seen you again, James, when we parted that dark night in the How of the Gallowgate." "The ship has been detained," said he, "waiting for passengers, who were to meet us here from different parts of the country; but we sail the next tide." "And whose children are these?" for I knew that he had no family of his own. "They are," said he, "among the youngest of a very large family from the townhead of Glasgow, who are going out along with us. There are eight of them beside their father and mother. It is a great charge; and while their mother and my wife are gone into the town to purchase some small articles before we sail, I have taken the charge of them." "Poor dear children," I said, and took them in my arms, and gave them some little money, which their mother might lay out for their comfort. "Poor things," said James, "they little know what is before them." And never spake he a truer word; for there was before them, in a few weeks, the loss of father and mother, and brother and sister. Oh, it grieves me still, whenever I think upon it, to remember what I have seen in all parts of Scotland, and what I that day saw upon the quay of Greenock, the heavy-hearted emigrants loitering about with such cheerless looks, with all the little store of their cottages lying in confusion around them. I question whether aught can make up to their country the loss of such a peasantry as I have seen depart by ship-loads from her shores.

At the interval of many months, on a Sabbath night,
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after preaching to the people, when they were all dismissed and scattered on their several ways, as I was coming from the session house, I observed a man standing by the wall of the church, as it were to speak to me, who stopped me, and said, "Oh, how glad I am to see you again, sir! Much, much has passed since we parted." In a moment I recollected my old friend, whom since the accounts had arrived that the Abeona was burned at sea, I had never expected to meet again. I answered, "If you be glad to see me, how much gladder should I be to see you, James, in the land of the living and the place of hope: and your wife?" "Ah, sir, she is no more;" and he was proceeding to tell me the tale of his calamity, and his wife's tragical end, when I interrupted him, saying, "Be of good comfort, James; but this is both too long and too sore a matter for street conversation. Come with me into my lodging; take some refreshment, and then you will tell it me at your leisure. It is the best night in the week for conversing of such an awful providence, and no time so fit as now, when we have been worshipping together in His house." So we went our way.

As we walked together through one or two streets which lay between the church and my abode, I asked him when he had arrived, and what he had been doing since he came home. "I came but yesterday," said he, "and went directly to Mr. F——'s, the elder's, to tell him what had befallen me; and now, sir, I thought it better not to say anything to you till the duties of the Sabbath were over, lest you might have been discomposed by what I have to tell you." I made no reply; but thought within myself what a noble tribute this is to the office of a Scottish elder, and to the character of that indefatigable man of God, the elder of the proportion in which James and his wife had lived, that a forlorn, cast-away, ship-wrecked man should seek his first shelter and consolation in his house. It was the custom of that elder, and I believe it is so still, to leave the business of the world, and spend some hours of every day in ministering instruction, and consolation, and help to the people, whose overseer the church had appointed him to be. While these reflections were passing through my mind, we had arrived at my humble habitation, when, after James had refreshed himself with meat, he proceeded with his narrative, which I shall relate as nearly in his own words as at this distance of nine or ten years I can remember, and certainly to these particulars I shall not venture to add anything.

"We sailed," said James, "the very next tide after you parted with me and the little children upon the quay of Greenock, and, though I am not superstitious, I wish my wife and the rest of the Barrys had been there to receive your blessing as well as we: for, sir, they perished in that fearful night, while I and these two little children were preserved. When we had got clear of the narrow seas, and looked our last farewell to the land of our fathers, we had fine weather and favorable winds, and were making great speed upon our voyage. Our sickness had worn off, we had got reconciled to our narrow quarters, and were proceeding full of cheerfulness and hope. After breakfast, it was our custom all to meet upon the deck, and talk together of our home and friends, and lay plans for the management of our little colony when we should be landed at Algoa Bay. The sailors were very kind, and communicative of all they knew concerning foreign parts; and the children running about the deck gave an innocent liveliness to the whole scene. Our wives, after they had sorted our cabins, would come and take their work in their hand; and every thing wore a pleasant and even joyful aspect."

"Little do we know, James," said I, "what is before us: in the midst of life we are in death. It is a kind providence which hath hidden from us the future; and that is a good word, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' You will excuse my interrupting you, but I cannot repress my emotion; and you know it is my office to interpret and improve the events of Divine Providence. Now proceed with your story, and be as particular and circumstantial as you can."

"Well, sir," continued he, "when we were got a third way on our voyage, and were now in the midst of the wide Atlantic, many days' sail from any land, one morning, when the full complement of our people, passengers and all, were upon the deck, enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh sea, our ears were stunned and our hearts appalled with a wild and fearful cry of 'Fire in the spirit-room!' It appeared that our mate, most innocently but inadvertently—(poor fellow! he afterward sacrificed himself to the shame and grief of it)—had taken a candle into the spirit-room, and let it drop out of his hand into an open cask of rum, which instantly blazed up and caught the surrounding matters. No tongue can tell the wild dismay which arose throughout the people at this fearful cry, and at the sight of the flames bursting out in the after part of the ship. Women ran to and fro seeking their children, wives their husbands, fathers collecting their families, and friends looking for their friends; and the seamen, naturally so steady and obedient in all trials, wanted, in the captain, a man of sufficient presence of mind and resource for such a moment. He seemed himself to have been panic-struck, and the mate, poor fellow, was utterly unmanned by the sense of what he had done, and ready almost to destroy himself. This, added to the wild cries of the women and the screams of the children, the crowded decks, and the hurrying hither and thither, drove the captain to the hasty resolution of abandoning the ship altogether, and taking to the boats. It was a sore pity, sir, for had we been under proper direction, I was persuaded at the time, and am still, that we might have got the fire under; we were so many hands that we could have kept all the buckets on board in continual play, passing, like streams of water, from the ship's edge to the seat of the fire. But there was no one to take the guidance, and all went to confusion among our hands; the fire gained upon us, and the distraction became more and more outrageous. Yet some of us were possessed of presence of mind, and myself among the rest, with Barry, the father of the children, who, when we saw the captain and the men drawing away to the boats, ventured to remonstrate against the cruelty of forsaking the ship with so many living souls in her—men, women and children—to perish between fire and water. But our remonstrances availed nothing. We then insisted that the long-boat, which was lying in the booms along the deck, should be hoisted out, and as many of us saved as possible. But even this was refused, under the influence of a panic fear, that there was not time left for getting it afloat. Indeed, sir, fear and panic seemed to possess those who ought to have been the guardians of our lives. One man, indeed, was of a stouter and more generous spirit; but he had been the author of the calamity, and was overwhelmed with the feeling of the evil which he had done: he scorned to take his life, after having been the means to bring so many lives into jeopardy, and, as it turned out, to an untimely end. This generous-minded but rash man, remained among us, and coolly waited that destruction which he had brought upon so many."

"I have often observed, James, that in the calamitous events of Divine Providence, men suffer more from the effect of their excited passions than from the accident itself: and it is always found to be so when there are many people gathered together into one place; as the anatomists tell us, that very often the bones are broken by the sudden action of the muscles, to draw the body out of some impending danger. I am glad you were able to show the calmness of a Christian's faith at such a trying moment."

"Truly, reverend sir, I had need of all my faith, and of all the wholesome instructions which I have heard from your mouth, when my poor wife was hanging about me, and Barry's wife and his eight children at

our side. When we saw that our captain and the seamen were no better than those heathens with whom Paul sailed, and were about to flee out of the ship, we stood and entreated them that they would take at least some of us on board, and save whom they could. They listened to us (for, to do the men justice, it was not want of humanity so much as the absence of all government and direction, which led them astray), and they offered to take as many on board as the boats would carry. Instantly we gave place to the family of the Barrys, of whom there were ten, father, mother and eight children. The father took his place by the side of the ship, and the mother handed the children to him; and I could not but observe the force of maternal affection leading her to begin with the youngest, then the next, and so ascending upwards, till she came to the eldest daughter, just arrived at the maturity of womanhood. The boats not being able to contain more, pushed off, and left us to our fate. For a moment we seemed to forget our misery in the safety of these children: the father, and the mother and the daughter seemed now content to perish."

"James, you make me weep: was it even so, that at such a moment paternal affection stood so true; and that these two children, whom I kissed and blessed upon the quay of Greenock, were thus wondrously preserved? I will not forget this, James; I will preach of it to the people. Now I pray you to recall every circumstance connected with that direful event; I feel it to be so very instructive."

"Indeed, sir, it comforts my heart to tell it to one who has so much patience and pity; and I will relate everything with which I can charge my memory. When we were left to ourselves, those of us who had most presence of mind and self-command, myself among the number (for I was a little practised about boats in my youth), set ourselves to hoist out the long-boat, believing that if we could succeed, the greater part of us might yet be saved. We got up a tackle, strained every nerve, and exhausted every invention, as men contending between life and death; and we had succeeded so far, as to raise her to the very level of the gunwale, when, to our inexpressible horror, the fire took the ropes connected with our tackle, and down it came, disappointing our hopes, and scaling the fate of all who had not escaped in the boats."

"Except yourself, James; and how were you delivered from the two elements of fire and water, contending for your destruction. It seems as if all hopes were gone; and yet I see you and hear you. By what wonderful providence did you escape?"

"About this time darkness began to set in, and we were parted from the sight of the boats, and left to the contemplation of the miserable end which awaited us. The fire was gaining fast upon us, and forcing us toward the fore-part of the ship, where we stood crowded together like sheep penned for the slaughter. When I look back, and present to my mind the image of the scene; the flaming ship on which we stood, the red glare of light cast upon our horror-struck countenances; the sea gleaming and glistening with our death-fires, and yawning to receive the burning pile and its doomed victims—I wonder at the presence of mind which was given to me at that hour, and the means which I was able to take for my own and my wife's preservation. I took her by the hand, and having spoken some few words to comfort her, and to explain the plan which I had conceived, I placed her in the fore chains of the ship, the farthest possible from the fire. Before it became dark, I had observed several pieces of wreck floating about; to reach one of these, and carry my wife to it, seemed to afford the only possible chance, however slender, of escape. In this mind, having placed her in safety, I betook myself to swimming; and after a while found what I desired. With this slender succor I returned; and having got my wife upon it the best way I could, I wrought it out of the wake of the burning ship, until we scened beyond the reach of the conflagration. Had I now rested content, and attempted no more for her safety, I should have had no reflection upon my mind concerning my poor wife—we should have lived or perished together; but I did it for the best, though I lost by it one who was dearer to me than my own life."

"I am very sorry for you, James; these tears and your present agitation show me what I knew already, that you both loved your wife, and would willingly have perished for her; but it was otherwise ordered of God; and it is our part meekly to submit to his decree. Compose yourself and proceed."

"The piece of wreck on which she was seated was not able to bear us both up; and I felt that unless some more support could be procured, my strength must soon fall, and one or both of us perish. To procure this was now my care; and having instructed my wife to preserve her mind composed, and keep her seat steadily upon the piece of wood, I betook myself again to the open sea, in search of more wreck. This time I was not so fortunate as before: and after wearying myself in vain, I sought to return to my poor wife: but whether she had drifted away from the place where I had left her, or whether my mind, confused by the terrors of the scene, and the screams which came from the burning ship, had lost all aim, it is too certain that I could never find her again; and though I called her name aloud with all my strength, no answer was returned. Thus deprived of her whom my soul loved, I was ready to fold my hands in despair, and resign myself to the mercy of my Creator; but the hope still lingered that I might yet find her in the darkness, and, breathing a prayer for strength, I continued my eontroversy for life. The night was calm, and the smooth sea favored much my swimming, and I sometimes felt as if I had received strength beyond my own, for I never thought I could have sustained myself so long. While I was thus without direction of any kind, bearing myself up among the dark waters, careful only to keep away from the burning ship, and the voices of misery which ever and anon came floating toward me, straining my eyes and ears to see or hear any thing which might lead me to her whom I blamed myself for forsaking, I seemed to hear the sound of a ripple, as upon the side of something floating in the water. Following this sound, I swam toward it, thinking it might be either the piece of wreck which bore my wife, or some other thing whereon I might rest my weary limbs. But what was my surprise, when, upon coming close beside it, I found it to be the ship's boat, deeply laden with the people. I was worn out, and laying my hand upon the side of the boat, I prayed them, for the love of God, to take me in and save my life. With difficulty they made room for me, and thus was I preserved from a water grave. Of my poor wife I never heard or saw any thing more: I fear she perished during the night; for though I desired all to keep a diligent look out for any thing that might be floating about, we saw nothing all that weary night but the burning ship, where so many of our friends and brethren waited their end.

"Oh, sir, it was a fearful sight to witness, as by the light of the flames we easily did, the distraction of the people; and to hear their miserable cries. We observed, that as the fire approached they drew themselves away from it, stood crowded together on the fore-castle of the ship, and many were to be discerned upon the bowsprit, clinging and lashing themselves to it, in the faint hope that it might perhaps disengage itself from the burning mass, or be extinguished in the water, and afford them some chance of preservation. Some bolder spirits, who were impatient of such a slow and protracted death, we saw plunge at once headlong into the ocean; but the greater part clung to the wreck, out of the strong instinct of self-preservation, and perhaps in the faint hope that the fire might be extinguished by the waters of the ocean, and still leave wreck sufficient to bear them afloat till some friendly ship might come to their help. But Providence had otherwise determined. About midnight we observed the vessel make a heavy lurch forward; there arose, almost at the same instant, one of the most terrific screams I ever heard; and then followed a deep plunge, and instantly ship and all vanished from our sight. All was dark, all was quiet. Oh! I shall never forget that scream of horror which came from the burning ship, as the people descended quick into the deep; nor shall I ever forget the groan of anguish and dismay with which it was answered from the boat in which I was so miraculously preserved."

"Stop, James, and pause a moment, till I recover myself. What a fearful end for so many of our townsmen, and you left almost alone to tell the tale! Ah me! I well remember how they were set upon this scheme of emigration. I hope it is no discontentment with our condition, or murmuring against God, which hath drawn down upon our city this judgment. Such fearful calamities should not pass unimproved by us; they are sent for the correction of the living, according to the word of the Scripture: Think you that those eighteen men, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay: but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. And now that you had been delivered from the fellowship of their direful end, tell me, James, what befel you in the boat."

"The boat, sir, was so crowded that there was barely room for us to sit down, and no room whatever to work her, even if we had had the means; but in such haste had they shoved off, lest they should be overcrowded and sunk, that they were without oars or compass, and, what is worse, without one morsel of meat, and only one small cask of water, which had been by accident lying in the bottom of the boat. But, for my own part, I believe there was a great providence in this: for during such a night of horror none seemed to feel any hunger, but many of us were parched with thirst, and our little cask was nearly exhausted by the break of day. Never was a company of the Almighty's creatures in a more helpless condition; without food to eat, without water to drink, without room to turn ourselves, or power to attend to the wants of nature, heart-broken for the loss of our nearest and dearest friends, we lay helpless upon the wide ocean, at the mercy of the first high wind that might arise to agitate the bosom of the deep. There we sat looking into each other's faces, and reading our misery in each other's looks. Few words were spoken. Every eye wandered far and wide over the deep, and strained itself to discover the appearance of some friendly sail. Hour passed after hour; hunger began to assail us, and famine stared us in the face; when, about mid-day, one of the seamen called out "a sail," and instantly there burst forth from every creature a shout of joy and thankfulness. Then we directed our attention to the object, and every eye became fixed, and riveted upon it. Now there ensued a period of the most heart-racking anxiety, whether the ship would observe us or not. For long the seamen hung in doubt; but at length, by a sudden change of her course, they were convinced that we had been observed, and that she was bearing down upon us. Then our joy was complete when we clearly saw that they were shaping their course our way; friend began to congratulate friend; our mouths were open, and we praised God, and felt as if we were a second time delivered from death. But conceive our indignation and horror, when we saw the ship, now almost within hail, all at once change her course and bear away, as if on purpose to avoid us. Our agitation was extreme; never were men so tossed between hope and hopelessness, joy and grief and indignation; and I doubt not, if the rest were exercised like me, many a prayer was offered to God that he would incline the heart of the stranger to pity our calamity. This prayer was heard; for, after a good while, the ship again stood about and bore down upon us as before. The reason of this double change of purpose we learned after we were taken on board. The captain having come nigh enough to perceive that we were a boatful of wretched men, without any thing but our lives, began to hesitate whether his provisions would last with such a large increase of mouths to feed; and being a man of a proud and imperious nature, he commanded the ship to bear away and steer another course. But the seamen, communing among themselves, and gathering courage from their unanimity, actually refused to work the ship, unless the captain would go to our relief; and at the same time offered to give up half their daily allowance of provisions for our use, if he would do so. Thus compelled and entreated, the captain was fain to comply, and to this magnanimous resolution of a Portuguese crew, to this strong re-action of natural feeling against imperious duty, it is, that, under God, we all owed our lives.

"It was a Portuguese ship bound to Lisbon from some of their settlements in South America, which, in her course over the wide Atlantic, was thus directed by a gracious Providence to deliver so many of us from a fearful death. Being taken on board of her, we had many hardships to endure. We were forced to abide on deck all day exposed to the sun's heat, and to lie all night without covering, under the dews, and damps, and cold; we were often trampled upon by the imperious captain, which our free blood could ill brook; and when one of us murmured aloud, he drew his cutlass, and with a blow laid bare his cheek; and we were thankful that he escaped with his life. But all these troubles came to an end when we arrived at Lisbon, and the news of our disaster reached our consul there; instantly the British residents took us to the factory and provided for us, as if we had been of their brethren and kindred. After they had refreshed us with comfortable living, and clothed us, and done every thing which our wants required, they proceeded with great wisdom and kindness to put us into a way of doing for ourselves. For those who were seamen by profession, they procured ships; and to those of us who wished to return home, they furnished a free passage, together with a small sum of money to help us to our friends. The young women they took into their service, and the young lads they bred up for clerks at the factory; but the little children they sent home for education in their own country. And so, sir, these two little children, whom you parted with in my hand on Greenock quay, returned again in my hand to their native home, after losing both father and mother, and being themselves so wonderfully preserved. Great, very great, sir, was the kindness of these British merchants; it even extended itself to that proud and cruel captain, who, but for his honest-hearted crew, would have left us all to starve in the midst of the wide ocean. To him they presented a golden bowl with an inscription upon it, commemorative of the preservation of so many of their countrymen, whereof he had been the unworthy instrument."

Such was James ——'s tale, which he recounted to me that Sabbath night after the evening sermon, sitting by my own fire-side. Whether it be correct in all its details I cannot tell, for I never compared it with the written and published account. I may, in the telling of it, have given it the color of my own mind, but I have not consciously added or altered any thing. When we had offered our thanksgivings together, and prayed for the survivors and for all who had been instrumental in this preservation, James went his way to another part of the country, and I saw him not again. I learned that, after more than a year, he took to himself another wife, and once more set sail from Greenock as a settler in South Africa, where I trust he still lives to tell the wonderful tale of his deliverance, and to acknowledge and adore the bountiful Providence which preserved him.

The citizens of Glasgow, than whom a more generous and hospitable people live not in mother Scotland or any other land, instantly promoted a subscription for the sufferers from the wreck of the *Abeona*, and left the administration of it to a man whom I will not name nor characterize otherwise than that he has always been to me the *beau ideal* of a worthy magistrate and citizen. Some weeks after the calamity was noised abroad, I chanced to be a guest at his hospitable table, and was honored by him to read, in the hearing of the ladies before they went to the drawing-room, two letters which he felt to be honorable to womanhood. They were from a worthy lady, the wife of a naval officer, who lived on the coast of Kent, entreating that one of the two orphans of the Barry family should be sent to her, that she might bring up the little one as her own child. The letter contained all the arrangements for their meeting in London, drawn up with a mother's care. But our worthy magistrate, while he admired the generosity of this letter, felt it to be his duty first to ascertain the identity of the person before giving up his charge. This prudent delay brought a second letter from the earnest woman, who obtained her wish, being found in all respects worthy of the charge. The other child I afterwards saw at a country village not far from Glasgow, beside

the manufacturing works of that noble-minded and generous-hearted citizen. And of them I have heard nothing since. He who is the father of the orphan will be a father to them, and to all who put their trust in him.

A HAZY NIGHT.

"Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect."

"If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No; I am no such thing: I am a man, as other men are."—*MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.*

"The Earl of Z—— was informed that ball would be required to answer at the sessions the serious charge of feloniously taking away Mr. Golithly's knocker, when, at length, his lordship condescended to apprise Mr. Burnside, the clerk, of his name and title. The worthy magistrate, on learning who the noble offender was, expressed his regret that one who should know the laws so well, should so well forget them; and directed him, with a suitable admonition, to pay a fine of 5s. and be discharged."

"Um!" said a very dry-looking, sleek, homely personage, in the back, comfortable room at the *Harp*, in St. George's Fields, (perhaps within the Rules,) as he drew the candle, with an *umbrella-wick*, from between the evening paper and his own spectacles, and at the same time put down his pipe, slow as himself: "Um! Well, now, I don't see how that is. I don't—I can't say I do. I don't see that."

Now the *Harp* was like most harps now-a-days—silent. It was eleven o'clock—it was late. Mr. Day, the hay-salesman, had left at nine o'clock; he had to be "up in the morning early," to attend Smithfield or the Portman market. Mr. Jones, the neighboring grocer, had just quitted his half-pint of Burton, or rather taken it with him, as he never was out after half-past ten—a fact which Mrs. Jones could, by authority, avouch. The certain visitors had departed; casualties there were none. The only living furniture in the back room of the *Harp* was Quail, the silent, meditative smoker, a retired tradesman, who had just been posed by a police paragraph; and a sharp-nosed, very little man, in very brown black, with a hat shining from its nakedness of nap, sitting behind a long pipe and a short glass, which Campbell sublimely calls

"His calumet of peace and cup of joy,"

puffing slight, noiseless puffs, like the funny, feeble explosions of guns in a pantomime seventy-four a long way out at sea.

The night was nearly over—over indeed! The candles—the two which the landlord had allowed to run to seed—were "dark with(out) excess of light," two or three empty pipes remained quiet monuments to the memories of departed smokers—the little round *mausoleums* of sand were struck out of their right places by the departings of the departed—a few tumbler, empty, remained—the fire had caked into a dull, red-hot hollow roof—the cat was curved into a sleep on the sanded hearth—the four bell-ropes hung, at *intervals*, over the tables in wondrous repose—and only one very broad-brimmed hat blackened the one handsome peg out of the twelve that adorned, foot by foot asunder, the happy back-room of the *Harp*!—the hat of Quail!

"Well: I don't—I can't see that;" reiterated the posed Quail, as he laid down the paper, took his spectacles from his eyes, in which "no speculation" was, and turned to the sharp little brown black human being, who was, however, as unmoved, and as immovable as the veriest German that ever piped away his "spirits to the ditties of no tune" in the obscurities of a *Wiesbaden* or a *Schlangenbad*, before a *Head* was allowed to the inhabitants, to "show them they were men.

"Mr. *Pineter*," (the little gentleman's name was Pointer, but his personal appearance and profession had sharpened it into this pronunciation for general use,) "Mr. *Pineter*, did you hear that as I read, and did

you note of its contents?" Quail, like Brutus, "paused for a reply."

And as Mr. Pineter had become habituated into one of those true smokers who never quit fume for fact, without the proper profundity of consideration, it is not meet that the interim between Quail's query and Pineter's reply, should be allowed to be a "hiatus valde defendus;" and a sketch snatched by the pencil on the thumb-nail (like one of Pickersgill's opera beauties,) is given between the hazy note of interrogation, and the returned slow, bleak, black look, puff, sigh and response of the Pineter. Nothing could now be very distinct at the Harp; it was "past eleven o'clock, and a cloudy night;" to use the language of "the ancient and most quiet watchman."

Pineter—Mr. Pointer—had been an only son of an innkeeper at South Molton, and articled to an attorney, who married a lady of 200*l.* a year, and had no practice. When out of his time, he, P., set himself up in business—not as solicitor—as guard of an Exeter coach, wishing to see life, and, with the only touch of legal knowledge he had acquired from his master, wishing to be paid for his *insight*. He had learned to smoke and drink at his father's—he had, at a premium of two hundred guineas, and a gentle contribution to the revenue, improved his education, by extending his knowledge of smoking and drinking at South Molton. It has always appeared odd that fathers *should* think it obligatory upon them, at the time when their sons have attained the age of fifteen or sixteen, to pay a considerable sum of money for their scientific improvement in dissipation and debauchery, as though indolence and the handsome allowance of vices to youth might not be allowed to progress unfavored and unfe'd. This, however, is a moral reflection, interfering with the natural progress of biography, which it ought never to be permitted to do. Pineter—Mr. Pointer—on the coach—a day and a night on the road—was an universal favorite, so discreet, so pleasant when he pleased, so kind to the girl-of-all-work, who loitered at the inn-gate, to see her only bit of life, and enjoy her only minute of rest, when the coach pulled up at eleven at night all of a heap, in smoke, great coats, straw and lamps, to supper! Then he would deliver a packet (a letter with a *brown* great-coat) so faithfully for Miss James to Mr. Jury; and *blow* so regularly under the window of the straw-hat shop at Dunstable, and wrap up a maid-servant changing place, so comfortably in his own great upper benjamin, and drink so fascinatingly and unrefusingly at the White Hart, at a traveler's request; and, in short, be so much of a guard, that he gathered, in the way of half-crowns, and the like, silver if not golden, opinions from all sorts of men.

Can this be—the reader will to himself ejaculate—can this be the man described as the sharp, little, quiet-looking thing in brown-black—with his quickness all over, his "beaver up!" as introduced to him in the Harp-*prelude*? Reader, it is the man! You have seen the sunny and moonlight side of his existence; you have seen him in his hour of bar-maid, basket, benjamin, joke, pleasantries, fee, fun and horn; but the life of a guard is like the life of an insect, "gay being! born to flutter through a day"—and a night. The truth is, Pineter was so active, so able, so agreeable, so intense, that the coach could not run too fast for him. He could go through absolute guard-miracles; and it is a recorded fact, on the back of one of the Telegraph way-bills, that he could pole up a wheeler without a pull-up, let the pace be ten miles an hour; lock a wheel without a draw of the rein; take in a curb-link of an off-leader down hill—*best steady* pace; and do up his coach at the Bull and Mouth in one minute and a half office time! Some of these things would not be believed; but let any porter at the booking-office bring to us his book, and we can only say we'll kiss to it, that's all! Pineter of the coach and Pineter of the Harp back-room are one and the same thing, only they are the outside tints of the identical same rainbow. The fact is, Pineter *blew* too well—he *blew* up lazy oysters too well; he *blew* cigars on long woolly nights too well; he *blew*—yes, "last thing of all that ends this strange eventful history!"—he *blew* the key-bugle too well. Accomplished and ardent in most villages, full

of variations and *capricious* at most evening-towns, he was earnest, impressive, pathetic, and too—oh too—powerful at *Market street*. There was a young lady residing there; he wished to make her his wife—"Else why this horn?" She half encouraged him as he passed through; but—woe the sex—she wholly encouraged another, a resident; and what with overblowing, the breaking of a blood-vessel, hopeless love, night-air, and the coach being put down, Pineter left the road—shrunk saddened into a wiser if not a better man, became the thin, sharp clerk of an *old-school* attorney in the Temple; married a lady that took in needle-work; lived over the water, and became the very quiet, keen, meagre, *harpiet* (no longer *buglist*) to whom Mr. Quail addressed his mingled wonderment, bad English, and inquiry, which has been already detailed to the reader.

The history has run out at length. The pause was long; take from the history and add it to the pause, if reader, thou art particular. At any rate, consider thyself as taking up the dialogue between the two pipers, with a knowledge also (no matter whether naturally arrived at or not) of two of the units that make up the great sum of human existence, to use the words of Scott—*one* unit being Mr. Quail, the other Mr. Pineter.

"Well! I don't and I can't see this!" repeated Mr. Quail, with a double X emphasis on his *can't*, determined to draw Pineter from behind his pipe into a parlour. "Why," continued Quail, "should the magistrate first order *him*—aye, I won't mince matters, the Earl of Z—— to find bail, do you see, and then let him loose upon this here society for five shillings? There's no coming at these things, Mr. Pineter, look at 'em on all the three sides as you will."

Pineter spoke—short, epigrammatic in his looks, his tone, his voice. His nature seemed to have been *whetted* upon the hard grindstone of the law, and had taken keenness and roughness together. Pineter blew out a vapor, with his little finger suspended over the bowl of his pipe, as though he were finishing upon the key-bugle in other days, and replied, "You don't see these things, my dear Mr. Quail, because you who have lived quietly all your life, have never been behind the scenes—that's it."

That was not *it*. Quail was answered, but he was mazed! He was instructed, but he wanted an interpreter! "Behind the scenes!" ejaculated Quail, pushing his abandoned pipe away, and clearing away, as it were, the decks for action—"What has the magistrate to do in this case behind the scenes?"

"I repeat," said Pineter, unmoved, "you have never been behind the scenes." And a cloud closed up the remark, something like that vapor which encircles one of the genii in the Arabian Nights, after a miraculous observation to a terrified caliph!

Quail collected all this cloud into his countenance, and looked at his companion with as perfect a fog of expression as even Quail in his happiest moments of *at-sea-ism* could muster up.

"I see," said Pineter (though he never looked at *pozee*.) "I see that you take things plainly as they are spoken. Now you think what is said of 'behind the scenes,' means the back of the Adelphi, or the Surrey here, or Saddlers Wells, or Covent Garden, or indeed the rear part of any of the playhouses, with Vestris, and Mr. T. P. Cooke, and Macready, and Mr. Davidge; but bless your innocence! 'behind the scenes,' is a wide expression. It takes in, you see, Mr. Quail, both sides of matters, and lets you into the rough face of *Sarony blue*, as it were, as well as the smooth back. Now you see what I mean?"

"I thought I was nigh it once," said Quail; "but I can't see your two sides of *Sarony blue* at once; what has that to do with 'behind the scenes?'"

A puff from Pineter seemed to make the already obscure a perfect chaos.

Quail called back and took up his pipe; but Pineter appeared to have *put it out*; and he thrust it away from him again at a greater distance than ever! This divorcement ever denotes an approach—mark this, reader!—this divorcement of live clay from dead clay ever denotes an approach to an alienation from temper. A man may part from his friend, his child, his love,

his wife, with a collected and philosophic coolness; but the moment he parts, at a push, from his pipe, then he is fearful, then is there in him something dangerous!

Pineter, without observing upon this testy act of unsatisfied ignorance, proceeded—"Mr. Quail, I'll tell you what I meant by 'behind the scenes,' which you seem to know so uncommon little about; and I don't think I can bring it clearer to your understanding, or comprehension (for I don't want to use so offensive a word as understanding,) than by giving you a character of a young man of our office; because his life is a life of *behind the scenes*, you see, and I know it; at least I now know it; and I have seen a good deal inside and out! Now mind that's true!"

"I should like nothing better than a picture!" exclaimed Quail, more alive than usual: and he reached his hand instinctively at the bell—pulled it, but it did not ring—waited for the waiter, who did not come—and then pulled it again, fit to pull the house down—ordering, at the appearance of "the sleepy groom," another glass of *cold sherry-without*, with an air of indignation, as if he were the most neglected of men. The waiter, half a somnambulist and half a deformity, gathered up, almost unconsciously, three empty glasses—slowly repeated the order at the door, like a charity child waiting for confirmation, and, in due time, placed before the commander a sloppy goblet of yellow-caped water, with a lump of something white at the bottom, and a sticky tea-spoon to ascertain what it was.

Quail at once seemed a happy man!—a fresh glass, or rather a glass of something fresh, and a chance of historical information, were before him.

"Now, Mr. Pineter—now, if you please—now the lad is out of the room, let me have behind the scenes."

Pineter, little and angular as his blowing life had left him, almost swelled himself into a Gibbon as he began his history. The boa-constrictor with a month's abstinence, and the boa-constrictor after an immediate rabbit, could not be more opposed to each other in appearance. Sir Giles Overreach says of Welborn, "His fortune *swells* him!" but nothing swells a man like the pipe-importance which comes to a being of this working-day world, when, in a back parlor, in a small company, he first essays to enlarge, with some small anecdote, the minikin mind of his fellow-man.

"You see, Mr. Quail—now mark me!—we have a clerk in our office—not a large man, mind! but an industrious man—not a florid, but a pale man—not a man, in short, given to pleasure, but a glutton at business from nine to nine out of term, and nine to ten and upwards in. Mr. Petty, that's his name, is beloved by all in the office. He is the common-law clerk—and attends to the agency and the accounts—and assists Mr. Pike in chancery. Nothing puts him out of sorts—nothing goes wrong. He writes till he can't spell, and runs about till he can't walk. He tells nothing of master or his affairs to any human being—close, mark me! which you know is very considerate in a lawyer's office."

"I should think so," murmured Quail, listening, fit to burst.

"Oh!" continued Pineter, uninterrupted by Quail's response; "oh! if you could have seen his patience under difficulties—his politeness, look you, to clients—his humble civility, mark me, to his master—his endurance of tricks from the articulated clerk—his punctuality, you see, at office time. He was—if ever there was one in the temple—a lamb of the law!"

"A limb, you mean," said Quail.

"No, a downright lamb, without a bleat of complaint."

"Oh! ah! quite a lamb," ejaculated Quail.

"And he had only seventeen shillings a-week, and was married; but then, to be sure, he got work at over hours, and his wife was a most industrious woman at milliner-work and the like; and he had only two children, mark me. Now, Mr. Quail, you begin to smell my meaning, eh?"—so Pineter exclaimed as he worked himself into the marrow of his biography.

"Upon my word I'm never a bit nearer yet, though I like the character of Mr. Petty. But I don't see your meaning, no way!" And Quail, with an evident desire to be alive, seemed at this inquiry to relapse into the last stage of mental consumption.

"Why, then, *this* it is. You see," continued Pineter, "you have now seen Mr. Petty before the curtain—that is—now mind—because here it is—you have now seen him in his duties—and I'm right—mind a man is never so much a man as when he is in his duties. Then he's *there*! Well, you've seen him a perfect man—a real perfect Petty! Now, Mr. Quail, I'm going to take you behind the scenes. Six weeks ago, look you, it was his birth-day—Petty's birth-day!"

"What—his annual birth-day—that what we keep, eh?" asked Quail.

"Yes! that identical day. Well, nothing would serve Petty in the hilarity of the moment at ten in the morning, after post had come in—just before Mr. Pike came to office—but I and the articulated clerk must sup with him. He wanted to keep it natural enough. No denial—indeed we did not try him with one. But I'm sure from his manner he would not have had it. Mr. Pike came—testy as usual—till five o'clock; and then Petty got over all the work by nine. We left soon after Mr. Pike, certain that Petty was sure to stay. To the supper we went—knocked, mind me—waited—knocked again—some one answered—told us to ring the second bell, and shut the door, in order to let it be properly opened."

"Well, but it *was* opened, I thought," inquired Quail.

"Don't interrupt!—Down came a lady—Mrs. Petty—all over best! Up stairs we were ushered, and into a room we entered. There sat Petty—Petty, bless you! He seemed a common-law lion! There he was, in a large, rather raggedish, arm-chair, looking twice his office size—in a wrapping-gown stuffed—his feet in slippers, red-uns—his poor day-drooping hair combed up, or thrust up, into a *mane*; and he welcomed us with a voice of his own—an air of his own—a motion of his own—all new, and up! No longer Petty at 17s. a week!—it seemed Petty the Great! He blew up his wife for all she did (and she did everything,) and for all she did not, and he did nothing. He ordered us to our seats—chucked our oysters into our plates—thrust our gin-and-water upon us—sang a song about 'When Vulcan forged'—made his wife sing, and then abused her for it—drank twice for our once—bullied us both—got very drunk—and was helped, or rather wrenched, to bed by all of us. *Could* this be Petty—our Petty? you say. Yes, Mr. Quail, it *was* Petty—'behind the scenes,' mind you. In the morning he was again at office, *we heard*, as usual; and certainly, when I saw him, meeker and more attentive than ever. But I had a touch of him 'behind the scenes,' and never knew what a common-law clerk could be before. Now, you understand what I mean by this account of Mr. Petty—mind me," concluded Pineter.

"Why, I do *just* guess at it," replied Quail, as he made a conclusive gulp of his cape-and-water.

"If you sit in *front*, you see, Mr. Quail, you don't see what's going on *behind*," continued Pineter, determined to hammer something like a meaning into the companion's understanding. "Now, if the magistrate hadn't been let behind the scenes, look you, and been shown who the Earl of Z—really was, he'd have sent him right off as a common knocker stealer, or made him find ball, which is worse; and so have committed somebody of consequence, which, you know, is against all rule. Mind me, that's it."

"*Just* so," said Quail.

"Two sides, mind. One all dress, and show, and front lamps, you see, for the front! Well, then, all's in the rough if you go round—all dark, dirty, dingy, and ugly *behind*—eh?—or *tersy-versy*. Now you see."

"Quite," said Quail; and he rose up (for the landlord had twice opened the door, and shut it again loudly, without a word;) and Quail hemmed, and he reached down his beaver.

"You are clear now," said Pineter; "because it's a notion worth remembering."

"Quite," concluded Quail. "But, after all, it's *just* the same, when you think on it, as the Adelphi or the Surrey, as far as I can see. We are but where we set out." Mr. Pointer left for the night.

The Harp was immediately closed, according to Act of Parliament hours; and Quail reached his home in perfect safety and profound ignorance!

GUIDO AND ISABEL;

A SICILIAN STORY.

We have taken a somewhat unusual liberty, this week, of transcribing from the original—a most sweet and charming poem of Barry Cornwall—the following beautiful and heart-touching story of two Sicilian lovers, feeling assured that our numerous friends and patrons will follow with interest the glowing thoughts and charming imagery of the poet.

There is a spirit within us, which arrays the thing we doat upon, with colorings richer than roses—brighter than the beams of the morning sun, when he flings his showers of light upon the peach, or plays with the green leaves of June, and strives to pierce the heart of some great forest, and scare from their voluptuous visions the fauns. There is a spirit that comes upon us when boyhood is departed—before the heart is cankered—ere we lose or cast away those innocent thoughts that give to life all its freshness. Yet shall I never more feel this, although the time has been when I have seen love stealing in burning beauty o'er a young cheek, running through its bright veins, and lighting up, like a heaven, eyes of such blue as was never seen in summer skies. Then I was an idler, and life was fresh, and I loved, and languished, and became a worshipper of Cupid, abasing myself before him. And the recollection is sometimes sweet, and the same thoughts that pleased me then, still haunt me, but mostly at the hour when day and evening meet, and that shadowy magician, twilight, calls unsubstantial shapes from his cloudy halls, and ranks them out before us until they fill the mind with unforgotten things. Valley and hill, air, and the dashing ocean, the small stream, the waving wood, and the evanishing sky, ally their powers toward this subduing of the soul, and stand forth a band resistless. If, then, the elements league against us, and the heart rebel against the mind's command, why, we must sink before these sickly dreams, until the morning, and sterner things fit us to sail through this stormy world, farewell to love—and yet 'tis woven in my tale.

There is a story told in Sicily, of a young girl, who chose to die of love. I would have all sweet ladies listen, and believe, if they possibly can, so strange a story, that a woman should ever grieve so deeply, save she who flung herself headlong from Leucadia's promontory, for the Lesbian boy; but Time, as in sad requital, has given to her a branch of laurel, and some bard swears that a heathen god or goddess gave her swan-like wings, that she might soar to heaven. And now, at times, when the gloomy tempests roar along the Adriatic, she dips her plumes in the waves, and on the shore sings as of yore the love-crazed Sappho sung.

One night a mask was held within the walls of a Sicilian palace; and through the mable halls the gayest flowers cast life and beauty; and a low and silver-voiced music was made by fresh waterfalls that streamed half hidden by sweet lemon bowers; and the perfuming woodbine strayed there, winding its slight arms around the cypress bough, growing there like woman's love flourishing amid sorrow; and every beautiful flower and odoriferous plant, born of sunny skies and weeping rain, that, from the bosom of the spring, starts into life and beauty, blossomed; and there, in walks of evergreen, were seen gay cavaliers and dames high-born and fair, wearing a rich and melancholy smile; and lovers full of love or studious thought, wasting their rhymes upon the soft night air, and spirits that never sleep till morning's dawn. Far away mount *Ætna* flung its eternal pyramid of flame, high as the heavens, while from its heart issued hollow and subterranean noises, and all around the constellations hung their starry lamps, lighting the midnight sky, as though they would do honor to the revelry.

In that gay, shifting crowd, there was one sick at soul with sorrow; and her eye ran restless through the throng, and then she bowed her head upon her breast, and one checked sigh breathed sweet reproach against her dear Italian boy, the dark-eyed Guido, whom she

loved so well. Why came he not that night to be a sharer in the bliss that sat on every face, and bid all—aye, all but hope, flee from her heart—for that is present happiness. Shapes and things that wear a beauty like the imperial star of Jove, or sunset clouds, and like an arch of promise, shine afar, are shadowy mockeries and deceptive fire. But Hope! the brightest of the passionate choir that ranges through the wide world, touching, with passing fingers, that most strange and various instrument, the human heart—ah! why dost thou so soon leave desolate the fond Isabel?

Dark eyed Guido came not all that night, while she, his young and secret bride, sat watching there, pale as the marble columns. She searched around, and sickened at the sights she saw; but if she heard a quick or lighter bound, half arose and gazed, and drew her white hand over her tearful eyes, to see his raven hair come down in masses like the starless night, and beneath each shortened mask she strove to catch his sweet immutable smile, opening such lips as the boy *Hylas* wore; but many passed, and bowed, and passed again—she looked on all in vain: at last a figure came and whispering in her ear, asked in a hoarse and bitter tone why she sat there apart, the mistress of the feast, while all passed on unwelcome by her wandering eye? It was her brother's voice—Leon! yet it scarce could be that he would jeer her so. He breathed a name—'twas Guido! and with trembling did she shrink from his inquiring eye, hiding the mighty secret of her soul. Again—ah! then she heard her terrible doom sound like a prophecy, and she stole to her chamber like a pale and solitary shade.

Now shall I tell of him whose tongue had won the heart of Isabel. Some said he came from Milan, the last of all his race, and he had fled to haughty Genoa, where the *Dorias* reigned: a mighty city once, though now she sleeps amid her amphitheatre of hills, or sits in silence by her dashing waves, nor fills a living page in story. He had that look which poets love to paint, and artists fashion, and budding girls when first their dreamings show them such forms as maids may love. He stood fine as those spirits, heaven-descended, *Hermes* or young *Apollo*, or whom she, the moon-lit *Dian*, on the *Latmian* hill, when all the woods and all the winds were quiet, kissed with the kiss of immortality; and in his eye, where love and pride held contest—his dark, deep-seated eye—there was a spell which those can read who love and have been loved. And she—what of her, his chosen bride, his *own*, on whom he gazed in secret pride, loving almost too much for happiness? Enough to say that she was born to make man happy. She was surpassing fair: her gentle voice came like the fabled music that beguiles the sailor on the waters, and her smile shone like the light of heaven.

That morn they sat upon the green sea-beach; for in that land the sward springs fresh and sweet, close to the ocean, and no tides are seen to break the glassy quiet of the sea: and Guido with his arm around his Isabel, unclasped the tresses of her hair, which on her white and heaving bosom fell like things enraptured, bidding with jealousy the soft and amorous winds not wanton there; and then his dark eyes sparkled, and he bound the fillets like a coronet around her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen. Oh! it was sweet to see her delicate hand pressed on his parted lips, as though to check in mimic anger those kind whispers he knew so well to use, and on his neck her round arm hung, while half as in command, and half entreaty, did her swimming eye speak of forbearance, until he snatched from her pouting lips the honey-dew that lovers like to steal; and then in crimsoning beauty, she playfully frowned, and wore that self-betraying air which women loved and flattered love so much.

Oh! would he tell, beneath the last light of a summer's day, how on the lone *Pacific* he had been, when the sea lion on his watery way went rolling through the green billows, shaking the ocean's dead tranquillity; and he would tell her of past times, and where, far away, he rambled in his boyhood, and spoke of other worlds and wonders fair, mighty and magnificent, for he had seen the bright sun worshipped like a god upon that land where first *Columbus* put his foot; and traveled by deep *St. Lawrence*, and by *Niagara's* cataract

of foam, and had seen the wild deer wandering among interminable forests, where the serpent and the savage make their lair together. Nature there in wildest garb stands unbased and nearer to the skies, and amid her giant trees and wide waters, the bones of things forgotten, buried deep, give glimpses of an elder world, seen by us but in that fine and dreamy slumber, when Fancy breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

Her sleep that night was dreadful, for in her sight there stood a dim and shadowy form, which pointed far up the side of *Ætna*, where, from a black ravine, a dreary wood peeps out and frowns upon the storms below. It gazed awhile upon the lonely bride with melancholy air and glassy eye, when thus he spoke:

"Awake and search yon dell, for, though risen above my old mortality, I have left my mangled and unburied limbs a prey for wolves, and one lock of my black and curled hair—that one I vowed to thee, my beauty—swims like a mere weed upon a mountain stream; and those dark eyes you used to love so well, are shut, and now have lost their light forever. Go, then, unto yon far ravine, and make for your poor husband's heart a quieter grave than what the stream and withering winds may lend, and, beneath the basil tree which we planted, give the fond heart burial, so that tree shall thrive, and shed a solace on thy after days: and thou—but oh! I ask thee not to guard the plant on which thy Guido loved to gaze, for with a spirit's power I see thy heart."

He said no more, but with the morning shrunk, as the shadows of the clouds are dispelled before the conquering sun-beams, silently. Then sprung she from the pillow where she lay, to a wild sense of doubtful misery; and she obeyed the dream, and journeyed onward to the mountain, toward which the phantom pointed, and she pushed aside the thorns which grew luxuriant there, and with a beating heart descended where the waters washed, it said, its floating hair.

It was a spot such as romancers painted when they told of dusky knights wandering about in old forests, when the last purple color of the sky was waxing faint, and day was dying in the west. The trees (dark pine and chestnut, the dwarf oak and cedar) shook their branches, until the shade looked like a living spirit, and seemed holding dim communion with the winds. Below a tumbling river rolled, singing its fierce and noisy song; and there, on shattered trunks, grew lichens, and covered with their golden garments—Death; and when November's tempests blew the winter trumpet, until its falling tones went moaning into silence, every green and loose leaf of the piny boughs told some trembling story of that dreary mountain dell.

The spirit that awakens the soul to sights and contemplations deep, is never idle, even when from out the silence of the desert a sob is heaved that but the leaves are shaken; but when there comes across its frozen waste a rushing wind, that chills the heart, and brings tidings of ruin from those icy domes, the cast and fashion of long centuries, it is not for low moanings that the spirit of Nature, starting from her long idleness, walketh abroad with Death, sweeping among the valleys where roll the avalanches—it is not to speak of "Doubt" that her great voice, which in the plains brings to the heart rejoicing, comes sounding like an oracle. Amid men there are no *useless* marvels: then why cast on the wonder-working Nature shame, or deem that, like a braggart, she should shout out, once in an age: "A mystery!"

But to my story. Down the slippery bank, with trembling limbs, and faintly beating heart, catching at the brambles as her feet sunk in the crumbling earth, did the poor girl tread; and there she saw—oh! until that moment none could tell (not even she) how much of hope the cheerful morning brought, and how she from each glance took courage; for light and life had made her bold again, and she could almost smile on the past night; so with a boyant feeling, mixed with fear, lest she might scorn the missioned minister of Heaven, she took her weary way and searched the dell, and there she saw him—dead! Poor desolate child of sixteen summers! had the wild waters no pity on the boy you loved so well? There, stiff and cold, the dark-eyed Guido lay, his pale face upward, smiling as it was wont; his young limbs were mangled on the rocky

ground, and amid the weltering weeds and shallows, his black hair floated as the phantom had told her, and his glassy eye, like a dream, spoke of gone mortality.

Isabel stared and laughed aloud like one whose brain receives a sudden shock; and then she looked again and wept. At last—but why ask how she went tremblingly about her bloody task? She took the heart and washed it, and bore it home, and placed it amid wild flowers, such as he used to love, and beneath the basil-tree she made a grave, and placed the heart in it, doomed to the earth like a thing that owned not humanity.

And the tree grew and grew, and seemed brighter than ever before she had seen it, and the winds played softly with its leaves; and she watered it with her tears, and talked to it as to a living spirit, and would place it gently in the shade when the sun shone high in the hot meridian. She never plucked a leaf, nor let a weed grow within the shadow of its branches, and nursed it as a mother does her child, and kept it sheltered from the cold wind of winter; and so it grew beyond its fellows, and towered in beauty, waving and whispering unto the moon and midnight air, and stood a thing unequalled in the land.

But never more along her favorite vale, or in the paths of the village, or by the rapid river, or on the beach, when clouds are sailing across the setting sun, while the waters murmur, and breezes rise to bid the day farewell—no more in any of her once-loved bowers, whose sound or silence could tell aught of the passionate past, the pale girl trod: yet like an invisible god, Love haunted each spot, and filled the air with music soft and sweet, such as might calm or conquer Death, (if he could be conquered,) and from on high sad airs fell on her soul, like those she heard in infancy, and filled her eyes with sorrow's sympathizing drops, and recollections of happier years came thronging on her memory. Then she remembered all the follies of her heart—how coy and rash—how scornful she had been—and then again how tender and how coy, and every shifting of the scene that sorrow stamps upon the mind.

The story never had been told by her who alone knew of her brother's guilt; and Leoni, timorous, lest the blood which he had shed should rise in vengeance, and come abroad and claim a sepulchre; or, perchance, fancying that the lie he swore: That Guido sailed and never would return again, was not believed by his sister Isabel; or that she had discovered where he lay before his limbs had withered, or—but whatever it was that moved him, he dug and found the heart of Guido fresh as in its life; for Isabel, so that it might not perish like the common dead, had wound it round with wax, and bathed it with a curious medicine. Leoni found it where it lay like a dark spell, and he cursed it and cast it into the waves.

That day the green tree withered, and Isabel knew the solace of her mind was stolen, and she felt quite alone in the wide world; so she hid her to the distant woods and caverned haunts, and where the mountain-streams thunder unto the silent air, and left the world, and all that man worships, behind, and all that is endeared to the beating heart; but as she looked farewell, a quivering drop arose and dimmed her sight—the last that frenzy gave. And then she went alone into the dreary wilderness, a crazed and heart-broken being; and in her solitude she found a cavern, half hidden by the blossoming wild-brier, and where a black and solitary pine, that had been stricken by the fiery sword of Jove, stood and gave a token and a sign of power and death, and there she lived for months. She heeded not the seasons or their change, and she fed on roots and berries. She was seen but once, and once only, and then the chamois hunter started from his chase, and stopped to look a moment on her, and could not turn to his sports after so sad a sight. Famine sate upon her hollow cheek, and madness in her wandering gaze, and as the winds waver before they die, she spoke to herself a few wild words, and sung a sad broken melody; and as she sung, she strewed the earth with yellow leaves that perished before their time, and well did their fluttering fall seem to harmonize with the low music of her song—the sound came like a dirge filling the air about.

At last one night she wandered home. Amid the misty clouds the pale moon shot a sad and troubled light. The moaning winds of autumn sang a dirge, and shook the red leaves from the forest-trees, and subterranean voices spoke. The sea did rise and fall, and then came silently that fearful swell so well known by seamen, and all was like an omen. Isabel passed to the room once her own, where they found her at the break of day; her look was smiling, but she did not speak, nor motion, even to say—her heart was broke; yet in the quiet of her shining eye lay death, and something we are apt to think (when we discourse of some such mournful theme) beyond the look of mere mortality.

She died—if we can call that death, when Heaven draws the parting breath so softly—and was translated to a brighter, happier clime, for nought could match or make her happy here! She died, and with her gentle death, there came sorrow and ruin, and Leon! fell a victim to an unconsuming fire, that burns and revels on the heart of man—Remorse.

This is the tale of Isabel, and of her love, the young Italian.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

"SHALL I take your baggage, sir," said an intelligent looking boy to a traveler, who had just landed at one of our eastern cities.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman, but struck with the peculiar interest of his countenance, as the boy retired, he stung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached with an air of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, sir; I sought employment, not alms."

"True, my little Don," said the gentleman, laughing, "but you will not return so very a trifle on my hands?"

The boy stood a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his wrought features: and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached them, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," he said, gracefully bowing to the traveler, "permit me to transfer your bounty," and presenting the unlucky coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

The little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger, and two days afterward he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among the group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness.

"Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with bateless diligence.

"Our traveler, whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increasing interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress, and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn-out soldier, sir, of the revolution;" and the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent any farther interrogation.

The tenacious Courtney, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable dwelling.

A keen November blast which at that moment

whistled around him, told the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier!" he mentally exclaimed, "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who revel in luxury!"

A few hours afterward he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man, now before him. He had raised his head slowly from the staff on which he was leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance where the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high though furrowed brow that told his affinity with the proud Alvah; and ravages of infirmity had not altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of a soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtney. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man; and Mr. Courtney now perceived that he was utterly blind!

The events of the revolution afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Courtney, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, there are many whose blood has even cemented the proud fabric of our independence, that are themselves in want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man, "the decayed soldier whose strength was wasted in the conflict, has but little for himself to hope; but I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtney, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Alvah, your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save me from public dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight," asked Mr. Courtney.

"Only two years."

"And during that period have you had no resource but the labor of your son?"

"None; but the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret, but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Courtney with enthusiasm, "I would that I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth. With the advantage of education he would become an ornament to society; but this under your peculiar circumstances, he cannot have had in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste of learning," said the soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labor, and as these have been invariably devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Courtney, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring time of life."

"You forget, sir," said Alvah, respectfully bowing, "that I can embrace no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not in his present situation; but I have friends here, who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support, and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence."

"Impossible, sir! My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis a short season only since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eye swam

in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude; "I feel deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interest, but, indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labor affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Courtney was affected. The soldier had again leaned his head over his staff and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son! A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service?—Will you not accept," and he put his hand in his pocket—but Alvah drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence. The old man gave him his hand with a smile of benignity.

"Accept my thanks, sir, and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty."

The stranger gave his name and address, and receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, he reluctantly left them.

Mr. Courtney was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure; and with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had, however, awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father—the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence—his deep but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling—all were impressed on their visitant. If an intercourse with the good, influences even cold and torpid hearts—as is beautifully exemplified by the Persian fable of the piece of clay that became an odoriferous substance by the contact of the rose—that influence must be strong indeed on the soul of feeling. The gems of the heart but let the language of pure and elevated sentiments be heard, and the chords of responsive feeling at once awaken like the sleeping tones of the harp attuned by the winds of heaven. For a little time, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the mind of the gay Courtney, and the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies which surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity—the scanty fuel—the precarious supply—the picture that memory drew seemed even yet more vivid than the reality.

The following day Mr. Courtney had left the city, but a blank cover, enclosing five hundred dollars, had been placed by an unknown hand in that of the old soldier. Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveler then experienced was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence—her glittering wave again hurried him onward without the power of reflection; and if a momentary wish would have led him to inquire the farther fate of Alvah Hamilton, the bright phantasma that surrounded him diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion, and his only child, early accustomed to the round of fashionable pursuits, thought not of opposing them. The exalted sentiments, however, which even in childhood she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from their contaminating influence; and amid the blights of a gay world the purity of her character remained stainless as the snows of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer, she yielded to the impulse of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by a high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted parent, escaped the thralldom which habit might otherwise have secured. At the age of fifteen she accompanied an invalid friend to the medicinal springs at Ballston. This village, at the time, was a place of fashionable resort, and to a mind like Isabel Courtney's afforded themes of limitless reflections. The buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the languor of disease—the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry—palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure—the listless who

strove to annihilate time, and the dying, who sought to add yet a few days to those they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck, on entering the common sitting-room, by an old man, who sat alone and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over his pallid temples, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbled with pity, but reverence mingled with compassion as she marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance. At no great distance a group of ladies were indulging in bursts of levity, that, at this moment, struck most discordantly on her heart.

She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect, and involuntarily approaching the heedless old man, she was half resolved to address him. Her natural timidity, however, still withheld her, till at length called by one of the hoyden group to partake of some strawberries. The irresolute expression of her countenance at once changed to that of pleasure.

"I will beg some," she said, unhesitatingly presenting her work-basket, "for this old gentleman"—and she now approached him without embarrassment—"Will you accept some strawberries, sir?"

The voice of Isabel was like the low dying tones of an instrument; it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received them with a smile that spoke a benediction, while an elegant though youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back toward them, suddenly turned round and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl with mingled admiration and surprise.

She instinctively retreated, and joining the group she had hitherto shunned, mingled in their trifling. Soon after the youth himself approached with her basket. Presenting it with a look of indescribable import, he said:

"Accept, Miss, the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention."

He then disappeared. In a short time he returned, and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness.

"I have at length found more quiet lodgings, sir, and will attend you whenever you feel able to walk."

The old man rose, and leaning on the arm of the youth, they left the apartment.

"They are then to be temporary sojourners in the village," thought Isabel; and a sensation of pleasure, of which she was perhaps unconsciously, arose from the idea of again meeting them. She was not disappointed. They met the next morning at the spring—and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spirits? Who shall trace the intricate sources of that mysterious passion which sweeps like a torrent over the human soul? Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers—they knew nothing of each other beyond the limits of a few short days; yet the years that had preceded them had become to them as a tedious dream—the present was their all of existence, and resembled the renovating life of the chrysalis, when it "sails on new wings, through the summer air."

As yet, however, unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment. The blush that dyed the cheek of Isabel in the presence of the stranger, was that of abstract pleasure; and the light which flashed from his eyes at her approach, was brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the blind old man, whom he daily attended to the spring, afforded their only cue even to passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel, conquered the scruples of vestal reserve, and she frequently ventured a timid inquiry respecting the aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless attentions, too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over the feeling heart, like the imperceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the attentions which fortune invariably elicited from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow her sphere of action. Her voice, her step, were already known to the discriminating ear of the old man; and if his cane

was dropped, or a seat was brought him, he knew the ready hand that presented them. He was, however, evidently and rapidly failing—and at last Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer.

Three days passed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and weary of herself, she gladly became one of the party. As they passed within view of the village cemetery, her gaze was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished, and they were returning—but there was one who yet lingered, and with folded arms leaned over the new-made grave! Could it be—? yes, it was the youthful stranger—and Isabel at once comprehended the melancholy scene.

The party proceeded, and ere they returned, the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of a full moon. The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour, and, almost unable to proceed, she leaned on the arm of the friend, whose health was yet but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gayer companions. Again her eye was turned to the last asylum of humanity—the solitary mourner had left the spot, and was slowly returning to the village. Their paths intersected, and he was already before her. He bowed, and both were for some moments silent.

He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion:

“The cause which brought me hither, is now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Suffer me, then, Miss, even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you may have evinced in the suffering of my departed father—for the soothing attentions you may have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some kind spirit, gentle as your own, temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover round your pillow.”

Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and as she rejoined them, the young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If anything at this moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she panted to leave a spot that was now, to her, utterly devoid of interest. The light adieu of ceremony was easily concluded, and early the following morning she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage, he stopped to speak with an acquaintance, while a young who was passing at the moment suddenly paused, and clasping his hand, exclaimed:

“Mr. Courtney—my benefactor!”

“I do not understand you, sir,” said the astonished Courtney. “I know of no one who can give so flattering a title.”

“Ah,” said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar to trembling Isabel, “am I then so changed? I am Alvah Hamilton, the soldier’s son, whom several years ago you rescued from extreme poverty!”

Mr. Courtney pressed his hand with emotion.

“You mean, my young friend, the scornful boy whom I would have rescued, but for his intolerable pride.”

“Oh, sir, evasion is unavailing. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have you not, then, some interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you what have been the fruits of your bounty?”

“I shall gladly listen to ought in which you are concerned,” said Mr. Courtney, and Alvah proceeded.

“Two days after you left us, my poor father was removed to a more comfortable shelter, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to the personal wants of my father, and incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accountant, and a year afterwards was received into a wealthy mercantile house as an under clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented. And now,” he added, in a subdued tone, “since he is at length called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertions shall be to discharge the pecuniary part of that obligation which has so greatly influenced my present destiny.”

“The obligation which you speak of,” said Mr. Courtney, “does not exist. An ample equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting indigent virtue. Do not then wound again by so unjust an allusion—but tell me, is your venerable father no more?”

Alvah briefly sketched the late events, and Mr. Courtney now shook him warmly by the hand.

“Farewell, dear Alvah. My carriage has been some time waiting. Believe that I rejoice in your prosperity, and remember you may always command my friendship.”

Alvah looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. From her father, who, himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his knowledge of Alvah Hamilton. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of moral excellence in the imagination of Isabel was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr. Courtney was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every other wish, but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety.

His love of pleasure, his unbounded expenditures, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate which, though sufficient for all the chaste elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance, looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck, while the unhappy Courtney, driven almost to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had hitherto implicitly trusted. He was not, however, without a comforter. At this hour of trial, the virtues of his child became more fully developed, as the gems gleam brightest through the shades of darkness. Her affection deepening in intensity as its object was deserted by others; her fortitude, her cheerfulness now came over his scorched heart with balmy influence. Their family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet crying, a new purchaser appeared, apparently from a distance. His horse dripped with speed, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as is frequent in such cases, was going off at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Courtney was still the occupant, and the new proprietor called on him immediately. Isabel had that moment left her father for some domestic call; and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion from their present residence, when Alvah Hamilton stood suddenly before him.

“Welcome, most welcome, to my heart, dear Alvah,” he exclaimed. “I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come but to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am here only on suffering. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head.”

“Not so,” cried Alvah; “you have yet a shelter: your present home is still yours, and no earthly power can drive you from it.”

“What mean you?” said the breathless Courtney.

“Fourteen years since,” he replied, “you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured me subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaimed it, but it was yet uncanceled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not, however, lain idle. The profits of the house in which some years ago, I became

a partner, have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere accident I had seen it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither. And now," he added, taking the hand of Mr. Courtney, with a radiant smile, "Will you not welcome your Alvah to your home? It is long since you gave me a check on your friendship. I have come to claim it; and surely you can no longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not merely wealth, but the unutterable pleasure of this moment."

Mr. Courtney wept. The thoughtless "man of the world" wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Alvah himself was overcome with the scene. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as at a phantom. It looked, indeed, like a thing of life—the blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her—just so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Courtney, "who is the original of the picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of his manner, Mr. Courtney replied:

"Have you seen her?"

"Seen her? O yes! her image has been long, long engraven on my heart; but of her name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Courtney," said the astonished father. "She is my only child."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Alvah, "what new excitement awaits me?"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion, Alvah? How, or in what manner, have you known my beloved Isabel?"

Alvah gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance; and the long-concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to the heart of Mr. Courtney.

"Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his young friend, "tell me, Alvah, in sacred faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness?"

Alvah flung himself into his arms.

"Ah, sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness? Has not my spirit turned from all the allurements of the world, to continue with the recollection of her virtues?"

Mr. Courtney left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel.

"Ye are worthy of each other," he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promise—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE STORY OF TERESINA.

MANY years previous to the time of which I am speaking, there labored, in a small studio on the Mont Cavallo, a young German student in sculpture. Like his fellows, he was seldom aware at the beginning of the month of the source from whence means were to be derived for carrying him to the end of it; but in talent they allowed him to stand above them. Still his chief employment was to toil upon the works of artists of older standing, and to confer fame while he received the wages of mere labor. Thus the genius of Frederic was known only to his familiar associates, and the original exercise of it was of necessity confined to the hours which others devoted to repose or festal days, when scarcely another hand was to work in the whole capital.

The palazzo belonged to the Marchese di —, a nobleman of great wealth but retired habits, which caused him to spend his time chiefly among the peasantry of his estate, leaving the splendid abode in

question to a branch of his family which had shared in the general decay of his country. In the course of his visits to the mutilated statues and basso-relievos, Frederic had discovered a living work of perfection, destined to be a subject of more devoted study than all the wonders which marble had yet produced.

Teresina had just arrived at an age to make her friends sensible of her peculiar situation. She was, unhappily, too highly born to be disposed of in any of the various ways which were open to the daughters of the simple citizen, and the dependent state of her parents rendered it next to impossible that she would ever be raised beyond it. She had sprung up amid ruin, and would there, in all probability, fade neglected away. At the same time, the young Roman possessed the ardent feelings of her country in a degree as far above the common order as were her pale and dark-eyed beauty and the proud style of her perfect symmetry.

Both Teresina and the young German were early in discovering that they had met in each other, for the first time, the capability of mutual comprehension and feeling. The commencement of their acquaintance had been confined to an inclination of the head, as they occasionally encountered upon the richly-ornamented terraces of the palace garden, the one musing over classic balustrades of inlaid marble, storied pedestals, and statues of whatever was most enchanting in history or fable; the other, retiring with the sweet wild witnesses of a Roman spring, which burst forth spontaneously from the neglected plot—the rim of the sculptured fountain, the ruined wall of ages more remote.

The meetings between Teresina and Frederic were no longer caused by accident. She knew the moment of his release from labor, and whether by the blaze of the bright spring morning, or the shades of its dewy sunset, her form was among the statues, her feelings beneath the cypress. She asked not if this was love—no matter *what* it was. She never could be any thing to Frederic. The thought of hanging a disastrous load on his arduous path to fame never once occurred to her. She never could be anything to any one else, for who could be worth the reservation of her heart, where her merit was to be measured by fortune?

The feelings of Frederic were not so devoid of plan, though that plan was mainly supported by chimeras. His only chance of possessing Teresina was by a rise in reputation, which should atone for his want of birth; and the enthusiasm of his passion and profession already foresaw such miraculous events as had never before occurred, excepting in the brain of a German lover.

"Frederic," said a voice, soft, clear and celestial, as though it had proceeded from one of those fabled inhabitants of the sky; "I did not expect you to-night, but am here because I would be where you have been."

"Alas! Teresina, and such, for I know not how long a time, is all the intercourse that will subsist between us. It is the will of fortune that we part. I see the star-light trembling in your eyes, when I would look to you for courage. We never yet have spoken of the feeling by which our hearts are united, for in your guileless countenance I have fancied that I read the secret more clearly than your tongue could tell it. These bonds are love—wild, enthusiastic, unchangeable as our natures. It has made our happiness; it depends upon ourselves whether it is to make our misery. I depart in search of fame and fortune. It may not be vanity, if I declare to you (for what I breathe in *your* ear is no more than thinking aloud) that I feel within me the qualities to secure them. Then, when we meet again, we shall bless the pain of this parting-hour as having led to joys which now we dare not dream of."

Months passed, but the serene absence of positive sorrow existed for Teresina no longer. The scenes of beauty wherein she might have waned away her life in tranquillity, had, every one of them, some memorial of a bliss which she had enjoyed only to be sensible of its loss.

Shortly before this period, circumstances had for a season called her lofty relation, the marchese, to Rome, for the first time since she had grown up. He was a

nobleman of high character, and, though far advanced in life, retained his kindness of feeling which, in other days, had made a stately person and gifted intellect the object of love, no less than admiration. The mind and beauty of Teresina were of a quality unlooked for; her parents had been long dead, and the connections who had succeeded to the charge of her were of a degree so distant as to be scarcely traceable. Her case was touching, and he decided that something must be done for her.

The more the marchese conversed with her, the more he was attracted by the noble blood which displayed itself in every thought she uttered. Her heart palpitated at each advance of favor, as omen of good fortune to her Frederic. For the first time in her life, her efforts to confer pleasure to obtain the influence of affection, were founded in a double interest. The marchese had not entirely forgotten the gallantry of his youth, was a ready example that the old, as well as the young, are not insensible to the flattery of attention, and began to call to mind that he had paid his late marchesa the respect of remaining long a widower.

The unexpected turn which had been taken by her noble relative's regard was appalling. Teresina shuddered—such an union could never be.

Long after he had departed, Teresina remained gazing on the splendors of the pictured wall and fretted ceiling of that splendid apartment in anguish and stupefaction. The words which had struck most fearfully upon her heart, were those which denied to her hopes the sanction of the church. Frederic had no nobility but his mind. He was lost to her for ever.

She was offered a connection against which her nature would have rebelled, even had her heart not been pre-occupied. She was offered wealth, which her long habits of self-denial had rendered superfluous.

Yet she had heard it said that the estate of the marchese had, in common with a few others, the virtue of conferring nobility on their possessor. The train of thought which followed up this recollection may be imagined. The marchese had given his word that they should be hers, and, by transferring them to Frederic, she placed him beyond the threat which had dismayed her.

It was not long ere the gems of genius and taste, and the gorgeous devices of wealth, that were squandered through that enchanted palace, gleamed with the glow of festive lights that seemed to outnumber the stars. From quaint balustrade and vaulting statue, the breeze of the early autumn was cooled by fantastic wreaths from fountains of magic source. Tier over tier of myrtle terraces displayed the proud concourse of Rome's loveliest and loftiest born; and the waving bed of odors that melted downward into the dark blue city, bore with it the sweetest sounds of joy and melody. There were homage, praise, congratulation—all words for soothing, flattering and forgetfulness; there were earth's choicest treasures for the adornment of beauty, and heaven's fairest favors to disarm comparison. Alas! and what were all these to the envied of that night—the aching, the bewildered, the *Marchesa Teresina*?

This was the last, as it was the first, moment of her married life which was willingly devoted to the remembrance of her lover. She had taken a desperate step for him; and the result remained with Providence, and the intervening time was to be claimed by the duties of her new state.

If her situation was painful among her equals, before the public it was harrowing. If her splendid equipage passed the streets, her declining head turned not to the right or to the left, from apprehension of whose reproachful glance might be fixed upon her. If she knelt for relief before the altar, she dared not raise her eyes, for fear of whose indignant form might interpose. And when she returned exhausted in soul to her palazzo, that look, that form, which first had met her there—which there had gained dominion of her deepest love—how could she shun them? How, except in madness?

Time had dealt kindly with the marchese, and did not seek his due till the claim was fairly allowed. The old noble forgot not, now that he was about to depart from Teresina, the promise he had made before their

union. His estates, without exception, were given to her absolute disposal; her praises were the last words on his lips; and when she again saw Rome, it was in the pompous train which conveyed him to the tomb of his fathers.

Once more a sojourner in the palazzo, the tumult of her heart so long repressed was hard indeed to be resisted; but her duty was not complete till the memory of the marchese had received its tribute of respect equivalent to the fidelity which she had shown him living. Ere her tongue was trusted with the name of Frederic, the splendid marchesa had declined every envied alliance that could be offered by the Roman nobility, and curiosity was eagerly attending the end to which her paramount attractions would be devoted. The humiliation of her princely suitors was in due time completed by a tremulous inquiry for the obscure German student; wild were the apprehensions, the impatience, with which she awaited the result. Frederic might have forgotten her, might never have returned to Rome after her marriage, might have believed her false, might no longer exist. When her messenger returned, she was found dishevelled with agitation, and scarcely able to speak or to comprehend.

Frederic had returned immediately upon hearing that she was lost to him, had given up the pursuit of fame, and was contented to labor for his bread.

"But comes he not to see me?"

He had sent his humble respects to the noble marchesa, and would attend her commands when released from work.

"He does not fly to meet me! His humble respects to Teresina!"

Hours passed, and still the trembling mistress of that glittering saloon was doomed to hide her face in the silken cushion with anticipations of wo unknown to the bed of straw. The Madonna breathing from the walls seemed to whisper that the place for hope was not there, and the twilight of the same season that witnessed her sacrifice to the marchese was a memorial of bitter omen. It was then the slow opening of the massive door prepared her to learn her fate; was it the door of paradise or the tomb? One hand flung back the dark loose braids from her sight, the other pressed the heart that would have burst. She knew not whether to spring to his arms, or like a guilty thing to sink at his feet. The door was closed; and Frederic, in the simple garb of other days, pale, care-worn, but with an aspect more proud than ever, stood before her, alone and calmly.

"Frederic! do you not know me?"

"I know, signora, that I wait the pleasure of the noblest lady in Rome."

"Frederic, 'tis Teresina—unchanged—with every obstacle to happiness removed, except what you may create yourself. These walls, with all their treasures—mountains and valleys for a dukedom—nobility that may look down upon the proud—power that may raise the crushed heart of indigence and virtue—these, with the first, pray heaven, the only object of your love—these are all yours—if you indeed are Frederic, and can at length remember Teresina."

The effort was exhausting—she dropped where she had been reclining, and regarded him with the tremor of a suppliant.

Frederic stood unmoved. "I did not think," he replied, "that it lay in the course of human events to place me under the obligations which I owe to the Marchesa Teresina. I thought that the once aspiring spirit had been crushed to a level with its fortunes—that he who had dropped disheartened on the road to fame would find nothing to break his fall to disgrace. I thought I could have borne insult; I have received charity. Thanks to the marchesa, I see a depth to which I cannot fall. This is indeed a noble palazzo. Here are the works which raised a race of mortals to something between mankind and the gods, and here are powers of enjoyment as far beyond the level of earthly experience. There is a beautiful and gentle phantom of remembrance which used to listen to the transport with which my soul drank in these wonders, and might bear me witness that I knew their worth unequalled. I know beside, those mountain domains, and the greatness they bestow. They are endeared to

me by the humble transcripts of my fellow laborers. Their successor might build himself a throne of blessings. But the poor German is not so basely poor that he can receive even these from a hand polluted—from a heart forsworn."

Teresina could answer only by a low scream of agony.

"That hand," he calmly continued, "without its gifts, had led me perchance upon a course more lofty than that which it paves with gold. But confidence is the quality of love, and Teresina's heart misgave her."

"Frederic, would you have me die in your presence? For what was this mighty lot embraced, unless to make it yours—unless to smooth away impossibilities to my being yours without it? Frederic, what has supported me through this bitter trial?—what has restrained the lonely anguish of my heart from seeking sympathy in yours?—what has made your name a stranger to my lips, your fortunes a mystery, your fate a frightful presentiment, a hovering shadow, which I dared not contemplate and could not banish? What but the dread of not deserving, of being worthless to you? Oh! would you look less calmly, coldly, sternly, I would explain the past so that you would love me better than before we parted. You knew that I was poor, neglected, desponding. I have not words, as others have, to take my own part. Frederic, will your heart not help me? I never thought my feeble mind a match for yours, but you persuaded, you over-ran me, and leave me to feel it and to perish. Had you not said you loved me, I never had given this palsied hand to the fetters that have poisoned it. I should have lived as you first found me—my harmless history had died with me, unstained; now my grave must be my shame, branded with falsehood, and by you."

"Forgive me, signora—I was ignorant of the fashion of your rank. I did not know it was a proof of constancy to give your hand in opposition to your vows, or a proof of love to break the spirit that bowed to your dominion; I did not know it was a reproach to call such things by the name of falsehood, and will in future think them virtues which the lowlier born are too ignorant to comprehend."

He turned to depart, and she withheld him not—his farewell was unheard—and in another moment the ponderous iron doors of the palazzo had closed behind him, as he left, for ever.

Three days passed, and Frederic received no message from Teresina to return. He began to offer himself bitter congratulations that he had not done so uninvited. Her suffering, as he at first supposed, could have been nothing but mortification at being rejected by one so humble, and doubtless her unsteady regard for him had now settled down to scorn and hatred. If ever he heard of her again, he persuaded himself it would be some act of Roman vengeance to punish the pauper's insolence, and tie his tongue from betraying her.

The fourth day came, and with it the means of estimating how far his imagination had done her injustice. He had, with a determined effort to concentrate his energies, and hide the torture that had scattered them, resumed his occupation in the studio of which he was the pride, and was cleaving the undulations of beauty from a model of forlorn recollection. Visitors, as usual, came and went, but he neither heard their remarks nor turned to behold them. At length he was startled by an inquiry for his own name, and turning upon his low scaffold, encountered persons of an official aspect, apparently with some object of importance. He had no sooner acknowledged himself to be the person sought for than he was saluted with profuse deference and congratulations as the Marchese di——! The vast estates had been legally transferred to his possession, every particle from the richest palace to the most barren crag, and had conveyed every title and distinction enjoyed by those who had preceded him. The chisel dropped from his hands, and his visage became bloodless.

"And the marchesa?" he exclaimed; "the Marchesa Teresina?"

"No longer the marchesa, of which addition she is divested by the relinquishment of the marquisate, but the simple Signora Teresina. Some mystery in life,

which she has not thought proper to explain, has induced her to withdraw from it; and, to the astonishment and grief of all Rome, she is believed to have retired to the cloister. Her declared motive for the present disposal of what would probably have wedded to the world any other being upon earth, is her desire to leave it to the person most worthy to enjoy it. No other particulars are known, nor the place of her retreat."

This, then, was anticipated scorn and hatred—this was Roman vengeance!

Weeks elapsed, and Teresina appeared to have vanished from the earth. The effects upon a heart like that of Frederic were destroying. To occupy a home which had been vacated for him by the wounded soul of Teresina would have been to lay himself in the grave. As he groaned upon the pallet so long haunted by her image as the proud and exulting deceiver, the now changed aspect of the vision to the subdued melancholy that had once depended on him for every joy of earth was the guise of an accusing spirit, which left him no alternative but escape or madness. He determined to fly from Rome for ever.

He then sought the worthy priest who had acted as her confessor, with a view of leaving his last words, should she ever be found to receive them.

They were passing along the velvet bank of the Tiber below the city. It was one of those dark, melancholy, sunless days, which give to the autumn its richest hues and most melting sentiment. The fringe of yellow canes on the opposite side bowed motionless to their unbroken reflection in the wave; and a few scattered clumps of crimson foliage slept against the deep blue distance without a flutter or a sigh. Not far in front, a few precipitous heights presented a sombre contrast of brown monastic building and spiral cypress, while every bell that trembled through the still atmosphere, from the deep St. Peter's to the clank of the hermit monk, had a tone which carried that gloom to the heart. Frederic spoke out, and neither cared nor observed whither they were going, until they reached a gentle acclivity, paved with broad gentle steps, over which the grass and a few wild flowers trailed carelessly, to show how little that path was used as a link with the world. The funeral trees which had spoken mournfulness in the distance now reared their slender columns and swelled into shadow on either side; and at every few steps was a crucifix, with some saintly inscription to dispel the memory of scenes less holy.

At the end of this avenue was a sad-looking edifice, with Gothic arches and balustrade galleries, with an image of the Holy Virgin beside the ponderous doors, and a broad dial above them, which had no sun to mark the hour, and seemed to indicate a place where time stood still. The priest touched the bell, the latch rose with a string, and they traversed gallery and quadrangle as though the walls were deserted, till they entered an apartment of the interior, where Frederic was left alone.

All that he had observed on his approach, was that he was conducted to the holy father's monastery; and he gazed from the deep casement on the remote city of sorrow without heeding the moments that passed, or giving a thought to what they might produce. At length the father returned; his face was not free from emotion, and he prepared his companion for the exhortations of one who had experience to appreciate his grief, and to direct its cure.

"You have no word to say," continued he, "your tale is told; and your deepest sin absolved by a spirit whose pardon will be ratified."

There was a mystery in the old man's manner, and a tear in his eye, by which Frederic was startled into a sudden perception of the place in which he stood. His agitation increased to a shudder.

"Father," he exclaimed, "what place is this? This is no house of holy brotherhood. These flowers—these delicate works of charity—these implements of woman's occupation—bear witness of all the wild whispering of my soul. This is the convent—Teresina the forgiving spirit! Deny it and forgiveness comes too late!"

He flung himself in frenzy at the confessor's feet; and, as he gasped for speech, a hand placed gently on

his head bestowed its blessing—a voice of melody from the spheres pronounced the name of Frederic—and at the same moment his arms received his Teresina.

THE OUTPOST.

A show time after the bloody field of Waterloo, a detachment of a regiment, bearing on its colors Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Toulouse and Waterloo, marched one evening into a village in a remote part of Ireland. The officer who commanded the detachment was still in the prime of life; but his sun-burnt countenance and empty sleeve showed that he, too, amid danger, toil and blood, had gathered, on distant plains, the deathless laurel.

Let us sketch a short period of his life.

The Irish have at all times been celebrated for their bravery; and this characteristic of his countrymen was possessed in no common degree by Gerald Ffrench. He had won a reluctant consent from his parents that he should enter the army; and on the evening preceding his departure to join his regiment, then on the point of embarking for active service on the continent, had been taking a last view of his favorite haunts.

He was hastily passing through the wood, when his attention was arrested by sounds of distress; he listened, and heard his foster-brother Philip O'Neil, comforting some one who was weeping bitterly.

"If you would but ask anything else, Mary dear," said Philip, in broken accents—"anything in the wide world, I'd do it for ye."

"Well, Phil," answered a gentle and pensive voice, "this is just the way with you all; but I know that if you go the wars with our young master, you will never see me again—but do not let me be stopping you, dear,"—and the speaker turned away.

"Oh! Mary, and would you have me let my own master's son go to the wars alone; and who would tend him if he were sick or may be dying? If I didn't follow him all the world over for his kindness to me and mine, the very stones would cry out against me. So don't hinder me, Mary dear, but promise you will stop for me, your own true lad, and not be taking up with Billy Farrell; and mind to tend my old mother, and keep a good heart, dearest, and never fear but that Master Gerald and I will be back afore long. So give over grieving, Mary dear, for I will never love any but you, my darling, and I'll see the priest afore I go, and ask his blessing. Only promise to be true to me, Mary."

Gerald Ffrench did not wait to hear Mary's promises repeated. He stepped softly on to his home, and after spending some hours with his parents, repaired to his apartment, where he found Philip waiting for him, and who endeavored to conceal his sorrow and agitation by affecting great activity in packing and cording the trunks and luggage. Gerald, appearing not to have observed anything unusual in his attendant, dismissed him, and then sat down and wrote him a kind letter, enclosing a handsome sum, enjoining him to remain at home, and marry his pretty Mary.

Gerald had desired Philip to call him at an early hour, but having made previous arrangements with his grooms, who were enjoined secrecy, by three o'clock in the morning he left his home, and before five he was on the quay of ———, superintending the operation of stowing away the luggage in the transport. Half an hour saw this completed, and he was just stepping on board, when a slight and youthful figure was seen running down the hill with frantic speed. A single glance served to convince Gerald that this was his attached foster-brother, who, bareheaded and covered with dust, panting and breathless, rushed forward, and precipitated himself into the transport. Clinging to the mast, he poured forth alternately reproaches on his master for leaving him, and entreaties for permission to follow him, ending with frantic protestations that they might hew him in pieces, but he would not leave the ship. Few can resist the eloquence of deep feeling, and certainly Gerald Ffrench was not one of those. The desired permission was quickly granted, and the absurdities Philip committed in the extravagance of his

joy, raised a degree of merriment which effectually put to flight the emotions occasioned by his distress. But the merry days of our two young soldiers were quickly at an end, and they soon were forced to exchange their bright delusions for the ugly realities of life.

It suits not with our purpose to detail the particulars of the last convulsive struggle of expiring war. No Briton can be ignorant of the prodigies of valor performed by his countrymen, and amid a host of distinguished names, few shone more brightly than that of Gerald Ffrench.

After an absence of five years, he was now again in his native country, and he waited but to see the troops under his command placed in their quarters, when he set out to visit his home, distant only a day's journey from the hamlet where, as an outpost, his detachment was stationed. His only attendant was the faithful Philip O'Neil, who now gave vent to his joy by a thousand indescribable extravagances, which none but a real Irishman could have performed. Few had more cause for joy. He had, just before leaving the continent, heard that his old mother was well, though she had nearly lost her sight—that his Mary was faithful, and counted the hours till his return—and he knew that his young master was to give him a farm, where he and his pretty Mary were to lead a life of uninterrupted happiness.

Such were the visions which flitted before him, and so engrossed was he in their contemplation, it was some time before he observed that their progress was obstructed by a number of men who were engaged in a regular fighting bout. There is certainly something very attractive in the sight of a *shillelah* when dexterously handled, for, in an instant, Philip dismounting, dashed in among the combatants, quite ready to assist the weaker party, whether right or wrong. In his eagerness to get on, he stumbled and fell over a coffin, and now, for the first time, he understood that the two parties disputed which should have the honor of carrying the corpse to interment.

Gerald Ffrench rode into the midst of the combatants, exhorting them to cease their impious conflict. He was unheeded, nor had the more weighty argument enforced by Philip's riding-whip any greater effect. The infuriated multitude shouted but the more vociferously. As quickly as one party got possession of the coffin, it was wrested from them by the other, and oaths and execrations completed the confusion of the scene. In this horrid struggle the coffin was at last torn into a thousand pieces, and the body in its dismal clothing fell heavily to the ground.

On beholding this awful sight, the ferocious multitude shuddered, and there was a sudden pause; but when one party attempted to get possession of the body, the fury of their opponents redoubled, and the battle was instantly renewed. Curses and oaths were poured forth. The heavy bludgeons were stained with blood, and more than one wretch, desperately wounded, fell on the dead body, imparting horrid motion to the blood-besprinkled corpse.

Such profanation roused every good feeling in Philip's heart, and, rushing onward, he tore the body from the combatants, and, lifting it up in his arms, endeavored to make his way to his master, who, hemmed in, was in some danger from the fury of the combatants. As he raised the body in his arms, the clothes became discomposed. The cold cheek of the corpse touched his, and a profusion of long fair hair fell on his shoulder. "And it's a woman is it, that you're using this way? Bad luck to your black hearts; but I'll see the creature have Christian burial, or my name is not Phil O'Neil." In an instant every weapon was lowered. Every appearance of fury was quenched, and the men stood in small parties, whispering to each other.

"Who spoke of Philip O'Neil?" cried an old blind woman, who sat by the road side, weeping bitterly.

Philip still bearing the corpse, staggered forward; "Mother, what do ye here?"

"Oh, Phil my darling, are you come at last to your poor mother?"

"Mother, where's Mary?"

"Oh woe the day! the innocent creature is in her coffin; aye here, my darling, in the very coffin beside us!"

Philip tore open the grave-clothes, gave one look at the pale countenance, one groan that told of a broken heart was heard, and he fell senseless on the ground!

Gerald Ffrench hurried to the dismal scene, and, assisted by some of the people, disengaged Philip from the corpse of his Mary, and carried him to the nearest house; but his cares were vain. Life indeed was preserved for a short time, but he never regained his consciousness, and died, almost without a sigh, in the arms of his young master, by whose order the lovers were buried in one grave.

THE VOW, A NORTHERN TALE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, duke of Saxony, who had counseled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his own warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy. Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him—but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great and noble collected around him, and spoke thus:

"Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him—"Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunder-bolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven; and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou god of armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife—my only heart-loved child—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered around the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted, as with one voice, "The gods are with us!" With invincible courage forward rushed the host;—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shuddering, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and, with outstretched arms, greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, and every

shout of a blooming child, pierced, as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling that happy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretences, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound, secured them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the gods," replied Adalbero; "and then I shall relate every thing to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde: and the little one cried out, clapping her hands:

"I also will help; I also will be there;" and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper, used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind, that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood!"

Adalbero covered his eyes with both his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, clung to the mother:

Similde knew well of such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, "Remove the child."

"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes: thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see, presently," said Similde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before the sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

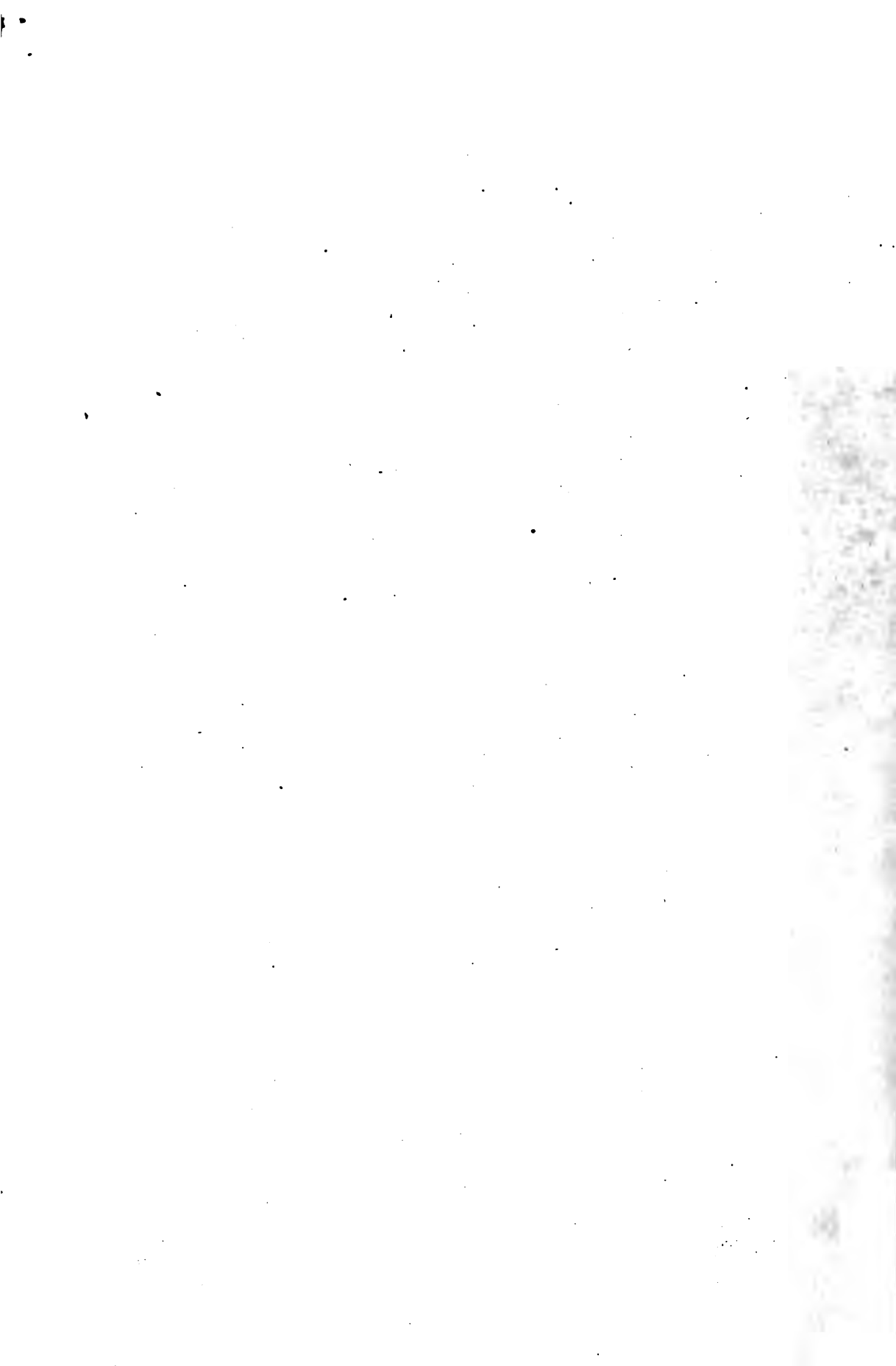
"Quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer; "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from which the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and, with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterward St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.





J. N. Chamberlain

W. H. Eastman

RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

Engraved especially for the Point

THE ROVER.

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quick a pace as its numbers and the nature of the ground would allow, and was just entering the gorges of the mountain, when a horseman galloped past the main body from rear to front. The stranger was a youth of not more than mere manhood, and of athletic and well turned limb. Reining up gracefully, as he gained the front of the train, he doffed his hat to the

lars, Jotham."
"I know it," replied Jotham Wagstaff, "sartain, I've been where things didn't go so slow, I ask you—where the bullets came desperate fast, that's the gospel on't."
"You didn't dodge though, Jotham?"
"We hadn't time, Hiram. But after the blow was over, one fellow said it was ridiculous: he'd curse



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

View of Fort Ticonderoga.

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.

In the spring of the year 1776, a troop of horsemen might be seen wending their way down that part of the Green Mountains which lies east of the head of Lake Champlain, by the rude and rugged pathway leading to the western plain. Their route lay along the side of Killinton peak, which arose on the sight in lonely magnificence, to the elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the lake; on the left, less stupendous, but partaking of the same wild aspect, were piled, heap on heap, irregular ridges, and immense round-topped eminences covered with forests. The sun had not yet surmounted the eastern summits, and as they passed between the towering walls of rock, sometimes with impending cliffs, at others with the gigantic forest trees, forming an arch above their heads, their way was frequently uncheered by a single ray of light, and their course down the perilous precipice was directed only by the voice of the brawling torrent, which fretted and dashed over the successive ledges of the mountain side. Yet still they held on their way untired and unflinching. They were generally men of robust and hardy frame, and bold, undaunted bearing. Had they been encountered on the Alps or Apennines, they might have been at first deemed bandits, proceeding to the attack of a monastery or the sack of a village; yet a closer scrutiny would have discovered in their fearless, but frank and ruddy visages, no features of the robber or assassin. In the poor and honest region they were traversing, the most romantic imagination could not for an instant place them in the degraded class of freebooters; yet there was that of the wild and picturesque about them, which, combined with the surrounding scenery, might be worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. What then was their character? They were not mere hunters, for, although several among them carried rifles, many were armed with weapons never used in the chase; while, in their general equipment, their order of movement, and silent acquiescence in the directions of individuals recognized as leaders, although without martial insignia, there could be observed a marked military character. Might they not be of those who combined to resist the execution of the mandates of the governor of New York, which it was well known had for their object to force the bold and industrious settlers on the Hampshire grants from their hard-earned lands and possessions? This supposition would be strengthened by there being perceived among them more than one who had been already outlawed, and a price set on their heads, for their resistance to those arbitrary edicts. This idea, too, appeared to be encouraged by themselves, in their brief and passing intercourse with the few inhabitants who had reared their humble cabins on the road they traveled: but not unfrequently a close and confidential whisper between the inquisitive mountaineer and an acquaintance in the troop, ended in the former's deliberately taking down his fusée, swinging his cutlacs, and mounted on his best horse, proceeding with the cavalcade, leaving the better part of the house—the woman—standing at the door in motionless, and, what is more extraordinary, mute astonishment.

The troop, whatever it might be, passed on at as quick a pace as its numbers and the nature of the ground would allow, and was just entering the gorges of the mountain, when a horseman galloped past the main body from rear to front. The stranger was a youth of not more than mere manhood, and of athletic and well turned limb. Reining up gracefully, as he gained the front of the train, he doffed his hat to the

leader, and slightly bent his head, rich in luxuriant curls, while his fine, intelligent features lighted up and his dark expressive eye flashed out the fire of some powerful emotion.

"And who may you be, friend?" demanded the leader, with soldier-like bluntness.

"A recruit, if you like one; a volunteer, if you accept me," the stranger answered; "one ripe and ready to go hand and hand with the foremost in your enterprize."

"And know you what that enterprize is?"

"Perfectly."

"But you are a stranger to me."

"Not so to all who go with you—but we waste time: here are my credentials."

The leader took the paper proffered by the volunteer, and glancing over it, extended his hand, and welcomed him with a cordial grasp.

"Enough," said the volunteer, "if you can trust me, listen to my proposition," and he drew the officer a little in advance of the party.

In the short conference that followed, the impatient and fiery youth appeared to be urging a suit with vehemence, and the cool caution of the officer seemed at length to yield either to his argument or impetuosity. Hastily writing a few lines with his pencil on the paper which he still held in his hand, he returned it to the youth, who received it with animation and eagerness; then waving his farewell, as he turned his body partially around, dashed forward, and disappeared down the rugged precipice, soon leaving the troop far behind.

"I calculate," coolly observed a man of the front rank, "that yon chap doesn't own, out and out, the creature he rides, or he'd scarcely hold his neck so cheap."

"You've missed a figure, Hiram," replied his right elbow man, "by reason that his own neck's his own, any how; and I'll allow there's but the toss of a copper which goes first, her'n or his'n."

"If there's room to throw in a guess," remarked a third, "I should say that are young feller's arter a petticoat."

"And why so, friend Wagstaff," asked the leader, who had heard the dialogue. "Is not glory a mistress, with charms bright enough to attack a man of spirit?"

"But don't disremember, captain," replied Wagstaff, "that we're men of flesh, too. Glory's a purty article, a dreadful purty article; but at the present I'd a considerable sight rather have a soft bed and a warm companion, than to go to glory over yon precipice, with a frosty rock for my resting-place."

The familiar jests of the men were not repressed by their leader, who knew they proceeded from no feeling of insubordination, but were proofs rather of buoyancy of spirits and contented minds; and while he was assured of their fidelity and devotedness to the cause in which they were engaged, he rather encouraged whatever had a tendency to enliven their march.

"It's a rough road we travel, brother," said Hiram, after a pause, "and something lung."

"Short enough, if it leads to a long home," answered Wagstaff.

"For my part," observed Hiram, despondingly, "I've never had a brush with anything better than Indians and Yorkers; you have been out among the rig-lars, Jotham."

"I know it," replied Jotham Wagstaff, "sartin, I've been where things didn't go so slow, I ask you—where the bullets came desperate fast, that's the gospel on't."

"You didn't dodge though, Jotham?"

"We hadn't time, Hiram. But after the blow was over, one fellow said it was ridiculous; he'd curse

and quit; another made up his mind to bow his neck and make tracks, and our captain wished a many a time that his commission were in hell and he were to home: he was a Bay man, that captain."

"Massachusetts is doing good things, now, Jotham," said the leader.

"I know it," replied Wagstaff, "they peppered the red birds well at Lexington, it seems—when are we to have a spoon in the dish, captain? Where are we to join old Ethan?"

"Presently; at Rutland, possibly; positively at Castleton," answered the captain.

"And fegs, there's Rutland now, full ahead," rejoined Wagstaff, as emerging from the defile, an extensive prospect spread before him. Hill and valley, field and forest, town and stream, lay in beautiful variety, basked in the first beams of the sun, which, having climbed the eastern mountains, poured his rays full upon the landscape, dispersing at once in thin curls of transparent vapor, the slight frost that had hung upon every bush and blade. The view was bounded on the west by distant mountains beyond the lakes, while the course of the Champlain could be distinctly traced as it stretched far to the north. On an eminence a few miles in front stood the town, toward which they now bent their way.

The youthful stranger had in the mean time spurred on over rock and rivulet, and leaving Rutland on his left, entered, by a more direct path, the road leading to Castleton, so abruptly and rapidly, that he had well nigh unhorsed another cavalier who was coming up the road at a round pace. Hands were on hilts in an instant, but a single glance was sufficient for mutual recognition.

"Captain Phelps!" exclaimed the youth.

"Mark Standish!" cried Captain Noah Phelps. "How is it I meet you here, and whither so fast, lad?"

"May I not ask the same question of you, captain?" said Standish.

"Ay, and get as satisfactory an answer. But come, I'll try points of masonry with you: who comes from Bennington?"

"Ethan and Seth," promptly answered the youth. "I would question you in turn, but I doubt you not, and there's no time to spare. The rendezvous is this night at Castleton."

"Right," said the captain, "and Ethan is pushing on like mad, in a forced march with his Green Mountain boys. Scouts are already thrown out beyond Castleton, and sentries posted on every pass, to cut off communication between the country and—the place you wot of."

A pause followed during which they looked fixedly at each other.

"Whither are you going, Mark Standish?"

"To Castleton. And you, Captain Phelps?"

"To Castleton also. Do you go farther to-day?"

"Perhaps—and you?"

"May be—a truce to trifling; I suspect we're on the same errand. But Mark, my boy, have you reflected? It's a ticklish business. I know you're a lad of mettle, Mark. You're of a good stock, Standish. I prophesied well of you from a boy, when you mounted the colt without saddle or bridle, whip or spur, as the hounds passed you in full cry, and brought in the brush stuck in your hat; and when a few years after they carried you in triumph through the village with the wolf home before you. You're a true blue, or rather a true green, as they'll have it here on the Hampshire grants; but zounds! lad, you're too green for this affair; leave it in my hands."

"Not while I have hands of my own," said Standish.

"Say you so, my lad, Mark? Why, then, have with you! a fig for our necks! hurra for the congress, and set forward." And away they went at the top of their horses' speed.

A short halt at Castleton was necessary; they had ridden far and fast, and their horses and themselves must breathe and bait; some preparation and arrangement also were requisite for the safe execution of the design they had in view.

It was during their slight repast the youth related to

his friend, the Connecticut captain, some of the incidents to which their meeting was owing. Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were born and bred in or near the same village. Ellen was allowed by the men to be the prettiest, liveliest girl of the vicinage; and Mark, it was not denied by the women, was the handsomest and smartest young fellow. They were playmates in their childhood; and in proper seasons, which, in the Green Mountains, where early marriages are encouraged, is sufficiently soon ripened into love. The passion of the boy, taking its character from his natural temperament, was deep and intense; Ellen loved, as she did everything else, with vivacity and cheerfulness; Mark could not brook a rival near her, and unfortunately for him, the charms of the village maiden drew many lovers around her; it was death to Mark to see her smile on another, and, unhappily, Ellen could not, in the innocence of her heart, help smiling and laughing too, upon occasion. Mark, at times, almost permitted himself to suspect that Ellen was something of a coquette, and Ellen, but for the purity of her thoughts, might have seen that Mark was jealous. They, however, loved each other truly and dearly, and it was a bitter moment to both when they were to part, although the separation was to be but temporary. But the aunt of Ellen Guilford had come a long journey expressly to take her home with her. She was a lone woman, having recently lost her husband; and the mother of Ellen could not refuse to a beloved sister the consolation of her niece's society for a short time. The aunt was aged, and had been left well to live, as it regarded the goods of this world, and even in the pure atmosphere of the Green Mountains, a little worldly prudence may be supposed to exist. Ellen raised no difficulty to going, for on the Hampshire grants, young ladies, however in love, in their most romantic moments, never dreamed of resisting the will or wishes of their parents. She went, therefore, and Mark, after accompanying her some distance toward her aunt's dwelling, which was seated on Lake Champlain, returned homie to his employments, manfully resolving to bear her absence as he might. Several months had elapsed, and every the young man found it less easy to repress his impatience.

The few letters Ellen found opportunity to transmit, were full of fond and frank affection. But Mark did not fail to hear of the manner in which she was distinguished at the rustic feats of her neighborhood, and above all, that a British officer from the opposite side of the lake, was her declared admirer. Whatever it was, whether love, or jealousy, or both, which prompted him, he came at once to the determination that he could live no longer without her. Arrangements with his father were immediately brought to a conclusion, which put him in possession of a farm of his own, and he made a last visit to the village, preparatory to setting out for the lake to claim his bride, and remove her at once from a situation which was by no means the most eligible in the present unsettled state of the country.

In the village, although it was scarcely day when he entered it, all was bustle and confusion. In the streets, at the church-door, on the tavern piazza, in the blacksmith's shop, groups of busy people had collected; even the loungers at the stores no longer hung their heels idly over the counter, but all and every one seemed engaged in earnest and interesting discourse, while animated female faces looked from door and window, not through mere curiosity, but with anxiety and alarm. The meaning of all this was, that intelligence of the affair of Lexington had reached them. Blood had been spilt; the blood of their fellow-men, of their citizens. The charm was in a moment dissolved, that had united two hemispheres in brotherhood, the blow had been struck that was to shake, convulse and sever mighty empires. In common with their countrymen, the inhabitants of the little town of Osbrook felt in all its force the sensation such an event was calculated to inspire. Their ordinary avocations were suspended; their quarrel with a neighboring province, upon the very eve of coming to mortal arbitrament, was canceled and forgotten; new views of grandeur and sublimity opened upon them; lofty and heroic thoughts took possession of their minds; and their only language was defiance to the common enemy, their only

deliberation how best to serve their country. Some ardent and stirring spirits had already cast their eyes toward the British posts on Lake Champlain, commanding as they did the approach from Canada. Wooster, Deane and Parsons, with other bold and active patriots, had, even then, under the sanction of the Connecticut assembly, obtained the necessary funds, and secured the services of the renowned Ethan Allen as the leader of their enterprize of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were actually marching by various routes, and with the greatest celerity and secrecy, for Castleton. The ardor of the young man was aroused by the information that one of those patriot bands had passed through the village not many hours before; but when he heard the additional report, that Ellen Guilford had been clandestinely taken from her protectress by a British officer, his impatience amounted to agony. Cursing his indecision and delay, he mounted his well-tried steed, and waiting only to receive from his informant, who was knowing to the enterprize, a few lines necessary as an introduction or a pass, sped with the swiftness of wind after the advancing party. A chaos of thoughts whirled in his brain as he rode, amid which doubts of Ellen's faith for a moment intruded; but they were immediately driven forth with remorse for having cherished them. Yet he resolved to ascertain the truth, and this perhaps could be done only by entering the fortress. With this view, he proposed to the leader of the troop whom he overtook, as has been related, to bring information of the state of the garrison; and he was on his way to the lake for those purposes when he encountered Captain Phelps.

"So, then," said Captain Phelps, when Standish had concluded, "I find that you're bent upon risking your neck for this girl, who, don't mistake me, may be worthy of it. But, after all, you have heard but a rumor."

"It has been confirmed to me since I entered this place," replied Standish: "she has certainly disappeared, and in a mysterious manner."

"Well, then," said the captain, as he unlocked his ample saddle-bags, and took out various dresses, "let's e'en fix upon our disguises: here's a wardrobe fit for any spy unning in Christendom. I had some thoughts of playing the Canadian among them, as you may see by the fawn-skin jacket, red worsted cap and sagathy breeches; but I've changed my mind, so you may have the garments if you like the character."

"Not I," replied Standish. "Then we must come Yankee over them, and I've noticed enough here to baffle a nation of such underwits."

Their arrangements were quickly made, and having finished their refection, they continued their course, passing without difficulty the sentinels posted on the avenues toward the lakes. Having arrived at the shore near Orwell, they left their horses in the care of a confidential person, and entering a batteau, were set across this branch of Lake George; there again embarking in a skiff, which they fortunately found on the beach, they landed on the opposite shore, a little above the romantic outlet of the latter lake.

They entered the works, clad in the coarse garments common to the poorer class of settlers, and their perfect acquaintance with the habits and idioms of that region, enabled them easily to support the characters they assumed. The idle and arrogant soldiers of the garrison had never permitted themselves to believe that the natives or settlers around them, whom they had been accustomed to consider as an inferior race, could ever contemplate resistance, much less attack; and our adventurers wore suffered to pass unquestioned, as two gawky Yankee traders in small notions, a little more knave than they appeared to be, and very willing, if they could, to overreach even the suttler himself. While Captain Noah Phelps scanned everything around with a military eye, it may be naturally suspected that the anxiety of the lover mainly directed the views of Mark Standish. But his search had been as yet fruitless, and he was about to yield to utter despair, when, on rounding an angle of the works, a folded paper fell at his feet. He looked and saw a white hair for a moment wave through the loop-hole, high in the solid mass of masonry. Eagerly he snatched up the letter, happily unobserved, and retiring to a recess,

with a throbbing heart read the following lines, traced in pencil by the hand of his Ellen:

"I know you, dear Mark, but guess not your design. How I tremble for your safety! For me, fear not; I shall still preserve myself for you."

The enraptured, yet indignant lover still held the letter in his hand, unconscious of danger, when suddenly a step approached, and a person crossed the opening in which he stood; hastily he thrust the paper into his bosom, while the intruder paused, and threw a suspicious glance toward him, which he was in no condition to meet with an air of self-possession. It was a critical moment, when the captain came in to the rescue. He perceived the exigency, and met it promptly. The personage before him was no less than the barber of the garrison. Phelps immediately engaged him for a cast of his office, and while the barber was reaping the full harvest of his very fertile chin, Standish had leisure to regain his composure. The captain took all with extreme coolness, not failing to drive a hard and protracted bargain with the barber for the service he had rendered, after which he led the way in a shambling, careless gait out of the garrison.

"I told you so," said the captain, when they had got into the country; "you had like to have ruined all."

"She is here," cried Standish, "and can I, ought I—"

"Yes," replied Phelps, interrupting him, "you both can and ought to come along as fast as your legs will carry you, unless you would stay and be hanged."

There was no rebutting an argument like this, and without unnecessary delay, our adventurers retraced their way to Orwell.

Captain Phelps now proceeded straight to Castleton, while Standish sought the late residence of his Ellen. He found the aged relative almost distracted with her loss, but unable to say how or by whose agency it was effected. She had, indeed, reason to suspect the young British officer, who, from the time he met Ellen at the village ball, had paid her uncommon attention. More than once the old lady had heard at night the sound of a flute from the lake under her window, and shrewdly suspected it to be a serenade to Ellen. But she was sure the dear girl had never given the man the least encouragement; and as to going off with him willingly, the thing was not to be thought of. Standish communicated to the good dame as much of the actual position of affairs as he deemed proper, and was rewarded by hearing related a thousand proofs of her niece's virtues, and twice that number of her affection for her dear Mark.

Night had fallen, and the troops assembled at Castleton were enjoying a short repose after the day's fatigue, when a stranger, who had been stopped as he attempted to pass the guard, was, at his peremptory demand, conducted by a sentinel to head quarters. Ethan Allen was seated at the head of a table, around which sat several other officers, when the stranger, a young man of a proud and martial deportment, his blue military cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, entered the room.

"Swagger and martinet!" muttered Allen, as the stranger appeared; then addressing the subject of his remark, "Well, sir, you see Ethan Allen. Quick—who? what?"

"I am not used to be interrogated in that style or tone," answered the stranger, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Ho!" roared Ethan Allen, distending the circle of his large eyes to a most ludicrous circumference, "well, sir, to amplify according to the book, who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name is Arnold."

"Not unlikely; and in the name of the Witch of Endor, who is Arnold?"

"I am known to some of your officers," said Arnold. "I know the gentleman," observed Bladgen, "'tis Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers."

"It may be so," said Allen; "will Captain Arnold, of the Connecticut volunteers, signify his pleasure?"

"By this commission you will be taught that I am now Colonel Arnold, sir; and by this," producing another paper, "that I am authorized and ordered, by the

committee of safety of Massachusetts, to raise a force of four hundred men, and attack Ticonderoga."

The astonishment of Allen was fearful. "Massachusetts! colonel!" he repeated. "By the horn of Jericho! you raise men—soul of Samuel, where are they, hey?"

"You have, I thank you, raised them to my hands," replied Arnold, with his accustomed confidence. The ample chest of Allen heaved with an earthquake of passion.

"To your hands?" he cried, "yours! By the crack of God's field piece! your impudence is amusing. And who then?" he added, cocking fiercely his little three cornered hat, "who then am I?"

"Captain Allen," answered the stranger, with a condescending air, "of whose services Colonel Arnold would be proud to avail himself."

"Good—better and better—excellent," said Allen in a smothered tone. "By the Lord of hosts, there's mettle in this marinet. Hand me your papers, young man, and be seated."

Arnold took a chair, while Allen hastily glanced over the papers, and then with a smile of peculiar meaning said:

"You are appointed colonel by a committee, whose power I shall not question. Now here's a council of war—are you not gentlemen? whose power you must not question sir. You appoint me, do you not gentlemen, a colonel also?"

"Certainly tis your right," they all cried."

"Well then, our grade is the same it seems now to rank, happening to have the power, I settle it in my own favor, which if any one dispute, I'll send his soul to hell-fire in the priming of a rifle, and this same," putting forth his gigantic arm, "shall be the beetle of mortality; ay, ay," he added, "in spite of twenty such muscle-whangers as that young man. Paha, lad alive! leave fingering the pommel of your sword, the thing is settled by authority, and as a philosopher and soldier—not doubting that you are each—you must submit. There's stuff in you fit for use, though not over malleable, and by Judas and the rest—no allusion, sir—you shall have a place and employment. Come, gentlemen, 'tis time to set forward. Is there any report from the party detached to the head of the lake?"

"This moment a messenger has arrived. Skeensborough is taken, and Skeen himself secured," replied an officer at the door.

"Hurra!" shouted Allen, "the would be royal governor of Ticonderoga is our's—no more delay. To horse in the name of God, and away!"

"But sir—" said Arnold.

"Buts wont do, sir—I've said it; old Ethan whom they call the outlaw, who laughs at the lightning, out-scolds thunder, and defies the devil and governor Tryon. Old Allen, who studied divinity in his youth, and became a soldier by passion, knows but little of the world of spirits, but he will be treated in the other world as a gentleman of his merit ought to be. Come, hurrah for the Green Mountains, and forward to old Tl!"

Hereupon the council broke up, Arnold yielding with a tolerable grace to an arrangement he could not better, and in a short time the whole body of troops was in brisk motion.

It was almost day when the American force arrived, silent and unseen, on the bank of the lake, opposite Ticonderoga. Their horses were secured in the neighborhood, and while some of the men were collecting the few boats scattered along the shore, the rest were dispersed in picturesque groups upon the bank. It was a scene of awful stillness. The lake reposed dark and unruined by a single breeze: the moon was absent from the heavens, and the eye could with difficulty trace on the western horizon the dimly defined outline of the most prominent and elevated part of the fortress, now an object of such intense interest.

"Ay," said Ethan Allen, in a suppressed tone, "there she is, the brimstone of Babylon; there's old Tl, with whom I long to have a grapple, as a lover with his mistress. How soundly the Jazabel sleeps on the brink of perdition; little dreaming who are about to beat up her head quarters. But it's the same to her, French, English or Yankees. To do the old

girl justice, however, she held Abercrombie at arms length as Putnam, the wolf hunter, has told me, who was in the frolic, when that half-brained boy, Lord Howe, the king's bastard, with many other brave fellows, legitimate and otherwise, left his body in the out-works. But then, again, Amherst had her for the asking, without penny or price. Well boys, we may have a tussle for it, but I conclude we're ready; so embark in the name of the pillars of fire, and of smoke; act like men, men of the Hampshire grants, and never bring a blush on the Green Mountains."

An advanced guard of eighty three men, as many as the boats could contain, now proceeded to embark.

"Halt there, friend," whispered Allen to Arnold, as the latter was attempting to pass him, "not before the commodore, colonel," and enforced his suggestion with no very gentle constriction of the arm, in fact with the grasp of a tourniquet or a vice—"No man of God's moulding before Ethan;" and he stepped on board, followed by Arnold, Standish, and others of the most eager. Motionless as statues, and almost as breathless, they glided over the still lake, the dull sound of the muffled oar scarcely reaching the stem or stern of the boat, and not a ripple following its silent dip or its leathery skin over the undisturbed surface of the water.

It was when the east first became dappled by the dawn, that the party landed on the hostile shore near their slumbering foes. The boats were immediately sent back for the rear guard under Seth Warner, while the advance was drawn up in triple rank, and Ethan Allen, whose huge dimensions the occasion seemed to swell to gigantic size, harangued the brave band.

"Fellow soldiers," said he, "you have long been the terror of arbitrary power, in the person of the petty despot, Tryon. Your fame has gone abroad, as appears from the honor conferred on you and me by the general assembly of Connecticut. You are now in a few minutes to prove yourselves worthy of your reputation for valor, or abandon your pretensions for ever! I am ordered to take possession of the fortress before you, and propose to lead you at once through the gate. It is a desperate attempt, and none but the bravest of men will undertake it; on those who are not brave I do not urge it; you who volunteer to follow me, poise your firelocks:

There was not one of the band who did not throw his piece to the poise.

"To the right face," said Allen, and placing himself in the front of the centre file, marched his column in double quick time, directly to the southern entrance.

On approaching the gate, Arnold endeavored to place himself at the head of the column. "By heaven, sir," cried he, "I will enter first; my rank entitles me to it."

"By hell, sir," answered Allen, "if you attempt it, I'll send you to salvation or otherwise, before your watch ticks thrice."

"For God's sake Allen—Arnold—at such a time, in such a situation to dispute—shame, shame," whispered several voices near them.

"Well sir, this much I'll grant, we'll go in together; but stop there, on my left, if you please," said Allen, and in this manner they entered the gateway.

A sentinel posted at the wicket, completely surprised, presented his piece at Allen's breast—"a snap, by Jupiter Protector—follow, my boys," cried Allen, as he pursued the retreating sentinel by the covered way into the body of the place. Uttering a cry of alarm, the sentinel fled into a case-mate. Standish had entered almost at the side of Allen, and a second sentinel charged upon him and wounded him slightly with his bayonet; Allen turned to his rescue, his tremendous arm was raised for the fatal blow, when suddenly he changed his purpose, and let his sword fall gently down the side of the sentinel's head, merely scraping of one ear, and the better part of the cheek in the descent. The poor fellow dropped his arms and begged for quarter. While the troops formed in two lines, each facing a line of barracks, and were awaking the garrison with three terrific hurras. Allen had questioned the prostrate sentinel, and following his directions, immediately ran up a stone stairway, on the western side of the esplanade, to the chamber of the commandant.

"Come forth," he cried, in a voice like the roaring of the Niagara, "you who command these slaves—you,

de la Place come out, lobster back, from your shell, or every soul of you, fish or flesh, shall be sacrificed."

The unfortunate commander, appeared at his chamber door in extreme undress, and the picture of dismay and despair.

"Do you deliver me the fortress?" cried Allen.

"In whose name do you demand it?" asked the petrified de la Place, not certain whether he was capitulating to men or devils.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the continental Congress!" thundered Allen, "nay, no parleying," he added, observing the commandant about to speak, "surrender or death."

The ill-fated de la Place, with the sword literally suspended over his head, gave order for his men to parade without arms, as he had surrendered the fort.

It was in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775, that this most important fortress, with all its formidable and extensive equipment and warlike store, was yielded to the gallantry of a few boys of the Green Mountains.

The sun rose in unusual splendor, as if smiling on the achievement. On the same day, Crown Point surrendered to the brave and indefatigable Seth Warner, who had been detached with a part of the reserve, and immediately after, Arnold surprised and captured a vessel of war at the lower extremity of Champlain, and thus the entire command of the lakes rested with the Americans.

To return to Ticonderoga; the victors were assembled at the board, making ample amends for all their late privations, when Allen remarked the absence of the young volunteer, who had been wounded at his side, and inquired, with much interest, as to his fate. But no one could say what had become of him. The last time he was seen, was when the assulting party was beating in the barrack doors, in which, it was observed, he assisted with the fury of a lion. There was also a subaltern of the garrison missing, whose absence could not be accounted for, any more than that of Standish. A short time, however, explained the mystery.

Mark Standish had indeed pursued his search with fury, and even frenzy. Every room was entered, but Ellen was no where to be found. Yet the chamber from which the letter had, the day before, been dropped seemed to have been recently abandoned. He repeated his inquiries on every side, and was at length told by a soldier of the garrison, that on the first alarm, he had seen a female borne by an officer through one of the narrow passages, between the blocks of the barracks. Standish instantly started off in the direction indicated, and gained the open country, struck into the only path which seemed to be practicable. Along this he ran; he flew, at intervals pausing to call aloud the name of his beloved. The way became more rugged and difficult as it led among the hills, and he was about sinking to despair, when he thought he heard a response to his call, in a faint female voice—again he shouted—he paused in breathless suspense, but no answer was returned. Was it then but an echo that mocked him? one effort more, and summoning his powers of voice, as he leaned in his exhaustion against a tree, he called on Ellen—a voice not distant, but indistinct, as if stifled in its utterance, pronounced his name. He was no longer weak. With the vigor of the deer he bounded forward, and in an instant beheld the form of a man, near whom lay, exhausted and fainting, his beloved Ellen. Like the panther springing toward his prey, he was met by one whose nerves were strung by desperation. The conflict was terrible; at length the energies of the mountain boy triumphed, and his sinewy foe rolled over the edge of the deep and cragged ravine near which they had met. His tremendous efforts over, Standish sank down almost insensible; but it was on the bosom of Ellen that his head rested; it was the voice of Ellen that recalled him to life, and revived him to love. Resting within her arms, he listened to the narrative which dispelled every suspicion. The British officer, hand by a thousand assiduities, endeavored to make an impression upon Ellen's heart. Her reserve did but increase his passion, and when finally the formal tender of his hand was rejected, and he learned that the heart he sought was devoted to another, mad-

dened with love and jealousy, he formed the plan of carrying her off, and conveying her to Quebec, to which station he exerted influence enough to obtain his recall. A soldier of the garrison was bribed to accompany him, night after night, to the opposite shore, until the opportunity at last occurred for which he had so long waited. She was found alone upon the bank, was seized and borne to the fort, where, with the aid of gold, the officer had succeeded in concealing her, even from the knowledge of the commandant. Standish heard with sensible satisfaction, that, the forcible seizure and detention only excepted, there was nothing in the conduct of the officer not marked by the most scrupulous delicacy, and regard to honor; and that he depended only upon the total estrangement from her friends, and a course of the most tender attention, for the success of his suit.

Standish conducted his recovered bride back to the circle of his military friends, while under the banner of his country, already streaming from the rampart, they were rejoicing in their victory. He, without delay, sent out a party to bring in the body of the wounded officer, whose wounds he found, to his infinite relief, though serious, were not mortal: and soon after crossed the lake, and lent his Ellen to the embrace of her good aunt.

Mark Standish and Ellen Gullford were married, and settled on their own farm. Occasionally aiding his countrymen in arms in their struggle for independence, and now returning, like Cincinnatus, to his plough, he passed through the scenes of the revolutionary war with a high reputation. He lived to see his country become a free and powerful nation—and the Hampshire grants, under the appropriate appellation of Vermont, a thriving state of the American Union. To see new towns and cities spring up around him, and the lakes and their shores, after being, in a subsequent war, the theatres of the triumphs of American fleets and armies, become, when peace returned, the object of research and enjoyment to the refined and elegant of the nation. Ellen gave to his board several blooming and beautiful girls, all of whom obtained respectable husbands; and about an equal number of sensible, spirited boys, some of whom were, in process of time, sent to the assembly, and one of whom it is said, was returned to congress. It is certain that our lovers lived long and happily together, and for all I have heard to the contrary, our Mark Standish, the Green Mountain boy is the identical old revolutionary character, who, at the flourishing town of Osbrook read, the glorious declaration of independence, on the recent celebration of its fiftieth anniversary.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

DURING a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; and but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stunted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lithé and crushed form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his yet writhing victim.

"Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the *Crotalus horridus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow; "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the state without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many-colored bodies coiling up in your path. But, as I said before, they are getting to be scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well," said I. "Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?"

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret—

"I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"

"I do—I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment—"but if you will go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there"—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity—"I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal. Bestowing one more blow upon the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of his death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlements. My wife"—the old man's eye glistened an instant, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—never. Young man," continued he, "you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country." And he unbound, as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck, with a small miniature attached to it.

It was that of a beautiful female—but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softness—a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile, which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly, the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture.

"Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on.

My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright, green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in the pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion toward me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors—and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away

from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone, in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and, as he clasped his long, bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke:

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents; they are serpents of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf."

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter: the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

BEGINNING THE WORLD.

It would be difficult to imagine a more unhappy animal, than he who is encumbered with an imposing establishment, while his supplies are uncertain and scanty. The truth of this I had occasion to experience some years ago, when I first began the world. The little fortune which my father left me, was all expended in obtaining a procuratorship, and in furnishing, after the best models, a flat in Queen street, where I placed two red-haired clerks upon a pair of three-legged stools of unusual elevation, and seated myself in a leather-encircled arm-chair, with the absurd expectation of being called upon by clients. *Clients!* Not the shadow of one darkened my beautiful white-washed walls. The glaring brass-plate on the door (something about the size of a shovel,) with its hospitable "COME IN," was misanthropically disregarded. It seemed as if litigation had ceased with the opening of my rooms; and I began to think seriously of Edward Irving's millennium. To me, a client was as the mammoth among quadrupeds, or dodo among birds—extinct. I had not even the satisfaction of possessing a *petrified* one, nor could I trace the *remains* of any among all my curiosities.

To increase my embarrassments, I was on the eve of getting married. It is charitably said of the devil, that he finds work for the idle; so I, being utterly unemployed, was tempted to fall in love with a young lady belonging to Berwick. My last ten guineas were expended in paying her a visit, and in receiving her formidable "Yes."

"Next month is May, Arabella," I said—(her name was Arabella Farquhar, and it seemed formed, with its number of *Rs*, to stifle the Berwickers)—"It is unlucky, you know, to marry in May; but I cannot wait a day longer than the first of June."

"The glorious first of June," said she, smiling, for,

in addition to her other attractions, she had a playful humor;—"would you not, as a west-country radical, prefer the ever-memorable days of July?"

"Nay, in love I have no politics."

"That is, you are im-politic in love."

"I am desperately in love, which is all I know," returned I, enforcing my affirmation with a kiss.

The respect which I paid to the old superstition regarding May marriages was occasioned by the circumstances, that I had no hopes of raising money for my purposes before the first of June. These hopes, as the reader will see, were built on a very questionable foundation. The only relation left me in the world was my maiden aunt, Mrs Thomson, of Cockleshellhall, near Musselburgh. I call her *maiden*, for I cannot consider her in any other light, although it is undeniable that she had once been married. She was a woman of untold wealth and inconceivable parsimony. When young, her fortune was but forming, and her face was then even less attractive (if I may judge from a portrait taken at twenty) than when time had disguised it; so she was left to live to the alarming age of forty-five without an offer. At that period, however, her fortune, by dint of parsimony, having increased to a reverential amount—a certain Mr. Thomson, compassionating her state of single blessedness, "threw himself at her feet," and was, to the infinite consternation of all her living relations, accepted.

The marriage of any young lady of forty-five furnishes food for scandal; but in this match there was nothing prominently absurd, indiscreet, or inappropriate. Mr. Thomson was an ancient widower, of respectable character, and well to do in the world. He had been provost from time immemorial of the little burgh in which he resided, and was therefore happily distinguished from the innumerable tribe of Thomsons by his title of honor. Like Macbeth, "he had no children," and considered himself to stand in need of a wife, to warm his slippers, when "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf." But Death interfered with his self-indulgent perspectives. Scarcely was the honeymoon over, with all its indescribable annoyances, when, one morning, after breakfast, as Provost Thomson was standing with his back to the fire, he stopped abruptly in the midst of a laugh at one of the quaint jokes for which he was famous, and sitting down in his chair, gave a groan, and expired. Apoplexy was the cause assigned for this appalling event.

My poor aunt was exemplary as a widow, with her tears and her crape, even for a longer period than the rules of society demand; and her sympathizing relations were, for several months, eager in watching any demonstrations of connubial affection that might become visible under her weeds of woe. Their anxiety was absurd; for no one, with a notion of affinities, could outrage his imagination so far as to consider her, for a moment, in the light of a mother. She belonged naturally, constitutionally, and entirely to that highly respectable class of capitalists—old maids. It was but a presumptuous blunder of the Provost, to endeavor to remove her from the sphere where Providence had placed her; and though he had been Blue Beard himself, and lived half a century, he could never have moulded her to the accommodating shape, bearing, and appearance of a *wife*. As it was, the little month of connubial bliss made no impression on her. It merely changed her name, not her nature; and in doing so, I believe, it accomplished all that she wished; for to be called Mrs. Provost Thomson, instead of Miss Brown, was the temptation that induced her to commit matrimony. Uninstructed by the frightful termination of her connexion, the infatuated creature continued to hug her treasures, and even to add to their accumulation with tenfold voracity. The property which the will of the provost left her, only whetted her appetite for more; and by the time she had reached her 60th and I my 25th year, her fortune was calculated to exceed half a plum, or, in more figurative language, 50,000*l*.

If there were any one toward whom she entertained a kindness, it was my own ungrateful self. I was, in fact, her factotum; for from my fifteenth year, being no penman herself, she entrusted me with drawing out all her receipts for rental. For this purpose, I regularly

spent a day or two with her every Whitsunday and Martinmas; and in return for my attentions, I regularly received from her (mirabile dictu) a five pound note! This was the only pecuniary enormity of which she was guilty during the year; and to do her justice, she gave it, I believe, out of an habitual regard for me, while she would inwardly soothe her outraged parsimony by the reflection, that no man of business would do what I did half so cheap. On the faith of her gift, many a sanguine young man would have anticipated the heirship of all her property; but I confess I never was so preposterous in my expectations, for I felt too distinctly that I was born with the wooden spoon in my mouth. Independently of this, I knew she read the *Missionary Magazine*, and spoke occasionally with an alarming interest of the New Zealanders, so that, if ever she had the fortune to make a will, the cannibals of the South Sea Islands would in all probability be the favored few. Her health, besides, was good; her hold of the world tenuous; so that even if I did entertain any hopes of succession, the day was too distant to interest me much. At all events, no future prospect could relieve my present difficulties, or put it in my power to consummate my own and Arabella's bliss. A bold stroke was necessary—"a bold stroke for a wife"—and the necessity suggested one. Insane as it may appear, I absolutely resolved to ask from my aunt, when I went in May to draw out her Whitsunday receipts, the loan (believe me) of a thousand pounds!—and upon the success of that request I relied when I proposed the first of June to my dear Arabella, as our day of marriage.

This resolution of attacking my aunt I did not come to without severe reflections. I procured a copy of the *Eccentric Biography*, and carefully studied the lives of all the misers therein contained, so that I might inform myself as to their weak or assailable points. But I found them all cased in triple steel—no crevice in their iron mail through which a spear could be insinuated—no opening through which their hearts could be touched. They were not even like the alligator, vulnerable in the belly—neither puddings nor praise affected them. The only way in which they could be attacked with any prospect of success, was by a coup de main. Old Elwes, I discovered, though he would not part with a penny to save his most miserable soul, sometimes gave thousands in loan on trifling securities. "Upon that hint I spoke." I saw the absurdity of attacking the "penny wise" feelings of my aunt, and resolved to rest my chance of success on her "pounds foolish." A small sum would, I felt, rouse all her customary power of resistance; but the demand of a THOUSAND POUNDS STALLING was too appalling to be resisted by mortal miser. The enormity would paralyze her energies, and leave her helpless in my hands. It would be an appeal for which her imagination had never, in its most daring flights, prepared, and she would sink submissive under it, overwhelmed by its boldness and grandeur. Not, I confess, that I anticipated an entire acquiescence in the extent of my demand; but to ask a thousand, I calculate, would secure at least five hundred. By aiming at the stars, I would reach the clouds. If she succeeded in reducing my request to five hundred, or still better, to four hundred and ninety-nine, she would lose sight of every thing else in self-congratulation at her adroitness in mitigating the calamity.

It was no part of my plan to "go about the bush" in the matter. That would have alarmed her, and put her on her guard. My object was to attack her openly and unexpectedly; for any other method would have argued a misgiving on my part, and infused her with courage to resist. Accordingly I had no sooner reached Cockleshellhall, and gone through the usual congratulation, than I prepared to open my attack. My aunt speedily gave me no opportunity.

"My dear nephew," she said, with her usual emphatic monosyllables; "it is so fortunate that Whitsunday happens at *this* time, and that you *have* come a day sooner than usual, for do you know I have got *two* ladies staying with me, who are dying for a gallant!"

"Indeed! then I am fortunate in more ways than one, for I was just remarking to myself as I came up the avenue (which, by the by, I see you have greatly improved) that it was as well that I required to visit

you at this time, as it saved me the trouble of writing you, by post, for the loan of a thousand pounds, of which I happen to stand at present in need."

I said this in as indifferent a matter-of-course manner as I could assume, although I believe my voice *did* falter a little, for I thought of poor Arabella. But the manner of speaking is not so important as the matter, notwithstanding all that elocutionists may say. A thousand pounds is no trifle, pronounce it as you will. It made my aunt gasp, as if I had pitched a tub of water in her face, or as if I had placed her in an elevated shower bath, with a thousand holes in its drainer.

"A thousand pounds!!! You're surely demented John."

"Indeed aunt—if it would not be rather encroaching on your goodness, two thousand would be more convenient for me than one. But a young man is the better of being stunted a little when beginning the world."

"Two thousand!! Beginning the world, John! Have you not begun yet?"

"Now, aunt, that is too bad. You cannot but know what it is to begin the world. Would you have me believe that you never were so foolish yourself as to marry?"

"Marry! Are you going to marry?"

"I am going to follow your good example, aunt, in that particular."

"Me! you should rather take warning from my misfortune. Nay, it is unfeeling in you, John, to allude to the matter" [I know it was the subject upon which she loved especially to dilate]—"when you knew the manner in which my poor dear husband was taken from me. Think, John, of only twenty-eight days married!" [Here she took out her handkerchief.] "We had just got all the garavidge and expense of the draft days over, and I was remarking that the veal pie might have been better *haind*, and served langer as a decency for our breakfast table, when the poor dear provost, who was standing joking with his back to the chimney, and the tails of his coat in his arms, gied a sudden jerk into the elbow chair, and before I could turn round, was a corpse! Never married woman was tried like me!"

Here she fell into appropriate sobs, which I did not dislike, for women are said to be most accessible when they have the tears in their eye.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," I said, "about that sad affair. You proved during your short wedlock, I have reason to know, all that a husband could wish, and let it be a balm to your grief, that it is not embittered by self-reproach. As to my own marriage, I have only to pray"—

"John, John, you speak as if you had completed all your arrangements, and had only to send for the minister. What madness is this!—and who is your wife to be?"

"The unfortunate lady whom I have selected as my victim, and who is so far lost to herself as to approve of my choice, is irreproachable in character and descent, unequalled in beauty, and almost as poor as myself."

"Well, well, if you and she choose to make beggars of yourselves, I leave you to your own delusions. It is no concern of mine."

"How, my dear aunt? Do you mean to say that you will so far disoblige me as refuse to grant my small request?"

"Small request! The boy's in a creed! You imagine, surely, that I am wallowing in wealth."

"Far from it. I know in these hard times you have come to many losses, and must have enough ado to make the ends meet. Still, I am presumptive enough to hope, that you *will* make a struggle to oblige an old friend—the son of your only brother William, who was your own little Billy when a child, and whom the hungry sea devoured in his prime of manhood."

Here were two hits—one on the side of her parsimony, and the other on the side of her affections: Like all wealthy misers, she was very anxious to be considered poor, and rejoiced to be consoled with another "losses." She, beside, entertained a deep regard for the memory of my father, who was shipwrecked on

his way from Quebec, whither he had gone to purchase timber. He was her only brother, and being six years younger than herself, had secured the affection of her girlhood before her heart got hardened and polluted by care and avarice. Deeply as she seemed to mourn the loss of her "poor dear provost," that was but the mockery of woe compared to the untold tenderness with which she ever reverted to my poor father's fate. The name of the one was a mere signal for her to display the widow's flag of distress; the name of the other was connected with all her sweetest and holiest emotions, for it renewed, in the silver light of memory, the young days of her life, when she used to toss her little brother in her arms, or roll with him, in bolsterous glee, among the grassy knoves.

"John," she said, after a pause, "you must be conscious that I have ever taken a deep interest in your welfare, for your own sake, and still more for the sake of him—my poor brother—who sleeps at the bottom of the Atlantic sea. But I am shocked, John—really shocked—at the extravagance of your demand, and wonder any young man of discretion, like you, should be so absurd as to think of marriage before you have established yourself in the world. See how I did in the matter. I waited till—"

"O aunt, aunt!" interrupted I, delighted at the turn matters were taking, for if the woman who deliberates is lost, so also is the woman who begins to "argufy"—
"O aunt, aunt! do not, I beseech you, balance my conduct with your own, for though it were a thousand times more blameless, it would never come up to your standard. I am but a poor, ever-blundering, ever-resolving fool, that can lay claim to no quality beyond good intention: you, on the other hand, have led a life of unswerving virtue, and are guiltless even of the slightest impropriety."

"If that be your opinion, it became you certainly to seek my counsel before you involved yourself in so important a matter as matrimony. And indeed, John, to tell you the truth, circumstances have led me, within these two days, to think of the very subject; for there are at present, as I informed you, two ladies staying with me, one of whom has so interested me by her excellent qualities, that it has more than once crossed my mind she would make a fortunate match for you, if your circumstances permitted."

"Alas, aunt! all people see not with the same eyes—and I, at all events, am irrevocably engaged."

"E'en drink, then, as ye brewed. Since you can do without my advice, you can do without my money."

"Are you not getting rather unreasonable, Mrs. Thomson?"

"Are you not getting excessively impertinent, Master John Brown?"

"Nay, nay—let us not quarrel about a trifle. You surely would allow me some degree of suffrage in a matter so personally interesting as the choice of a wife?"

"I wish to meddle with no man's affairs. But for the sake of him—poor William—your father—I cannot but take an interest in your welfare; and if you had made a reasonable match with a young lady of whom I could approve, I will not promise but I might have helped you a little until your business were established, with the understanding that I would receive a legal percentage for what I might advance."

"Then, my dear aunt, I feel assured you have but to see my choice to be pleased with her. Such beauty—wit—virtue!"

"Pooh! I doubt she is some low person, or you would not insist on these things. Is she of a good family? Has she any money, or the prospect of any? That is what I wish to know."

"Her family is irrefragable; for her father can trace his genealogy as far back as the days of George the third, and none of them ever suffered under the hands of the hangman. As to her wealth, she is possessed, I am happy to say, of a great many properties: she has a well-furnished manor—an excellently-cultivated understanding—a superb imagination—a brilliant wit—and an unbounded store of affection; not to mention the lustre of her personal affections—her pearly teeth and diamond eyes."

"It is too much your habit, John, to speak slight-

ingly of serious matters. These qualities I hold not the value of a pin's point, unless they are accompanied by the three indispensable P's to the character of a good wife—Prudence, Piety, and Property."

"And is your favorite up stairs possessed of these qualifications? Tell me, aunt, who is she?"

"The lady up stairs is a comparative stranger to me, but I am mightily pleased by what I have seen of her. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Smith, of Berwick, brought her. She is a Miss Farquhar, and belongs herself, I believe, to that quarter, although Mrs. Smith tells me she has some prospects of finally settling in your own town of Glasgow."

"A glass of water, if you please. Tush!—I am quite well, aunt. A mere momentary qualm. And now I have to reproach you, as well as myself, for leaving the ladies so long to themselves by our idle chat, on a subject which can be talked over again. We must, for very decency, go up stairs. Please introduce me. It is cruel to delay another moment."

As my aunt ushered me into the room, with the formal explanation of "Mr. Brown, my nephew from Glasgow," Arabella, who was sitting at a work-table with Mrs. Smith, suddenly started, and a deep blush suffused her neck and forehead. While bowing, I contrived to place my finger on my mouth, to indicate I wished no recognition. Mrs. Smith seemed to understand this intuitively, for although it was through her I had originally become acquainted with Arabella, she spoke of us as entire strangers. Arabella herself looked uneasy and discomfited; for, with all her talents, such was her natural candor, that she could not support the slightest approach to dissimulation. I myself acted my part but indifferently, and after several blundering attempts at conversation, speedily sought to compose my nerves by a solitary walk in the garden.

While chewing a green twig in a profound reverie, I was attracted to a summer-house by a whisper and a wave of the hand. It was Arabella herself.

"I have followed you here at some risk," she said, "for I have been burning to tell you that I have no hand in this base rencounter. It was that odious Mrs. Smith who decoyed me hither, and I knew not that Mrs. Thomson was your aunt till this forenoon. What must you have thought of me?"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mrs. Smith!"

"Nay, do not provoke me, for indeed I am ready to sink with shame and vexation at the vulgar and mean-spirited plot into which I have been led. Your aunt, I see, is a woman of illiberal notions and contracted habits; and Mrs. Smith, with her natural want of all delicacy, brought me hither, under false pretences, to secure her favor. When I understood this, I could have torn the vile busy-body to pieces."

"A small dose of prussic acid would perhaps be more advisable."

"No trifling, John. I am serious. Go to your aunt immediately, and tell her the circumstances under which we stand. I can bear this state of duplicity no longer."

"Dearest and ever noble-minded! To you, as to an angel of light, must my poor earth-bound propensities ever look for exaltation. Deeply as I pity my aunt's illiberalities, henceforth shall I revere her for desecrating so speedily your worth. It were in my power at present to deceive her, by affecting to follow her counsel in paying my addresses to you—nay, start not! I cannot do it, for my own sake, and dare not do it, for yours. If my own soul could condescend to such meanness, it were unworthy of worshipping thine."

So saying, I sought my aunt with all haste, and told her explicitly that her favorite Miss Farquhar was no other than my betrothed. Whether charmed by my candor or by the reciprocity of our tastes, I know not, but my aunt behaved on this occasion in a manner worthy the sister of my father. Her assistance not only exceeded my expectation, but exceeded my original demand. She even came so far as Glasgow, to patronize with her personal presence our wedding. Nor had she ever reason to regret her generosity; for in her declining years, Arabella administered to her infirmities like a daughter, and our first-born little boy, William, renewed, once more, her long-smothered affection, so that the latter days of her life were benignant

and blessed as those of its commencement. While living, she would scarcely allow the little rascal out of her sight; and on her death she proved the extent of her love, by leaving him all her immense property, at any disposal till he came of age, with the exception of only five thousand pounds which went to the South Sea missions, and a handsome annuity of thirty shillings, which, with some trifling assistance of our own, went to the support of an old housekeeper who had got blind and deaf in her service.

A STORY OF MODERN HONOR.

BY LORD MORPETH.

I WAS well acquainted with two young men who made their first appearance in the society of London at about the same period, lord Oranmore and Mr. Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen to the share of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable wealth, great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant mental endowments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world dawned brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points of difference were even more striking than those of resemblance between them: in the very matter of their good looks, for instance, to which I have alluded, lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his countenance serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing: the complexion of his contemporary was fair, and was particularly remarkable for the open and radiant expression of his features. If I had been writing a tale or novel, I should probably have presented each of them to my reader at once by informing him that *Salvator Rosa* would have shadowed the outline of Oranmore beneath one of his shaggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that *Raphael* might have selected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a listener in the group round *St. Cecilia*. I shall, perhaps, as briefly convey an impression of their moral characteristics by stating that Oranmore was frequently told that in many particulars he bore a close resemblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally been admonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he did not take very good care, he would end in being a saint.

The prevailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree from the manner in which these opposite suggestions were received by the parties to whom they were addressed, "You really flatter me too much," modestly protested lord Oranmore. "I trust not quite that, either," sensitively remonstrated Mr. Severn.

The same inference might have been drawn from occurrences in their behaviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and was in his practice ostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was he ever known to have appeared so grievously annoyed, as when he had been casually overheard administering appropriate consolation to a dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an entire night at a country house, where he was staying with a large party, in pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that he should be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and a mysterious remorse.

Society, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, thought fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favor on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to entertain, and even to display, toward each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly, struggled. In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of

their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked most of Oranmore: few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd; chaperons shrank while they stared; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an ice in the opposite direction. But in politics Severn had a decided advantage; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious, and more popular; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction still more forcibly, because they happened to be upon the same side—that of Opposition. He was therefore obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman, Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate had taken place in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech: the adversary who followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who pliqued himself upon his independence, rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witnesses of the triumph at which their very souls sicken; and when Severn stopped in his way home to sup at the club with a cohort of applauding friends, Oranmore sat down at the table with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid, and to him unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high: the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side; and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the secretary made to your speech, Severn," said sir Matthew Poydang, "you had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore; "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one, if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech!" re-echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr. Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case?" added Mr. Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

"Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me!" was the postulate of Ham.

"And me, too," was the corollary of Pymden.

"By all means, gentlemen: you, sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade; the Colonies for Ham; and Pymden shall be at the Mint; and what place will you choose, Oranmore?"

"Place!—place for me!" shouted Oranmore; "and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your craving for self and power."

"Hey-day! what are these heroics, Oranmore?"

"They are no heroics, Severn; they are the plainest terms which can suggest themselves to express my unmeasured contempt for your pretensions to patriotism, and your assumptions to honesty."

"It is better to assume anything, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully."

"These words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging."

"Oranmore! we are warm, and both have drank too much; we cannot tell what we are doing; here is my hand."

"Ay, take it, Oranmore," said sir Matthew; "we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel."

"I would not touch it to save his pale soul from hell. Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward!"

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed: but Pymden was fast asleep; Ham was dead drunk; sir Matthew said it would do their side harm, if one of them had put up with being called a coward: Mr. M'Taggart of M'Taggart had made it a rule never to mix himself up in such proceedings; and the rest were Irishmen.

It was arranged that sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to lord Oranmore's lodging, and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally upon the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammersmith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see lady Alice before that decisive encounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognized. He remembered that she was then hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those, among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and higher intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost every thing else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theatre, emotions may be awakened and watched; associations touched and moulded; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the pillars which support the orchestra, the sights of gaiety and the sounds of harmony which surrounded him, produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more vivid to his mind, and he half audibly murmured, "I must not shed his blood—God forbid that!—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this moment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, lady Alice Bohun approaching him, bright in attire, radiant with smiles, flushed with the exercise of the dance that was just over, and lovely, even beyond her loveliness. She had not perceived him, but was conversing with lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with great apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr. Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, lord George; this is my place. When did you come, Mr. Severn?"

"This very moment; the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that—but do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago, about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honor this dance," interposed a tipping little clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his

clothes, and then, from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection. Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chaise at the side of his friend!

"Well, I will say, however, I never saw a fellow cooler in life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five minutes, when sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial detail of all the political duels which had occurred in his time, and which, as it entailed no interchange of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs of haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had probably never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given: Severn fired steadily, but without being observed, into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds that, after language of so little qualified a character, the honor of the parties required the purifying ordeal of a second fire, supposing the first to have been ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy. Where are the words to tell what the moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put upon a plank and carried into an adjoining farm house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore, who retained entire possession of all his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

"He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you."

"Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror. The blame is mine!—I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape."

"Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! Live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder!—Live, that I may devote my life to serve, to appreciate you, to make atonement to you!—Live, to save and bless me!—I know not what I say or think!—Live! but live! brave and gifted Oranmore!"

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by sir Matthew; but he had at least the consolation of learning afterwards, that his victim died, it might be hoped, in sincerity, because it appeared in abject, penitence.

He heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his flight, and even expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that, having absolved his mind upon this point, that exemplary politician was about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions he would miss, and more especially to regret that he would not be able to bear any part in an important motion of Ham's which stood for the next Tuesday,

there was something in his countenance which awed even Sir Matthew into silence.

Upon their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to be of active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a remorse, was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for the safe departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of the danger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice, and requested to see her alone.

"I am come, Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

"Leave, Mr. Severn!—You are not going away for long, I hope?"

"If it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep concern I now feel. I am going away for ever."

"No, you would not have come here to tell me that!—but your looks!—O! for mercy's sake, what has happened?"

He told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time before she could say any thing.

"I am grieved, extremely grieved: it is most melancholy—dreadful!—Poor lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty!—I pity him sincerely."

"And I, in many, many respects, as sincerely envy him."

"But you must not be too much borne down by it. I do not well see how it could have been avoided."

"I must beg of you, do not attempt to excuse me."

"You must not really take it too deeply to heart. It is most unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have been if you had refused to fight."

Does the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord Byron, where Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the forehead of Gulnare?

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!

What that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady Alice to Severn. She stood before him, after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have wanted, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction toward him, and now, partially and by degrees, succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once said to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting; memory is enough without memorials; but if in the detail of what I have done and suffered, any thing is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had enlisted himself in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea; a cause for which individual Englishmen had felt keenly, and fought bravely, but upon which I fear that, as a nation, we have looked but coldly. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced, in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore; and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the murder of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle of the patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley collection of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute em-

ployment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dullness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke, to remonstrate with him—him, the high-bred—the energetic—the refined, thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, 'cramping, and humiliating. "Take not away from me," he replied, "what you call my humiliations; they are the only things, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself."

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all that it occurs to me further to record. One day, one single day, exhibited an exception to his ordinary behavior. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labors to be irritable, capricious, and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion, a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference amounting to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat. I quote his answer.

"Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness—I will go on in a moment.

"How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow creature to incur that charge? I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world; deserve and enjoy the fair opinion while you may; but if the alternative should present itself, if the preference must be given, you may believe one who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave."

NATURAL AFFECTION.

A WRITER in one of our Southern papers, combatting the common idea that there exists an instinctive affection, which would attach to each other relatives who were unconscious of the fact, and by the force of which friends long separated might instantly recognize each other, cites the following characteristic anecdote of our illustrious countryman, Franklin, as a proof of the truth of his arguments.

Doctor Benjamin Franklin, after the decease of his father, returned to Boston, in order to pay his respects to his mother, who resided in that city. He had been absent some years, and at that period of his life when the greatest and most rapid alteration is made in the human appearance; at a time when the querulous voice of the stripling assumes the commanding tone of the adult, and the smiling features of youth are succeeded by the strong line of manhood. The doctor was sensible, such was the alteration of his person, that his mother could not know him, except by that instinct which, it is believed, can cause a mother's heart to beat violently in the presence of a child, and point the maternal eye, with quick and sudden glance, to a beloved son.

To discover the existence of this instinct by actual experience, the doctor resolved to introduce himself as a stranger to his mother, and to watch narrowly for the moment in which she should discover her son, and then to determine, with the cool precision of the philosopher, whether that discovery was the effect of that instinct of affection—that intuitive love—that innate attachment which is conjectured to cement relatives of the same blood; and which, by according the passions of parent and child, like a well tuned viol, would, at the first touch, cause them to vibrate in unison, and at once evince that they were different chords of the same instrument.

On a sullen, chilly day, in the month of January, in the afternoon, the doctor knocked at his mother's door and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the

old lady knitting before the parlor fire—introduced himself by observing that he had been informed she entertained travelers, and requested a night's lodging. She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted, by being supposed to exercise an employment but one degree below their real occupation in life; assured him that he had been misinformed—that she did not keep travelers; but that, it was true, to oblige some members of the legislature, she took a number of them into her family during the session; that she then had four members of the council, and six of the house of representatives, who then boarded with her; that all her beds were full; and then betook herself to her knitting with the intent application, which expressed as forcibly as action could do, if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better. But upon the doctor's wrapping his coat around him, affecting to shiver with cold, and observing that it was very chilly weather, she pointed to a chair, and gave him leave to waun himself.

The entrance of the boarders precluded all further conversation; coffee was soon served, and the doctor partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pipes, and a paper of M'Entire's best, when the whole family formed a cheerful smoking semi-circle before the fire. Perhaps no man ever possessed the colloquial powers to a more fascinating degree, than Dr. Franklin; and never was there an occasion when he displayed those powers to greater advantage than at this time. He drew the attention of the company, by the solidity of modest remark, instructed them by varied, new and striking lights, in which he placed his subject, and delighted them with apt and amusing anecdotes. Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along, until 8 o'clock, when, punctually to a moment, Mrs. Franklin announced supper. Busied with her household affairs, she fancied the intruding stranger had quitted the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she could restrain her resentment when she saw him, without molestation, seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper, she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, to another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction to the house, observed that he appeared like an outlandish man, and she thought had something very suspicious in his appearance, concluding by soliciting her friend's advice with respect to the way in which she should most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was certainly a young man of education, and to all appearance a gentleman; that perhaps being in agreeable company, he had paid no attention to the lateness of the hour; and advised her to call him aside and repeat to him her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and then, with as much temper as she could command, recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and readily intimated that he would do well to seek himself a lodging. The doctor replied, that he would by no means incommode her family; but that with her leave he would smoke one pipe more with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff, his powers of converse returned with double force. He recounted the hardships, he extolled the piety of their ancestors. A gentleman present mentioned the subject of the day's debate in the house of representatives. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogative of the royal governor. The doctor immediately entered upon the subject, supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men of the house when Dudley was governor; recited their speeches, and applauded the noble defence of the chamber of rights.

During the discourse so appropriately interesting to the company, no wonder that the clock struck eleven, unperceived by the delighted circle, nor was it wonderful that the patience of Mrs. Franklin by this time

grew quite exhausted. She now entered the room, and before the whole company, with much warmth, addressed the doctor; told him plainly she thought herself imposed on; observing, that it was true, she was a lone woman; but that she had friends who would protect her, and concluded by insisting on his leaving the house. The doctor made a slight apology, deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took a polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, lighted by the maid, and attended by the mistress. While the doctor and his companions had been employing themselves within, a most tremendous snow storm had filled the street knee-deep; and no sooner had the maid lifted up the latch, than a roaring north-easter forced open the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the doctor cast a woful look toward the door, and thus addressed his mother: "My dear madam, can you turn me out of your house in this dreadful storm; I am a stranger in this town, and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady; I shouldn't think you could turn a dog from your door on this tempestuous night." "Don't tell me of charity," said the offended matron. "Charity begins at home—it is your own fault you tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks, or you conduct; and I fear you have some bad design in thus introducing yourself to my family."

The warmth of the parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; as no bed could be had, he consented to repose on an easy chair before the parlor fire. Although her boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin; with suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper-box and porringer from her closet; and after securing the parlor-door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the plate to the chamber, charged the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, and to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to waken and seize the vagrant at the first noise he made in attempting to plunder. Having thus taken every precaution, she retired to bed with her maid, whom she compelled to sleep in her room.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, and found the stranger quietly sleeping in the chair. A sudden transition from extreme mistrust to perfect confidence, was natural. She awakened him with a cheerful good morning—inquiring how he had rested; and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of her boarders. "And pray, sir," said the old lady, as she stepped her chocolate, "as you appear to be a stranger here, to what distant country do you belong?" "I, madam, belong to the city of Philadelphia." At the mention of Philadelphia, the doctor declared he, for the first time, perceived any emotion in her. "Philadelphia!" said she, and all the mother suffused her eye. "If you live in Philadelphia, perhaps you know my Ben?" "Who, madam?" "Why, Ben Franklin; my Ben; oh! he is the dearest child that ever blest a mother?" "What," said the doctor, "is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why, he is my most intimate friend; he and I lodge in the same room." "Oh, God forgive me!" exclaimed the old lady, raising her watery eyes to heaven, "and have I suffered an acquaintance of my Benny to sleep in this hard chair, while I myself rested on a good bed!"

How the doctor discovered himself to his mother, he has not informed us; but from the above experiments, he was firmly convinced, and was often afterwards heard to declare, that natural affection does not exist.

Th'unbused shepherd, stretched beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him;
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in by care, and shook by storms of treason.—HILL.

MARCUS BELL, THE CONVICT.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I CHANCED to be present at the trial of this young man and his companions, and was rather wearied than interested by the detail of the daring, yet common crimes of which they had been guilty. A female witness, however, at length aroused my attention; not by her beauty, so much lauded by the newspapers, but by a singularity of manner, which escaped the observation of all the reporters, with one exception. Her calmness appeared to me to have something of desperation. When desired to look at the prisoner, Bell, she obeyed; but her glance was instantaneously withdrawn, and never again returned to the same object.

When going out of the court, the same young woman passed me—pale and composed no more, but with flushed cheeks, and crushing her fingers within each other, as if to counteract some agony of the mind by physical pain. I addressed her—I could not help it—and the rather that it was so public a thoroughfare as the Old Baily, and in broad daylight, when malice itself could not suspect me of improper motives in speaking to one of her shameful and degraded caste.

The information I obtained from her induced me to visit the convict in prison; and the story which, by the aid of her hints, I drew from him, seems to me to be not unworthy of record. Be it observed, that I wish to excite no sympathy for Bell—a penal colony is the best place for such desperadoes; and his punishment was as just as his guilt was manifest.

It appears that Marcus Bell was born in Chester, and that his family was respectable, though far from being rich. After his father's death, his mother let the greater part of her house in lodgings: and her son, the only child, was sent to an attorney's office. The lad, if I may believe his own account, was naturally shy and modest; he had few acquaintances; and as he grew up, was long unsullied by those vices of youth which are leniently called follies. When he had commenced his nineteenth year, his mother, for the first time, received an actor in her house as a lodger. It would have been well for her had she still suffered herself to be mastered by the prejudices which had hitherto excluded persons of this calling from her apartments. But the conduct of the individual in question, a Mr. Haswell, was rather calculated to raise the whole body in his opinion. He was a quiet, temperate, respectable man; and Mrs. Bell repented the injustice she had done to the players.

Marcus speedily became a favorite with Mr. Haswell; and the latter evidenced his good-will by giving his young friend a free admission to the theatre, as often as he chose to make use of it. I am not one of the saints; and if I were, I do not think I should believe that immoral or irreligious feeling are necessarily excited by a visit to the theatre. But there are some orders of minds on which such amusements, without of themselves lowering their tone, act in a manner that is highly mischievous. They resemble an intoxicating drink, which raises him who indulges in it, above the low realities of life, and which is the more tempting to the victim from the fine and generous thoughts that garnish, like flowers, the fatal bowl. But, unlike such drinks, the effect of the stage continues, and is not a mere alternative of action and re-action. The amateur finds himself in a false position in the world; he is disgusted with the details of business; his future is not a speculation founded upon induction, but "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Marcus Bell, to the great distress of his mother, became a constant attendant at the theatre; and, in the same proportion, he relaxed in his attention to the duties of the office, till various quarrels with his employer became the consequence. But it is necessary to notice, in the first place, a still more important result of the new passion that had beset him. Free admissions are always given to the boxes; and there Bell found himself in the midst of that class of society, whence are usually taken the heroes and heroines of the drama. Among these he saw, for the first time, that unfortunate lady, whose name is only too well known to the public—Emilia Gray—and felt toward her, as he asserts, the moment their eyes met, that

species of attraction which almost seems to invest their subsequent connection with a character of fatality.

Miss Gray had lost her mother in infancy; and, being an only child, was the spoiled pet of her father, a gentleman of some property in the neighborhood. Her education was entrusted to an elderly lady of perfect respectability, but of too easy a disposition; and the predilections she exhibited for dramatic amusements was, therefore, permitted to strengthen itself, as she grew older, by uncontrolled indulgence.

It is not to be supposed that the boxes, in a provincial town, were usually so crowded as to prevent Miss Gray from distinguishing individuals. By and by, she came to expect to see young Bell; and the flush which her tacit recognition sent to his brow, was soon reflected on her own. As the story enacted before them went on, they read stealthily in each other's eyes, the criticisms of the heart; and, more especially, at those outbursts of devoted passion which the drama delights to exhibit as rending away the artificial barriers of society, their glances bespoke something far deeper than the sympathy of an amateur. And thus they became acquainted; exchanging looks and thoughts instead of words, and suffering the sentiments which at their age are in the course of formation, to grow and ripen in the heated atmosphere of a playhouse.

This new passion—for it became such—was fatal to the prospects of the youth. The very quietness and taciturnity of his disposition, operated against him; the romantic ideas which had beset him having no opportunity of being rubbed off in the collision of social life. He passed his time in a dream; the shadows of imagination were realities to him, the realities of the world, shadows. He came, at length, to believe that Emilia and he were "destined for each other," and the absurd delusion was so strong, that even the shock of being turned out of his employment for indolence in the discharge of its mechanical duties, did not awaken him.

After this he spent the greater part of his time in rambling about the country; for home became insufferable, from the grief and reproaches of his mother, and he had no idle acquaintances. But soon he was not always alone. Mr. Gray's park was his favorite haunt; and poor Emilia was accustomed to repair every day with her work—more frequently a romance—in her hand, to a nook in one of the richest glades, which she called her boudoir. For many days she was not aware that he with whom, in all probability, her thoughts were busy at the moment, but whose very name she was unacquainted with, was close by the path, concealed in the shrubbery,

"Where Damon kneeling, worshipped as she pass'd,"

He at length, however, ventured in her sight, in that portion of the park which was open to the public; although the first time, it was with his eyes bent upon the ground, and his face covered with burning blushes. Gradually they grew accustomed to the presence of each other; they exchanged looks—glances of recognition—words; and, finally, the two intimate and confidential friends became acquainted. I must hurry over the result of their fatal meetings—

"Sacred be love from sight, whatever it is!"

Let it be imagined that the boudoir was their trysting place—that they talked treason against "society and its rigid laws"—that they read together books of dangerous passion—and that at length a time came, when

"The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy—that day they read no more!"

I have no intention to elevate vice by making it sentimental. The above were actually the steps that led to this unhappy connection. They indicate weakness on both sides, and an imprudence on the part of Miss Gray, which was the result of a neglected education; but I confess I do not see any very egregious symptoms of that early depravity of which Bell is accused. Perhaps the disclosure I have to make myself is the worst thing in this portion of his history. It is, that he looked forward to the consequences of their love as a means of compelling Mr. Gray to accept of him as a

son-in-law: but even this, which at first sight appears so mean and cruel, arose from those false views of the social state which were indulged both by Emilia and him.

When the situation of the young lady became at length apparent, the decisive moment had arrived; but it was a moment which, however long contemplated, Marcus was far from being prepared to meet. Everything had appeared easy at a distance; but when the time came, when he was actually to wait upon Mr. Grey for the purpose of demanding his daughter in marriage, he shrunk back in alarm. He feared that he had made a miscalculation. Would one of the first men in the neighborhood really think that he snatched his daughter from destruction by marrying her to the ex-clerk of an attorney? Would his visit answer any other purpose than that of adding insult to injury, by telling the father that he had seduced his only child and intended heiress? The film of romance fell from the eyes of Marcus Bell, and he looked with anguish and remorse upon her whom he now termed his victim, as she stood pale and terror-stricken before him, watching his decision.

Mr. Grey was a rich man, and had high notions of family consequence;—so high, indeed, that the idea of such a circumstance as had now taken place could not have occurred to him at all as within the range of possibility. But, on the other hand, he was doatingly fond of his daughter. The question then was, whether love or rage would gain the mastery; whether he would sacrifice his prospects of family aggrandizement to Emilia's happiness, or sacrifice Emilia herself to his revenge. After numerous consultations, it was determined that Bell should put the matter to the proof; and one day, leaving his mistress trembling, and nearly fainting, in her shady boudoir, he proceeded to the house to demand an interview with its master. It was arranged that, whatever might be the issue of the adventure, he was to return to bring the news himself to Emilia.

Marcus was admitted; and with a sinking heart and trembling limbs, found himself actually waiting in the library for the approach of Mr. Grey. He heard his voice; he counted his footsteps as they came near; but when at length he saw the handle of the door turn, the young man could no longer withstand the horror of his situation, but sunk gasping upon a chair. I cannot tell in what manner he explained himself; for Bell declared to me that he lost every recollection of the details of the interview the moment it was over. He only recollected—for that could not pass from his memory—being dragged by the neck from the room, and along the passage, and kicked like a dog out of the house.

He did not return to the wood. He included even Emilia herself in the imprecations that burst from his heart:—at that moment he could have murdered her. He went straight home, reeling like a drunken man; broke open his mother's desk, and finding no money, for she had gone out to market with her slender purse, cut into the lodger's (his friend Mr. Haswell's) portmanteau, and abstracting from it between five and six pounds, took a place on a coach just starting for London, and threw himself upon the world.

It cannot be said that his feelings ever returned to their usual level; when at last he could think calmly, however desperately, he regretted that he had not taken leave of Emilia. As for the robbery, when he thought at all of that, it was, as he expressed it, with "a kind of awful exultation!" His mother, he knew, would have to make up the money; but this would be to purchase cheaply the absence of a burthen which weighed upon her energies like the nightmare. His exultation arose from the idea that he had made the first plunge into the gulf to which he was *destined*; and this fightful fancy was but too natural in his situation. He had no friends, no money, no character, no profession. He had abjured the rank in which he had been placed by birth and education, and had been spurned with scorn and indignation from the one to which he had aspired. What hope was there for him in a world where substance could be gained only by fraud or labor! What resources but to *take* what he could not *earn*!

But these delusions were for a long time known to be such. They were ramifications of the wild dream in which Emilia and he had indulged, and he at first gave himself up to them as an amusement for his imagination, in the midst of the terrible realities by which he was now surrounded. But this new drag became a habit like the former. He had learnt to receive pleasure from the idea of crime; and although he husbanded his small resources with penurious care, and continued to seek such employment as he was fit for with constant though hopeless assiduity, it was without any fierce emotion he at length found himself at that point where the alternative was to beg for the means of subsistence, or to take them either by fraud or force.

The career of this unhappy youth in London is familiar to the public; and I do not think it necessary here, for the purpose of bringing down this history, to go again over its details. I may state, however, as a circumstance not hitherto mentioned, that the remarkable success which for a time attended him, is attributed by himself to the fact, that he never employed or otherwise placed himself in the power of any female accomplice. His love for Emilia was unchanged; and this extraordinary passion preserved even the felon outlaw from the contamination of debauchery. I am inclined to think, however—for my days of romance are well nigh passed—that if his love had been *more pure*, if Emilia had been the object of some delicate and virtuous attachment, the same effect would not have been produced. She, in fact, took the place in his imagination of the more vulgar mistresses of his comrades; and in proportion as his uninformed and misdirected mind was more refined than theirs, her influence was greater. A Platonic attachment, besides, could not have subsisted at all in the midst of guilt like his: for the hope of being re-united to its object—which was actually the anchor of his heart—could not have endured for a moment.

But it is needless to load this little narrative with such speculations. The fact is certain, that it was his intention to return and carry off his mistress, by fraud or force, as soon as he had realized a sum sufficient to enable him to emigrate in comfort to the Cape of Good Hope. This sum, amounting to rather more than six hundred pounds, he actually did realize; and his place was taken by the coach to Chester.

He was at this time connected with a gang of house-breakers, small in number, but of a very daring and desperate character; and the night preceding his journey to the country was to be employed in a deed which would produce about two hundred pounds each. This was the robbery of the house of Mr. Hillweather, in Baker street. The desperadoes remarked to each other, that there was nothing *criminal* in the enterprise, because Mr. Hillweather was a young man of fashion, who was lavishing his fortune as fast as he could upon courtezans and blacklegs; and there was certainly little or nothing perilous, as they had an accomplice within the house, and an entrance was not to be made till at least an hour after the departure of its master for Newmarket. On that evening he was to entertain a small party of *select* friends of both sexes, and set out at midnight on his journey.

Notwithstanding these favorable circumstances, Marcus Bell had a misgiving, as he alleges, for which he could not account. He was more than once upon the point of declaring off; but the amount of the booty was tempting, and the time passed in hesitation, till it was too late to withdraw. This feeling may be accounted for without having recourse to superstition. On the very next morning he was to set out to rejoin Miss Grey; and it was no wonder that he should have shrunk with unconscious terror from a new deed of such a nature. As the moment approached for revisiting Chester, he had been tortured by a thousand doubts and fears. He had sent occasionally a little money to his mother, but without giving his address; and had not heard one syllable from, or of, any human being in the district. He thought it more than probable that Emilia's disgrace had been cloaked by her family. What might not have occurred in the course of eighteen months? Perhaps she was now married to another! But if cast off, in the phrenzied rage of the moment,

by her father, what had become of her? Weak, ignorant, amiable, and beautiful, where could she look for safety? What were the principles she possessed to balance her inexperience? Marcus, ruffian as he was, groaned in spirit as the last query suggested itself, summoning the shapes of memory, like accusing spirits, before him.

The time for action arrived, and the robbers met, without interruption, at the spot. All went well. Mr. Hillsweather and his friends had set out on their journey, the whole party in a state of intoxication. If any remained in the house, which was improbable, they could hardly be in a condition to perceive the intrusion, or if they were, to give the alarm. The night was dark: they had not met a single officer of police since they passed Portman Square. Their accomplice, one of the inferior servants, who had not accompanied his master, was faithful. The area gate was opened gently, and the ruffians entered, one by one, in silence, and unobserved.

The gang separated in the hall, as had been agreed, each to pursue his separate duty; and Bell mounted the stairs, to penetrate to the master's bed-chamber, where the principal part of the money was expected to be found. He looked into several rooms as he passed, and, by the light of his lantern, observed evident traces of the riot and debauchery of which they had been the scene some hours before. Broken glasses, wine spilt on the satin covers, fragments of female dress, attested the nature of the orgies. He passed on; and with his lantern in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, entered the principal bedroom.

All was profoundly silent: and yet it was evident that the bed was not untenanted, for some handsome female clothing lay upon the chairs near it, as if lately put off by the sleeper. Bell hesitated for a moment, but was presently re-assured by the idea that one of the female guests had been left behind, in consequence of having drunk to excess. He advanced gently, however; till, on the light of the lantern penetrating the shady hollow of the curtains, he saw that the tenant of the bed was already in a sitting posture, watching, breathlessly, his approach.

His first thought was to command silence—his first motion, to threaten her with the pistol; but his tongue clove to his mouth; his hand fell lifelessly by his side. He felt as if stunned; he knew not how. Images of horror, without form, or void, pressed upon his brain. This was but for a moment. The female sprang from the bed, and putting back her hair from her brow, gazed upon him with eyes of almost insane wonder and expectation.

"Man, what are you?" at length broke in a whisper from her white lips, as Emilia bent toward her lover, without daring to approach him.

"I AM A THIEF!" replied Marcus Bell, hoarsely.

"And you?"

"I AM A MARLOT!"

She fainted, and fell upon the floor, and at that instant the pistol in the robber's hand, forgotten in the terrible emotion of the scene, exploded. The servants, aroused by the report, succeeded in capturing two of the ruffians; and on reaching the bed-room, they found Miss Grey sitting upon the floor, with her face covered with her dishevelled hair, buried in her hands, and Marcus Bell standing at a little distance, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, gazing upon the ruin he had made.

To the above narrative, which may be depended upon as substantially correct, I have only to add, that soon after Bell's flight from Chester, Mr. Grey died, and left his daughter without a shilling. The conviction that her lover had deserted her from mercenary motives, added to the usual circumstances which act so fatally upon characters like her's, had led to her present degraded situation. I cannot forbear to mention, however, as a thing connected with those mysteries of the female heart, which a man is incapable of understanding, that although she never visited Bell in prison, or saw him since that terrible recognition, except on the trial, I find in the list of emigrants to the colony to which he is to be transported, the name of Emilia Grey.

WYOMING.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLUCK.

Thou com'st, in beauty, on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming;"
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiastic thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The Summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed:—thou art before me now,
In life,—a vision of the brain no more.
I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er:
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores, am laid;
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured; he
Had woven, had he gazed on sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends and greeted from afar:
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned—
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave—where are they?
We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too—for ready pay,
With manners, like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, though tough,

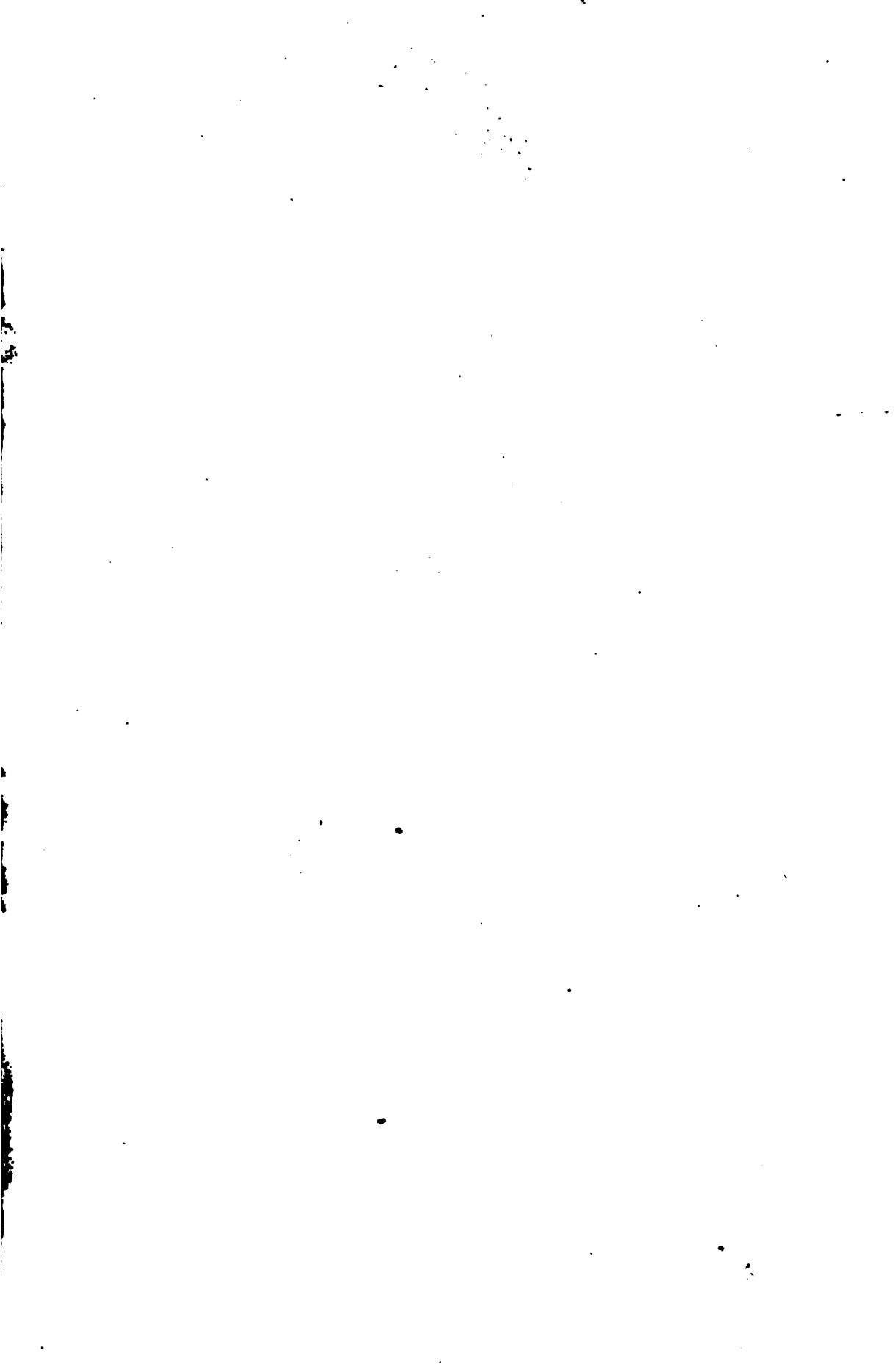
Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate,
And the town records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming; like him, in church and state,
Her Doric column; and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 'twere in vain
To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow
That stands full-uniformed upon the plain,
To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll,
In his "Iberian hood" and "Spanish plume,"
And be the wonder of each Christian soul,
As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom.
But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, whoso'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'er-praised even by her worshipper—Poey.

There's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—
Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born
In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
"Love-daring eyes, and tresses like the morn,"
Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn.
Whether like Gertrude, she oft wanders there,
With Shakespeare's volume in her bosom borne,
I think is doubtful. Of the poet-pair
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of battle stepped,
Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept
Shrouded, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there, wild laurels, planted on the grave
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements have been;
And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arroyo frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that valley green
Trode on the morn in soldier-spirit gay:
But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene—
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle-day?





MONT-SAIN-T-MICHEL.

Engraved by J. A. Goussier, according to the drawing by M. de la Roche.

T H E D O W N F O R T

thought.

ways defeated, and they then, taking advantage when the mount of their artillery, of various calibre as to sizes in diameter.

had several breaches built on the lower side; it was impossible from the height of the mountain to roll down upon the garrison, allowing themselves to be cut off from the sword in the mountain into the greaves; and, if they were to get to the main land, they would have arrived.

The two pieces were taken as a trophy in 1676, and to this day they are eleven feet and six inches thick,

and himself at the time he instituted the order.

Saint-Michel was a vast forest, situated in the sixth century, and constructed by a road is carried away to Valogne, at some distance are constantly roads and branches

of some idea of

Saint-Michel, and appeared before any, however, succeeded in drawing. But, in the end, through the mountain, goods and no traces were found.

In the lands of Dol a project was suggested from the fact that it was to pass through Saint-Michel. A few years ago, for some time it seemed to be of length, when accomplished, the project was deliberately abandoned.

In some instances

of ourselves, or to retrace our

... some part of the reign of Henry the Sixth. In 1423, they turned their arms against Mont-Saint-Michel, ambitious to possess themselves of a fortress so strongly defended by nature.

"Their army, to the number of fifteen thousand men, were encamped in the various parishes on the east of the fortress; on the north they occupied Tumbeline, and on the west the sea was covered with their ships. They commenced with escalades on the

steps to Saint-Michel. In the year 1577, during the war of the league, a Protestant, by the name of Dutouchet, conceived the idea of possessing himself of the mount. He mustered a band of only fifty men, (he must have been insane, for how could he expect to hold the place with a force so small, at a time when the Catholic party was triumphant on the coast?) and one day, when the garrison had sallied forth to pursue a band of robbers, dis-



THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL.

KIND and benevolent reader of the ROVER, we this week take pleasure in presenting to you a beautiful engraving of the celebrated fortress of Mont-Saint-Michel, and a sketch "to match"—mind ye—no *dog-err-o-type* view either.

Mont-Saint-Michel! dear reader, was you ever there? No, no; we dare say that very few of our many patient friends e'er had it pictured in their eyes. Ah! but it is a noble sight—the country around:—a wild view! We will represent it to you in two scenes. Behold! as you now look—a desert of eight square leagues' surface of sand, through which run several rivers, in some places spreading themselves out in the form of a lake. Let your eye glance beyond all this to a yet mightier desert of sea—there, just before its margin, build up a granite rock crowned with towers, on a base of a quarter of a league in circumference, to the height of five hundred feet. This is Mont-Saint-Michel at the reflux of the tide. Change the scene—four days before and after the full moon—and the overwhelming ocean fills the entire area indicated by the form of the land as its natural territory; then rear in the midst of this waste of waters the same stupendous granite monument.

Mont-Saint-Michel is on the confines of Normandy, one hundred and twelve miles south-west of Paris, and with the ancient town of Avranches ten miles distant on the north-east, Pontorson and Dol, on the south, and Cancale on the south-west. To the west extends the open sea. Avranches is celebrated in history as the place where Henry II. did penance for the murder of Thomas-a-Becket. In its neighborhood are some of the most magnificent views in Normandy.

Mont-Saint-Michel was originally called Mont Belenus—a name which the Druids gave to the sun, and is, also, the Baal of Scripture and the Belus of the Assyrians. The Druids reigned there until the era of Augustus. Their granite altars were finally destroyed, when the rock received the name of Mont-jon, or Mons Jovis, and a temple of Jupiter was raised upon its pinnacles. In the year 313, after the edict of Constantine, it was inhabited by some Christian hermits, who built a monastery called *Monasterium ad duas Tumbas*. In 708, a church was built on the spot by St. Aubert, the twelfth bishop of Avranches, and the ground was consecrated to St. Michel. But it seems that the bishop was negligent of his duties, for it is said that he did not execute the will of God until he was smitten upon the forehead by the finger of the arch-angel. His skull is still shown at Avranches, in the church of St. Gervais, with the impress of the angelic finger on the frontal bone. After this the place suffered a variety of fortunes, sustaining numerous sieges, each one, however, adding fresh proof to show the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of its capture.

In 1420, Henry the Fifth entered Normandy at the head of twenty-five thousand men. Having subdued all lower Normandy, he laid siege to Rouen, of which he at length made himself master. The hold of the English upon Normandy became stronger, until the death of Henry the Fifth, which occurred in 1422, and even during some part of the reign of Henry the Sixth. In 1423, they turned their arms against Mont-Saint-Michel, ambitious to possess themselves of a fortress so strongly defended by nature.

"Their army, to the number of fifteen thousand men, were encamped in the various parishes on the east of the fortress; on the north they occupied Tumbeline, and on the west the sea was covered with their ships. They commenced with escalades on the

east and south sides, but were always defeated, and thrown down from the rock. They then, taking advantage of the eight days in the month when the mount is deserted by the sea, brought up their artillery, of which two pieces were of such enormous calibre as to carry granite bullets of fifteen inches in diameter.

"With these machines they effected several breaches in the walls of the town, which is built on the lower part of the mount; but beyond this it was impossible to hoist their cumbrous artillery. From the height of the chateau above, the besieged rolled down upon them huge pieces of rock; and following themselves in the midst of the confusion, attacked them sword in hand, and drove them from the town into the greve. As the evening came on, the sea came in; and, if the English had not promptly retreated to the main land, it is hardly probable that a single man would have arrived to tell the tale of their defeat. The two pieces of cannon we have mentioned remained as a trophy in the hands of the garrison, and are seen to this day at the gate of Mont-Saint-Michel. They are eleven feet long, and constructed of iron bars two inches thick, bound with hoops of the same metal."

In 1469, Louis XI., when he found himself at Avranches, after beating the Bretons, instituted the order of the Knights of Saint-Michel.

Some antiquarians maintain that Saint-Michel was at one time situated in the middle of a vast forest, submerged by successive irruptions of the sea in the sixth century. As proof, they offer a map, constructed by a canon of Coutances, in which the road is carried through the forest of Sissy and Chesay to Valognes, leaving Saint-Michel to the right, at some distance from the sea. The trees, also, that are constantly found among the sands, with their roots and branches entire, strengthen the testimony.

The following incident will convey some idea of these dreadful sands.

In 1780, a ship ran aground near Saint-Michel, and sunk so fast that her whole hull disappeared before any goods could be saved. Workmen were, however, despatched, who cleared their way, and succeed in drawing out some packages from her hold. But, in the mean time, the sea returned unobserved, through the treacherous sands, swallowing up men, goods and ship. Her very masts disappeared, and no traces were left to indicate where the disaster occurred.

Some years ago, when the great marsh lands of Dol were threatened with an inundation, a project was conceived of turning away the river Coeson from the dike by digging a canal through which it was to pass from Pontorson toward the east of Saint-Michel. A thousand convicts were set to work, and for some time all went on well. At last the moving sands seemed to take pleasure in annoying them; and at length, when a portion of the Herculean task was accomplished, the great sea, like a vicious monster, walked deliberately in, instantly filling up the canal. The project was abandoned.

There are occasionally, at this day, some instances of fatal accidents.

But we are getting into the quick sands ourselves, therefore we will make all good haste to retrace our steps to Saint-Michel.

In the year 1577, during the war of the league, a Protestant, by the name of Dutouchet, conceived the idea of possessing himself of the mount. He mustered a band of only fifty men, (he must have been insane, for how could he expect to hold the place with a force so small, at a time when the Catholic party was triumphant on the coast?) and one day, when the garrison had sallied forth to pursue a band of robbers, dis-

guised as pilgrims, crossed the sands, singing holy canticles. They were joyfully received by the monks, who anticipated a rich harvest from the offerings of so large a company. When they arrived in the church, the pilgrims sung and prayed; and, when it was time to exhibit the presents which they intended for the saint, each man drew his naked sword from under his cloak, and flashed it in the eyes of the astonished monks. They then shut up their hosts in their cells, fastening the gates, and proceeded to pillage the treasury. Neglecting, however, to post sentinels in the towers, they were surprised in the midst of their holy work, by the noise which the governor of the fortress made in commanding admittance at the gates. The desperadoes, however, remained undaunted, determining, if possible, to retain possession of the stronghold which they had gained under a false guise. The force outside were gaining in strength by the adherents of the abbey from the main. At last Captain Dutouchet, somewhat alarmed, perhaps, for his own safety, told the ex-garrison very gravely, that the first blow struck upon the gates, or the first ladder planted against the walls, should be the signal for the massacre of the monks, and the firing of the whole pile. Devoiq knew the men he was dealing with, and prudently allowed them to march out with the honors of war, only stipulating that they should leave behind them the pillage of the town and monastery, which they had occupied for two days.

In 1591, another attempt to take this fortress was made by Count de Montgomeri, son of him who, in a tilt with Henri II. of France, (which that monarch sought,) inflicted a wound in his eye, of which Henri died a few days after. On the north side of the rock there was a small opening, like a trap-door—so small that it was hardly reckoned among the weak points of the fortification. A single soldier was intrusted with the safeguard of the spot, and this soldier was known to the Count de Montgomeri. In the silence of the night the count crept along the sands with his adherents, and at length stood under the trap-door. A signal was in a short time made, by which he understood his ally was true; and shortly after the tackle of the monks came slowly down, swinging to and fro in the night wind. It had no sooner reached the sands, than the bravest of the forlorn hope clasped his arms and legs round the iron cleeks, and Montgomeri and his men saw their companion mount into the air—waver—lessen—and disappear—with intense anxiety.

Then there were awful moments of suspense, which might have been counted by the beating of their hearts, each man's bosom ticking like a clock. No words were spoken for some moments, until again the rope became visible; then, as the cleeks rattled upon the ground, a half-smothered cry of joy arose from the group.

The second man ascended—the third—the fourth—the twentieth—the fiftieth—the eightieth!—and yet there was no noise of war—no roll of the alarm-drum!—and still the rope descended, and the cleeks rattled on the ground. Montgomeri began to tremble with suspicious fears.

"Here is a spar of timber," said a man, "as large as a ship's mast. We have a block and plenty of cord. Raise it against the rock, and in five minutes I shall ascertain the fate of our comrades." It was done. The block was fastened to the top of the spar, the cord rove into the block, and the machine raised perpendicularly against the cliff. The man then fixed himself to the end of the rope, and was hoisted up by his companions.

For some time he kept himself steady by means of the spar; but when near the top, either confused by the darkness and novelty of his situation, or compelled by the wind, which blew in fierce blasts from the sea, he let go his hold, and clung only to the rope. He was dashed repeatedly against the cliff, while still continuing to rise; but at length his eyes were blinded by a sudden blaze of light, and he caught instinctively at an opening of the rock with such force that his companions below made haste, in the nautical phrase, to "belay."

A spectacle there met the eyes of the volunteer that

at first seemed to have the effect of enchantment, both upon his heart and limbs. Helpless and alone hung he there, without a single idea either of advance or retreat. By the light of a torch within, he saw that the narrow, stair-like place, into which he looked, was discharging a stream of blood into an abyss below, and in the midst of the obscurity, he could distinguish an irregular mound formed of human heads and headless bodies! Opposite to him stood a man with arms bare to the shoulder, whose ferocious yet stupid glare, fixed upon an immense sword which he wielded in both hands, made his skin creep. The silence of the place, only interrupted by the plashing of the blood, as it fell from step to step—the red and wavering light, which gave a phantasmagoric appearance to the whole scene—and the terrific form of the headman, who looked like a demon—all had such an effect upon the imagination of the adventurer, that when three other figures appeared, with the suddenness and silence of spirits, he was convinced, for a moment, that he beheld only the creations of a disordered brain.

One of the three figures was a comrade of his own, whom he had seen but a few moments before drawn up into this den of blood by the traitor whom Montgomeri had imagined to be a friend. He came forward with his arms pinioned and his mouth gagged. When they reached the executioner, his two conductors bent him down, without a word, upon a block of stone, and, in an instant, his head bounded down the steps. Another victim was brought in, in the same manner, and shared the same fate—another—and another. This was the last of those who had ascended—the eightieth man! A wild cry burst from the heart and lips of the witness, startling even the group of assassins; and his comrades below let him down as speedily as possible.

As Montgomeri retired with the remainder of his party, in rage and dismay, they heard a shout of hoarse laughter from the ramparts, mingling with the sound of the night-wind, as it moaned along the waste!

The name of the arch-fiend who was governor of Saint-Michel at the time of the above occurrence, was Boissuize. Let a curse be upon it while the earth exists! In our day, he would have made a capital politician. Some may think that this is tantamount to saying, that many of our politicians of the present age would, in that age, have made capital Boissures. No doubt, however, but that he received unbounded praise at the time; but he subsequently fell into disgrace, and was dismissed from office. He afterward assembled a considerable body in the environs of Pontorson, on the 27th of September, 1595, and set out to surprise the fortress. To a certain extent he was successful. He pillaged the town from top to bottom; but the chateau, which had been his object, defied his power.

Another attempt was afterward made by the Marquis de Belle-Isle. This nobleman had left the party of the League, and attached himself to the king, in the hopes of obtaining the baton of a marshal of France. To the application of his friends, Henri IV. answered coldly: "Let him be satisfied with my good graces; I owe nothing to those who bring me nothing." Belle-Isle, who was as brave as he was unprincipled, understood the reply, and determined that his first gift to the king should be the famous fortress of Saint-Michel, at that time governed by Latouche de Kerolent, an old friend and comrade of his own.

Accompanied by a band of resolute men, with arms concealed beneath their cloaks, he crossed the greve, with the ostensible purpose of paying his devotions in the church, and visiting his friend the governor. They were admitted within the walls without hesitation, and the last gate of the chateau opened for his reception; but some demur took place, when it was found that the governor required his whole suite to be allowed to enter with him. Belle-Isle insisted; the guard was firm; and, at length, the former, exclaiming loudly against their want of respect, drew his sword and killed the sergeant and corporal on duty. The post was forced at a single blow, and the assailants rushed into the middle of the abbey.

Here they were opposed by some soldiers and servants, who had been alarmed by the crash of weapons, and who were every moment reinforced by fresh as-

assistance from every part of the building. The assailants, however, were numerous, and flushed with their first triumph; and they succeeded, although every inch of ground was gallantly contested, in driving the defenders from post to post. Kerolent, the governor, fought like a madman—not so much for his fortress as for revenge on his false friend. He flung himself repeatedly into the hottest of the fight, with no thought but of reaching the traitor's heart; and, at last, when all seemed hopeless, and he himself covered with wounds, he determined to die in the effort. He rushed once more into the midst of the combatants, succeeded in clearing his way to his enemy, and the two quondam friends engaged hand to hand. Belle-Isle was slain; and his party, panic-struck on finding themselves without a chief, took to flight.

It was in the fortress of Saint-Michel that Henry, surnamed Beau-clerc, on account of his love of letters, and afterward Henry I. of England, held out against the combined forces of his brothers, Robert of Normandy and William Rufus. William, on a visit to Normandy, wrested from his brother the country of Caux, and, by treaty, obtained some of the most important places—among others, Mont-Saint-Michel and Cherbourg, in the territory which had been sold to Henry. In those days, it was necessary to take by force what was ceded by policy; and the duke and the king, uniting their armies, marched against their brother. Henry held out stoutly for a long time; but at last surrendered, after being so much distressed by thirst, that he sent to ask his brother Robert for a drink of water, who complied with his request. This event took place about 1087-8.

Beside being the theatre of such deeds of war, Saint-Michel was long one of the high places of Catholic devotion. Pilgrims visited its shrine from all parts of Europe, in bodies of two or three hundred at a time, forming themselves into a kind of caravan. The spectacle of several hundred men riding in line, with their flags and banners, and their almoner at their head, must have had a fine effect on the desert sands of the greve. After their devotions were paid, and their vows accomplished, the pilgrims, before departing, elected a king of the journey, and placed on his hat a crown of gilded lead. Some other officers of inferior rank were then appointed, and the cortege moved on. The king paid no part of the expenses, but on their return he was expected to give his subjects a grand repast, at which the pilgrims ate, drank and sung, and made love to one another's daughters.

The rock is almost encircled by walls, flanked with towers and bastions. The subterranean excavations are indeed subjects of extreme curiosity. They consist of cellars and powder-magazines; the vault in which are the wheel and cable used for weighing heavy goods from the sands below; the prisons under this vault; and the *oubliettes*, those frightful dungeons, the way to which is narrow and labyrinthine, and which are entered by means of a trap-door.

The buildings rise, vault after vault, far above the rock; and the church stands for the most part on pillars constructed to serve for its foundation. A view from the platform before its portal comprehends the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, the road to Cancale, and the towns of Avranches, Dol and Pontorson, with the vast sands of the greve on the one hand, and the open sea on the other. Above these, on the clock-tower, is the *promenade des petits fous*; and, twenty-two feet still higher, the *promenade des grands fous*; signifying, by their names, the relative degrees of sanity of those who choose them for their walks. On the summit of all is a telegraph; but the gilded statue of Saint-Michel, mentioned by M. de Thou as forming the pinnacle of the temple, exists only in history.

And now, sweet reader, we have done with Mont-Saint-Michel. We part with it as though it was a friend. What do you think of it? Does it not please you as well as a love-sick tale? It is all devoid of fiction—its history is full of startling truths. Turn to our plate. Picture to yourself its dismal and noisome dungeons. Do you feel any desire to crawl through them? What skeleton eyes may you not put your fingers into! Do you wish to approach it over the treacherous greve, in the night, without a guide—

alone? Do so. Ere you are aware of it you are in the quicksands. Why do you tremble? Are you afraid to die—to go slowly down into the watery sand—sinking by inches, and no one to assist? To your thighs—to your waist—to your chest—to your throat—to your mouth! oh God! will you strangle! Miserable wretch! what agony! enough to drive the spirit from the body ere the quicksand covers the head! Farewell! God bless you! Dear reader, do not dream to-night of the greve of Mont-Saint-Michel.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY HORATIO KING.

IN the month of September, 17—, my health having become considerably impaired, I was advised by my friends and the physician of the village, to journey, as a means of improving it. Possessing naturally a disposition to become acquainted with the situation of the country, especially in my own state and neighborhood, I readily acceded to the advice. But the next question which arose was, where should I travel—how far, and in what parts? It was agreed finally that I should go to the White Mountains. I accordingly prepared for my journey; and on the morning of the 6th of September, after receiving from my friends their united wishes that I might have a pleasant season, and return in improved health, I took my departure for the beautiful village of —, situated on the banks of the Kennebec, in the state of Maine. The distance from my own residence to the mountains was mostly performed in carriages, with an occasional ride on horse-back. On arriving at the hospitable mansion of Mr. —, the dwelling nearest the mountains, I had, much to my satisfaction, become recruited, and so much improved in strength, as to feel almost like climbing the mountain at a breath. Singularly enough, as I thought, I happened there at a time when no other stranger was present—not a solitary being could be found to accompany me to the heights of Mount Washington, even so much as a humble guide. But I was now determined not to return without seeing the originally proposed end of my journey. To scale the heights before me, a stranger and alone, was, to be sure, no desirable task; but my ambition led me to attempt it, even at the hazard of losing my way, and becoming exhausted. I started from my friend's at eight o'clock in the morning of a delightfully pleasant day, and before the sun had reached the middle of his daily course, I was well nigh at the summit of the mountain; yet not without feeling that I could not endure such exertion with the freedom of one who had never been broken down by disease. It is needless to say that I amused myself with the grand prospect afforded and the wild scenery around, until it became necessary to return. I made on my ascension, by the path, such marks and observations as I thought would enable me to find my way back without difficulty. But I was mistaken. The entire afternoon was consumed in fruitless endeavors to find the path which I had followed on going up. I was now weary and faint, and as the sun sunk beneath the western horizon, he seemed to tell me, in fearful language, that I should never look upon his countenance, nor feel his enlivening influences again! But there was no time to be lost—my life was in danger! I flew first to one extremity of the height which I had ascended, and then to the other, little removed from derangement in viewing the awful horrors of my situation. Alas! night had come over me—a faint, fatigued and sick being, and almost unmanned by fear. But what was my surprise, mingled with joy, at this crisis, on seeing at a little distance from me, and coming toward me, a tall, but well-proportioned man, with a musket in his hand, whom I took to be an Indian.

"Ah, young man," said he, on coming up, "what has brought you to this lonely place at this hour of the night? Have you no guide, no protector, no means of securing yourself to-night from this cold, damp air?"

"None," said I; and I immediately informed him of my adventures, and the reason of my being thus exposed.

"Rash and unfortunate youth!" said the stranger, "you deserve some punishment for thus voluntarily exposing yourself to danger and death—have you no food with you?"

"Not one morsel!" I answered. "In my hurry and anxiety to reach the mountain this morning, I entirely forgot to bring any with me."

Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a small piece of broiled meat and a slice of bread. "Here," said he, "eat this; it may afford you a little strength, and prevent you from becoming entirely exhausted. A singular freak this for a pale face like you!" he added, and I thought he was about to leave me.

"For heaven's sake, my dear sir!" I exclaimed, "would you leave me here in this chilling air, and on these cold and dreary mountains, to perish, without a friend, and alone?"

His keen black eyes were fixed full and steadily upon me, as if to read the inmost secrets of my heart, when he approached, and taking me by the hand—

"Hear me!" said he, sternly, "will you swear?"

"What—by whom?" I replied, earnestly.

"By Him who hast sent me hither to save you! Swear that you will not, in my life, reveal to any living being, the spot or dwelling to which I may lead you, and all shall be well."

I swore. He then requested me to follow him. In silence, and with some difficulty, for I had become much exhausted, I obeyed. He led me a considerable distance, to a part of the mountain where the footsteps of few, if any, but his own were ever marked; and on guiding me into a secret and curious cave, the old man (I had already observed that from his appearance he had numbered at least three score and ten,) looking at me with a smiling countenance, said:

"Here, young stranger, is the place that I call my home. Sit down," said he, "on that smooth stone, and I will soon kindle a blaze; I have also some game in my pockets, which I have just had the fortune to seize, and that with a little roasting will please the palate and repair the system. You have been a rash youth," continued he, "but you are safe now; and as soon as you regain your strength, I will put you in a way, should you wish it, to find the foot of the mountain."

We had found it necessary, before reaching the cave, to procure a torch, by which I was enabled to see my way well along the narrow, and in many places perilous path that we were obliged to travel. The old man soon built a good fire, and before one hour had elapsed, he had prepared a supper, which appeared to me, under the circumstances, more inviting even than the sumptuous viands of the rich; I never ate with a better relish.

In the mean time I could not banish the wonder and surprise excited by the fact, that an individual possessing the faculties, both mental and physical, of my kind protector, should take up his abode in a place so cold and barren, and affording so few opportunities for a life of ease and happiness. I was exceedingly anxious, as was natural, to learn the history of one whose whole character appeared so singular and strange. Could I dare solicit of him the desired information? I almost feared to ask it; but the hospitable board having been removed, and the old man seeming in a cheerful mood, I ventured to offer an intimation that a little conversation relative to his own history would to me be peculiarly interesting, and it had its effect. His eyes flashed, and he sat for some time in silence. At length, drawing his seat nearer to me, and with a look that seemed to say that none but himself should ever know his history, he observed:

"I am old, young stranger, as you see—ready to lie down in my grave. There are, it is true, many incidents connected with my life, which, if related, might perhaps amuse one of your age and capacity; but it grieves me to think of them. I will, however, if you are not too much fatigued," he continued, "tell you a short story."

I was of course anxious to hear what he might have to relate, knowing that if I could learn nothing of his own life, his knowledge of early events enabled him to give a narration of many rare and interesting occurrences, and I begged that he would proceed.

"About sixty years ago," the old man commenced, "there lived on the banks of the Androscoggin, in what is now called the town of Bethel, a man who was married and had two children, a son and daughter, and who obtained a livelihood by hunting and fishing. At that time there were several tribes of Indians in the neighborhood, and this friendly and peaceable family were not unfrequently disturbed by their near approach and nightly yells. They, however, managed, by prudence and caution, to live safely there for several years, until at length one evening of a beautiful summer's day, just as the sun was going down behind the trees, a hostile and wandering tribe of Indians approached the humble, but hitherto comparatively quiet dwelling of those lonely settlers. The mother and her little daughter of seven years were employed in the house, while the father and son, who was then about ten years of age, were gathering wood at a short distance from his dwelling. The father, leaving his little boy engaged in picking sticks, went with his arms full of wood to the house, and had no sooner reached it, than he saw his hostile foes coming up and standing almost directly between him and his son. He called to him, and thought at first to run to his protection, but saw on a moment's reflection, that by endeavoring to save his life, he would endanger his own, (for already several arrows were pointed at him,) and put it out of his power to protect his wife and daughter, who were alarmed almost to fainting in the house. The only alternative left him was to flee to his house, and prepare to defend them and himself there. The Indians now gave a horrible yell, and attempted by every means in their power to enter; but the father was enabled to beat them back until his wife had loaded one or two muskets, which were immediately discharged upon them with good effect. The contest was continued for about a half hour, the wife loading and the husband firing the guns; when the Indians, finding their attempts to enter the house fruitless, and that powder and balls were more fatal in their effect than their own weapons, they took their departure, such of them as were able, yelling most hideously. The night passed; but the fear of the Indians and the thought that their child might be already suffering the most cruel tortures, prevented the parents, as may well be supposed, from receiving one moment's rest. The morning dawned, and six Indians were seen lying dead on the ground near the house. The brave hunter had not fought without carrying sorrow to the bosoms of his enemies, though he suffered the loss, as he believed for ever, of his little Charles, whom the Indians he well knew would preserve only to torment. He ventured out, and immediately saw at a short distance from the house, another Indian, who, from his appearance, he judged had been wounded. In his wrath he approached and would have dispatched him at once, had not the Indian, in a most heart-touching manner, begged to be spared, offering, at the same time, as an inducement to the hunter to let him live, to prevent the life of his son being destroyed, and return him safe to his parents. On his promise to do this, he was taken into the house, and a little attention to his wounds enabled him to follow his savage courages.

"Years passed away, but no son came. The hunter now felt that he had been deceived, and regretted that he had not despatched the savage at a blow. Ten years had now already elapsed, and all hopes of ever seeing Charles had long since been abandoned. The mother had made herself, in appearance and feeling, old and almost helpless by grief and mourning, and Ellenor, her daughter, was in the last stage of consumption, partly from the same cause, and from seeing an affectionate mother sinking so rapidly. She could remember her little brother and how he looked before the savages came and took him away. Her thoughts were ever upon him; and the following lines, composed and presented by a friend, she was often heard to sing with a pensive air, as she sat at her window in the evening twilight:

O, blest were those hours, when gay on the banks
Of the clear Androscoggin I played
With my own honest Charles—and when by the side
Of my mother I knelt as she prayed!

Then sickness, and sorrow, and cold discontent,
Were unknown to a childhood so free;
And death, with his arrows so awful and sure,
Possessed no dread terrors for me!

But alas! those blest days are for ever no more,
And mourning and sorrow now reign;
The savage, in wrath, has invaded our home,
And dear Charles has been captured and slain!

No more shall we sport on the banks of the stream,
Or walk, hand in hand, through the grove,
He has gone to his rest, in those regions afar,
Where dwells naught save quiet and love!

"Ellenor died while yet in her seventeenth year, and was buried in a spot selected by herself, near a large oak tree by the house; under whose shades she used often to sport with her dear brother, and where, in the summer hours when deprived of his presence, she had frequently resorted for contemplation and study.

"The parents were now left entirely alone, and few inducements to make even life itself desirable. Their only daughter had died in autumn, and a freezing and dreary winter was at hand.

"It was a severe cold night in the month of December, and the moon shone upon the snow bright and full almost as the sun itself, when two men were seen approaching the dwelling of this lonely settler. They walked up to the house and kindly asked admittance. Supposing them to be Indians belonging to some friendly tribe near by, who wished to warm and rest themselves, they were, without hesitancy, permitted to enter.

"Cold weather this, old man," said the eldest of the two strangers, who was at once observed to be an Indian, addressing the hunter as they seated themselves by the fire.

"Yes," was the reply, 'and have you far to walk this cold night?'

"I have come," said the Indian, 'to fulfil my promise, made to you a long, long time since. You will recollect?'

"What; my son! and does he live?" asked the old man, with much emotion.

"He lives!—behold him there, before you!"

"Without waiting for the answer the aged parent, recognizing in the, till then, supposed Indian, his own son, had embraced him, neither being able, so overwhelmed with joy were they, to utter a syllable; and the mother, feeble at witnessing so unexpected an event, had fainted and fallen on the floor. She soon, however, revived, and was permitted once more to clasp in her arms the son, whom she had long believed dead, and soon expected to meet in heaven. It was a scene indeed, which can much better be imagined than described.

"You will judge what were the feelings of Charles on learning the death of his sister.

"But the cause of this long delay in the return of the Indian was now to be explained. It may be done in few words.

"He overtook his party in a short time, after recovering from his wounds, and found them mourning and almost distracted with grief, for in their contest with the hunter they had lost their chief and several others of their most daring warriors; and they were just preparing to feed their revenge by torturing to death with every cruel means which their savage and blood thirsty hearts could invent, their captive boy. But happily he had arrived in time to save him, though it had been utterly out of his power to return him to his parents before. They continued their march into the western wilderness, where they were finally forced to remain; on account of a war which soon broke out between their own and several other hostile tribes of Indians, and lasted for nearly the whole time that had elapsed since they had left the banks of the Androscoggin.

"Charles had not forgotten his parents, though he had become habituated to the usages, customs, and hardships of his savage comrades, and wore, indeed, the resemblance of an Indian. He now, with his preserver, whom he would not permit to leave him, lived with his parents and supported them until, worn out with age and sorrow, they both in the course of two years were laid in the grave nearly at the same time.

"Charles Eaton, (for that was his name,) had now but one friend in the world—his Indian protector and preserver. They lived and wandered together for many years, obtaining their living, as they were taught to do, in the wilderness, until at length the poor Indian was taken ill and died, leaving Charles entirely friendless and without a home.

"Charles lived now, not because it was his own pleasure, but because it was the will of heaven that he should live. He for a time sought to make himself happy in society; but the noisy and cold hearted world possessed no charms for him. He sought the mountains, where he discovered a cave, in which he entered, and at once declared it his home while life remained. He has thus far kept his word, and," said the old man springing from his seat with the activity of a boy, "*Charles Eaton* is the man who has just saved you, my young friend, from the awful pangs of death!"

I cannot describe my surprise on hearing this announcement, coming upon me, as it did, so suddenly. I had in fact become so interested in the old man's story that I had even forgotten the situation in which I was placed.

We now sought rest from sleep, but little did I obtain. I however, by the morning, found myself sufficiently recruited to venture to return to the dwelling at the foot of the mountain and from thence home, which I did after first having been directed to the right path by my own *kind preserver*—the INDIAN CAPTIVE!

THE LANTERN IN THE CASTLE YARD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK BARON DE LA MOTTE
FOUQUE.

In a very wild and remote region of the Scottish Highlands, there stood on a rocky height an old fortress. One stormy evening in harvest, its lord looked from his window into the darkness, and over the well-guarded court of the castle, toward the opposite hills, where the tops of the trees, still visible, rustled and waved in the dark blue heavens. The rivulet in the valley sent forth a wild and strange sound, and the creaking weather-cocks clattered and brawled, as if chiding the storm.

The scene and the hour were congenial to the mind of the lord of the castle. He was no longer the mild and indulgent master. His only daughter had fled from the fortress with a handsome youth, far inferior to her in birth, but a sweeter singer and harp-player than any inhabitant of the wide Highlands; and soon after their flight, the lover was found dashed to pieces in the bottom of a rocky valley, into which, in the darkness of the night, he had fallen. Thereupon the daughter, by an unknown pilgrim, sent a letter to her father, saying, that night having robbed her of her lover, her eyes were opened to her fault—that she had retired to a convent, to do the most severe penance, and that her father would never see her more. From this event, the lord of the castle had become almost obdurate as the surrounding rocks, and unfeeling as the stony pavement of his old fortress.

As he now looked from the window, he saw in the castle yard a lantern, moved backwards and forwards, as if in the hand of some one, who with tottering steps stole across the area.

Angrily he called out, "who goes there?" for his domestics had strict orders to admit no one within the walls; and since the flight of the young lady, these commands were so rigidly obeyed it seemed as if lifeless statues alone dwelt within.

To the lord of the castle there came a soft voice, "An old, old woman," it said, "begs some food, noble knight." But the humble demand was impetuously refused.

"Spy! vagrant! witch!" were the appellations showered upon the beggar; and because she did not immediately retire, but reiterated her petition with a fervent, though weak voice, the knight in the wildness of his wrath, called on his blood hounds to hunt the beggar woman away. Wildly did the ferocious dogs rush forth, but scarcely had they approached the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand. The domestics who had come out ex-

pected that the raging dog would tear her in pieces; but howling he returned, and the others laid themselves down whining before the beggar. Again the lord of the castle urged them on; but they only howled, and moaned, and lay still. A strange shuddering seized him, which redoubled when the old woman raised her lantern on high, and her long white hair appeared waving in the storm, while with a sad and threatening voice she exclaimed, "Thou in the heavens who see'st and hearest!"

Trembling the knight retired from the window, and ordered his people to give her what she demanded. The domestics, frightened at the apparition, placed some food without in a basket, and then secured the doors, all the while repeating prayers, until they heard the strange old woman carry away the food; and as she stepped out of the castle gates, the hounds moaned mysteriously after her.

From this time regularly every third evening the lantern was seen in the castle yard, and no sooner did its strange twinkling begin to be visible through the darkness, and the light steps heard to totter softly over the pavement, than the lord of the castle hastened back from the window, the domestics put out the basket of food, and the hounds moaned sorrowfully till the apparition vanished.

One day—it was now the beginning of winter—the knight followed the chase in the wildest part of the mountains. Suddenly his hounds darted up a steep height, and expecting a good capture, at the risk of imminent danger he forced his shuddering horse over the slippery, stony ground. Before a cavern in the middle of the ascent, the hounds stood still; but how felt the knight, when the figure of a woman stepped to the mouth of the abyss, and with a stick drove back the dogs! From the long silvery locks of the woman, as well as from the restless and low moanings of the hounds, and his own internal feelings, he soon perceived that in this drear spot the lantern-bearer stood before him.

Half frantic, he turned his horse's head, buried his spurs in its side, and galloped down the steep, accompanied by the yelling hounds, toward the castle.

Soon after this strange occurrence, the lantern was no longer seen in the court of the castle. They waited one day—several days:—a whole week passed over, but the apparition was no longer seen. If its first appearance had alarmed the lord of the castle and his domestics, its disappearance occasioned still more consternation. They believed that the former prognosticated some dreadful events, which the latter betokened to be near. On the knight this anticipation had a terrible effect; he became pale and haggard, and his countenance assumed such a disturbed appearance, the inmates of the castle were of opinion that the apparition gave warning of his death. It was not so.

One day, as was his custom, the knight rode to the chase, and in his present distraction of mind he approached unawares that part of the country where the old woman with the white hair had appeared to him, and which he from that time had carefully avoided.

Again the dogs sprung up the height, howling and looking fearfully into the cavern. The affrighted baron in vain called them back. They stood as if fascinated on the dreadful spot; but on this occasion no one appeared to chase them away. They then crept into the cavern, and from its dark bosom the knight still heard their moanings and cries. At last summoning resolution, he sprung from his horse and with determined courage, clambered up the steep height.

Advancing into the cavern, he beheld the hound crouched round a wretched mossy couch, on which the dead body of a woman lay stretched out. On drawing near her, he recognized the white hair of the formidable lantern-bearer. The little horn lantern stood near her on the ground, and the features were those of his only child! More slowly than the faithful hounds, who from the beginning had known their young mistress, did the unhappy knight become aware who he saw before him; but to dissipate every doubt, there lay on the breast of the dead body a billet, on which, with her own blood, her hands had traced the following words:

"In three nights the wanderer's hair became white,

through grief for the death of her lover. She saw it in the brook. Her hair he had often called a net in which his life was entangled. Net and life were both by one stroke destroyed. She then thought of those holy ones of the church, who in humility had lived unknown and despised beneath the paternal roof; and as a penance, she brought alms from her father's castle, and lived among the rocks from which her lover fell. But her penance draws near its end, the crimson stream fails. Ah! fath—"

She would have written "father," but the stream was exhausted, which, with unspeakable sorrow, the knight perceived had issued from a deep wound in her left arm.

He was found by his servants near the corpse in silent prayer, his hounds moaning beside him.

He buried his daughter in the cavern, from which he never afterwards came out. The unhappy hermit forced every one from him—his faithful dogs alone he could not drive away, and mournfully they watched together by the grave of their young mistress, and beside their sorrowing lord; and when he also died, their sad howlings first made it known to the surrounding country.

THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

BY JACK GARNET.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-forty hours, about sixty miles out side the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the northwest, and made all sail for the southward and eastward.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore clippers;" and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burden, long, low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; while her beautifully tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not ran out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but slewed fore and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fell's Point, bound to the Spanish main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass-racks, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of a hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces, and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their stiped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety but wearing a common tarpaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

"Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more easting soon, or we shall lose the outward bound West Indians, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Captain Benson," replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwark; "but—"

"Sail ho!" sung out the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" hailed Benson, while all hands sprang up at the announcement.

"Right ahead, sir!" was the reply."

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all

hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, and increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something *professional*, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out: "Mast-head, there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, sir," replied the look-out: "her star-board-tacks boarded, standing south-west."

"Keep her more to the south'ard, Mr. Townsend," said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; "we'll cut her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate as he obeyed the order; "she may be a man-of-war."

"Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after; for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail toward her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvass crowded, seemed proof positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manœuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

"A Scotch prize, Captain Benson!" observed the first mate as he handed him the glass.

"Perhaps so," replied Captain Benson composedly; "clear away long Tom there, and double-shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is."

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

"The chase is now within range, sir," reported Townsend.

"Very good, sir. Let drive at him with long Tom, and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling a heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little, any how."

Meanwhile on board the English West Indiaman, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing toward her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hopes of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the south-east, hoping to leave his pursuers astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was of the largest class of English West Indiamen, about twelve hundred tons in burden, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve-pounders and a crew of forty men.

"Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine," said the commander of the Indiaman, who though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; "I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees, on better terms."

"I hope, Captain St. John," said a passenger, who

at this moment came up the companion-way, "I hope, sir, you do not intend to fight the American."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John, "he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time if I can prevent him."

"But, sir," continued Tompkins, anxiously, "consider the lady passengers. I beg you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well: while if you fight him, he will be enraged, and—"

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily—"Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter: so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why, we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you."

"I shan't touch it sir," said Mr. Tompkins, "it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away all our lives in this manner;" and so saying, he went hastily below.

"Good, pluck, that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; "however, perhaps—"

Whizz-z-z came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer which, interrupted his colloquy, and passed through his main-royal; and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three top-sails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

"Now, my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail."

Continuing his course for a moment that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood toward her, justly considering it folly to attempt farther escape while every shot raked him fore-and-aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizen top-gallant sails, and flying-jib; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation of small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer, if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indiaman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shot solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, or to hit her between wind and water; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indiaman, with terrible precision, causing great fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat, any how.

This however, was not so safe an undertaking; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot were added to round, in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his usual mission in his usual careful and scientific manner; tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarke, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indiaman's crew were cut down by one or other of these destructives, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working

ship with great speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard-battery they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance where he had expected abject submission; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake him thoroughly and then board him; but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-halyards of her mainsail, which last came thundering down by the run; and then, despite the broadside of the schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind, so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indiaman.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indiaman's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheels; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavors to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was still a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard-up. The schooner still had headway upon her, and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that, she being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard-bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side aft.

"Boarders, away!" shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage: and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men, and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarters being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indiaman's crew were sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages, and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the north-west, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place were soon plugged; and so, continuing the repairs of masts, and sails, &c., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Captain Benson having farther assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda, if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English stoop-of-war of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was a long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak; rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States coast. In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprang up from the north-east, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail!—and sure enough, in plain sight to the south-east, was an English sloop-of-war, crowding every thing to chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'tween decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Farther orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise."

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid headway. Thus a hundred of the privateer's men were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal, on the wind, (her course being north-north-west,) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner as the ship's long-boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. "I hope they will have a pleasant cruise: perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range—here, haul that forty-two aft, some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long bowls."

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by chance shot, and Benson, determining to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position as to bring the Indiaman between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign under the stars and stripes; and at her mast head her private signal and all her holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen.

By thus placing the Indiaman between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war

contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailer,) to rescue the Indianman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when he should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in His Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bow-line; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

"Captain Benson," said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance."

"You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. "Do tell! I don't do that 'are, sir, by a — aight."

"Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" replied Benson, quickly.

"To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord!" shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. "Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britanic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flag both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to my marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There's nothing English about that craft, if I can read oakum."

"I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs, and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John, jeeringly; "but what is she then?"

"She is neither American, English, or French, replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of prize-money, and I don't want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master!"

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indianman; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half a mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky-sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amid its rustling folds the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

"The English of that, Captain St. John," said Benson, smiling, "is 'heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock off firing, because I am between you,' so lay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hencoop."

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn to all hands, and toss the cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?" he

continued, pausing at the gangway, "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to."

Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands; "you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is neutral, and has no business to interfere."

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen mast.

That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate, chock-full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads!" said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way!"

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side toward the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the same gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good will, that all the English oarsmen "caught crabs," while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly overthrown by the concussion.

"Old England for ever! Rule Britannia!" shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; "hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love-taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetener as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are; Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident, done a purpose. Come aboard, my lord; after me is manners."

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L—, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and of her commander, who had dared to heave-to an English man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the king of Denmark.

"All this is very good, sir," replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; "you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are,

you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to."

"D—d if I do, that's all," growled Captain Stanley. "But you shall, sir," replied the baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though his proposition was only justice. "And moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence."

"Which course does your lordship intend to steer?" asked Stanley, very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

"Toward the American coast, sir," replied the baron, understanding him at once.

"That's just my course, my lord," continued Benson, demurely; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee."

"I'll be d—d if you shall, sir," broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

"Don't know how you'll prevent me sir," replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye and squinting horribly with the other.

"Quietly, gentleman, quietly," said the Dane gravely; "just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along."

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, "nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we will eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk;" and during dinner he talked over the news; the method of ascertaining longitude by D. R., an improvement he had made in the log; and narrated some well twisted yarns.

With all this delay Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indianaman's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgement in the Dane's good opinion: while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

"Well, gentlemen," said the baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, "we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to until Captain Benson has made this headway; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing, violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way."

"If you please, my lord," said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, "thirty minutes' truce from the time I reach my vessel, will suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indianaman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running or fighting, as it may happen."

"That is very fair, sir," replied the Dane; and with that, Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that will consider it settled." So saying, he returned upon deck, followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eye which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indianaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of teas in a perfect shower over her

gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, etc., which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish baron, that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indianaman.

"That, sir," replied the baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, "is none of my business, and no part of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo;—you must help that as you can. And furthermore, sir," he added sternly, "if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you."

Politely taking leave of the baron, Benson first returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boats' crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

"How's this, my lads," said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope-haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Captain Stanley," he added, as the latter came down into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our fight out good naturedly, eh?"

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed him no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indianaman's cargo, sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

"Very good, sir," replied Benson; muster all hands aft here."

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indianaman, and the companion-way, sky-lights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards, were stoppered and unrove; all her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and everything being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indianaman was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amid-ships; and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indianaman, then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-northwest, thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indianaman, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time; for, had the Indianaman yawed two points she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was not exactly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indianaman's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take the Indianaman, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his plan of operations was arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the south-west at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained good start to windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indianaman, for to leave her in present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many

heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern-chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly as if he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails low and aloft, and cracking on everything in chase of the Indiaman; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew; so that it was altogether a very romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill; to put your foot upon them would stop them, doubtless, but it would probably break them into the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cachinnated greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he, guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the condition of the scamps aforesaid, on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway, would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indiaman, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away only the braces, the shrouds and stays followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indiaman yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and, in consequence, down thundered the masts and yards of the Indiaman, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-pound-shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his taffrail.

THE CONDEMNED.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER.

THE assizes approached. Clifford's friends were numerous and influential, but in his case influence could be of no avail as a safeguard against the penalty of crime. He knew that if he were found guilty he must suffer. His sole chance, therefore, was to silence that only evidence which could convict him. Against the oath of Esther Lutterel nothing could prevail. Immense sums were consequently offered to purchase her silence, but she despised such sordid temptation. Every effort made to win her from her resolved and just purpose was unavailing. She turned with scornful indignation from the offered bribe. "No," said she, "he has ruined me; that I could forgive, because Heaven might pardon that; but he has murdered my child—that Heaven will never pardon, and I dare not. I will not, therefore, interpose betwixt the delinquent and his judge, when that delinquent deserves to die, and that judge is the delegate of One who is eternal. He has braved the penalty; why then should he not suffer it? Let him die."

The day of trial arrived. Clifford was brought into the dock—alas! how changed! Terror had wrought fearful ravages upon a countenance which the most fastidious could not deny to be handsome. The blood seemed to have receded from every vein, while the blanched features told a fearful tale of sleepless nights and daily heart burnings. A yellow tinge had usurped the usually transparent skin, while the whole counte-

nance, gathered into one unvarying expression of subdued agony, appeared like an ivory head that had yielded up its primitive whiteness to the gradual spoliation of time. The change which a few short weeks had wrought was truly astonishing. He was scarcely to be recognized as the once robust, lively, thoughtless Clifford. Days seemed to have been converted into years. His hair had become thin, and hung in straggling tresses on his pallid temples, which were deeply indented with the lines of acute suffering. His nose was sharp and shrunk; his eyes were sunk and hollow; his cheeks rigid; his jaws fallen; and his lips so attenuated, that, when closed, the mouth was only indicated by a strong curved line. He sighed deeply, and the hurried glance which he every now and then threw around the court, showed how busy were the enemies of his peace within him. A tear of sympathy gathered in the eyes of many of the spectators, when they beheld the altered aspect of the man whose person but a few weeks before had been the envy of many and the admiration of all. What a tyrant is guilt when her slaves crouch beneath her scourge!

The trial commenced. Clifford was near fainting several times during the opening address of the opposing counsel, and when he heard the dreadful charge announced that he was the murderer of his own child, he fell senseless upon the beam which separated him from that part of the court appropriated to the spectators. He was, however, soon restored to a consciousness of his awful situation, and was furnished with a glass of water at his own request, which he swallowed with the most painful eagerness. Several times during the opening speech he was near falling. He continued, however, to retain his senses to the conclusion, when the prosecutor was ushered into court. Every eye was fixed upon the witness box. After a short pause, Esther entered with a firm step, and a serene, unembarrassed air; nevertheless, as soon as she was ready to be examined, the momentary quiver of her lip, and the transient flush upon her ashy cheek, showed that all was not at rest within. Her bosom heaved quick and heavily, but her self-command, evidently amid the most violent inward struggles, was truly surprising. She lost not her composure a single instant. Her clear dark eye had in it an expression of lofty determination, blended, nevertheless, with a dignified respect, which excited the admiration of the whole court. Every person present felt a lively interest in her welfare; but in proportion as their sympathies were excited toward her, they were weakened toward her seducer. The contrast between them was remarkable. She stood before them in the severe dignity of her beauty—he in the untimely wreck of his. In her the hand of sorrow had shaded, but not eclipsed it; in him, the scourge of terror and the stings of remorse had marred it altogether. Although she had become the dupe of his artifice, and suffered the penalty of her frailty, he, nevertheless, had been the greater victim; for while she had been the prey of another's guilt, he had fallen a victim to his own. It must be confessed, she rejoiced that retribution had overtaken him. Her wrongs were too great to be easily forgiven; they had seared her sympathies—they had extinguished her woman's tenderness.

Upon entering the box, Esther made a slight inclination of the head to the presiding judge, and then fixed her eye placidly, but keenly, upon the examining advocate. She exhibited no symptoms of timidity, but stood before him with an air of such settled collectedness, that he seemed rather disconcerted, as he cast toward her a glance of somewhat equivocal inquiry, and found it repelled by a quiet but indignant frown. She, like the prisoner, was dressed in the deepest mourning, which strikingly contrasted with the transparent whiteness of her beautiful countenance. Her hair was withdrawn from her forehead, and she wore neither cap nor bonnet, so that the whole face was conspicuously exposed, but every expression, therefore, visible to the spectators. She looked not pale from sickness, nevertheless she was pale; while in her tall, but round and well-proportioned form, there was a delicacy and ease of motion, at the same time a sustained elevation in her whole deportment, which soon expelled those favorable sentiments at first awakened for the

better than a sermon, so it was. And as you're a *stranger* from the old country, and seem a right slick-away sort of chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisitive after old stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genuine as if you heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger.

You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Columbia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was some time after fall in the year '77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leettle* bit maddened at this, he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clapboards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it, because they never moved it at all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbors pulled and tugged at it like *natur!* But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strange* sounds came out of it, just as if it didn't like to be disturbed and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last old Van Soak began to be a *leettle* bit *afeard*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it shouldn't be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws himself a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston.

"Handsome! considerably handsome! mighty smart rum, I guess," says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; "mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!" So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same, and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch governor of New York. Well! I calculate that they might at last be a *leettle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking, you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast toward night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free gratis for nothing, into the bargain.

Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, "Yo ho, there, brothers I open the hatchway and let me out!" which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum.

"Don't open the hogshead," cried the helps and neighbors, in mighty great fear; "it's the devil!"

"Potstausend!" says my Uncle Ben—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German—"You're a cowardly crew," says he, "that good liquor's thrown away upon!"

"Thunder and storm!" called out the voice again from the barrel, "why the Henker don't you unshup

the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?"

"Stille! mein Herr!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeard*, only a *leettle* maddened and wondered he was; "behave yourself handsome, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out I should like to make an *enquiry* of you: Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speedily, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate."

"Open the hogshead, brother!" said the man in the tub, says he, "and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you."

"Hole mich der teufel!" said my Uncle Ben, "but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once."

So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado, but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you; but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old, ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swinging cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genuine privateer, bull-dog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head.

If the helps and neighbors were *afeard* before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and *specially* so when the *strange* sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in swamp, "Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter heart than you did."

Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and neighbors he soon made a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all *afeard*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, "As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll be sworn friends, I warrant me." But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged.

"Hagel!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, "what's that in your right hand, my friend?"

"What's that to you?" said the old sailor. "We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate."

"Then," says my Uncle Ben again, says he, "may I make an *enquiry* of you? Where were you raised? and who's your boss?"

"Oh!" says the sailor, "I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why, he's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began."

"And pray, where's your *plunder*?" says my Uncle Ben to the *strange* sailor; "and how long have you been in that hogshead?"

"Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don't show every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your

paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder everywhere for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely."

"Lord who?" says Uncle Ben, a *litttle* bit maddened and wondered.

"Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure," answered the *strange* sailor, "the English governor of New England, and admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third."

"Governor and admiral in your teeth!" says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; "what have we to do with the old country, your kings or your governors? this is the free city of Boston, in the independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and to speak my mind plain, you're either the devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know, I'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentucky rowdy, of Townfork and the Elkhorn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so here goes upon you for a villain, any way!"

My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably maddened he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; for he flew upon the *strange* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar, laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *ternation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from a gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right sprawling upon the ground.

Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum-cask standing beside them. But now—mark you this well—on one of the head-boards of the barrel was wrote, "W. K. The Vulture. 1701," which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said he was once a loblolly-boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution-Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch Parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate beside Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomely, and wouldn't 'bate a word of it for nobody.

When Uncle Ben had finished, he says, "Jonathan W." says he, "I'll tell you what it is: 'I'll take it as a genuine favor if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.'" And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me from that day to this!

UGGERO THE DANE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

UGGERO, son of Godfrey, King of Denmark, was one of the most renowned warriors of the days of Charlemagne. Under Duke Namo of Bavaria, he had studied the art of war, and the first battle in which he was engaged, though quite a youth, he gave the most astonishing proofs of courage and intrepidity. He now resided at the Danish court, sighing once more to hear the clash of arms.

Soon was the wish of the heroic Dane gratified. He was called into Italy by Charles the Great, who had advanced with a numerous army toward Rome, to defend it from the Saracens. In a former battle these infidels had taken from the Christians their ancient and sacred banner, which our hero now determined to recover. Therefore, throwing himself into the midst of the enemy, he seized and carried off the Oriflamme in triumph.

Commanded by two such brave warriors, the Christians soon put the infidels to flight, and amid the acclamations of his people, Charles the Great returned victorious to his capitol.

The emperor's son Charles served in the campaign along with Uggero; but in every respect this young man was unlike his brave and noble father. Being cowardly, base, envious, and malignant, the fame and glory of Uggero, far from inspiring him with generous emulation, served only to kindle his envy; and every heroic action of the Dane increased the hatred and dislike which he felt toward him. He allowed no opportunity to escape of disparaging our hero, and when in battle, always endeavored to have him placed in the most dangerous situations, hoping by these means to get rid of his rival in arms; but the Danish warrior always escaped uninjured and victorious.

Uggero had left behind him a son, of whom he formed the highest expectations. The young Baldwin had already given promise of one day surpassing his father in the practice of arms, when he received a mandate from the latter to quit the Danish court, and repair to that of France, there to benefit by his own instructions.

Under such a master, the noble youth made the most rapid progress. To a handsome person, he united courage, magnanimity, and generosity; in a word, he was all that a father could desire. Here was another rival to Charles. If he hated the father, he still more detested the son, and only waited an opportunity of venting his fury against him. That opportunity was, alas! too speedily found. Encountering the young Baldwin one day in the suburbs of Paris, he so grossly insulted him, that the hand of the Dane was instantly upon his sword, but, ere he could draw it from its scabbard, the cowardly villain laid him dead at his feet.

When the body of his murdered son, the sword still reeking with his blood, was brought before the father, horror and amazement rendered him for some time speechless. To this unnatural calmness there succeeded the most dreadful fury. Fire flashed from his eyes, he grasped the sword, madly rushed toward the palace, and furiously entered the hall, vowing vengeance against the murderer. On observing Charles, who, pale and trembling, had taken refuge behind the emperor, he sprang upon him, and, grasping him with one hand, in the other he held the sword before his eyes, and exclaimed, "Wretch, behold the blood of my son—it calls for vengeance." Brandishing it high in air, he seemed about to strike the fatal blow, when the Duke of Bavaria suddenly rushed upon him, wrenched the sword from his hand, forced him to quit his victim, and, while the emperor thundered, "Away with him to prison," he dragged him from the chamber. On hearing the emperor's dread command, the attendant knights, afraid for the life of the hero, threw themselves at the monarch's feet, imploring his pardon; but, highly incensed at the insult he had received, Charlemagne imperiously commanded them to rise and quit his presence, and never again to mention Uggero's name before him; then turning from them, the haughty monarch left the hall.

The knights now exclaimed, "Uggero is lost!" But

no ———. On learning how basely the young Baldwin had been murdered by his son, Charlemagne had too much justice and generosity to take the father's life, but, to mark his high displeasure, he banished him the kingdom; and the wretched parent returned to the Danish court, bitterly deploring the death of a beloved and only son.

Under the command of Bruiero, one of their bravest generals, the Saracens now renewed the war; and Charlemagne learned, with astonishment, that they were rapidly advancing toward his capitol. He instantly summoned his forces to Paris; but having no such warrior as the Danish hero, and being at this time deprived also of his bravest troops, Charles the Great was seen to tremble.

All eyes were now turned to the Danish court, and one and all deeply deplored the absence of the undaunted leader, who had so often led them to battle against these barbarians; but no one had courage to utter the name of the banished Uggero. At last the Duke of Bavaria, throwing himself at the feet of the monarch, with tears and supplications urged his recall. But tears and entreaties alike proved vain. The emperor's determination remained unshaken; and the Duke, who loved Uggero as his son, retired from the royal presence overwhelmed with sorrow.

The gloomy and sullen looks of the knights at length forced the monarch to recall their idol; and the Duke of Bavaria was despatched to the Danish court to urge his return. On being made acquainted with the emperor's request, Uggero stood for some moments lost in deep thought, then throwing himself upon his knees, he remained some time in prayer. Rising from this act of devotion, he exclaimed, "Yes, Namo, go tell the emperor that Uggero returns, but returns on one condition only—if he obtains a victory over the infidels, the murderer of his son becomes his prisoner; and this," thundered Uggero, "the emperor must seal with an oath."

When the Duke again appeared before Charlemagne, and informed him of the hero's stipulation, the monarch indignantly exclaimed, "What! a father give up a son as prisoner to his mortal enemy! No, never, Uggero shall remain at the court of Denmark." But the approach of a powerful enemy to the very gates of his capitol, and the fear of a mutiny among his troops, at length forced the haughty monarch to yield, and the banished Uggero was recalled.

When the warrior again appeared in the camp, he was greeted with loud acclamations, and the emperor instantly conferred upon him the supreme command. Christians and infidels being now prepared for battle, they only waited for the signal of attack, when Uggero, to spare the effusion of human blood, nobly offered to terminate the contest by single combat with the Saracen general, a proposition which the infidel had the temerity to accept. In dreadful suspense the contending armies awaited the issue of the combat. The signal being given by the emperor, these two lions of war rushed furiously upon each other. The scimitar of the Saracen was opposed to the battle-axe of the Dane, and it required all our hero's address to cope with his rival in arms. But at last a well-directed stroke from the weapon of Uggero felled his opponent to the ground, and the infidel rolled at the feet of the warrior. A cry of horror burst from the camp of the Saracens, whilst a shout of joy resounded from that of the Christians.

Uggero was now borne in triumph to the Royal Pavilion, where, bending the knee, he laid the scimitar of his enemy at the feet of the monarch.

But soon the hero sprung from the ground, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, "Sire, remember your oath!" and instantly the ghastly, trembling, and terrified victim stood before him. Uggero looked fiercely upon him, while again brandishing his sword, he exclaimed, "Now is the time for vengeance!—instantly shall thou suffer the reward of thy crimes." And with these words, he rushed furiously toward the fainting Charles, who, overcome with terror, fell senseless to the ground.

A cry of horror burst from the emperor. But Uggero disdaining to take the life of the assassin, threw the weapon from him, and prostrating himself before

the monarch, exclaimed, "You feel for me, sire, as a father; I restore to thee thy son—he who so cruelly deprived me of mine."

At this act of tenderness and generosity, loud acclamations rent the air, and the emperor, tears filling his eyes, fell upon the neck of Uggero, and fervently embraced him.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cherial's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Tevlot loved while still a child,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled
By Eek or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire dream—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear,
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that love me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

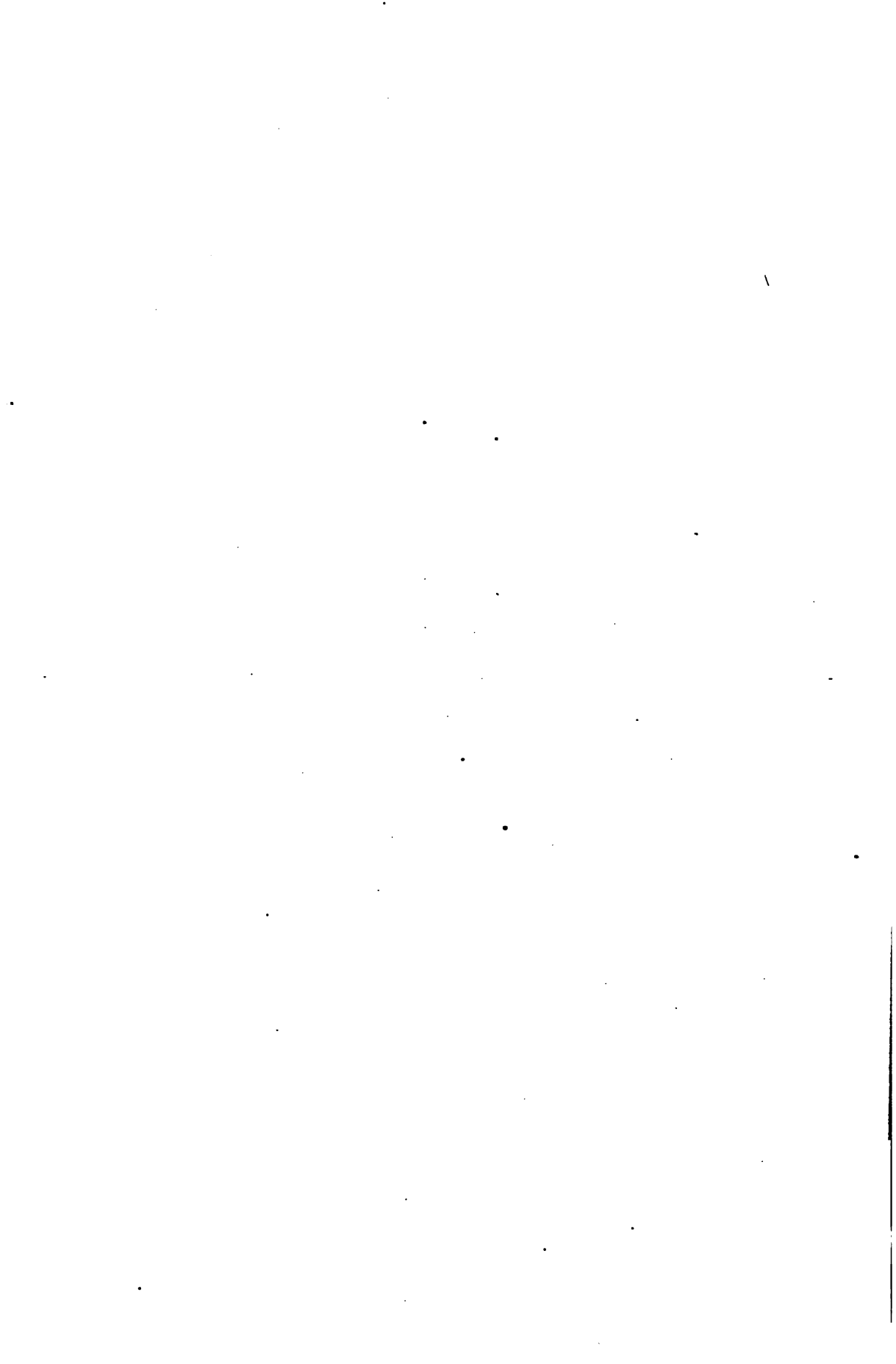
Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!—
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.

INVITATION.

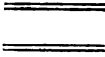
Come ye, come ye, to the green, green wood;
Loudly the blackbird is singing,
The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,
And the curled fern is springing;
Here ye may sleep
In the moss so deep,
While the moon is so warm and so weary,
And sweetly awake
As the sun through the brake
Bids the fauvette and white-throat sing cheery.

The quicken is tufted with blossom of snow,
And is throwing its perfume around it;
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
For joy that again she has found it;
The jay's red breast
Peeps over her nest,
In the midst of the crab blossoms blushing;
And the call of the pheasant
Is frequent and pleasant,
When all other calls are hushing.—Howitt.





London



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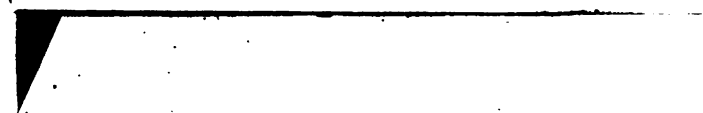
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The trailing tendrils of green vines
And red-brown leaves which carpeted
The path which thou wert wont to tread,
Vol. 1.—No. XV.

And humble souls most fain to shrink
Beside the road in weariness,
From thee as from a fount shall drink
A freshened hope, and onward press.



1/100

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

ALICE.

LADY, of what art thou dreaming now?
Why is the shadow of sadness
Lying across thine ample brow,
Where brightness should be and gladness?
Why is that drooping head
And that half abstracted eye,
Seeming as if before it spread
The joys of the past did lie;
As if thy spirit pondered
The things of days gone by,
And shadows before it wandered,
Thought-hidden, dreamily.

Over thee arches the summer's sky;
The summer's glad some breath
Is stirring along the plains beneath,
That in pleasant sunshine lie;
The far off sun-lit glades,
The moving cloud-trailed shades,
Over the valleys and hills are creeping,
The steel blue river is gently sweeping
Under the shade, and flashing bright
As it rounds into the glistening light;
And far below in silence go
All living creatures to and fro,
Diminished to a fairy show.

But them thou seest not,
While thine abstracted eye,
Half turning heedlessly,
Gazeth upon some nearer spot
Which entereth not into thy thought:
A veil is swung before thy sight,
And shifting figures o'er it move,
Changing and restless, dark and bright,
As when a curtain awayeth
The picture upon it playeth
And shifteth with the light.

Thou seest—as from thy parapet—
The dawning of thy childhood's prime,
The glories of a youthful time
Which long ago have set,
Again the pulse in every vein
Beats quickly, and a sense of youth
Free from all consuetude of pain
Strikes from thy soul its sorrowing chain.
Thou art a happy child again,
Truthful and yet unconscious of thy truth;
No check of impulse gives thee pause,
No fear that thou art doing wrong—
Thy natural promptings are thy laws,
Thy joy keeps gushing into song.

The robin's song in the distance heard,
Breaks not thy dreamy reverie;
It seemeth like some singing bird
That years ago did sing to thee:
And the hours that thou hast grown beneath
The swelling of youth's summer breath,
A blossom feeding on the air—

Perchance the rose within thy hand
Hath borne thee to that sunny land,—
For nothing breaks so soon in twain
The bondage of the present hour,
And dissipates all care and pain,
And bringeth back the olden days,
And youth and former scenes and ways,
Like the sweet smelling of a flower;
And in its leaves perchance there was
The scent o' clover and sweet grass,
The bubbling brook's low lisp'ing chime
That gurgled the green woods along,
And running like an endless rhyme,
Murmured a dreamy undersong;
The whispering music of the pines
Low rustling overhead,
The trailing tendrils of green vines
And red-brown leaves which carpeted
The path which thou wert wont to tread,

Ere life was sad and dull;
And the bob-o-link's song so overfull
Of rapturous, weariless delight,
For loving of the glad sunlight.

Perchance thou seest backward far
Into this land of pleasantness,—
Perchance less joyous visions press
Around thy heart, and a sad sense
Disturbs thee of the difference
Of things which were and things which are.
Thou thinkest of that dream of love,
That boundless morning of the soul
When endless longing 'gan to move
And yearnings all beyond control;
And then of harsh, cold words and deeds
Of sullen pathy,
That lesson many a human eye
In life's sad pages reads.
And thou perchance wast sensitive,
Smaring beneath the barbed sting,
And couldst not quickly overlive
Its burning pain,
But felt the poison lingering
In every vein.

For one who wears a tender heart,
In the rude crush of thoughtless life,
Must often feel the sullen smart
Of cold indifference worse than strife,—
Will often feel youth's boundless faith
Wilt 'neath reality's chill breath,
And know at last that they who lean
On custom, fortune, favor, trust
A reed which crumbles all to dust;
And they alone whose life within
Is self-supported, self sustained,
May upward look and dare all chance,
All freaks of changeful circumstance,
And know that they a place have gained
Where fear, and injury, and shame
Are like an idly spoken name,—
Which though the whole world fall beside,
Fixed and unconquered can abide;
From which all things around shall seem
Fair as the scenery of a dream;
And even harsh things be more kind,
And rudest facts but as the wind
Wherein a nature bold and strong
Hath drawn itself, for over-fear,
Lest smooth words teach him soon to steer
Bewilderingly 'twixt right and wrong.

Turn back, dear lady, to thy life,—
Believe that thou may'st make this earth,
Harsh though it seem, and full of strife,
Happy and glad by thine own worth.
For nothing liveth unto thee
But by the life within,
And all that thou on earth canst see
Is self-reflect'd imagery,
Sad, troubled, or serene.
Bow not before the sullen past,
That speaks of custom unto thee,
But all within thy heart broad cast
Sow in life's seed-field generously.
Act out the holy dreams of youth,
Stand firm by that ideal hope
That filled thy childhood's boundless scope.
Put into every action truth;
With fearless and unclouded eye
Look forward on thine opening path,
From all disguise of meanness fly,
And keep through aspiration, faith;
Then shall a new spring bless the earth,
And in thy soul the world's annoy
Shall vanish, or shall change to joys,
And life be as another birth,
The world so dark and dim erewhile,
Shall wear the sunlight of a smile,
And humble souls most fain to shrink
Beside the road in weariness.
From thee as from a fount shall drink
A freshened hope, and onward press.

EGYPT.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.*
AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD," &c.

"THERE were giants in the land in those days"—thus in the very language of scripture one is led to exclaim, when contemplating Egypt, the mother of civilization, the cradle of the arts, the one kingdom standing alone among the ancient things of earth—the *ancient* among all that is old. While its origin is lost amid a dark and obscure mythology, Egypt has lived in the magnificence of its own ruins to witness kingdoms and dynasties rise, flourish, and disappear under the un-falling progress of time, and nations, once the glory and terror of the earth, fade away, till their memory is to be sought in the remains of their genius, their works of taste, or the splendor of their ruins.

Egypt remains, shorn of her beams it is true, yet does she live with a name as enduring as the materials of which her stupendous and giant-like monuments are constructed. Carry the mind back to the time when the Tiber with its vines and olives glided in solitary beauty between its verdant banks, and the seven hills, crowned with vegetation to their very summits, resounded only to the melody of the wild bird or the tread of the ferocious beast, ere Romulus had laid the foundations even of the "Eternal City," and what was Egypt then? She had become ruinous with age; her surplus population had centuries before carried the arts to other lands, and peopled kingdoms that were the glory of the earth. Greece, retaining the elements of Egyptian greatness, had remodelled every thing with a lighter and more exuberant taste; the superb grandeur of the original country had yielded to the elegant fancy of a refined and chastened judgment, and arts and literature, freed from the thralldom of a gloomy priesthood, started at once to life, like the fabled goddess, armed and full-grown.

Surely, "there were giants in the land in those days," we involuntarily exclaim, when beholding the stupendous works of human labor that date their origin to a period anterior to any certain records. The mountain of solid granite has been excavated into an idolatrous temple, and the chisel of the artist has wrought upon its surface immense figures of men, who thousands and thousands of years ago figured upon the arena of life, and performed the exploits there recorded. There are the mementoes of their greatness, though their names have long since passed away and are forgotten. Yet, there stand those colossal men, the champions of ancient Egypt, living in imperishable granite, looking from the sepulchre of centuries upon the generations that stare in wonderment upon them, not one of whom can lift the veil which time has thrown over their name and deeds. The history of the whole world, so far as it is now known to man, might have been written as it transpired, upon the surface of the Pyramids, and yet the shadows of unknown times would rest upon their summits.

Were these immense statues, these stupendous works of human labor, of which nothing certain can be known, constructed by a race like our own? If so, the mechanic arts must have arrived at the greatest possible perfection, and the population must have been numerous beyond conception, or the length of time necessary for their construction would have been too great for the endurance of human patience, to say nothing of the princely revenues required, even supposing, as was most likely the case, that the inhabitants were mere serfs of the soil, the passive slaves of despots. Of what grandeur of conception, what vastness and magnificence of design, must that people have been capable, who reared those wonders of the world! Shall we account for these things in this way, or shall we adopt the fabulous belief of Titans and giants, and pronounce the wars waged against the celestial powers no more than the mystical and figurative language of the ancients, by which they would indicate the altitude of these gigantic structures? The heaping of Pelicon upon Ossa, nothing more than the immense granite blocks torn from the mountain side to rear the Pyramids?

Was it so? Upon this supposition these works of

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art are no longer of preposterous dimensions. No grandeur of conception, no lofty imagination was required; they had only to chisel figures after their own models, and of the very material they chose, and they would stand for the amazement of all succeeding ages. They had only to exert their own prodigious strength, and the pastime of the giants would remain the wonder of the world. The Pyramids may have been their observatories; very probably, under any theory, they were the observatories of the strange people who constructed them.

We pass into Syria, into ancient Greece, into India, and more wonderful still, into the new hemisphere, and we find analogous structures, all of which must be referred to the same cyclopean builders. Who were they? what were they? Who shall answer?

But it is of Egypt we would speak. We must go back to a period long prior to any certain chronology, if we would even attempt to form a conception of the refinement and resources of this wonderful people. We must violate the gloomy sanctuary of the mausoleum and catacomb, be able to interpret the hieroglyphics of their decaying temples, and wandering amid their time-honored Pyramids, be gifted with a mental vision that penetrates the dim twilight of ages, if we would solve the mystery of the early Egyptians.

Egypt, amid the nations of the earth, reminds us, if we may "compare great things with small," of the old oak that has braved the storms and the changes of a thousand years, and beheld sapling after sapling rise in its shadow, grow to maturity and decay, while its own form became but the more venerable with the moss of ages. The Parthenon, the Coliseum, and the palace of the Alhambra, have each been the pride and glory of their respective nations, and are now venerable in ruins. But neither the elegant Greek, the stern Roman, nor the haughty Moor, could, more than ourselves, penetrate the obscurity that veils the builders of these vast edifices, which vie in durability with the "everlasting hills."

In the time of Abraham, Egypt must have been great and powerful, and the caravan on its way to Memphis might have reposed under the shadow of the Pyramids, even as do the travelers of our own times. For what purpose were these built? They were undoubtedly connected in some way with the dark and mystical religion of the builders; and as the priesthood monopolized the learning and wisdom of the age, they might have made advances in astronomy, which were concealed from the vulgar, that they might the better operate upon their fears and superstitions. It would be natural for a corrupt priesthood, who by long and attentive observation of the heavenly bodies had been able to calculate some of their phenomena, to endeavor to turn their knowledge to such an account. And the fulfilment of their predictions with regard to the movements and appearance of the planets would naturally deepen the awe with which they would be regarded both by prince and people.

The facts, that the faces of the Pyramids always look to the four cardinal points, and the entrance according to modern observation being upon the same side, and the descent at about the same angle, and precisely at the termination of the descent the visitor being able to behold through the entrance the north star—these facts would seem to place it beyond a doubt that these structures were connected with astronomical observations. It was here that Herodotus, Pythagoras, Homer, and all the wise and gifted of Greece, sat at the feet of an Egyptian priesthood and imbibed those lessons of wisdom and knowledge which they were to convey to their own soil, where, touched by a livelier fancy and more elegant taste, they were to produce works that remain to this day, the wonder and admiration of the world.

Let us imagine ourselves sailing up the Nile when Memphis and Thebes were in all their glory, and the Pyramids, unscathed by the hand of the barbarian, sent back the flashes of the declining sun from their covering of marble. Yonder, with a delicious dreamy motion, is the royal yacht glittering with gold and be-studded with gems, the gossamer streamers flashing like rainbows in the light—here, the gay barge darts by to the measured dip of the oar, while innumerable

barks, made of the classical papyrus, are filled with merry groups.

Look away to the east, and through the transparent atmosphere you behold a caravan on its return from distant India, bearing gums and spices, pearls and gems and costly purple, in exchange for the grain and linen of Egypt. Another from the west has crossed the arid desert with patient camel and fiery steed, the whole consisting of a motley array of Egyptian merchants, Arabian freebooters, and sooty Africans, bringing ivory, gold dust, choice woods, and slaves.

Mark how the rays of the sun rest on the glittering tops of the Pyramids, and how like a vista their relative distances lessen, as we leave Cheops and Cephrenas far behind us. Upon every side is the appearance of a dense and active population. Every little lake is alive with boats, and the innumerable canals are covered with all classes of inhabitants, eager to enjoy the refreshing breeze that springs up as the day closes.

The palm, the plantain, and the gigantic sycamore wave their green branches; while the graceful obelisk, covered with symbolical representations, lifts its taper spire to the skies. The sacred lotus reposes its pure chalice upon the waters, and fills the air with fragrance. Tall grain waves like a sea of green, while the vine and the melon are flinging their treasures to the very river's brink. Gigantic statues, like genii of the place, overlook the river, and their immense shadows create an awe almost amounting to terror as they stand with fixed features against the sky.

And now Thebes, mother of cities, with its massive walls and hundred gates, breaks like a spell of enchantment upon the senses. A hundred gates—so say historians; but Volney thinks we should read temples instead of gates. And this perhaps is not an improbable suggestion, when it is remembered that upon any signal event the princes of Egypt were in the habit of erecting "gateways" which were in fact nothing less than costly structures elaborately ornamented with hieroglyphics, statuary, etc., difficult of access, of impregnable strength, and forming the entrance to temples, avenues or walks. It is probable the monument to which Cleopatra retired to die after the downfall of Antony may have been one of these gateways.

Mark how the beautiful acacia gleams in the midst of long colonades, and how the magnificent cornice that surmounts the lofty structure imparts to the whole an air of grandeur and durability. Heavy gateways are reflected upon the river on either hand, and the elegant obelisk gleams everywhere through a wilderness of verdure. The sacred Ibis floats in a sea of blue, and now alights upon the shoulders of the musical Memnon, and trims his long sable pinions.

Yonder amidst an avenue of Sphinxes, that every where guard the temples of the gods, is a procession of the priesthood, slowly and sternly wending their way to some distinguished fane in celebration of their mystic rites. Dark, bloody, and mysterious must they have been, as was the character of the people. One can almost hear the shrieks of the human victim as he is bound upon the altar of the idol.

And now fronting the river on either hand appear four magnificent temples, embowered in palms and sycamores, and guarded by enormous sphinxes and gigantic statuary. Pile above pile rises the massive architecture of these gorgeous temples, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. But who shall dare describe Karnac and Luxor, Dair and Midenet Abou, or presume to lift the veil that for ages has shrouded the mysterious worship within those walls? As we gaze upon their superb gateways, vast and covered with sculpture, the shadows deepen, and heavy cornice and massive pillars commingle, till all is lost in gloom and obscurity. And this was Egypt, ere Homer sang, or the Penates of Æneas had found an asylum.

From being the mistress of the world, the promulgator of laws, and the distributor of knowledge, Egypt has been for ages sunk in servitude and debasement, the hapless tool of any despot who might choose to make the land a field for his ambition. But the sceptre of the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman have long since yielded to the iron hand of the Saracen, and Egypt appears ready once more to assert her dignity and regain her standing among the nations of the earth.

Mehemet Ali at one time seemed, in every thing but name, independent of the Porte. Under his stern and despotic sway his people were emerging from the debasement into which they had been for ages plucked. The commerce of the country was reviving; her cotton and rice finding their way to European ports; manufactures and schools were established; improvements of every kind encouraged; European tactics introduced to the soldiery, and the Pacha, by an enlightened and judicious policy, seemed about to restore Egypt to some degree of her former splendor.

Original.

THE PAGE'S REVENGE.

BY H. J. CONWAY.

At the time that Philippo-Maria Visconti, that most consummate of tyrants, wore the ducal crown of Milan, there dwelt in that fair city two noble families, between whom had subsisted, for several generations, a close alliance. These families were the Montelermos and the Vitellia. These names had been distinguished in the early and virtuous times, when the Milanese, inspired with an ardent passion for liberty, set all Italy a glorious example, in the heroic struggle which they maintained for freedom, against the whole force of the empire under the conduct of that great captain, Frederick Barbarossa. Those days had long since departed, and freedom had become a forbidden word in Milan; yet the Montelermos and the Vitellia, though compelled to submit to the succession of tyrannical despots who usurped their natural rights, still preserved among their degenerate countrymen an unblemished reputation for probity and honor. A remarkable coincidence seemed to attend the fluctuating fortunes of these two houses. Both had risen from obscurity, in the patriotic struggle against the empire; both had been ennobled for deeds performed in the same bloody field, and, after several intermarriages between the different branches, both houses now saw themselves reduced to a single representative on either side. Julian de Montelermo, a youth of nineteen, was the sole survivor of his race, and Adrian Vitelli, with his only daughter, Isadora, were the last of their name.

The father of Julian, when on his death-bed, had expressed to his friend, Adrian, an ardent desire that the families might be united in the persons of their children—a desire that met with a warm response in the bosom of Adrian, who, alive to the ancient feeling of regard that had so long subsisted between the families, and loving the amiable Julian as his son, could desire for his Isadora no better nor more suitable protector. The affection of the parents was, however, too sincere to allow them to make any attempt to trammel the feelings of their children; and Adrian Vitelli, while he promised his dying friend to bestow on Julian his daughter's hand whenever it was demanded, assured him that he would make no effort to bias the young man's election. And he kept his word. The Vitelli palace was ever open to Julian, and a warm welcome ever greeted his entrance; but he was never persuaded by anything but genuine kindness to renew his visit.

The wishes of the parents, however, without effort on their own part, were apparently gratified. The charms of the fair Isadora soon made a complete conquest of the ardent Julian, and she, though refraining with maiden coyness from at once blessing his suit with an avowal of a reciprocal passion, with her eloquent eyes told him plainly enough that he need not despair. They now met daily, and Julian having at length extorted from his adored the desired confession, hastened to her father to declare his passion and demand his daughter's hand.

"I thank heaven!" exclaimed Adrian Vitelli, after listening to the young man, "that this is so. It was the earnest wish of your father's heart, as it has long been of mine, that you should wed my Isadora. She is yours, my son, and may the grace of heaven be upon your union, that though the name of Vitelli must become extinct in my tomb, the blood of our race, mingled with the pure stream of your own, may yet descend to posterity."

The day for the celebration of the nuptials was appointed, and had already approached within a few weeks, when one of those ruptures which so frequently occurred between the Italian states at that period, breaking out between Florence and Milan, Adrian Vitelli, who held a command in the service of the sovereign he despised, was compelled to hasten to the field. This was a severe disappointment to the lovers: to Julian, as it might probably postpone the day of his bliss for some time; and to Isadora, as it deprived her of the society of a father she tenderly loved, and exposed his life to all the dreadful casualties of war. As they were already affianced, however, the absence of Adrian did not prevent his daughter from receiving the visits of her lover. They met daily, and each succeeding interview increased the ardor of that passion that burned in the bosom of each.

It was midnight, and silence reigned in the Vitelli palace. In a spacious saloon, the arched roof of which rested upon pillars of polished marble, sat the fair Isadora; and at her feet, reclining on the marble floor, his arm only resting on a silken cushion, was her lover. A subdued light pervaded the apartment, which emanated from an immense lamp that was borne aloft in the centre of the saloon, by a bronze Atlas of colossal height. The beams of light, passing through a globe of ground glass, fell with a mellow lustre upon all around, gleaming like moonlight upon the polished floor, and casting prostrate the shadows of the tall pillars like the figures of sleeping giants. The open doors on one side of the saloon gave entrance to a broad terrace, which descended by steps to the garden beyond, where the orange and citron, displaying at once their golden fruit and white blossom, sent clouds of fragrance at every wandering breath that visited them, and shook their dark green, laurel-like leaves in the glittering moonlight. It was a beautiful scene, and harmonized well with those youthful forms whose presence made its beauty perfect. Few figures were more symmetrical than Julian's, and as he reclined on the white marble floor, his dark dress displayed by the contrast every curve and line of its elegant contour. His fine face turned upward, was illuminated by the soft and steady lustre of the lamp, and glowed with all the ambition of youth and love, as in the low, rich tones of passion, he addressed his heart's idol. And well might his love be adoration when he gazed upon that matchless face. Perfect in all the attributes of classic beauty, it was at the same time animated and enriched by that indescribable expression of tenderness and delicacy which love imprints upon the brow of woman. Her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the object before her, as in perfect silence she listened to his words, and drank in through her own the light of his eyes. Her dress, as well as the delicate proportions of her figure, were in happy contrast with her lover's. A white robe of rich satin enveloped her form, and according to the style of the time, displayed the whiteness of her neck and the tapering symmetry of her waist, while its ample skirt, forming a long train, lay in thick folds about her feet, and hid them from the view. She was without ornament of any kind, save a string of pearls, that, hanging round her neck, descended to her waist and supported a small ivory crucifix.

"You are silent, my Isadora," said Julian, as he again pressed her passive hand to his lips; "you are silent: why does not my beloved speak to me?"

A gentle sigh broke from the heaving bosom of Isadora, as she seemed to awake at her lover's question from some sweet reverie.

"Pardon me," she murmured, "I did not hear you, Julian."

"Nay," he said half pettishly, "this is unkind, now; here have I been talking to you this half hour, and using all the moving arguments I could think of to induce you to comply with my proposal, and now you say you did not hear me."

"It is too true, love," replied the fair girl, with a smile at her lover's pique; "but be not angry with me for my seeming neglect, for though I did not hear a word you said, I assure you I was attending to you most thoughtfully."

"Attending to me, and yet not hear me," said Julian. "I hope my love has not grown deaf?"

"O no," she answered, "I am not deaf;" and then stooping till her brow rested upon his shoulder, while a rich blush overspread her face, she continued: "you looked so beautiful, Julian, as you lay at my feet, that I forgot to listen as I gazed, and your words only murmured in my ears like the sounds of sweet music."

"O, sweet flatterer!" cried Julian, as rising he took her in his arms, and placed himself beside her on the couch; "then you heard not my proposal?"

"What proposal?" she asked.

"That I shall write to your father," answered Julian, "and request his permission for our immediate union."

"Never!" she exclaimed quickly. "I wonder at you, Julian, that you should suppose me capable of such an act. What would my dear father think of me, if, while he lies exposed to all the hardships and calamities of war, I should show myself so little regardful of him, as to allow such a request to be made?"

"But you know, love," replied Julian, "that to-morrow is the day that your father himself appointed for our nuptials, and I am sure he would not wish his absence to delay our happiness. If you wish not that I should write, yet, dearest, delay not to bless me."

"What mean you?" she asked.

"I mean," he replied, pressing her to his heart, "that you must to-morrow redeem the pledge you appointed at our contracting, and in the sight of heaven become mine forever. Father Giovanni has promised to perform the ceremony whenever I may call upon him, and there is nothing to prevent it from taking place."

She rested her blushing cheek upon his shoulder as she murmured: "Wait, love, a little, a little longer yet."

"Then you love me not, Isadora, as I thought you did," he exclaimed, "or you would not wish to defer the moment that is to give us to each other. O! if you loved as I do, no feelings of filial regard—no scruples of maiden delicacy could induce you to refuse the request I have made. You love me no longer, Isadora."

"Unkind Julian! to say so," murmured Isadora, as a glittering tear fell from her dark eye upon his hand.

"Forgive me," he cried, "forgive me; I will press you no more!" and he kissed her drooping eyelids as he spoke.

They remained for some minutes in silence, his arm supporting her waist, while her brow rested on his shoulder. A profound sigh at length escaped her, and looking up, she said:

"Julian, I will do anything to please you."

"And will you wed me to-morrow, dearest?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"I will," she replied, as she threw her arms about his neck, and hid her face in his bosom.

At that moment the lovers were startled by a rustling noise near them. Julian sprang to his feet, and looking round quickly, perceived some one gliding down the steps of the terrace. He rushed toward the retreating figure, and in a few moments re-entered the saloon, grasping by the arm a handsome boy of about fifteen years of age, very richly dressed.

"You have a courtly page, lady," exclaimed Julian, as he led the boy toward her. "I found him stealing away, and have no doubt he has been playing the listener. Speak, sirrah! was it not so?"

The boy remained sullenly silent.

"What!" cried Julian angrily, and shaking him violently, "are you possessed of a dumb devil? Speak, or I shall quickly shake an answer from you."

By a sudden effort the boy released himself from Julian's grasp, and rushing to Isadora, knelt at her feet.

"I have done wrong," he cried with much emotion, "and from you, senora, I will receive any punishment you choose to inflict; but to you only am I answerable for my faults, and from you only will I submit to reproof."

"I am much offended with you, Geronimo," said Isadora. "You have acted unworthily and rudely; but before I speak further, make your submission to signior Julian."

"Never!" exclaimed the page, starting to his feet, and casting a glance of defiance at Julian.

"Then leave me, sirrah!" cried Isadora, in a voice of anger, "and let me see you no more."

"And before you go, sir Page," said Julian, "receive the guerdon of a base act."

As he spoke he struck him lightly on the cheek. A sudden fury seemed to possess the boy. In an instant his countenance became deadly pale, his whole frame trembled, and drawing a small dagger which he wore at his side, he sprung upon Julian. The latter, however, avoided the blow which was aimed at his breast by springing nimbly aside, and then seizing the infuriated boy by the arm, he wrested the poniard from his grasp, and threw it far into the garden. Geronimo cast upon him a malignant glance, and rushed from the saloon.

On the following morning, before the vesper bell had rung, there stood in a small chapel of the Franciscan convent, the good father Giovanni, and two other persons closely enveloped in cloaks. By the dim light of the solitary lamp which faintly illuminated the chapel, the priest proceeded to read the marriage ceremony, and in a few minutes Julian de Montelermo and Isadora Vitelli were linked together in the indissoluble bonds of sacred wedlock. After receiving a fervent blessing from the good father who had united them, the bride and bridegroom quitted the chapel, and proceeded in the gray light of the dawning day toward the Vitelli palace. They were both too much occupied with each other to perceive that upon quitting the chapel they were followed by some person, enveloped like themselves, in a cloak; and when they stopped within sight of the bride's home, they failed to remark that the same person stopped likewise, and, screened within a portico, stood near enough to hear every word that passed between them. That, however, seemed but little calculated to extend his information. All that was uttered was a hasty farewell, and these words pronounced by Julian: "Remember six!" With those words the newly wedded pair separated, Isadora entering her home, and Julian retiring in an opposite direction. As they disappeared, the listener stepped from his concealment and was about to follow Julian, when the voices of persons advancing from that direction, caused him to pause, and then to withdraw again into the shadow of the portico. As he stood in his concealment, the persons whom he had heard advanced, and he could distinguish by the increasing light of the morning, the figures of the party. They were three, evidently from the richness of their dress, all men of rank, though the centre one seemed to be treated with peculiar deference by the other two. They were all masked, and walked rapidly, conversing freely as they went. As they passed the portico, one of them was heard to say: "She was too much honored by your highness's notice." Those words seemed to produce a sudden effect upon the listener. He started, gazed eagerly after the retiring figures for a few moments, and then springing forward, followed them cautiously at a short distance.

After traversing a few streets, they came to the square in which stood the ducal palace. All was here silence and repose; a single halibadier of the guard paced slowly to and fro in the great portico of the palace; no other living thing was visible. The three crossed the square to the ducal abode, and ran up the steps that led to the portico. The sentinel challenged, and presented his pike, but the centre one of the three, who was now in advance of the other two, removed his mask for a moment, and the soldier, raising the point of his lance, stood motionless till they all passed him. The person who had followed them thus far, had gradually lessened the distance between himself and the party he was following, till upon their arrival at the palace, he was but a few paces behind them. When they ascended the steps he had sprung up nimbly after them, and was now so near that the sentinel, thinking him one of the party, made no opposition to his entrance. Passing through the vestibule, the party entered a large hall, at the further end of which a spacious stairway of white marble led to the upper apartments. The principal personage of the three passed directly forward to the stair, while the other two turned off to the right, down one of the numerous passages that entered the great hall. He who had followed the party sprang lightly after the person who was ascending the stairs, and exclaimed, in a low voice:

"My lord, an audience; I crave an audience of your highness."

The duke (for it was the Visconti himself) turned

quickly round at these words, and seeing a stranger within a few feet of him, grew very pale as he started back and half drew his sword. The intruder, seeing the effect his sudden appearance had produced, stopped, and sinking on his knee upon the stair, said:

"I beseech your pardon, my lord; but I have something to communicate which your highness would probably like to hear."

"Who are you, and how came you here?" cried the duke, apparently a little reassured by the youth and humility of the intruder.

"I am nothing but a poor boy who was yesterday a page to the fairest lady in Milan; but am now without friends or service. I saw your highness but now entering your palace, and I followed you so closely that I was allowed to pass unquestioned."

"Indeed! you are a bold boy, methinks," muttered the duke. "And pray what important matter was it you had to communicate to us?"

The face of the page, whom our readers have no doubt ere this discovered to be Geronimo, grew very pale, and his voice faltered as he said:

"I know, my lord, that the honor of your love was once scornfully rejected by the lady Isadora Vitelli."

"Ha!" cried Visconti, knitting his brows, "you speak boldly, sirrah!"

"Your pardon, my lord," continued the page; "that lady was privately wedded this morning to Julian de Montelermo; none but the priest who performed the ceremony, and myself, are acquainted with the fact. The bridegroom has not yet been admitted to the apartment of the bride, and I can, if your highness be so inclined, —" he stopped suddenly and looked down.

"Well, sirrah!" exclaimed the duke, "thou canst do what?"

"Admit your highness instead of the bridegroom," said Geronimo.

"By St. Francis! a proper page," cried Visconti, eyeing him closely. "But tell me; what has induced you to do the happy pair this shrewd turn?"

"Vengeance!" exclaimed Geronimo with so much vehemence, and starting up at the same moment so suddenly, that the duke snatched his sword from the scabbard, and presented it to his breast. But the page, without noticing the alarm he had occasioned, continued speaking. "I hate Julian de Montelermo as I hate the enemy of souls; I have long hated him; for he has been as a dark shadow between me and a glorious dream that has sometimes come upon my spirit like a vision of Elysium. I hate him for that; though he had never felt my vengeance but for a base blow which he dealt me last night."

"But your mistress"—cried the duke—"would you betray her because you hate her husband?"

"She was by when the blow was given," answered Geronimo.

The duke gazed upon the boy a few moments, and then said:

"Know you what will be your fate if you deceive me in this matter, or fail to do as you have promised?"

"I only know," replied the page, "that my life is in your highness's power, and if I fail in word or deed, I deserve to lose it."

"You say well," cried Visconti. "Follow me, then—but stop: first cast off that cloak; I like not these muffled companions."

Geronimo immediately dropped his cloak upon the stair where he stood, and exhibited his slight and graceful figure. The duke scanned him narrowly, and his brow contracted as his eye rested on the small poniard which the boy had replaced in his girdle.

"Why are you armed?" asked the timid tyrant.

"Armed, my lord!" exclaimed Geronimo, in surprise, and then glancing in the direction of the duke's eye to his girdle, he continued: "Mean you this toy, my lord? I have always worn it as part of my page's gear: but if your highness like it not, it shall lie there;" and as he spoke he drew the dagger from its sheath and threw it on the cloak.

A slight flush reddened for a moment the pale cheek of the duke as he gazed on the quiet and perfectly self-possessed demeanor of the boy, while his own heart, ever the victim of guilty terrors, was beating rapidly at

the vague apprehension of some intended treachery. The slightest indication, at that moment evinced by Geronimo, that he was aware of the tyrant's weakness, might have been fatal to him. But he either did not observe it, being too much absorbed in the great task of vengeance he had undertaken, or observing it, he possessed sufficient tact to conceal what was passing in his mind. The tyrant recovered from his sense of self-abasement, and again commanding the boy to follow him, proceeded up the spacious stair.

A more detestable tyrant than Phillippe-Marie Visconti never stained with his crimes the page of history. An abandoned voluptuary, an unbridled libertine, neither shame nor remorse could restrain the indulgence of his guilty passions; while a fiendish cruelty of disposition, gave additional zest to their gratification from the misery which they inflicted upon his victims. Few families of note in Milan but had some dishonor to avenge, received at the hands of their ducal tyrant. A superlative villainy marked his libertine indulgences. Whenever by his power or his wits he had succeeded in effecting the ruin of the object of his desires, he invariably contrived to give publicity to the fact, and thus not only cast dishonor upon a whole family, but generally destroyed his victim by exposing her to the fury of some brother or husband, who, unable to gratify his vengeance on the real author of his wrongs, sought to wash out the stigma cast upon his name in the blood of the unfortunate victim. It may seem surprising that injuries of this nature, so diabolically aggravated, could be committed with impunity by any tyrant, however great his power or debased his subjects. But there are too many instances on record which prove that a people once accustomed to tyranny, sink so rapidly in the scale of moral degradation, as to become quickly insensible to the vilest wrongs. Every succeeding blow from the iron hand of despotism deadens the generous feelings of humanity, and at length totally extinguishes them. A fatal apathy succeeds the glow of patriotism and honor, a sense of shame and self-abasement weighs upon the soul, and the unhappy victim of tyranny sinks supinely at the feet of his oppressor, half unconscious of his wretchedness, because insensible to his wrongs. The temple of liberty should be defended on the threshold; her sanctuary once invaded, the deity is found there no more; she quits forever the desecrated shrine. Yet the Milanese did not submit tamely to their wrongs. Many designs had been formed by the less degraded of their number to rid their country of its odious despot: but fortuitous events, or the want of unanimity among the contrivers, had always rendered these schemes abortive, and brought down upon their own heads the destruction that should have fallen on the tyrant. The discovery of these conspiracies against his person, while it dreadfully alarmed his timid nature, (for his cowardice was equal to his cruelty,) failed to intimidate him from his career of guilt. On the contrary, he seemed stimulated to new vices by the dangers that attended them, and like a terrified steed, dashed madly on, regardless of every obstacle in his way.

Among the beauties of Milan, none had more excited the libertine admiration of Visconti than Isadora Vitelli. He had seen her at church, and on the very evening of the day on which they had thus first met, he had intruded on her at her father's palace. Adrian was absent, and Isadora seemed at the mercy of the tyrant: but she rejected his infamous proposals with such spirit and resolution that the tyrant was for a moment abashed, and the return of the father prevented, for the time, the further prosecution of his design. He left her with a determination of gratifying his passion and revenge by her ruin; but another intrigue on the following day diverted his thoughts, and Isadora for a time was forgotten. Under these circumstances the communication made by the page was eagerly received by the libertine tyrant, and he already pampered the twin demons of his heart, luxury and cruelty, with his anticipated triumph.

CHAPTER II.

The day, the tedious day, at length had fled, and night had hung her sombre drapery over the earth. Isadora, in her bridal chamber, awaited the coming of

her lord. She was not alone; her nurse and only confidant was with her. Between the faithful Jeannetta and her young mistress, an affection nearly allied to that of mother and daughter subsisted. Isadora had received from her nurse all the tender offices of a parent, and the feeling which that relation naturally inspires, had been strengthened by the early loss of her mother. Accustomed from her childhood to look upon Jeannetta as her companion and friend, she still regarded her in the same light; and Jeannetta still exercised over her beloved foster child the same degree of affectionate control with which she had superintended the years of her infancy.

"Hark!" cried Isadora, starting and raising her head from her nurse's shoulder, on which she had been leaning, "is not that a footstep?"

As she spoke she listened attentively; her left hand was still grasped in that of Jeannetta, her right raised and bent forward. The light of two large tapers that stood near, fell upon her figure and revealed its loveliness. She was attired in a loose undress of spotless white; the thin, peecy fabric of her garment hung about her like a cloud, heightening, rather than concealing the rich but delicate outline of her figure. Her cheek was painted with an unusual glow, her full, dark eye seemed to flash as it reflected the rays of light, and her bosom heaved like a storm-swept sea, setting at naught the slight restraint of her delicate vesture.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, "surely that was a footstep."

"Yes, love," replied Jeannetta, "it is Guisacamo locking the chambers in the corridor; it is his last office before he retires for the night. Listen; you may hear him ascending to his dormitory."

Isadora dropped her hand, and turned toward the open casement, through which the cool night air entered and fanned her heated brow.

"You tremble like a new-caught bird," said Jeannetta, throwing her arms around her waist, and pressing her to her bosom; "fie! fie! be more a woman."

As she spoke, a deep-toned bell broke on the stillness of the night. At the first stroke Isadora almost sprung from her nurse's arms, and then clinging to her with the utmost tenacity, she lay trembling in every fibre.

Jeannetta counted the clock till the last stroke was struck, and then exclaimed, "Six! now be prepared!"

At that moment a single note of a guitar, faintly struck, was heard beneath the window. It was repeated twice, and Jeannetta, disengaging herself from the embrace of the trembling bride, approached the window. A ladder of ropes lay beneath it, one end already secured within the chamber. This Jeannetta threw out into the street, and then again approaching Isadora, endeavored to soothe her agitation.

"I must leave you now, dearest child," she said, and the tears fell as she spoke, "but I leave you to the love and care of one who is pledged to protect and cherish you through life."

Isadora spoke not, but she kissed her affectionate friend as she quitted her, and assumed a degree of composure she had not felt for some time. Jeannetta took the tapers in her hand and approached the door; she turned to cast one fond look upon the expecting bride, and then quitted the chamber. As she did so, the figure of a man appeared at the window, and the next moment he leaped upon the floor.

"Julian!" exclaimed Isadora, in a low and tremulous voice—he answered by folding her in his arms. * * *

That day had been to Julian a period of delirium. When he quitted his bride in the early morning, he hastened home, and hurrying to his apartment, indulged in solitude the dreams which his anticipated happiness inspired. About noon he walked out and visited the shop of a certain barber, who, like many of his craft at that time, was notorious for his intriguing disposition. He found the worthy Baptista alone, and for a florin procured from him the loan of a rope ladder, which with masks, disguises, and other necessary implements of intrigue, the good barber kept constantly by him, and considered as an essential part of his stock in trade. Julian wrapped the precious ladder in his cloak and returned home; not without speculating upon the uses to which his acquisition might have

been applied, and being strongly inclined to come to the conclusion that it had never been engaged in so honest a service as that in which he intended to employ it. He would fain have gone directly to the Vitelli palace, and delivered to Isadora herself the instrument which was to conduct him to happiness; but she had exacted from him in the morning a promise that he would not visit her through the day, and he could not violate his pledge. He was therefore compelled to admit his faithful servant, Bernardo, to his confidence, and to despatch him with the ladder to Isadora. He then mounted his horse, and to while away the time, rode some distance out of the city. The sun was setting when he turned his horse homeward, and ere he reached the city, it was dark. As he entered the gates, he found himself suddenly surrounded and seized by a body of the duke's guards. In vain he protested against the outrage, and insisted upon being informed of the grounds for his arrest. His complaints were unanswered, and he himself being thrust into a close litter, was hurried off to the citadel. Arrived at the fortress, he was conducted to a small room in which was a bed and a scanty supply of other furniture. Here he was locked in for the night, (his keeper refusing to answer any questions,) and left to an anxious and horrible solitude.

How terrible were the thoughts that crowded on his brain, as with restless steps he paced his narrow apartment. What had caused his arrest? By whom was it ordered? What was to be its consequence? These were the questions he continually proposed to himself; and a hundred various conjectures suggested themselves in reply. He was perfectly unconscious of any offence which could justify his arrest, and his mind soon rested on the conviction that he owed his imprisonment to the malice of some cowardly enemy, or to the tyrannical caprice of the duke. He recollected, upon consideration, to have seen among the guards who arrested him, a figure like that of Geronimo, though he could not distinguish his features. Could it be possible that that boy had denounced him, and if so, upon what grounds? But these, however perplexing, were secondary considerations to the agony of his feelings produced by his detention at such a moment. As the hours of night wore on he became maddened with rage, disappointment and fear. The city clock kept a constant record of the time, proclaiming each fleeting hour in iron accents to his ear. Three, four, five, struck in succession, and still he was there in that dark, narrow room, enclosed by massive walls and iron bars. In another hour, his Isadora, his bride, his wife, would expect him! Then came busy fancy with her magic pencil, producing in vivid colors to his mind's eye the picture of his love, waiting in her bridal apartment the coming of the tardy groom. How exquisitely lovely did she look, how more than ever tender and interesting. Timid and expecting, blushing and trembling, every phase of changing beauty presented by turns. Then came a cloud of sadness on her brow, the time had passed, and he came not; she was neglected, perhaps deserted; tears distilled from her bright eyes, and she retired weeping to her lonely pillow! A hot fever here spread itself through his veins, delirium seized upon his brain, and he shouted aloud to be set free; now uttering menaces of the direst vengeance, and then offering all he possessed for the indulgence of one hour's liberty. But his calls were unheeded, and in a paroxysm of fury and despair, he threw himself with desperate violence against the massive wall and fell insensible on the prison floor.

The day dawned, and Jeannetta stood by the bridal bed. Alas! it had little the appearance of a bridal couch. On it lay Isadora, her pillow wet with tears, and her face pale and weeping. In vain did the faithful Jeannetta, herself weeping at beholding the condition of her beloved child, entreat her to disclose the cause of her distress. Sobs and tears were all the answers she could get. So wore the day, until about noon, when Isadora left her disconsolate bed, and wandered into the garden.

She was seated in a little pavilion, in a sequestered spot, overhung by acacias; her mind still dwelling upon the great subject of her affliction, when she was startled by the sound of hastily approaching footsteps, and

in the next moment Julian stood before her. His dress was disordered, his countenance pale and haggard, and he panted for breath; the moment he saw her, however, he sprang eagerly forward and clasped her to his heart. For an instant she returned his embrace, but quickly, as if stung by some sudden thought, she disengaged herself from his arms, and repulsed his caresses.

"Leave me, leave me," she exclaimed, "and do not act a part you cannot feel. You know you love me not, and these affected transports do but insult my wretchedness."

"Dearest Isadora," he cried, "listen to my exculpation, and then blame me if you can. I am innocent, indeed I am innocent."

"No!" she exclaimed, "you are not innocent; your conduct has been barbarous and cruel, wantonly cruel. Ungenerous Julian, how have I deserved such treatment? Have I loved too well? Was it because I yielded too readily to your impatient desires that you have inflicted on me this cruel punishment? Oh go, go, and leave me to my lonely widowhood."

"Your widowhood, dearest! What means my Isadora?" and he seized and retained her reluctant hand as he spoke.

"Yes," she replied, "my widowhood; your love for me is dead, and therefore am I a widow."

He took her in his arms, and gently forced her to a seat beside him.

"Unkind Isadora!" he exclaimed, "to treat me thus resentfully after all that I have suffered on your account. Oh, love, if you knew in what horrors I passed the weary night, if you could have heard the exclamations that were prompted by the bitterness of my soul, you would not thus distract me with your unkindness."

"The weary night!" she exclaimed with a sigh, "the weary night, indeed. But if it were really so to you, whom but your cruel self have you to blame?"

"By these tears," he cried, kissing the glittering drops from her cheek, "I am innocent; by these sweet, but cruel lips, I am innocent. Unkind girl, to think me for a moment guilty. I am the one to whom offence belongs; I may well complain at this sad and reproachful reception after all that I have endured. Well might I upbraid you for your little faith in that heart you know so well your own, and which but yesterday was by a sacred and irrevocable vow, devoted to you forever. Cruel Isadora! to think for a moment my faith faltered. Would it have been so with me? Never! Had the dire necessity which separated us been reversed, and you had been forced from me, should I have accused my Isadora? No. I would have railed at Fortune or at Destiny, but never at Isadora. The pure faith in my own bosom would have prevented me from doubting her's, and when again we met, I should have flown, as I do now, to her arms, have pressed her to my heart, have snatched a thousand treasures from her lips, and rioted in the joys that cruel accident had defrauded me of."

Youthful, ardent, and loving, they could not thus long remain nor yield to that potent tide of passion which was still sweeping them onward toward each other. Whatever cause of complaint Isadora might suppose she had against her husband, and however strong the proofs in which her charge against him rested, she quickly lost sight of all in the sweet delirium of his caresses. Her full fraught heart was too full of love to retain sorrow or resentment. The glowing fervor of pure and hallowed affection spread itself through her veins, and in a blissful extasy she sunk with murmurs of endearment on his bosom. Fleeting but happy moments! why, oh why, could you not have been prolonged, or why could not friendly death have approached the happy pair in their trance of love, and with his icy dart congealed the current of their hearts, and swept them at once from bliss into oblivion.

"But tell me, tell me, traitor," exclaimed Isadora playfully, "the tale you have contrived for your excuse; tell me quickly, or I retract my pardon."

"I will tell you all, love," he said, "and you shall then see how blameless I have been, and how much you owe me for your unjust suspicions. Yesterday, to pass the tedious time, I rode abroad, and returned not to the city till night had fallen. As I passed through

the gate San Marco, I was suddenly surrounded and seized by men at arms belonging to the duke. In spite of all remonstrance, they hurried me to the citadel and immured me in a cell. There I passed the night, almost in madness, and this morning, but an hour ago, being liberated with as little explanation as I was imprisoned, I flew on the wings of love to my Isadora. See now, how causelessly you have blamed me."

"Julian," she exclaimed, poutingly, "you treat me ill to tattle thus: tell me the truth at once."

"On my faith and love, dearest," he replied, "this is the truth I have already told; why should you doubt me, love?"

She fixed her large, lustrous eyes upon him; the pout quitted her lip, and an expression of anxiety gathered on her brow. Slight at first, and scarcely perceptible, like a faint cloud on the horizon, but increasing every moment, till her whole brow was shadowed with it, and the mantling blood faded from her cheek and lips.

"Tattle not," she said again, her voice now tremulous, "tell me the truth."

"Indeed, love," he replied, "I have spoken nothing but the truth; you are unkind to doubt me; and with such a troubled look: what ails you, dearest, that you gaze upon me thus?"

"Tell me the truth," she murmured again.

"Unkind Isadora," he said pettishly, "how shall I convince you?"

He snatched a crucifix that was hanging at her waist, and pressing it to his lips, said solemnly, "by this holy emblem I swear that what I have told you as the cause of detaining me from your arms last night is true."

She saw him kiss the cross, she heard his words, and the palor of death overspread her countenance. No marble could have been paler than her face. All the blood in her veins seemed to have been frozen; her bosom ceased to heave, her nerves to tremble, and she sat like a stiffened corpse, her eye alone, by its wild and fitful fire, proclaiming life. Her right hand was slowly raised, and in a sepulchral voice she asked, "know you this ring?"

"That ring," he said, in a troubled tone, a strange and indefinite feeling creeping over him, and making him tremble in every fibre, "that ring? No, surely, I know it not. And yet, I think I have seen it before—yes, yes, I have seen that ring on the hand of Visconti; it is the duke's; that serpent is his fitting recognition."

The death-like rigidity that had fallen upon Isadora was broken; a tremor crept over her frame; a sort of shudder, that seemed to break the ice about her heart; her bosom heaved, at first gently, but swelling longer and higher every moment, till the velvet that enshrouded it seemed too weak to restrain it: a ball appeared to rise and swell within her throat, she gasped for breath, her eyes became fearfully distended, and as Julian caught her in his trembling arms, a shriek burst from her lips, so shrill, so wild, and full of agony, that the husband's heart was stilled within his bosom; then she lay white and cold in his arms.

Long did the unfortunate Isadora remain in that death-like trance. Julian at first gazed on her with a distracted air, as if unconscious that he held her in his arms. His soul was stunned by the first blow of a vague and horrible suspicion, and he was incapable, for a time, of thought or action. Gradually, however, the pale and death-like features of his bride fixed his attention. All but her present deplorable condition was forgotten, and with a heavy sense of pain about his heart, but without any remains of that dark thought which a few moments before had overshadowed his soul, he set about endeavoring to recover her from her insensibility. All his efforts, however, proved unavailing; she still remained cold and insensible, and he was obliged to seek further assistance. Raising her in his arms, he bore her to the house, and resigned her to the care of Jeannetta, who, almost distracted at beholding the child of her love in that wretched condition, was for a time incapable of rendering her the assistance she so much needed. A messenger was, however, despatched for the nearest surgeon, and the sufferer, in the meanwhile, conveyed to bed—to her bridal

bed! Julian would not quit her for a moment, but still stood bending over her insensible form, when the surgeon arrived. He immediately opened a vein, and after a short time the blood began to ooze slowly from the puncture. The tide of life once again in motion, animation soon returned; profound sighs heaved the bosom of the wretched girl, and her eyes again opened to the light of day. A smile played upon her pale face when she beheld Julian at her side; but it was only for a moment; she cast her eye around the apartment, and shuddered violently as she exclaimed, "why am I here? Oh bear me from this dreadful place; I cannot remain here!" and springing out of bed, she was caught in the arms of Julian. He would have placed her on the couch, but she shrank when he attempted it, and implored him to take her elsewhere. The distracted bridegroom complied with her request, and carried her in his arms to an adjoining room. There she desired to be left with Julian only, and all others quitting the room, the wretched pair were left to themselves.

Julian kneeling by the bedside and holding her cold hand in his, besought her to impart to him the cause of her distress.

"What has happened," he exclaimed, "what dreadful misery has fallen on us both that you are thus stricken down and I oppressed, as if the hand of death were on me? Tell me, Isadora, tell me all, and let me know the worst."

"I will, I will," she cried, "but oh, my Julian, do not hate me when you hear it."

Sobs choked her utterance, and a violent fit of weeping relieved her, in some degree, from the hysterical affection which had almost suffocated her.

"Hate you!" cried Julian, "oh my love, what mean you by such wild words? Hate you! No, while life is in my heart you will be its dearest treasure. Whatever fate may do to us, she cannot extinguish in my bosom its love for Isadora."

He clasped her in his arms as he spoke, but she disengaged herself from his embrace, exclaiming as she did so, "touch me not, Julian, touch me not—I am your wedded wife, yet you must not touch me. Never again must you take me in those fond arms, never again must my head rest upon your bosom. Oh, wretched fate! but yesterday wedded—to-day parted forever! And we so young too; that loved so truly; that could have made our earthly home a paradise. Oh, 'tis very, very hard!"

"Distract me not," he cried, "by these terrible words; I cannot bear it, my Isadora; madness will seize me. Parted forever! What shall part us? Are you not my wife? who shall take you from me?"

"Fate!" she cried wildly, "a horrible and cruel destiny will part us—has parted us already. Oh, Julian, I will tell you all, and die. I have nothing more to do with this bright world—to me it is all dark, dreary and desolate. Oh, how different from yesterday!"

Again she sobbed as if her heart would break from her bosom: having at length become a little tranquilized, she continued, "My poor Julian, how very pale and wretched you look. Would that you had never seen me, and so have avoided this misery. And must I make you still more wretched by disclosing the dreadful truth. Oh, I had better let it fester in my heart, and die with it untold."

"If you ever loved me," murmured Julian, in a hollow, broken voice, "keep me not in this suspense; tell me, tell me all."

He buried his face in his hands and sunk upon the bed.

"Ay," she cried, "do not look upon me and I will tell you all; keep those dear eyes away and I will speak; I cannot bear their glance. Last night"—her emotion choked her utterance, and it was some time before she could continue: "last night I waited the approach of my Julian, my wedded husband. The hour arrived, the signal was given, Jeannetta threw out the ladder that was to conduct you to my apartment, and then left the room—left me alone and in darkness! Oh false and fatal delicacy, that made me afraid of meeting the gaze of my wedded lord! He came, as I thought, my Julian—oh, holy mother! oh, blessed saints! with a kiss for me, I thought it was my husband!"

Julian raised his head and gazed upon her. These

was so much horror in his glance that she shrieked wildly and hid her face, exclaiming, "spare me, spare me!"

It was long before either of them spoke again. Julian groaned frequently and heavily as he still lay upon the bed; he at length became perfectly still, and the silence was only broken by the sobs of Isadora. She at length appeared to notice the long continued quietness of her wretched husband, and crawling toward him, took his hand. It was icy cold. She turned his head so as to look upon his face; it was that of a corpse rather than of a living man. "He is dead," she exclaimed: "Oh happy Julian, in escaping so soon from this loathsome world! You have gone before me, but I will not linger long behind!" She imprinted a hundred passionate kisses upon his cold lips, and then starting up, looked anxiously around the room. Upon a chair near the foot of the bed lay a case of lancets which the surgeon had inadvertently left behind him when he quitted the room. These the wretched girl seized on with frantic eagerness, and drawing forth one of the instruments, removed the bandage from her arm, and applying the point to the puncture already made, extended it by a frightful gash. The blood gushed from the wound; she gazed on it for some moments in terrible tranquility, and then applying the instrument to the other arm severed the vein in two several places. A shudder passed over her, and her eyes closed as she plunged the fatal steel the third time; it fell from her hand and she sunk upon her knees. Her eyes were upturned, her hands clasped and raised in the attitude of prayer, while down her snowy arms the crimson tide of life flowed free and fast.

"Oh blessed mother of God!" she cried, "pardon the wretched Isadora, and receive her to your bosom! Thou knowest I am unfit to live; that I am a polluted creature, whose stains all the blood of her perishing body cannot wash away! Oh, let those stains rest only on my body and not upon the immortal soul that will so soon be in thy presence; for thou knowest, blessed Mother, my heart was innocent!"

Her head sank upon the bed, and her arms were clasped around the neck of her insensible husband. The warm blood of the dying girl trickled down his face, and either that, or the spontaneous struggles of youthful life within him, restored his long suspended animation. He awoke to life as a mortal; faintness was benumbing the senses of his dying bride. He gazed on her some time, as if unconscious of her condition or his own, and the first thing that seemed to recall his wandering senses was the sight of that crimson jet which still continued to pour out the current of life from her wounded arm.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, "blood! blood! nothing but horrors!"

She opened her half-closed eyes as he spoke, and said faintly—

"What voice is that? my Julian's?"

"Am I still dreaming?" he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, "or are these horrors real? Speak to me, my Isadora, speak, and let me hear your voice!"

"I am dying, Julian," she murmured, "I am dying, forgive me, forgive me—I am innocent—my father—bless him!"

She spoke no more—her eyes closed, her head dropped and Julian held in his arms an inanimate corpse.

A long and dangerous illness gave to the wounded mind of Julian de Monteleirno a temporary oblivion. As reason returned, he awoke again to life, an altered man. A few weeks had been to him as years. Youth was departed, the winter of premature age had already chilled his blood; one memory, and one desire were all he lived for—ons was in the tomb of his Isadora, the other was an unquenchable thirst for the blood of her destroyer. But fate had anticipated him. Before he arose from his sick couch the great tyrant, Philippo-Maria Visconti had ceased to exist. After a life of public and private turpitude only paralleled in the annals of his own family, he had died peacefully in his bed. He was the last male of his detested name, and his decease was hailed in the north of Italy as the sig-

nal of freedom. Milan asserted her rights, the republic was restored, and Julian found some gratification for his revenge in assisting to demolish the fabric of tyranny which the detested Philippo-Maria had sacrificed all ties of earth, and hopes of heaven, to erect and consolidate. But the illusion was transitory. Liberty was no more to find an abiding place in Italy. Francisco Sforza, the son of that adventurous peasant whom a lucky omen led to fortune, and a name in history, had wedded the daughter of the last Visconti. To the ambition of his father-in-law he added the qualities of the consummate soldier; and having by judicious measures prepared the way for his intended usurpation, he suddenly threw off the mask and claimed the sovereignty of Lombardy. The battle which decided the fate of Milan was fought on the 29th of December, 1449; the opponents being the Milanese and their allies, the Venetians, opposed to Sforza and his veteran bands. The contest was sanguinary and long doubtful. Julian de Monteleirno signalized himself that day by a desperation of valor that commanded the admiration even of his foes. Sforza himself felt the point of his lance upon his casque, and would have received at his hand the fitting reward of his duplicity and ambition, but for the interference of one of his party. The man to whom Sforza owed his life on this occasion was distinguished by the richness of his armor, and the remarkable skill and grace with which he managed his horse and arms. He attacked Julian with great fury, but a press of combatants parted them, and they met no more till toward the end of the day, when fortune had already declared against the republicans. A narrow bridge over the Adige had afforded the means of retreat, or rather of flight, to a considerable body of the Milanese; but they were closely pursued by the enemy, and if overtaken their destruction was inevitable. A few desperate men in such a pass might do much; they would perish, but they could check for a time an army. This was seen by Julian, and he threw himself upon the bridge. Two faithful adherents alone attended him. The enemy approached; at their head was Julian's late opponent. When he perceived who impeded the passage he spurred eagerly forward in advance of his party, and reigning his mettled charger abruptly, halted at a lance's length from the devoted three, at the same time raising his visor.

"Well met! Julian de Monteleirno!" he exclaimed; "this is the hour of vengeance. Look upon me well and say if you know me."

"I know you only for the friend of a false tyrant, and the enemy of Milan," replied Julian, couching his lance as he spoke.

"Listen then, and know me better," returned the stranger; "I am Geronimo Capponi, the page to whom, ten years ago you dealt a blow. See! is not the mark of shame yet red upon my cheek? It will not away till I have washed it off in your blood. One victim have I had already, for it was I that led Visconti to your bride, yet my revenge is still unsatisfied."

"Infernal villain!" cried Julian, "your place in hell shall not be empty long—have at your heart!" He pressed spurs to his charger as he spoke; his opponent did the same, and they met point to point. But the place between them was too confined to render the charge of either effective, and dropping their lances they attacked each other sword in hand. The conflict was fierce but short; a tremendous blow dealt by Julian penetrated the helmet of his enemy and inflicted a severe wound; while at the same moment Geronimo's sword found a passage through the joints of his antagonist's corset, and pierced his neck. Neither could longer wield his weapon, but leaning forward they seized each other in a deadly grapple. A charge of Sforza's troops pressed the combatants against the parapet of the bridge. At that moment, Julian, concentrating his falling strength in one last effort, drew his dagger from his sheath and plunged it into his enemy's throat. The grasp of Geronimo relaxed—he leaned on one side, slipped from the saddle, and fell into the dark stream of the Adige. Julian cast one glance toward the setting sun, murmured "Isadora, you are avenged!" and fell dead upon his charger's neck."

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

AFTER an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Every body slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchmen slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-eminence among my fellow citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *purdu*—shut up, like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept; mayor, aldermen, and councils, the civil and the military, learning, and beauty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines, even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant, a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm—a sense of the utter inadequacy of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from duress. Had not their onward forms been peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, come to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burdens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said; "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

What a question! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there was any thing alarming or disagreeable in the proposition; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! "Take charge of a lady?" quoth he. I had been for years a candidate for this very honor. Never was there a more willing soul in the round world. I had always been ready to "take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my protection: and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, "Who'll eat me?" I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a traveling

bachelor! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will "take charge of the lady," and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and before I could frame a reply, he continued; "My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Jackson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steam-boats, and she is obliged to go by land."

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that "It would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Jackson;" and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favor of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of conjugal tenderness; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, "I am obliged to you, Sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavor to render Mrs. Jackson's journey safe, if not agreeable."

A hearty "Thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance," was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in and drove off.

As the carriage rolled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Jackson of the Rifle! What a prize he has drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps, to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die, before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Jackson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Jackson, continued I. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visitor. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skilful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Jackson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught that we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The Rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the west—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves any thing in uniform, perhaps because they are the very reverse of every thing that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharp-shooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have! A plague on Captain Jackson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black, among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had not I been Captain Jackson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts, not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into every bye-path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, con-

fidling soul, must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter, so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Washington Irving, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the Wandering Jew. I might be a vampire, or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes "a traveling bachelor," or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could not be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been! How would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign republics have been startled by the question, "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

It is not to be suppose that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought proper to break silence.

"It is a raw morning, Madam," said I. "Very raw," said she, and the conversation made a full stop. "The roads appear to be rough," said I, returning to the charge. "Very rough," replied the lady. Another full stop. "Have you ever traveled in a stage before?" I inquired. "Yes, sir." "But never so great a distance, perhaps?" "No, never." Another dead halt. I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of the common-place matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity: The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious." "What did you say about Mr. Rubicon?" inquired Mrs. Jackson. I repeated; and the lady replied, "Oh! yes, very likely," and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Jackson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candor compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statury would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Jackson of the Rifle—fortunate man! whose wife, inbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady. "Redheffer, ma'am." "Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?" "No, ma'am,"

Then she sat down to the table, and turned up her

pretty nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. This butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

"Will you try an egg?" said I. "I don't like eggs." "Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl." "I can't say that I am partial to the wing." "A piece of the breast, then, Madam." "It is very tough, isn't it?" "No, it seems quite tender." "It is done to rags, I'm afraid." "Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife." "Oh! horrible! it is raw!" "On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this picce." "I seldom eat fowls, except when cold." "Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merry thought; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought." "Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast." And my merry thought flashed in the pan. "Perhaps, sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some—" "This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter. "Oh! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know it's *so natural*—" "Quite natural, Mrs. Redheffer." "May be, ma'am you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—"

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage diver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding, lie between. The lady occupied one of these extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Jackson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her "pa." "Her pa was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Jackson. Her pa was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line."

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and traveling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped, she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal time she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day, and I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Jackson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this: yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer, who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the civility of her country-men.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion. "At the sign of the Anchor, — Street, Fell's Point," was the reply. Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I. "I don't know," replied the lady. "Does not your husband belong to that regiment?" "La! bless you, no; Captain Jackson isn't a soldier." "I have been under a mistake then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifleman." "No; he is cap-

tain of the Riffeman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That's the house," continued she, "and, as I live, there's Mr. Jackson, up and well!"

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. "How are you, Polly?" said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. "Who's that gentleman! eh! a messmate of yours?" "That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road?"

"The supercargo, eh? Come, Mister, 'light and take something to drink."

I thanked the captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, "take charge of a lady."

Original.

"THIS COLD."

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH,
AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD," &c.

CALAMITIES of any kind, coming singly, challenge sympathy and condolence, but where the same thing is general all such advantages are lost. Whatever the ill may be, the individual must bear it alone. He can hope for no commiserating glance of the eye, giving warrant for a fresh groan, no condoling tone of voice whereby his own sinks justified to a fainter treble, no housewife tale of a similar experience deluding him into making his "complaint known." Alas! he must bear his grief alone, for his neighbors are intent upon nursing their own.

Every body knows that a solitary cold is a thing attended with some eclat, (pardon, dear reader, the anti-English phrase, it was accidental.) There is the surprise of every one—the wonder "how in the world you could get it! Did you damp your feet? did you sit in a draft of air? did you walk in the moonlight with Miss Diway? did your night-cap slip from its allegiance? Dear me, it is so *strange how you got such a cold!*" Then comes the pepper tea, the boneset, the pennyroyal, the sage tea, one and all, the foot bath, the flannels, the comforters, the coaxings, the pityings, the hurrying—your cough candy, liquoice, gum-Arabic, every thing is in requisition. Dear me! a cold is a great affair!

But this is a cold "alone in its glory." Let but the scene change, set a whole population to sneeze, to cough, to toss with fever, and all this petting is at an end. "So you've got this cold," and a laugh rewards your unconscious appeal to sympathy. You sneeze, and your neighbor's eyes sparkle with delight; you cough, he rubs his hands with a chuckle of pleasure. "Not half so bad, sir, as I had it, yours is nothing at all—why I!" If you are wise you will escape the detail. Who cares for a particular pain, when every body is having the like? Why, misery is nothing if shared with a thousand; give me the solitary pang—the grief apart, the especial sorrow.

I cannot abide these epidemics. It is wresting democracy from its rightful channel. It is killing sympathy; it is doing away the sentiment of a grief.

"There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;" so said Napoleon. Isn't there something sublime in the idea of a hundred thousand people in the city of New York, all coughing in concert? But then for the details:

"Sparkling and bright, in liquid light,"

The author would have been anything but flattered at the voice that got thus far, and was stopped short by a fit of coughing.

"On the banks of A!"

that cough; it was the death of the song, and the incipient love was expelled with it.

Why will not people be wise? Let the epidemic have its day; put poetry, sentiment, all the luxuries of being upon the shelf and quietly submit to the dates, recognize the dire necessity, and if they will, in memory of

the past, walk in starlight, (happily, the moon is invisible,) and quote poetry, let them be content with the following:

"Coughing in a shady grove
Sat my Julianna;
Lozenges I gave my love,
Epeccacuana."

Talk of the inconvenience of "this cold," in matters of sentiment; why, this is nothing to the positive evil endured by the vendors of all kinds. The newsboys hardly lift up their voices. If an unlucky wight essays, "Sunday Mer—," just to try the material of his lungs, straightway a wheezing laugh echoes on every side from his brothers in calamity.

"Stawberries," I was able to detect uttered in a voice as if coming from the folds of a blanket.

"Three cents a basket, Ma'am." The boy looked dispirited. Not so much ill as mortified, distressed. It's a great thing to have a benevolent face. Beggar children detect it in the street, and ask you for pennies. Poor women imploring alms will make the number of children five instead of six, as they have told your neighbor, for a smaller fib will do for you. Children tell you all their little trials, and even the dog will soon look wishfully in your face when suffering from the neglect of his master.

It's a great thing to have a benevolent face; it becomes a key to the hearts of others. You learn humanity naturally, easily, without going out in search of its attributes.

"Three cents a basket, Ma'am," and he poured the delicious fruit into the receiver.

I looked at the child, and one moment his eyes rested upon my face. His sympathies were touched—his eyes fell sadly—I am not sure but that they were tearful—there was pathos in his voice.

"Strawberries goes bad with me to-day, Ma'am.

"Bad! how so, child?"

"This cold; I can't hollar, Ma'am."

THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveler, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavoring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that

still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fire-side, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it: and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labor of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavored to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and was burned, for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, left them in the rearward of her favor. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation, and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigor of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated, was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued, from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of com-

parative affluence in her neighborhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honor of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment, when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering, from the Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountains on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavored to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favorable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aught the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbors all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighboring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly chattered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, toward the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbor, and opened the door, supposing that he might

have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me to tell you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag toward you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavoring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The sun! O, my almighty Father, save me!"

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"I shall never see him more!—I am dark blind!"

The peasant started back and crossed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother?" he repeated—"O, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark forever! Is it for this I have prayed and labored? Blind and dark! O, my poor mother! O, heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands. Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven. Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it is as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile held her in his arms. "Well, well, my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer, and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms toward that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked. "Place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fin-

gers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these? Tears? My good child you should dry our tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me feel them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! O, if I could only open my eyes for one moment, to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served Him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighborhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in her cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her life."

"Then I may inform you," replied her visitor, "that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing about it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow:

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light

burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy color of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright, when I said, that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

UNCLE PETE AND THE BEAR.

A YANKEE STORY FROM REAL LIFE AND REAL INCIDENTS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Among the different sections of this widely extended and variegated country, I question whether any portion of equal extent can exhibit more richness of landscape, or more wildness, beauty and grandeur of scenery, than the State of Maine. The western prairies are beautiful and grand; but their beauty and grandeur are like the ocean in a calm summer's day, with its smooth, unruffled bosom, and its long rolling swell; while much of the scenery of Maine resembles the same ocean when lashed into fury by the raging storm, and dashing and breaking its foamy waves into rugged hills and mountains.

Go with me to a somewhat central spot in Maine, inland from the ocean near a hundred miles. Here we stand upon the broad and bare back of a rough granite mountain. It extends north and west of us in broken ridges for several miles. Now and then you behold the trunk of a dry pine, which has been felled by the fire, and stretched upon the gray rock, like the straggling hairs upon the bald head of an old man. And here and there you see patches of low shrubbery bending beneath the weight of thick clusters of the blue whortleberry. Look away to the north, and your eye rests for half a dozen miles on a level tract of rich forest. Then arises abruptly a cone-like mountain, throwing its peaked summit far into the clouds, and standing like a sentinel on duty, to overlook the country for many miles round.

In the distance beyond, both to the right hand and the left, you see mountain after mountain, with their round shaggy tops, swelling and rolling, height above height, till they are lost among the misty clouds, or rest in softened lines against the clear blue sky. Now turn your eyes to the eastward; look down almost beneath your feet, and behold one of the most beautiful sheets

of water to be found in the world. It washes the base of the rough granite mountain on which we stand, spreading out in a circular basin of three or four miles in diameter, then passing a narrow fieth on the eastern side, of less than a quarter of a mile, it widens again, and stretches away between ridges of highlands, some six or seven miles farther to the eastward. It is now a calm summer's day, and the bright basin on which we are looking is reflecting from its smooth glassy surface the dark forest trees on the swelling shore, the huge cliff on the promontory's height, and the broad sides of the mountain that fill up the back ground. So calm and still is the beautiful lake, that a fairy might float on its bosom in the half shell of a humming bird's egg, without danger of foundeeling at sea or wetting her wings. But let the eddying winds begin to move round these old hills and mountains, and they brush down upon the lake with such power that in half an hour's time its white capped waves are rolling and dashing like a mimic ocean; and the hardy lumberman, in his light batteau, pulls for the nearest shore, to avoid being drenched or drowned in the foaming surge.

The name of this beautiful collection of water is Sebec Pond, and the spot where we are now standing, at the head of this pond, is about fifteen miles from Moosehead Lake. Turn and look away a little to the left, and you will see the Wilson stream, a lovely little river, winding its bright way among the trees, near the base of the opposite ledgy hills, gliding gently across the interval, and carrying its silent water into the deep basin before us. Deep it truly is, corresponding with the high and broken hills around it; for I have been told that in some parts of this pond the bottom has never been reached, although lines have been let down to the distance of several hundred feet.

You observe a few acres of cultivated land on the interval between the Wilson stream and the base of the granite mountain on which we are standing; and there, close by the margin of the river, you see a small low house. In that house there lives, and has lived for some ten years past, an old man by the name of Peter Brawn. He is often designated in that vicinity by the familiar appellation of Uncle Pete. Nothing, however, could be more appropriate than his true name, so accurately and forcibly does the sign represent the thing signified; for a more vigorous, athletic, and *braun* old man, you will not find one in a thousand. He must be over seventy years of age, for his long thin locks are silvery white, and though he has one or two children in their minority still with him, he has numerous daughters who have reached the middle age of life, and gone abroad into the world with families of their own. The old man is full six feet in height, and stands as straight as an arrow. He is neither decidedly fleshy nor lean, but stout, bony, and muscular. From his natural constitution and habits of life, he evidently possesses great strength, and is capable of enduring great hardships. He has for many years been a sort of pioneer to the frontier settlers in the interior of Maine, always keeping a little in advance of them, preferring to live alone in the woods, where, unshackled by the restraints of society or the statute, he can feel that he is

—"monarch of all he surveys,"

And—"lord of the fowl and the brute."

I am told, that before taking up his residence in this wild spot, he had several times pitched his tent in the wilderness, and tarried for a few years till civilization and settlements overtook him, and thickened around him, to such a degree as to become inconvenient and troublesome, when he would "pull up stakes," and push further into the woods. The place where he now resides is an unincorporated township of wild land, and being somewhat difficult of access, except by coming up the pond from Sebec, a distance of about a dozen miles, Uncle Pete has lived for something like ten years in a condition of tolerably satisfactory independence. He raises some provisions on his cultivated acres, and procures some game from the woods; and when these sources fail, he takes his hook and line and goes out to some of the ponds or streams in the neighborhood, and returns with a load of trout and other varieties of the finny tribe. For calico, tea, and

tobacco, and other "boughten" articles of use or luxury, he goes now and then to Sebuc with a canoe load of shingles and clapboards, which are his regular articles of export. But civilized life is again treading upon the heels of Uncle Pete. The towns around him are becoming thickly settled, and though there is but one other family on the township with him, yet the visits of proprietors and proprietors' agents are becoming so frequent, and they cast such scrutinizing glances upon sundry pine stumps which they occasionally find on the premises, that Uncle Pete grows restless and uneasy. He feels that he is rather crowded upon, and sometimes talks of "selling out."

It was in autumn of 1836 that I first visited this wild spot, and first saw or heard any thing of Uncle Pete. Stopping at the house of an old man, another pioneer of the frontier settlers, some six or eight miles from this spot, I heard the old man remark, while conversing with another, "Well, Uncle Pete's had a squabble with a bear lately, haint he?" I at once felt a curiosity to learn the history of this "squabble," and accordingly made some inquiries, in answer to which I learnt the general outline of the story, and subsequently obtained the details and the filling up from Uncle Pete himself.

It was a bright and calm summer's morning; the quiet pond was sleeping in the sunshine, harmless and beautiful; and every surrounding object in nature looked lovely and inviting. There is something in the effect of a fine landscape, viewed under favorable circumstances, which may be compared to music—it "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Even Uncle Pete felt its influence, as he sat on a little bench by the side of his cottage, yawning and looking listlessly across the still waters, and following the outline of forest tree, and hill top, and mountain, that hung below the watery horizon, as well defined, as clear and distinct, and even with more softness than those which were towering above. While he gazed, he was seized with a desire for an aquatic excursion. He called his youngest boy, a lad about a dozen years old, and told him to get the hooks and lines, and they would go round the point to the mouth of Shippond stream, and try for trout. The apparatus was soon in readiness, and they jumped into his little log canoe and paddled off upon the lake.

"We hadn't got but a little ways round the pint," said Uncle Pete, "and I was setting in the stern, paddling along at a moderate jog, and little Pete was setting in the bow, and by and by he called out to me, and says he, 'oh, father, what great black critter is that swimming toward us?' I looked round toward the shore, and there was the tarnaest great overgrown bear that I ever seed in all my life, swimming right toward us. If he had been weighed, I believe he would have weighed every pound of four hundred."

I never examined Uncle Pete's head phonologically, and cannot say whether his organ of marvellousness was of extra size or not. The reader must therefore be content with such evidence as we have with regard to the weight of the bear; and that rests solely on Uncle Pete's word and judgment. He always stood to it that the bear would weigh four hundred pounds.

"And the tarnaest crittur," said Uncle Pete, "was pulling right toward us as fast as he could swim. I'd been so careless in coming away, that I only took one small paddle with me, and that wasn't a very good one, and the old canoe was rather heavy, so I found, do the best I could, the bear would swim faster than I could paddla. But I thought I could keep him off well enough if he should set out to neddle with us, so I turned the boat and paddled a little toward him. I thought that would make him turn round, but the savage kept swimming right toward us and come close up to the side of the canoe and he began to open his mouth, and show a great ugly set of teeth as ever you see. He come up so nigh that I hit him a lick over the head with the paddle and split it in two. At that he came right at the boat fiercer than ever, and put his paw right on to one side of it.

"I sprung into the middle of the boat, and bore upon 'tother side of it, for I knew if I didn't we would upset in a minute; and I thought I shouldn't like very well to have a grapple with him in the water. So while I

was keeping the balance of the boat, the rascally old varmin pokes up 'tother paw and begin to crawl up. I couldn't go to fight him off, for then we should all go into the water together. So I had to hold still and see the great black nigger crawl clear up into the boat. He got in pretty near the stern, and I stood about the middle. As soon as he got fairly in, he looked round to me, and then he rared right up on his hind legs, and walked toward me as straight as a man. He was as tall as I was, and looked as big as a clever young ox. I stood facing of him, and while I was thinking how it was best to give battle to him, he marched straight up to me, and put one paw on my right shoulder, and 'tother on my left. Thinks I, this is bein' a leetle bit too sociable for a stranger, and I was jest agoin to tell him hands off, when his weight pressing against me, made me step back a little, and my heel struck against something in the boat, and I fell flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, and the old bear on top of me.

"By this time I begun to think matters was getting worse, and it was time for me to begin to look about myself. I twisted one way and 'tother, and we begun to have a considerable squabble, but the old bear had altogether the advantage of me, and I couldn't seem to do much. I tried to get hold of my jack-knife, but I couldn't get it out of my pocket, all I could do. The old bear didn't seem to be willing to wait to give me fair play at all; for in a minute I felt him trying to stick his huge tusks into my forehead, just as a boy digs his teeth into the side of a great apple. Thinks I, this 'll never do; something must be done pretty quick. I made a terrible twist, and drewed my legs up under him, and got so I could give a push with my feet, and my knees, and hands; then all to once I fetched an everlasting spring, and how I did it I don't know, but somehow or other the old bear went overboard, and plunged headforemost into the water. I was on my feet as quick as a steel trap. The old bear come up to the top of the water and snorted, and looked up at me a minute; but I believe I had fairly skeered him out of it. He turned about and swum for the shore, and I paddled for home. When I got to the house, I told my wife we'd have some potatoes for dinner, and let the fish go."

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

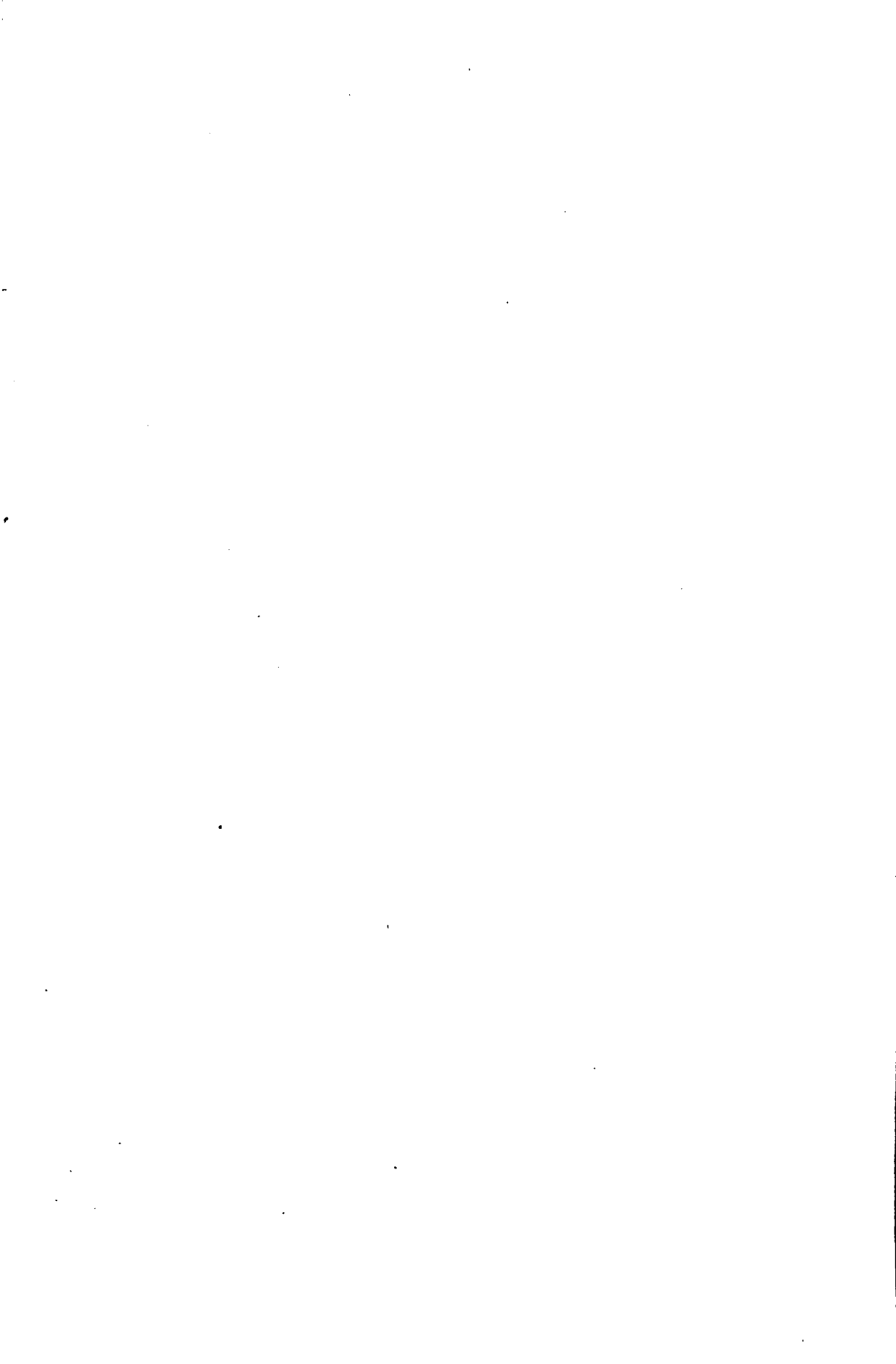
With the present number of this Magazine it will be perceived that some change has been made in its general management. The liberal favor it has met with from the public since its commencement, now but little more than three months, has encouraged the publishers to associate with them additional aid in its editorial department.

At the time this arrangement was effected, the present number was so far prepared as to leave but little more than time and room enough simply to make the announcement. Were it otherwise, however, we should probably have but little to say; for the experience and observation that have fallen to our lot, have not impressed us very strongly in favor of long sermons on such occasions. Among an intelligent and discerning people, the tree will always be judged by its fruit. So hath it been from time immemorial. The man who said, "I go sir," but went not, came off with less honor, than he who said, "I go not, sir," but went.

We only wish therefore simply to say, that we shall use such abilities as we possess, and such as we may be able to command from others, to make the Rover in every respect a suitable, useful, and interesting magazine for general reading.

The work hereafter will have much more original matter, than it has hitherto contained. It is not designed however, to crowd it with original articles to the exclusion of selections of greater value and interest. We shall therefore, seek for such matter as may seem to us most desirable for our readers, wherever we can find it, always endeavoring to give due credit where credit belongs.

It will be seen, too, that a little alteration, or addition has been made to the title, simply indicative of the general object, and character of the work. The editors will have the constant aid of several attractive writers, to give interest to their pages.





A. Knapp.

A. Knapp.

EVING.
SCENE IN NEW JERSEY

Engraved from an original painting, expressive for the hour.

1765

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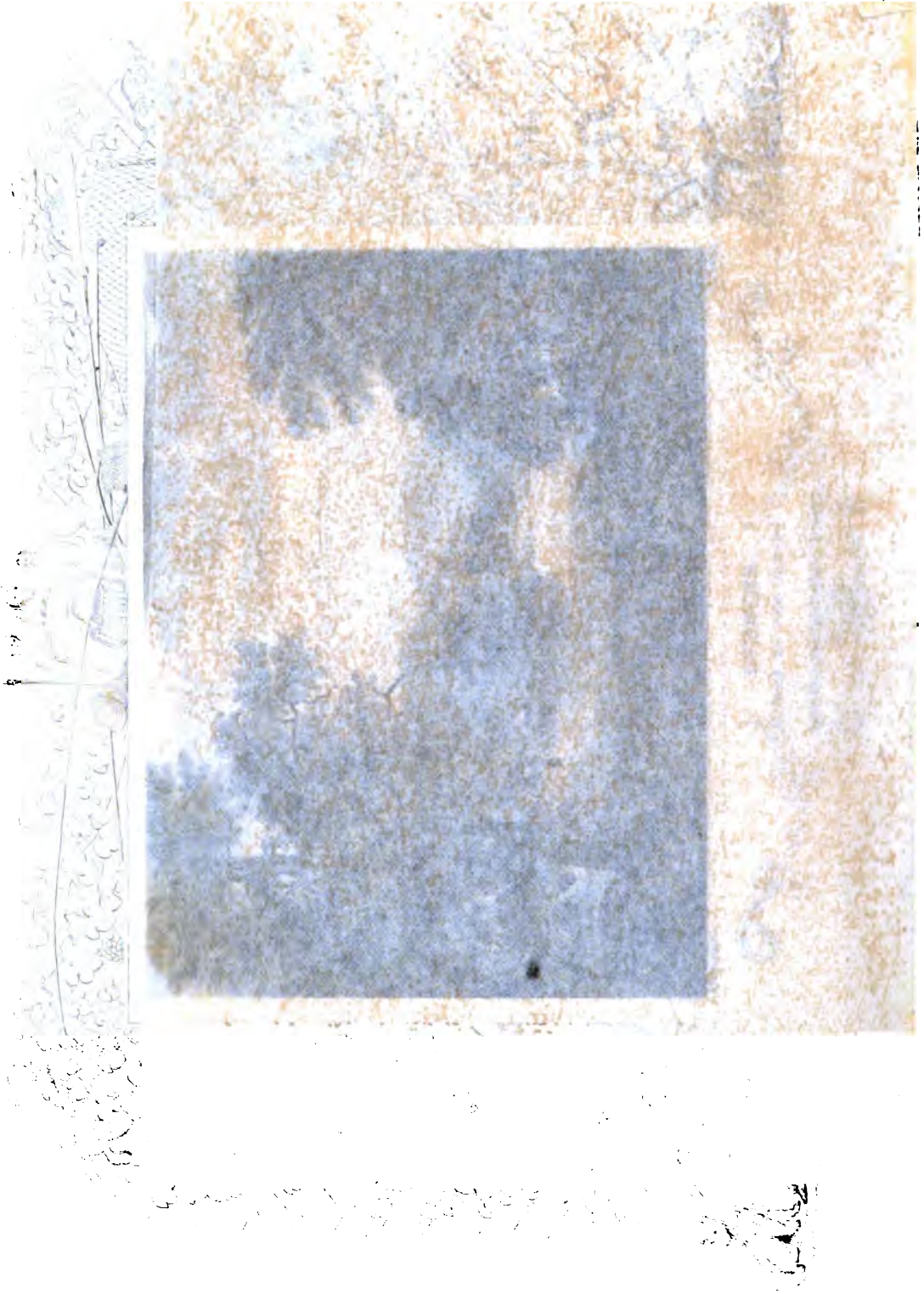
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the tears—the penitence of
science, to cause them to shrink from the appearance of evil?"
The angel smiled, and answered our mother with kindness, and a look of Heavenly satisfaction:

Eve prevailed; a Heavenly messenger was despatched to console her—to lift her thoughts to better hopes and less gloomy anticipations. Since the sin of our first

Vol. I.—No. XVI.



T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

ONE of Moore's sweetest effusions applies so well to our beautiful engraving this week, that we cannot resist the temptation to give it a place in our pages as a pleasant accompaniment to the plate.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er each scene
Her purest of chrysal, her brightest of green,
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
Oh no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each fond scene of enchantment more dear,
Who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovocn, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we meet in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER OF EVE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The soft warm air scarcely stirred the leaves of the vine, that clustered about the bower of Eve, as she lay with pale cheek and languid limbs, her first born daughter resting upon her breast. Adam had led his sons to the field, that their sports might not disturb the repose of our first mother, and the low murmur of the tiny cascade, the monotonous hum of insects, and happy twitter of unfledged birds, all wooed her to slumber; yet she slept not. She looked with a mother's deep unutterable love upon the face of her babe, yet tears were in her eye, and anxiety upon her brow. Herself the last, the perfection of the Creator's workmanship, she still marveled at the surprising beauty of her daughter. She looked into its dark liquid eye, and drank deep from the fountain of maternal love. She pressed its small foot and hand to her lips, hugged it to her full heart, and felt again the bitterness of transgression. She thought of Paradise, whence she had expelled her children. She thought of generations to come, who might curse her for their misery. She thought of the sweet beauty of her child, on whom she had entailed sorrow, suffering and temptation. She felt it murmuring at the fountain of life while it stretched its little hand to her lips. She turned aside the thick leaves of the grape vine, and looked out upon the still blue sky, over which scarcely moved the thin white clouds. "My daughter," she faintly articulated, "thou knowest not the evil I have done thee. Let these bitter tears attest my penitence. Let me teach thee so to live, that thou mayst hereafter obtain in another world the Paradise thou hast lost in this—lost by thy mother's guilt. O, my daughter! would that I alone might suffer, that the whole wrath of my offended Creator might fall on my head, and thou, and such as thou, might escape." The tears—the penitence of Eve prevailed; a Heavenly messenger was despatched to console her—to lift her thoughts to better hopes and less gloomy anticipations. Since the sin of our first

parents, and their banishment from Paradise, these Angel visits had been "few and far between," and our first mother hailed his approach with awe and pleasure. "Eve," kindly spake the divine visitant, "thy sorrow and thy penitence are all known to thy Creator, and though thy fault was great, he yet careth for thee. I am sent to comfort thee. As thou didst disobey the commands of God, death has been brought, indeed, upon thy posterity, but thy children may not curse thee. Thy daughters shall imitate thy penitence, and so secure the favor of Heaven. To each one shall be given a spilt, capable of resisting temptation, and assimilating to that holiness from which thou hast departed. Though sin and death hath entered the world by thy means, thy children will still have only their own sins to answer for, and may not justly reproach thee for their errors."

"True, Lord," responded Eve; "but the altered sky, the hard earth that scarcely yields its treasures to the labor of Adam, and the changed natures of the animals that once meekly and kindly sported together, all tell me of my disobedience; and my daughter will turn her eyes upon me when suffering and trial come, and that look will reproach me as the cause. I am told that our children shall equal in number the leaves of the green wood, and the earth shall hereafter be peopled with beings like ourselves. I shrink to think on the mass of sorrow I have brought upon my daughters."

She looked fondly on her babe, and timidly raised her toward the beneficent being who paused at her bower. "When men shall become numerous, and there shall be many such beings as these, fair and frail, may not their beauty?" — She paused and looked anxiously up.

"Speak, Eve," said the messenger, "thy request shall be granted. I am sent to bestow upon thee whatever thou shalt ask for this thy first born daughter."

"I scarcely know," resumed Eve, thus encouraged, "but I would ask for this first daughter of an erring mother, something to warn her of even the approach of sin—something that will whisper caution, and speak of innocence and purity. Something, Lord, that will remind her of Paradise."

"Hast thou not all that, Eve, in the voice within—the voice of conscience?" Eve dropped her head upon her bosom.

"But that monitor may be disregarded; my daughters may, like their unhappy parent, stifle its voice, and heedlessly neglect its warnings. I would have something that when flattery would mislead, beauty bewilder, or passion lead astray, would outwardly, as it were, bid them take heed, warn them to shrink from the very trail of the serpent whose insidious poison may corrupt and destroy. Hast thou nothing that will be to the innocent, the virtuous, like a second conscience, to cause them to shrink even from the appearance of evil?"

The angel smiled, and answered our mother with kindness, and a look of Heavenly satisfaction:

"Most wisely hast thou petitioned, O Eve! Thou hast asked blessings for thy posterity, not for thyself. Thy daughters shall bless thee for the gift thy prayer has obtained."

The spirit departed. The gift he bestowed may be seen on the face of the maiden when she shrinks from the too admiring gaze, when her ear is listening to the tale of love, or flattery, when in the solitude of her own thoughts she starts at her own imaginings, when she shinks even from her own reflected loveliness in the secrecy of home; or abroad, trembles at the intrusive touch, or familiar language of him who *should be* her guide—her protector from evil. That gift was the blush.

THE BALD EAGLE.

In one of the little villages sprinkled along the delicious valley of the Connecticut, there stood, not many years ago, a little tavern called the Bald Eagle. It was an old fashioned building with a small antique portico in front, where, a lazy summer afternoon, the wise men of the village assembled to read newspapers, talk politics, and drink beer. Before the door stood a tall yellow sign post, from which hung a white sign, emblazoned with a fierce bald-headed eagle, holding an olive branch in one claw, and a flash of forked lightning in the other. Underneath was written in large black letters "The Bald Eagle: Good Entertainment for Man and Beast: by Jonathan Dewlap, Esq."

One calm, sultry summer evening, the knot of village politicians had assembled, according to custom, at the tavern door. At the entrance sat the landlord, justice of the peace and quorum, loling in a rocking chair, and dozing over the columns of an electioneering hand bill. Along the benches of the portico were seated the village attorney, the schoolmaster, the tailor, and other personages of less note, but not less idle, nor less devoted to the affairs of the nation.

To this worthy assembly of patriotic citizens the schoolmaster was drowsily doling forth the news of the latest Gazette. It was at that memorable epoch of our national history, when Lafayette returned to visit in the evening of his days the land that owed so much to his youthful enthusiasm; and to see in the soft decline of life, the consummation of his singular glory, in the bosom of that country where it first began. His approach was every where hailed with heart-stirring joy. There was but one voice throughout the land; and every village through which he passed, hailed him with rural festivities, addresses, odes, and a dinner at the tavern.

Every step of his journey was regularly and minutely recorded in those voluminous chronicles of our country, the newspapers: and column after column was filled with long notices of the dinner he had eaten, and of the toasts drunk, and of the songs sung on the occasion.

As the schoolmaster detailed to the group around him an account of these busy festivals, which were rapidly succeeding each other all over the country, the little soul he possessed kindled up within him. With true oratorical emphasis he repeated a long list of toasts drunk on a recent celebration of the kind—"the American Eagle,"—"the day we celebrate,"—"the New England Fair,"—"the Heroes who fought, bled, and died at Bunker Hill—of which I am one!" and a thousand others equally patriotic. He was interrupted by the merry notes of the stage horn, twanging in long drawn blasts over the blue hills, that skirted the village; and shortly after a cloud of dust came rolling its light volume along the road, and the stage coach wheeled up to the door.

It was driven by a stout thick-set young fellow, with a glowing red face, that peeped out from under the wide brim of a white hat, like the setting sun from beneath a summer cloud. He was dressed in a wren-tailed gingham coat, with pocket holes outside, and a pair of grey linen pantaloons, buttoned down each leg with a row of yellow bell buttons. His vest was

stripped with red and blue: and around his neck he wore a colored silk handkerchief, tied in a loose knot before, and tucked in at the waistband. Beside him on his coach box sat two dusty travelers in riding caps, and the group within, presented an uncomfortable picture of the miseries of traveling in a stage coach in the month of June.

In an instant all was noise and confusion in the bar-room of the inn. Travelers, that had just arrived, and those about to set off in the evening coach, came crowding in with their baggage; some eager to secure places, and others lodgings. A noisy group was gathered at the bar, within which the landlady was bouncing to and fro in a huff, and jingling a great bunch of keys, like some wild animal at a rare-show, stalking about its cage, whisking its tail, and jingling its iron chain.

The fire place was filled with pine boughs and asparagus tops; and over it the wall was covered with advertisements of new invented machines, patent medicines, toll gate and turnpike companies, and coarse prints of steam-boats, stage-coaches, opposition lines, and fortune's home forever. In one corner stood an old fashioned oaken settee, with high back and crooked elbows, which served as a seat by day, and a bed by night: in another was a pile of trunks and different articles of a traveler's equipage: travelling coats hung here and there about the room; and the atmosphere was thick with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of brandy.

At length the sound of wheels was heard at the door; "Stage ready," shouted the coachman, putting his head in at the door; there was a hurry and bustle about the room; the travelers crowded out; a short pause succeeded; the carriage door was slammed to in haste; and the coach wheeled away, and disappeared in the dusk of the evening.

The sounds of its wheels had hardly ceased to be heard, when the tailor entered the bar-room with a newspaper in his hand, and strutted up to the squire and the schoolmaster, who sat talking together upon the settee, with a step that would have done honor to the tragedy hero of a strolling theatre. He had just received the tidings that Lafayette was on his way north. The stage driver had brought the news; the passengers confirmed it; it was in the newspapers; and of course there could be no doubt upon the subject. It now became a general topic of conversation in the bar-room. The villagers came in one by one; all were on tiptoe; all talked together, Lafayette, the Marquis, the General! He would pass through the village in two days from then. What was to be done! The town authorities were at their wits' end, and were quite as anxious to know how they should receive their venerable guest, as they were to receive him.

In the meantime, the news took wing. There was a crowd at the door of the post office talking with becoming zeal upon the subject; the boys in the street gave three cheers, and shouted "Lafayette for ever," and in less than ten minutes the approaching jubilee was known and talked of in every nook and corner of the village. The town authorities assembled in the little back parlor of the inn to discuss the subject more at leisure over a mug of cider, and conclude upon the necessary arrangements for the occasion. Here they continued with closed doors until a late hour; and after much debate, finally resolved to decorate the tavern hall; prepare a great dinner; order out the militia; and take the general by surprise. The lawyer was appointed to write an oration, and the schoolmaster an ode for the occasion.

As night advanced, the crowd gradually dispersed from the street. Silence succeeded to the hum of rejoicing, and nothing was heard throughout the village but the occasional bark of a dog, the creaking of the tavern sign, and the no less musical accents of the one-keyed flute of the schoolmaster, who, perched at his chamber window in nightgown and slippers, serenaded the neighborhood with "Fire on the Mountains," and half of "Washington's march;" while the grocer who lived next door, roused from sweet dreams of treacle and brown sugar, lay tossing in his bed, and wishing the deuce would take the schoolmaster, with his Latin, and his one-keyed flute.

As day began to peep next morning, the tailor was

seen to issue out of the inn yard in the landlord's yellow wagon, with the negro hostler Caesar, mounted behind, thumping about in the tail of the vehicle, and grinning with huge delight. As the gray of morning mellowed, life began to course again in the little village. The cock hailed the day-light cheerily; the sheep bleated from the hills; the sky grew softer and clearer: the blue mountains caught the rising sun; and the mass of white vapor that filled the valley, began to toss and roll itself away, like ebb of a feathery sea. Then the bustle of advancing day began; doors and windows were thrown open; the gate creaked on its hinge; carts rattled by; villagers were moving in the streets; and the little world began to go, like some ponderous machine, that, wheel after wheel, is gradually put in motion.

In a short time the tailor was seen slowly returning along the road, with a wagon load of pine boughs and evergreens. The wagon was unloaded at the tavern door, and its precious cargo carried up into the hall, where the tailor, in his shirt sleeves, danced and capered about the room, with a hatchet in one hand, and a long knife in the other, like an Indian warrior before going to battle. In a moment the walls were stripped of the faded emblems of former holidays; garlands of withered roses were trampled under foot; old stars that had lost their lustre, were seen to fall; and the white pine chandelier was robbed of its yellow coat, and dangled from the ceiling, quite woe-begone and emaciated. But ere long the whole room was again filled with arches and garlands, and festoons, and stars, and all kinds of singular devices in green leaves and asparagus tops. Over the chimney piece were suspended two American flags, with a portrait of General Washington beneath them; and the names of Trenton, Yorktown, Bunker Hill, &c., peeped out from between the evergreens, cut in red morocco, and fastened to the wall with a profusion of brass nails. Every part of the room was liberally decorated with paper eagles; and in the corner hung a little black ship, rigged with twine, and armed with a whole broadside of umbrella tips.

It were in vain to attempt a description of all the wonders that started up beneath the tailor's hand, as from the touch of a magician's wand. In a word, before night every thing was in readiness. Travelers, that arrived in the evening, brought information, that the general would pass through the village at noon the next day; but without the slightest expectation of the jubilee that awaited him. The tailor was beside himself with joy, at the news; and pictured to himself with good-natured self-complacency the surprise and delight of the venerable patriot, when he should receive the public honors prepared for him, and the new blue coat, with bright buttons and velvet collar, which was then making at his shop.

In the meantime the landlady had been busy in making preparations for a sumptuous dinner; the lawyer had been locked up all day, hard at work upon his oration; and the pedagogue was hard ridden by the phantom of a poetical eulogy, that bestrode his imagination like the night-mare. Nothing was heard in the village but the bustle of preparation, and the martial music of drums and fifes. For a while the ponderous wheel of labor was seen to stand still. The clatter of the cooper's mallet was silent, the painter left his brush, the cobbler his awl, and the blacksmith's bellows lay sound asleep, with its nose buried in the ashes.

The next morning at day-break, the whole military force of the town was marshaled forth in front of the tavern, "armed and equipped as the law directs." Conspicuous among this multitude stood the tailor, arrayed in a coat of his own making, all lace and buttons, and a pair of buff pantaloons, drawn up so tight that he could hardly touch his feet to the ground. He wore a military hat, shaped like a clam shell, with little white goose feathers stuck all round the edge. By his side stood the gigantic figure of the blacksmith, in rusty regimentals. At length the roll of the drum announced the order for forming the ranks, and the vallant host displayed itself in a long wavering line. Here stood a tall lantern-jawed fellow, all legs, furbished up with a red waistcoat, and shining green coat, a little round wool hat perched on the back of his head, and downward tapering off in a pair of yellow nankeens, twisted

and wrinkled about the knees, as if his legs had been screwed into them. Beside him stood a long-waisted being, with a head like a hurra's nest, set off with a willow hat, and a face that looked as if it were made of sole leather, and a gash cut in the middle of it for a mouth. Next came a little man with fierce black whiskers, and sugar loaf hat, equipped with a long fowling piece, a powder horn, and a white canvas knapsack, with a red star on the back of it. Then a country bumpkin standing bolt upright, his head elevated, his toes turned out, holding fast his gun with one hand, and keeping the other spread out upon his right thigh. Then figured the descendant of some revolutionary veteran, arrayed in the uniform, and bearing the arms and accoutrements of his ancestor, a cocked hat on his head, a heavy musket on his shoulder, and on his back a large knapsack marked U. S. Here was a man in straw hat and gingham jacket; and there a pale nervous fellow, buttoned up to the chin in a drab great-coat, to guard him against the morning air, and keep out the fever and ague.

"Attention the whole! Front face! Eyes right! Eyes left! steady! Attention to the roll!" shouted the blacksmith in a voice like a volcano. "Peleg Popgun!"—"Here."—"Tribulation Sheepshanks!"—"He-e-o-ro!"—"Return Jonathan Babcock!"—"Here." And so on through a whole catalogue of long hard names.

"Attention! Shoulder—arms! Very well. Fall back there on the extreme left! No talking in the ranks! Present—arms! Squire Wiggins, you're not in the line, if you please, a little farther in, a little farther out, there, I guess that will do! Carry—arms! Very well done. Quick time, upon your post—march!"

The little red-coated drummer flourished his drumsticks, the bandy-legged flier struck up yankee doodle, Caesar showed his flat face over the horizon of a great bass drum, like the moon in an eclipse, the tailor brandished his sword, and the whole company, wheeling with some confusion round the tavern sign post, streamed down the road, covered with dust, and followed by a troop of draggled-tailed boys.

As soon as this company had disappeared, and the dub of its drum ceased to be heard, the too-too of a shrill trumpet sounded across the plains, and a troop of horse came riding up. The leader was a jolly round-faced butcher, with a red fox-tail nodding over his head, and came spurring on, with his elbows flapping up and down like a pair of wings. As he approached the tavern, he ordered the troop to wheel and form a line in front; a manœuvre, which, though somewhat arduous, was nevertheless executed with wonderful skill and precision. This body of light-horse was the pride of the whole country round; and was mounted and caparisoned in a style of splendor, that dazzled the eyes of all the village. Each horseman wore a cap of bear skin, crested with a fox-tail, a short blue jacket, faced with yellow, and profusely ornamented with red morocco and quality binding. The pantaloons were of the same color as the jackets, and were trimmed with yellow cord. Some rode with long stirrups, some with short stirrups, and some with no stirrups at all; some sat perpendicular upon their saddles, some at an obtuse angle, and others at an angle of forty-five. One was mounted on a tall one-eyed bone setter, with his tall and ears cropped, another on a little red nag, with shaggy mane and long switch tail, and as vicious as if the very devil were in him. Here was a great fellow with long curly whiskers, looking as fierce as Mars himself; there a little hook-nosed creature, with red crest, short spurs, elbows stuck out, and jacket cocked up behind, looking like a barn door "rooster," with his tail clipped, just preparing to crow.

When this formidable troop was formed to the satisfaction of their leader, the word of command was given, and they went through the sword exercise, hewing and cutting the air in all directions, with the most cool and deliberate courage. The order was then given to draw pistols. Ready!—aim!—fire! Pop—pop—pop, went the pistols. Too—too—too, went the trumpet. The horses took fright at the sound; some plunged, others reared and kicked, and others started out of the line, and capered up and down "like mad." The captain being satisfied with this display of the military discipline of his troop, they wheeled off in sections, and

rode gallantly into the tavern yard, to recruit from the fatigues of the morning.

Crowds of country people now came crowding in from all directions, to see the fun and the general. The honest farmer in broad-brimmed hat, and broad-skirted coat, jogged slowly on, with his wife and half a dozen blooming daughters, in a square-top chaise; and country beaux in all their Sunday finery, came racing along in wagons, or parading round on horseback to win a sidelong look from some fair country lass in gipsy hat and blue ribbons.

In the meantime the schoolmaster was far from being idle. His scholars had been assembled at an early hour, and after a deal of drilling and good advice, were arranged in a line in front of the school-house, to bask in the sun, and wait for the general. The little girls had wreaths of roses upon their heads, and baskets of flowers in their hands; and the boys carried bibles, and wore papers in their hats, inscribed "Welcome Lafayette." The schoolmaster walked up and down before them, with a rattan in his hand, repeating to himself his poetic eulogy; stopping now and then to rap some unlucky little rogue over the knuckles for misdemeanor; shaking one to make him turn out his toes; and pulling another's ear to make him hold up his head and look like a man.

In this manner the morning wore away, and the hour at which it had been rumored that the general was to arrive, drew near. The whole military force, both foot and horse, was then summoned together in front of the tavern, and formed into a hollow square, and the colonel, a swarthy knight of the forge, by the aid of a scrawl written by the squire and placed in the crown of his hat, made a most eloquent and patriotic harangue, in which he called the soldiers his "brothers in arms, the hope of their country, the terror of their enemies, the bulwark of liberty, and the safeguard of the fair sex." They were then wheeled back again into a line, and dismissed for ten minutes.

An hour or two previous, an honest old black, named Boaz, had been stationed upon the high road, not far from the entrance of the village, equipped with a loaded gun, which he was ordered to discharge by way of signal, as soon as the general should appear. Full of the importance and dignity of his office, Boaz marched to and fro across the dusty road, with his musket ready cocked, and his finger on the trigger. This manoeuvring in the sun, however, diminished the temperature of his enthusiasm, in proportion as it increased that of his body; till at length he sat down on a stump in the shade, and leaning his musket against the trunk of a tree, took a short-stemmed pipe out of his pocket, and began to smoke. As noonday drew near, he grew hungry, and home-sick; his heart sunk into his stomach. His African philosophy dwindled apace into a mere theory. Overpowered by the heat of the weather, he grew drowsy, his pipe fell from his mouth, his head lost its equipoise, and drooped, like a poppy, upon his breast, and sliding gently from his seat, he fell asleep at the root of the tree. He was aroused from his slumber by the noise of an empty wagon, that came rattling along a cross road near him. Thus suddenly awakened, the thought of the general's approach, the idea of being caught asleep at his post, and the shame of having given the signal too late, flashed together across his bewildered mind, and springing upon his feet, he caught his musket, shut both eyes, and fired, to the utter consternation of the wagoner, whose horses took fright at the sound, and became unmanageable. Poor Boaz, when he saw the mistake he had made, and the mischief he had done, did not wait long to deliberate, but throwing his musket over his shoulder, bounded into the woods, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

The sharp report of the gun rang far and wide through the hush of noontide, awakening many a drowsy echo that grumbled in the distance, like a man aroused untimely from his rest. At the sound of the long expected signal gun, the whole village was put in motion. The drum beat to order, the ranks were formed in haste, and the whole military force moved off to escort the general in, amid the waving of banners, the roll of drums, the scream of fife, and the twang of the horse trumpet.

All was now anxious expectation at the village. The moments passed like hours. The lawyer appeared at the tavern door with his speech in his hand; the schoolmaster and his scholars stood broiling in the sun, and many a searching look was cast along the dusty highway to descry some indication of their guest's approach. Sometimes a little cloud of dust rolling along the distant road would cheat them with a vain illusion. Then the report of musketry, and the roll of drums, rattling among the hills, and dying on the breeze, would inspire the fugitive hope, that he had at length arrived, and a murmur of eager expectation would run from mouth to mouth. "There he comes! that's he," and the people would crowd into the street to be again disappointed.

One o'clock arrived; two, three, but no general! The dinner was overdone, the landlady in great tribulation, the cook in a great passion. The gloom of disappointment began to settle on many a countenance. The people looked doubtfully at each other and guessed. The sky, too, began to lower. Volumes of black clouds piled themselves up in the west, and threatened a storm. The ducks were unusually noisy and quarrelsome around the green pool in the stable yard; and a flock of ill-boding crows were holding ominous consultation round the top of a tall pine. Everything gave indication of an approaching thunder gust. A distant irregular peal rattled along the sky like a volley of musketry. They thought it was a salute to the general. Soon after the air grew damp and misty, it began to drizzle, a few drops pattered on the roofs, and it set in to rain.

A scene of confusion ensued. The pedagogue and his disciples took shelter in the school-house, the crowd dispersed in all directions, with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads, and their gowns tucked up, and everything looked dismal and disheartening. The bar-room was full of disconsolate faces. Some tried to keep their spirits up by drinking, others wished to laugh the matter off, and others stood with their hands in their pockets looking out of the window to see it rain, and making wry faces.

Night drew on apace, and the rain continued. Still nothing was to be heard of the general. Some were for despatching a messenger to ascertain the cause of this delay, but who would go out in such a storm! At length the monotonous too-too of the horse trumpet was heard, there was a great clattering and splashing of hoofs at the door, and the troop reined up, spattered with mud, drenched through and through, and completely crest-fallen. Not long after, the foot company came straggling in, dripping wet, and diminished to one half its number by desertions. The tailor entered the bar-room reeking and disconsolate, a complete epitome of the miseries of human life written in his face. The feathers were torn out of his clam-shell hat, his coat was thoroughly spunged, his boots full of water, and his buff pantaloons clung tighter than ever to his little legs. He trembled like a leaf; one might have taken him for Fever and Ague personified. The blacksmith, on the contrary, seemed to dread the water as little as if it were his element. The rain did not penetrate him, and he rolled into the bar-room like a great sea-calf, that after sporting about in the waves, tumbles himself out upon the sand to dry.

A thousand questions were asked at once about the general, but there was nobody to answer them. They had seen nothing of him, they had heard nothing of him, they knew nothing of him! Their spirits and patience were completely soaked out of them; no patriotism was proof against such torrents of rain.

Every heart seemed now to sink in despair. Every hope had given way, when the twang of the stage horn was heard, sending forth its long drawn cadences, and enlivening the gloom of a rainy twilight. The coach dashed up to the door. It was empty—not a solitary passenger. The coachman came in without a dry thread about him. A little stream of water trickled down his back from the rim of his hat. There was something dismally ominous in his look; he seemed to be a messenger of bad news.

"The gin'ral!—the gin'ral!—where's the gin'ral?"
"He's gone on by another road. So much for the

opposition line and the new turnpike!" said the coachman, as he tossed off a glass of New England.

"He has lost a speech!" said the lawyer. "He has lost a coat!" said the tailor. "He has lost a dinner!" said the landlord.

It was a gloomy night at the Bald Eagle. A few boon companions sat late over their bottle, drank hard, and tried to be merry; but it would not do. Good humor flagged, the jokes were bad, the laughter forced, and one after another slunk away to bed, full of bad liquor, and reeling with the fumes of brandy and beer.

BROTHER CHANDLER, thou has done well to record the virtues of thy dog, and, believe me, the world will think the better of thee for sorrowing at his departure, and cherishing his memory. As the nature-loving and hare-training cowper hath said:

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

So hast thou proved thyself devoid of hardness of heart, and established thy claim to be a fit companion for human fellowship, by this quiet and tender picture thou hast given of thy domestic bereavement. My friend, give me thy hand, albeit I have never seen thee, for when I come to Philadelphia, I shall claim the privilege of going with thee to visit the resting place of Hunter, and to "weep with thee, tear for tear." Verily I would sooner make a pilgrimage to such a shrine, than to the proud monument that hides the ashes of the tyrant who lived but to scourge and oppress his fellow men.

HUNTER'S GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

WE advise much exercise, active or passive, as circumstances may require, or may favor, to our citizens. A good long walk, or ride, every day, will lengthen life, and multiply the pleasures of living. And besides the mere physical agitation of a walk or ride, there is a change of thought that is wholesome—a diversion of the mind, from one object to another, or from one set of objects to many. These advantages are too much overlooked by the young, until a habit is acquired, when the *vis inertia* overcomes the conviction of a necessity for exercise, and body and mind fall from a neglect to give them variety and change.

We love—though we have neglected the means of health too long to hope for its acquisition—we love to ride through the lanes, and over the open fields in the vicinity of the city, and catch the breathing of spring, while we enjoy that rapid mental action which denoted the improvement of time which exercise and new scenery secure.

One morning, last week, we were allowing our old horse Rolla to take his own time in moving along, a species of indulgence which he claims as a privilege of age and old acquaintance, making up for any seeming slowness in going forth, by a shuffling anxiety, in returning, to reach his crib. There had been a fall of rain during the night, and the clouds had not cleared away. Striking across a field, we soon reached the object of our search. A little mound of earth, only half sodded over, denoted the place where poor old Hunter had been laid only a few weeks before. We alighted, and threw Rolla's reins over a low pine shrub, that grew at the head of the grave, and gave loose to our own feelings.

It is not seemingly to mourn for a dog; but when, for eleven years, the animal has followed your footsteps—when his clear voice has greeted your return, or when coiled up at your feet, day after day, he has lifted his flexible eyebrows, and turned his dark eye to see when you would leave the writing table, and go forth for his pleasure, as he had tarried for you, you

feel as if the death of even a dog might warrant a melancholy sensation, and be pleaded in excuse for a recollection at least of his canine virtues.

Hunter had become a sort of a precursor of our own comings; and those who would meet us, as we came to, or went from, our office, would watch for Hunter, that they might find us. A feeling had sprung up between us, and we had learned even to check each other's faults. He undoubtedly had the most to do, or, at least, the most to suffer, in that respect, but still he tried, and sometimes succeeded.

The poor dog had become a member of the family when it was small: and the flock that had risen up like olive branches around our table, were affectionately guarded, and tenderly fondled, by Hunter. But he never confessed the right of mastership in them. He took his place on the hearth rug *before* them, with as much independence as if they had been his offspring, instead of ours; and when business or pleasure called us from the city, he took upon himself the guardianship of the domestic circle, and declined his daily visit to the office, as much as if he had a pecuniary investment in the dwelling or was morally and legally responsible for the welfare of its inmates.

Hunter had been in perils. He was bitten, with one other canine friend, by a mad dog. His friend died with hydrophobia—kind attention saved Hunter. He remembered it to the last; and when the sickness came from which he was *not* relieved, the beseeching look, and the particular emphasis of his moan, showed that he remembered with gratitude favors past, and desired a re-application of the remedies. But he asked in vain. He pined away, and faculty after faculty departed, until voice failed, the hearing ceased, the eye was lifted up slowly, but dim, and the tail slightly moved, to intimate his recognition of him who had been so long his companion, and his last effort was to lick the delicate hand of a child, who had come to take his leave of one that seemed twined with his earliest *love*, and whose name was the first word he had articulated.

Old Samson took the dog in his barrow, and went forth with a measured step, to find a place where he might give him the decency of burial, without intruding upon the repose of human beings who, made in a better image, justly claim a sanctity for their dust.

The little procession, as it went, forth, had with it something of a touching air. The body of Hunter was decently covered, not ostentatiously, lest a ridicule should attach to the scene; and Samson had put on his best clothes, avowedly less for funeral purposes, than that he might appear decently before the mistresses. Little Willy, the only follower of the train, had drawn his cap over his eyes, to hide a few hasty tears, and was regulated his step by the solemn and measured movement of Samson. Few felt an interest to inquire what was hidden beneath the white pall, and the unwonted melancholy of the child was suffered to pass without inquiry.

When the procession had reached the place of sepulture, the body was lowered, not thrown, into the grave, and Samson remarked that the collar was still about Hunter's neck. "I'll take it off," said he; "it will do for another dog."

Little Willy leaned over, and looked down into the grave; and then lifting his streaming eye to his sable companion, he said, "No, let it be Samson, let it be, I don't want any more dogs; and if I do have one, I don't want to see Hunter's collar on his neck."

Samson sodded up the grave, and turned toward him. "Will you ride in the barrow," said he to Willy.

The child turned, and looked at the carriage with a shudder, and walked onward.

When Willy reached home, he went and sat down alone beside "Hunter's house," and wept a flood of tears; and it was only when the memorials of his faithful friend, more than twice his own age, had been removed, that he could dry up his tears. And even now the mention of the dog makes the "clouds return after the rain," and cast a gloom over the sunny spirit of the child.

While bending over the resting place of the faithful animal, it was natural that we should think of his merits, and what we had lost in him, so selfish is even human grief; and half of what constituted our painful

feelings while thus musing, resulted from the certainty that we should no more benefit by his services.

Who would weep in this world, if what was taken away diminished nothing of his enjoyment? We mounted the horse to return, but yet lingered; reflection had come, and with it came fancy. Imagination was busy to people space with objects that we once had loved, and now mourned; and, for a moment, it seemed as if the smiling face of Hunter was before us, and his head half turned as if to invite us to move. A slight breeze from the West wafted onward the fog, that was hanging over the river at a little distance, and as masses swept by us, one seemed to take the place and form which our fancy had just given as Hunter's. We started. The airy form played fantastically around, and then vanished in the thicket beyond. It could scarcely have been all fancy, for the horse, Rolla, moved suddenly, as was his wont when formerly Hunter had manifested his joy at the prospect of exercise by jumping upward toward his bridle, with a sharp but friendly bark.

The misty form of the dog re-appeared at the top of the hill, and as it passed rapidly onward, was tinged with rainbow hues from the sun glinting between the broken clouds above.

We know that if men would weep, there are all around them graves of the good, whose loss the living may deplore, whose life was fruitful of good for man. But may not one turn aside, also, from the beaten path of grief or of joy, and in solitude remember, that beneath the sod before him moulders one who never deceived, and who, though not gifted with words to make known his affections, had yet the skill to express them with most miraculous organs.

THE WIFE'S FIRST LOVE.

ADELHEID, hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the little taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her collar and coiffure before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went forth to meet him with an unembarrassed air. *Comment! ma belle Hermite, toujours au boudoir!* I was looking for you at the Thuilleries this very fine day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crimson *fauteuil*, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately toward him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted her face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street, and began to talk of their projected tour to *Fontainebleau*.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berlinesse, who, at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamored of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the *Faubourg St. Germain*; where, notwithstanding the little dissensions, that a difference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half, when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding toward him; she was reserved, *distrainé*. There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of Adelheid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage, requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified, by overhearing two ladies in

society, after extolling the undeniable beauty, and grace, and affability of Madame de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice, (the "particulars" did not reach his ear) which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monstre-affreuse degoutant." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after, that on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush toward the open window and dash something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbijant's fabrique, in mistake for my own hotel! Essence de Millefleurs! Attar du Rose! What are all these scents that you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have often told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little *brusquerie*, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*toujours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?"—"Non, Monsieur, non."—"No! I think you are mistaken Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the *lalousie* of her boudoir this moment in a white dressing-gown. Is she alone?"—"Yes, sir—alone, sir! to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and—"—"I thank you, I can inform her myself."—"Why no; that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or—"—"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, sir."—"Let me pass, old man; what does this mean?"—"Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir; she will be so frightened—you will be so angry."—"Angry, yes I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me."

The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course, in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm-chair, her foot reposing on a low foot-stool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibouque* from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense!

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more graceful, charming—more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pout, blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent *chibouque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you mignon: will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now, my sweet wife, resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is everything. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here—in short, my love, the Parisian ladies *don't smoke!*"

A FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

BY SEBA SMITH.

I saw a forest dark and drear,
And in that desert wild,
The lonely traveler to cheer,
One beauteous rosebud smil'd.

The opening leaves were just in view,
And loveliness was there,
Bathing in drops of morning dew,
And breathing balmy air.

And when I pass'd that way again,
I turn'd me to the bower;
But those fair leaves were faded then,
And withered was that flower.

Rank weeds and wild grass, deadly foes,
Had clasp'd it in their arms,
And robb'd that sweet uncultured rose
Of all its lively charms.

But in a wilder desert yet
A fairer floweret grows,
Which wilder weeds will soon beset,
And far more deadly foes.

A little idle, wandering girl
Has often met my view;
Her locks in graceful ringlets curl,
Her young bright eyes are blue.

She lightly trips about the streets,
And smiles on all she sees;
And hears from every one she meets,
"What rosy cheeks are these!"

But let those eyes and cheeks beware,
Or they may weep and fade;
This wicked world has many a snare
For such an orphan maid.

Some guardian angel will, I ween,
Watch o'er the friendless child—
This little girl's the flower I've seen,
The city is the wild.

MARY MAGDALENE.

A TRADITION OF NAIN.

MARY arose from the crimson pillows on which she had been reposing, and approaching the window, drew back, with a silken rope, the heavy draperies of purple inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond the walls lay the sea, whose waters reflected back to Heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea. Many a shallop, richly laden, was gliding over the still waters; some bound outward, freighted with rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian isles. The chaunt of the oarsmen, as their oars splashed lazily in the glowing waters, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like saffron tinted clouds. Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness of the vesper hymns of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene a something like peace. A band of young and beauteous maidens now tipped along with jars filled, from the purest well in the city; then came a crowd of children dancing to the cymbals and lutes, and trailing after them long vines of flowers, and interwoven wreaths, and sending

out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from those tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a pillar, wept. A low sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life; her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the tips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downward, and the full red lips just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-like teeth; her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, which fell back from her sad, childish forehead, and swept the Mosaic pavement, completed the beautiful picture. Mary started as the voice told her her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eye flashed with anger, exclaimed: "Thou here? away slave! how dost thou dare see me weep?"

The timid voice was stifled, and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space, anger, contempt, and an expression of mysterious bitterness, alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi moved her better spirit, and chased away every feeling except pity.

"Come hither, Addi—come hither, poor bird. Forgive thy mistress's wayward mood, and sing again; but sing something to enliven my heart, for it is heavy and sad, child—sing something to stir the still fountain of gladness—sing—sing, Addi. Is not thy cage a gilded one?—then wherefore sad and silent?"

"The star that lit my path, lady, is gone out. Zimri, the widow's son, is dead."

"Ha! dead? Poor child, I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither; I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead; let it not go out, and leave thy heart, like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah. Thou hast heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yea, lady."

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me; yes, Addi, ~~me~~—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and—ashes! but hark!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave, "that sound of grief is the wail of Zimri's mother and kinsmen; they are bearing him past to the grave." Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and ~~for~~ it the bending form of his widowed mother, weeping; and by the torches' light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen."

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillows of her couch. "O, Zimri! is that still form never more to move? Methinks I see now the smile on his white lips, and the waves of his shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form, even in death. Ha! why do they stop? A crowd approaches—who—what—ah! it is Jesus, and his followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her, with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who, unheeding her mistress's emotion, continued: "He is like one of our mountain palms in his majesty—his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop honey. He approaches the widow—he looks on her tears with eyes of tender pity—he speaks—he raises his face toward Heaven, and reaches forth his hand and lays it on the dead. God of my fathers! the dead!" and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the streets.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down on the crowd below, saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him, with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold. And as the shouts from the assembled people rent the

air, many of whom were now willing to believe on and worship him who had wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom, and gathered the folds of his garment around him, glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms, and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheeks, her bosom heaved as if some pent up agony wrung her heart.

"Why art thou weeping?" said a voice near her, "why art thou weeping, Mary?"

"Hail Phelon?"

"Aye, Phelon," he answered, "Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican, to be near thee."

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phelon," answered Mary, sadly, and without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes, which gazed with incredulous wonder on her.

"Mary," said he, "thou art angered with me. I came but to bring a parting gift, Mary. My father is wroth against me because I am not at the head of his soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence; but I will go out of the city to-night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches of the morning, Phelon will be on his war-horse, with helmet and battle spear and plume, and ready for the fight."

Her lips quivered and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied: "Go, Phelon! thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and veily have I loved thee; but go—I pray never more to see that face again—I pray never more to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again. I have sinned—go from me."

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said: "Hast thou seen the Nazarene who calleth himself Jesus?"

"I have," she answered calmly, "and to-morrow, while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet."

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron heel, replied:

"Look on my gift, Mary;" and he laid an exquisite wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp, which threw upward delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in many-hued sparkles of brilliance. There was, also, an alabaster box set round with jewels, which contained spikenard and ointment, such as queens used.

"Hence, tempter," she shrieked, "hence! or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like tenfold thunder. Hence! I say, for the devils which tear my soul are raving within me!"

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor, and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble, and writhed and wept, and sorrowed mightily—for mightily had the Magdalene sinned.

When she arose from her humble posture, it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent save the watch cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clamor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear.

The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea came singing past, mingled with scented winds, which had been sleeping through the day amid the orange groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of serene and beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest. A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girdle wrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and the long black braids of hair, which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits and curls, and secured by bodies of gold, and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with links of precious stones and silver, and as she

paced with a rapid step to and fro the apartment, the constant glitter of her feet displayed a costly taste in sandals, which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of heavy polished silver. She looked out on the heavens—peaceful and bright in their glory of azure and silver—then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below; all were at rest; the very dogs had ceased baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed round her apartment; the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver, and trickled down its sides with a ringing sound. Addi, the beautiful one, was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling cheek.

Nowhere that she turned, could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp, and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled and her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music; it was thrown aside, and crossing her arms over her bosom, she lifted her pallid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Promethian fires to start it into life; but soon her breast began to heave, and her white teeth were pressed on her lips until the red blood gushed from beneath them—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewellery, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and sprinkled ashes on her head, and wept tears such as never had welled up from her heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees, and comprehending well from her expressions the cause of her woe, exclaimed:

"Go to Him—go to Him who raised the dead!"

"And wherefore, O maiden, should I, the sinful, go to Him?"

"O, lady! if the sleeper in the valley of death heareth his voice, thy spirit can hear it—and to hear it is to love."

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard at the raising of the widow's son, and of what the disciples preached daily, soothed Mary's troubled spirit; and something like hope of eventual peace sprang up in her heart; and she laid her head on the bosom of her hand-maiden, who clasped her beautiful arms around her, and laid her cool innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary. And thus the two sat—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, the other listening as if life hung on each word, until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day, when the Master sat at meat with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears, and unbinding her hair, wiped them with the heavy shining curls, then kissed them, and anointed them with ointment, the perfumes of which filled the vast room. And He knew that she was a sinner who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and said:

"Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—thy faith has saved thee—go in peace."

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Saviour's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold her gold and silver, and gems, and gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flashing glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemn solitude of its silence, raised an altar to him who had forgiven her sins.

Themistocles had a son who was the darling of his mother. "This little fellow," said Themistocles, "is the sovereign of all Greece!" "How so?" said a friend. "Why, he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern all Greece."

BONAPARTE'S FIRST VICTORY.

FROM EVERETT'S LECTURES ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The first decisive exhibition of that force of character and prodigious military talent which enabled this person—the most remarkable that has ever appeared in active life—to determine for many years the destinies of the civilized world, was made at Paris, on the 5th of October, 1795, in defence of the Convention against an armed insurrection of sections, or wards of the Capital. After the fall of Robespierre, the party which had brought it about, and which consisted, as I have remarked, of men not much better than himself, were led by the re-ascension of public feeling to pursue a rather more moderate course. The form of Government under which the horrors of the *Reign of Terror* had been perpetrated had become odious, and it was determined to establish another, the particular arrangements of which, as of all the ephemeral constitutions that so rapidly succeeded each other at this period, are too unimportant to require a recapitulation. But in carrying these arrangements into effect, the members of the Convention, for the purpose of perpetuating their own power, decided that two-thirds of the principal Legislative Assembly which was to act under the new constitution, should consist of persons to be chosen by them from their own body. This act, sufficiently exceptionable in its own nature, was rendered still more so by the odium which naturally attached itself to all the members of the convention who had been either actively or passively concerned in the sanguinary scenes that had just terminated. Every extensive feeling of discontent with the conduct of political affairs, regularly manifested itself at this disturbed period in the form of open insurrection. On the day I have just mentioned, the National Guard of Paris actually assembled in arms to the number of thirty thousand men, but without artillery, and marched upon the Thuilleries for the purpose of overpowering the Government which had been organized under the new Constitution and which was then in session at the Palace. It is proper, gentlemen, to remark that although the ostensible and one of the real objects of this movement was to get rid of the obnoxious Convention, it is also known, that it was the intention of the leaders had they succeeded to restore the Monarchy in the person of the Bourbons. The Government relied for their defence upon a regular army of about 5,000 men provided with 200 pieces of artillery, in which consisted their principal advantage. After having successively made trial of two or three persons to command this little force who proved inadequate to the trust, they had, fortunately for them, before the day of the decisive action, cast their eyes upon a young Corsican officer of about 25 years of age who had attained the rank of Brigadier General, but had been withdrawn from active service on account of his real or supposed connexion with the party of Robespierre, and was now at Paris without employment and in very narrow and embarrassed circumstances. This officer was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was then wholly undistinguished from the crowd of Brigadier Generals, but had accidentally made himself known by his conduct at the siege of Toulon by the English to Barras one of the chiefs of the new Government, who had been present there, and who now recommended him to his colleagues as a *little Corsican who would not stand upon ceremony*. The suggestion was adopted: and it is easy to conceive that the future conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz with two hundred pieces of artillery at his disposal, found no great difficulty in dispersing the militia of Paris. A battle of one hour's length decided the quarrel, and with it the fortunes of Europe, for had the insurrection succeeded, the monarchy would have been restored. Bonaparte would have lost his position in the army—and the course of subsequent events must have been entirely different. His easy and brilliant success on this occasion recommended him of course to immediate promotion. He was forthwith appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Interior; shortly after exchanged this command for that of the army of Italy, and in the spring of 1796 departed from Paris to enter upon that astonishing campaign from which he returned the virtual master of his country and a great part of Europe.

THE DEATH WATCH.

BY T. HOOD.

In the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground until the certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope communicating with an alarm, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years he had been the official "Death-Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarm had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained; one and all, man, woman, and child, as silent as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct; in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered like a spark among the ashes—but disinclined, by national phlegm, to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a transcendental spirit would not willingly dissolve. But be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turn in the Corpse Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted; and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or to try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed skeptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly it is curious to observe that, in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, and the progress of medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The inanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first remorse and fancies of his novitiate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary care of a Plutonian warehouseman or Lethæan wrangler. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle aged man of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sour-kraut, veal cutlets, with bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausages, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipzig larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlful of plums by way of dessert, suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where, being deposited in the corpse chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death-watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell around the dead man's fingers, and then retired into his own sanctum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy paradise which a true German would not exchange for all the odor of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Hours.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse-chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud, as still as a marble statue. At its head the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curv the long spider-line that hung

perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper, or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it; but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spilt.

In the adjoining room reposed the death-watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself in his clothes on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped, nor a mouse stirred, nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the fitting of a moth; the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw; but all was quiet as the grave—still as the steadfast tombs; when suddenly the shrill hurried tone of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that, for fifteen long years, he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that, for many long years, he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp.

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon's—to reanimate a cold, clammy corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralyzed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, while the mouth-piece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of his struggles, a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling noise as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange, unearthly shout, which the death-watch answered with as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong on his face on the floor!

Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him.

It did. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate death-watch, stiff and insensible, while the late corpse, in its grave-clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against his own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more; whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day, the official death-watch at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

JEFFERSON'S PERSONAL HABITS, HEALTH, &c.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the political principles and moral worth of Mr. Jefferson, and they have been bitter enough in their day and long continued, the world has accorded to him a high rank among the wise and philosophical minds of the age in which he lived. It is interesting to look back upon the personal habits of such a man, and observe the hints he has left, that have a bearing which deeply concerns us all—a healthy state of the body. It seems that Mr. Jefferson was neither a Grahamite nor a teetotaler; but still in his day he made a very considerable approach to both of these systems. The following letter happening to be before us, we throw it into the Rover.

MONTICELLO, March 21, 1819.

SIR—Your letter of February 18th, came to hand on the 1st instant, and the request for a history of my physical habits would have puzzled me not a little, had it not been for the model, with which you accompanied it, of Dr. Rush's answer to a similar inquiry. I

live so much like other people, that I might refer to ordinary life as the history of my own. Like my friend, the Doctor, I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as aliment, so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet. I double, however, the Doctor's glass and a half of wine, and even treble it with a friend; but halve its effects by drinking the weak wines only; the ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits of any kind; malt liquors and cider are my table drinks; and my breakfast, like that also of my friend, is of tea and coffee. I have been blest with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have not yet lost a tooth by age.

I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fill them; and now, retired, and at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. Indeed, my fondness for reading and study, revolts me from the drudgery of letter-writing, and a stiff wrist, the consequence of an early dislocation, makes writing slow and painful. I am not so regular in my sleep as the Doctor says he was, devoting to it from five to eight hours, according as my company, or the book I am reading, interests me; and I never go to bed without an hour or a half hour's previous reading of something moral, whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep; but whether I retire to bed early or late, I rise with the sun. I use spectacles at night, but not necessary in the day, unless reading small print. My hearing is distinct in particular conversation, but confused, when several voices cross each other, which unfits me for the society of the table. I have been more fortunate than my friend in the article of health; so free from catarrhs, that I have not had one (in the breast I mean) on an average of eight or ten years through life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning for sixty years past. A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had more than two or three times in my life. A periodical head-ache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems now to have left me; and except on an occasion of late indisposition, I enjoy good health—too feeble indeed to walk much, but riding, without fatigue, six or eight miles a day, and sometimes thirty or forty. I may end these egotisms, therefore, as I began, by saying that my life has been so much like that of other people, that I might say with Horace, to every one: "*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" I must not end, however, without due thanks for the kind sentiments of regard you are so good as to express toward myself; and, with my acknowledgments for these, be pleased to accept the assurances of my respect and esteem.

T. JEFFERSON.

THE IDIOT.

THE heart, in many instances, is a better judge even of propriety in manners than the judgment. The judgment, in cases touching the conduct of individuals, is perhaps often too severe; for example, we are apt to regard with equal contempt the behavior of the weak and the silly, without considering, that under the zero of reason there are many degrees before the human intelligence sinks to that of the animal instincts. At least it is charitable to believe so, and it cherishes amiable sentiments to inculcate that doctrine.

Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Clarton, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms: perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amid the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Geniuses, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic

treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote.

A poor widow who kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats, had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backward and forward, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, and her stock of little merchandize with one hand, she was obliged to lead him with the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and so often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbors induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowful than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbors spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking toward the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."

LAFAYETTE AND THE INDIAN GIRL MARY.

ONE of the most beautiful and touching incidents connected with the visit of Lafayette to this country eighteen years ago, was his meeting with a certain Indian woman in Illinois. What a romantic picture the whole life of that wonderful man presents. It is a grand, a sublime poem; an epic of the highest order.

See the young Marquis, at nineteen years of age, taking his life in his hand, embarking in his own ship, crossing the wide ocean to draw his sword in the cause of a strange people, of another tongue, an infant nation struggling for freedom from bondage, and warring for the great, the inalienable rights of mankind. See him shed his blood, and pour out the treasures of his ample

fortune like water, to sustain that righteous and long doubtful contest. See him at last, with his fellow laborers, successful in their great work. A nation is born and takes a high and honorable rank among the nations of the earth, and the youthful hero returns to the bosom of his own land to watch over its changing destinies and throw his influence into the great cause of human rights and the general amelioration of his race.

See him again nearly half a century afterwar'd, when the young people he had helped to emancipate had grown up like magic into a great and powerful nation, again, in his old age, crossing the ocean, to witness with his own eyes the prosperity of his adopted land, and to "bless Joseph before he died." On his arrival, see the whole nation rise up as one man to greet his coming and to shower blessings on his venerable head. See him, the nation's guest, borne in triumphal cars from city to city. And when he had reached the far west, or what was at that day almost the borders of civilization, behold, an Indian woman cometh out of the wilderness, desiring to speak to him. At the interview, she draws from her bosom a letter, a choice relic, carefully preserved, and presents to the distinguished stranger. He opens it, and finds a letter in his own hand, with his own signature, written by him fifty years before to a warrior of one of the western tribes who had done valuable service to the American cause in the fearful struggle of the revolution.

That warrior was the father of this woman. He had preserved the letter as the apple of his eye till his dying day and then had bequeathed it as a rich legacy to his daughter. This interesting meeting between Lafayette and the Indian woman took place at Kaskaskia, Illinois, and the whole story was given in detail, as follows, by Lavaasseur, the Secretary of Lafayette during his tour through the United States:

I was still among the Indians, questioning the hunter as to the situation and force of their tribes, which civilization is rapidly diminishing, when I saw the secretary of the Governor of Louisiana, Mr. Caire, approach, who came to propose that I should go with him to visit an Indian encampment at a very short distance from the village. I consented, and we set off immediately, in order to return by the dinner hour. Leaving Kaskaskia, we crossed a river of the same name, on a wooden bridge, solidly built and firmly connected. We then marched about twenty minutes on the plain to the entrance of a forest, which we penetrated by a straight path traced along a rivulet. As we advanced, the ground suddenly elevated itself to the right and left, and we quickly found ourselves in a kind of pass, formed by a succession of small hills, covered with thickets. After about a quarter of an hour's walk, we arrived at a fence, which we climbed, and behind which two horses attracted our attention by the noise of the bells hung round their necks. A little further on, the pass enlarging, formed a delightful little valley, in the middle of which some huts of bark were raised in a half circle; this was the Indian camp we sought. The openings of these huts were all toward the centre of the circle, and the planks elevated about three feet from the ground, were slightly inclined like the cover of a bed. With the exception of a very old woman cooking at a fire in the open air, we found no person in the camp. Either from spite, or because she neither comprehended French or English, this woman would reply to none of our questions, and saw us with the greatest indifference, look at, and even handle, all the objects which attracted our curiosity in the huts. All was arranged with sufficient order, and it was easy to recognize the places occupied by the women, by the little utensils of the toilet, such as looking-glasses, pins, bags of paint, &c. which we remarked there. After a minute examination of this little camp, we were about to leave it, when I was arrested on the border of the streamlet which ran through it, by the sight of a small

mill wheel, which appeared to have been thrown on the bank by the rapidity of the current. I took it up and placed it where I thought it had been originally put by the children, on two stones a little above the water; and the current stulking the wings made it turn rapidly. This puerility, (which probably would have passed from my memory, if, on the same evening, it had not placed me before the Indians in a situation sufficiently extraordinary,) greatly excited the attention of the old woman, who, by her gestures, expressed to us a lively satisfaction.

On returning to Kaskaskia, we found M. de Syon, an amiable young Frenchman, of much intelligence, who, on the invitation of Gen. Lafayette left Washington City with us to visit the southern and western States. Like us, he had just made an excursion into the neighborhood, and appeared quite joyous at the discovery he had made; he had met, in the midst of the forest, at the head of a troop of Indians, a pretty young woman who spoke French very well, and expressed herself with a grace at which he appeared as much astonished as we were. She had asked him if it was true that Lafayette was at Kaskaskia, and on his replying affirmatively, she manifested a great desire to see him. "I always carry with me," said she to M. de Syon, "a relique that is very dear to me; I would wish to show it to him; it will prove to him that his name is not less venerated in the midst of our tribes, than among the white Americans for whom he fought." And in speaking thus she drew from her bosom a little pouch which enclosed a letter carefully wrapped in several pieces of paper. "It is from Lafayette," said she, "he wrote it to my father a long time since, and my father, when he died, left it to me as the most precious thing he possessed." At the sight of this letter, M. de Syon proposed to the Indian girl to go with him to Kaskaskia, assuring her that General Lafayette would be very much pleased to see her; but this proposition seemed to embarrass her, and under various pretexts she refused to come. "However," she added, "if you have any thing to say to me this evening, you will find me in my camp, which is close by the village; any one can direct you the way, for I am well known at Kaskaskia. My name is Mary."

This recital of M. de Syon excited my curiosity keenly, and I would have willingly returned with him immediately to search for Mary; but, at this moment, a member of the committee of Kaskaskia came to inform me that they were about to sit down to dinner, and we saw General Lafayette going out of Col. Edgar's, escorted by many citizens and crossing to Col. Sweet's house where we were to dine. We joined the procession and took our places at table, where the general was seated under the canopy of flowers prepared by the ladies of Kaskaskia, with much skill and taste; and which produced, by the blending of the richest and most lively colors, the effect of a rainbow.

I spoke to General Lafayette of the meeting with the young Indian girl; and from the desire he manifested to see her, I left the table with M. de Syon, at the moment when the company began to exchange patriotic toasts, and we sought a guide to Mary's camp. Chance assisted wonderfully, in directing us to an Indian of the same tribe that we wished to visit. Conducted by him, we crossed the bridge of Kaskaskia, and notwithstanding the darkness, soon recognized the path and rivulet I had seen in the morning with Mr. Calre. When we were about to enter the enclosure, we were arrested by the fierce barking of two stout dogs which sprang at, and would probably have bitten us, but for the timely interference of our guide. We arrived at the middle of the camp, which was lighted by a large fire, around which a dozen Indians were squatted, preparing their supper; they received us with cordiality, and, as soon as they were informed of the object of our visit, one of them conducted us to Mary's hut, whom we found sleeping on a bison skin. At the voice of M. de Syon, which she recognized, she arose and listened attentively to the invitation of General Lafayette to come to Kaskaskia; she seemed quite flattered by it, but said before deciding to accompany us she wished to mention it to her husband. While she was consulting with him, I heard a piercing cry; and turning round I saw near me the old woman I found alone

In the camp in the morning; she had just recognized me by the light of the fire, and designated me, to her companions, who, quitting immediately their occupations, rushed round me in a circle, and began to dance with demonstrations of great joy and gratitude. Their tawny and nearly naked bodies, their faces fantastically painted, their expressive gesticulations, the reflection of the fire, which gave a red tinge to all the surrounding objects, every thing gave to this scene something of an infernal aspect, and I fancied myself for an instant in the midst of demons. Mary, witnessing my embarrassment, put an end to it by ordering the dance to cease, and then explained to me the *honors* which they had just rendered me. "When we wish to know if any enterprize we meditate will be happy, we place in a rivulet a small wheel slightly supported on two stones; if the wheel turns during three suns, without being thrown down, the augury is favorable; but if the current carry it away, and throws it upon the bank, it is a certain proof that our project is not approved by the Great Spirit, unless, however, a stranger comes to replace the little wheel before the end of the third day. You are this stranger who have restored our *manitou* and our hopes, and this is your title to be thus celebrated among us." In pronouncing these last words, an ironical smile played on her lips, which caused me to doubt her faith in the *manitou*. "You do not appear to be very much convinced," said I to her, "of the efficacy of the service which I have rendered you in raising the *manitou*?" "I have been taught," said she, "to place my confidence higher; all my hopes are in the God I have been taught to believe in—the God of the Christians."

I had at first been much astonished to hear an Indian woman speak French so well, and I was not less so in learning that she was a Christian; Mary perceived it, and to put an end to my surprise, she related to me her history, while her husband and those who were to accompany her to Kaskaskia, hastily took their supper of maize cooked in milk. She informed me that her father, who was a chief of one of the nations who inhabited the shores of the great lakes of the north, had formerly fought with a hundred of his followers under the orders of Lafayette, when the latter commanded an army on the frontiers. That he had acquired much glory, and gained the friendship of the Americans. A long time after, that is, about twenty years ago, he left the shores of the great lakes with some of his warriors, his wife and daughter; and after having marched a long time, he established himself on the shores of the river Illinois. "I was very young, then, but have not yet, however, forgotten the horrible sufferings we endured during this long journey, made in a rigorous winter, across a country peopled by nations with whom we were unacquainted; they were such, that my poor mother, who nearly always carried me on her shoulders, already well-loaded with baggage, died under them some days after our arrival; my father placed me under the care of another woman, who also emigrated with us, and occupied himself in securing the tranquil possession of the lands on which he had come to establish ourselves, by forming alliances with our new neighbors. The Kickapoos were those who received us best, and we soon considered ourselves as forming a part of their nation. The year following my father was chosen by them, with some from among themselves, to go and regulate some affairs of the nation with the agent of the United States, residing here at Kaskaskia; he wished that I should be of the company; for, although the Kickapoos had shown themselves very generous and hospitable toward him, he feared that some war might break out in his absence, as he well knew the intrigues of the English to excite the Indians against the Americans. This same apprehension induced him to accede to the request made by the American agent, to leave me in his family, to be educated with his infant daughter. My father had much esteem for the whites of that great nation for whom he had formerly fought—he never had cause to complain of them, and he who offered to take charge of me inspired him with great confidence by the frankness of his manners, and above all by the fidelity with which he treated affairs of the Indians; he, therefore, left me, promising to return to see me every year after the

great winter's hunt; he came, in fact, several times afterward; and I, notwithstanding the disagreeableness of a sedentary life, grew up, answering the expectations of my careful benefactor and his wife. I became attached to their daughter, who grew up with me, and the truths of the Christian religion easily supplanted in my mind the superstition of my fathers, whom I had scarcely known; yet, I confess to you, notwithstanding the influence of religion and civilization on my youthful heart, the impressions of infancy were not entirely effaced. If the pleasure of wandering conducted me into the shady forest, I breathed more freely, and it was with reluctance that I returned home; when, in the cool of the evening, seated in the door of my adopted father's habitation, I heard in the distance, through the silence of the night, the piercing voice of the Indians, rallying to return to camp, I started with a thrill of joy, and my feeble voice imitated the voice of the savage with a facility that afflicted my young companion; and when occasionally some warriors came to consult my benefactor in regard to their treaties, or hunters to offer him a part of the produce of their chase, I was always the first to run to meet and welcome them; I testified my joy to them by every imaginable means, and I could not avoid admiring and wishing for their simple ornaments, which appeared to me far preferable to the brilliant decorations of the whites.

"In the meanwhile, for five years my father had not appeared at the period of the return from the winter's hunting; but a warrior, whom I had often seen with him, came and found me one evening at the entrance of the forest, and said to me: 'Mary, thy father is old and feeble, he has been unable to follow us here; but he wishes to see thee once more before he dies, and he has charged me to conduct thee to him.' In saying these words he forcibly took my hand, and dragged me with him. I had not even time to reply to him, nor even to take any resolution, before we were at a great distance, and I saw well that there was no part left for me but to follow him. We marched nearly all night, and at the dawn of day, we arrived at a bark hut, built in the middle of a little valley. Here I saw my father, his eyes turned toward the just rising sun. His face was painted as for battle. His tomahawk ornamented with many scalps, was beside him; he was calm and silent as an Indian who awaited death. As soon as he saw me he drew from a pouch a paper wrapped with care in a very dry skin, and gave it me, requesting that I should preserve it as a most precious thing. 'I wished to see thee once more before dying,' said he, 'and to give thee this paper, which is the most powerful charm (*manitou*) which thou canst employ with the whites to interest them in thy favor; for all those to whom I have shown it have manifested toward me a particular attachment. I received it from a great French warrior, whom the English dreaded as much as the Americans loved. And with whom I fought in my youth.' After these words my father was silent, next morning he expired. Sciakape, the name of the warrior who came for me, covered the body of my father with the branches of trees, and took me back to my guardian."

Here Mary suspended her narrative, and presented to me a letter a little darkened by time, but in good preservation. "Stay," said she to me, smiling, "you see that I have faithfully complied with the charge of my father; I have taken great care of his *manitou*." I opened the letter and recognized the signature and hand-writing of General Lafayette. It was dated at Head Quarters, Albany, June, 1778, after the northern campaign, and addressed to Panisicowa, an Indian Chief of one of the Six Nations, to thank him for the courageous manner in which he had served the American cause.

"Well," said Mary, "now that you know me well enough to introduce me to General Lafayette, shall we go to him that I may also greet him whom my father revered as the courageous warrior and the friend of our nations?" "Willingly," I replied, "but it seems to me that you have promised to inform us in what manner, after having tasted for some time the sweets of civilization, you came to return to the rude and savage life of the Indians?" At this question Mary looked downward and seemed troubled. However,

after a slight hesitation she resumed in a lower tone: "After the death of my father, Sciakape often returned to see me. We soon became attached to each other; he did not find it difficult to determine me to follow him into the forest, where I became his wife. This resolution at first very much afflicted my benefactors; but when they saw that I found myself happy, they pardoned me; and each year during all the time that our encampment is established near Kaskaskia, I rarely pass a day without going to see them; if you wish, we can visit them, for their house is close by our way, and you will see, by the reception they will give me, that they retain their esteem and friendship." Mary pronounced these last words with a degree of pride, which proved to us that she feared that we might have formed a bad opinion of her, on account of her flight from the house of her benefactors with Sciakape. We accepted her proposition, and she gave the signal for departure. At her call her husband and eight warriors presented themselves to escort us. M. de Syon, offered her his arm, and we began our march. We were all very well received by the family of Mr. Mesnard; but Mary, above all, received the most tender marks of affection from the persons of the household. Mr. Mesnard, Mary's adopted father, was at Kaskaskia, as one of the committee charged with the reception of Lafayette, and Mrs. Mesnard asked us if we would undertake to conduct her daughter to the ball which she herself was prevented from attending by indisposition. We assented with pleasure: and while Mary assisted Miss Mesnard to complete her toilet, we seated ourselves round a great fire in the kitchen. Scarcely were we seated, when I saw moving in the corner a black mass, of which I had at first a difficulty in recognizing the nature and form; but, after an attentive examination, I found it was an old negro doubled by age. His face was so much wrinkled and deformed by time, that it was impossible to distinguish in it a single feature, and I guessed the place of his mouth by a little cloud of tobacco smoke which escaped thence from time to time. This man appeared to give great attention to the conversation which took place between us and a young man of Mr. Mesnard's family; when he understood that we traveled with General Lafayette, and that we came from St. Louis, he asked if we had found many Frenchmen there. I replied that we had seen some, and, among others, Mr. Choteau, the founder of the town. "What!" cried he with a loud voice, which seemed not to belong to so decrepit a body—"What! you found the little Choteau? Oh! I know him well, so I do, that little Choteau; we have traveled a great deal together on the Mississippi, and that at a time when very few of the whites had come this far." "But do you know," said I, "that he whom you call the little Choteau is very old, that he is certainly more than ninety years of age?" "Oh, I believe that well! but what of that? that does not prevent that I should know him well when a child." "Of what age are you, then?" "Of that I know nothing, as they never taught me to count. All that I know is, that I left New Orleans with my master who made part of the expedition sent by the Navigation Company of the Mississippi, under the orders of the young Choteau, to go and build a fort high up the river. Young Choteau was hardly seventeen, but he was commander of the expedition, because his father was, they said, one of the richest proprietors of the company. After having rowed a long time against the current and suffered great fatigue, we arrived at last not far from here, where we set about building Fort Chartres. It seems as if I was now there; I see from here the great stones which bore the great arches we built. Every one of us said, 'Here is a fort will last longer than us all, and longer than our children.' I also believed it well, and yet I have seen the last of it; for it is now in ruins, and I am yet living. Do you know, sir, how many years it is since we built Fort Chartres?" "At least eighty years, if I am not deceived." "Well, count, and you will know very nearly my age. I was then at least thirty years old, for my little Choteau appeared to me a child; I have already served three masters, and I have suffered a great deal." "According to that account, you are a hundred and ten years old, Daddy Francis." "Yes, indeed, I believe I am at least that, for it is a long time

that I have labored and suffered." "How!" said the young man who was seated near him, "do you suffer now, Francis?" "Oh! pardon me, sir, I speak not of the time I have lived in this house. Since I belonged to Mr. Mesnard it is very different; I am now happy. Instead of serving others, they all serve me. Mr. Mesnard will not even allow me to go and bring in a little wood for the fire; he says that I am too old for that. But I must tell the truth, Mr. Mesnard is not a master to me; he is a man—he is a friend."

The homage of the old slave, rendered to the humanity of his master, gave us a high idea of the character of Mr. Mesnard. While we were yet listening to old Francis, Mary and Miss Mesnard came to inform us that they were ready, and asked us if we would be on our way, as it began to grow late. We took leave of Mrs. Mesnard, and found our Indian escort, who had waited patiently for us at the door, and who resumed their position near us at some distance in front, to guide and protect our march, as if we had been crossing an enemy's country. The night was quite dark, but the temperature was mild, and the fire-flies illuminated the atmosphere around us. M. de Syon conducted Miss Mesnard, and I gave my arm to Mary, who, notwithstanding the darkness, walked with a confidence and lightness which only a forest life could produce. The fire-flies attracted and interested me much; for, although this was not the first time I had observed them, I had never before seen them in such numbers. I asked Mary if these insects, which from their appearance seem so likely to astonish the imagination, had never given place among the Indians to popular beliefs or tales. "Not among the nations of these countries, where every year we are familiarized with their great numbers," said she to me, "but I have heard that among the tribes of the north, they commonly believe that they are the souls of departed friends, who return to console them or demand the performance of some promise. I even know several ballads on this subject. One of them appears to have been made a long time since, in a nation which lives farther north and no longer exists. It is by songs that great events and popular traditions are ordinarily preserved among us, and this ballad, which I have often heard sung by the young girls of our tribe, leaves no doubt as to the belief of some Indians concerning the fire-fly." I asked her to sing me this song, which she did with much grace. Although I did not comprehend the words, which were Indian, I observed a great harmony in their arrangement, and, in the very simple music in which they were sung, an expression of deep melancholy.

When she had finished the ballad, I asked her if she could not translate it for me into French, so that I might comprehend the sense. "With difficulty," she said, "for I have always found great obstacles to translating exactly the expressions of our Indians into French, when I have served them as interpreter with the whites; but I will try." And she translated nearly as follows:

"The rude season of the chase was over. Antakaya, the handsomest, the most skillful, and bravest of the Cherokee warriors, came to the banks of the Avolachy, where he was expected by Manahella, the young virgin promised to his love and bravery.

"The first day of the moon of flowers was to witness their union. Already had the two families, assembled round the same fire, given their assent; already had the young men and women prepared and ornamented the new cabin, which was to receive the happy couple, when, at the rising of the sun, a terrible cry, the cry of war, sent forth by the scout who always watches at the summit of the hill, called the old men to the council, and the warriors to arms.

"The whites appeared on the frontier. Murder and robbery accompanied them. The star of fertility had not reached its noontide height, and already Antakaya had departed at the head of his warriors to repel robbery, murder, and the whites.

"Go, said Manahella to him, endeavoring to stifle her grief, go fight the cruel whites, and I will pray to the Great Spirit to wrap thee with a cloud, proof against their blows. I will pray him to bring thee back to the banks of the Avolachy, there to be loved by Manahella.

"I will return to thee, replied Antakaya; I will return to thee. My arrows have never disappointed my aim; my tomahawk shall be bathed in the blood of the whites; I will bring back their scalps to ornament the door of thy cabin; then I shall be worthy of Manahella; then shall we love in peace; then shall we be happy.

"The first day of the moon of flowers had brightly dawned, and many more had passed away, and none had heard from Antakaya and his warriors. Stooping on the shores of the Avolachy, the mournful Manahella every evening raised to the evil spirits little pyramids of polished pebbles, to appease their anger and to avert their resistance to her well beloved; but the evil spirits were inflexible, and their violent blasts overthrew the little pyramids.

"One evening of the last moon of flowers, Manahella met on the banks of the river a pale and bloody warrior. 'Die, poor ivy,' said he to Manahella; 'die! the noblest oak of the forest, that proud oak under whose shade thou hoped to enjoy repose and happiness, is fallen! It has fallen under the redoubled strokes of the whites. In its fall it has crushed those who felled it, but it is fallen! Die poor ivy, die! for the oak which was to give thee support is fallen!' Two days after, Manahella was no more.

"Antakaya, whose courage had been deceived by fate, had fallen covered with wounds, into the hands of the whites, who carried him far away. But he escaped; and after wandering long through the forest, he returned to mourn his defeat and meditate vengeance with Manahella. When he arrived, she was no more. Agitated by the most violent despair, he ran in the evening to the banks of the Avolachy, calling Manahella, but the echo alone replied to the accents of his grief.

"O Manahella! he exclaimed, if my arrows have disappointed my skill, if my tomahawk has not split the blood of the whites, if I have not brought thee their scalps to ornament the door of thy cabin, forgive me! It is not the fault of my courage; the evil spirits have fought against me. And yet I have suffered no complaint to escape me, not a sigh, when the iron of my enemies tore my breast; I have not abased myself by asking my life! They preserved it against my will, and I am only consoled by the hope of one day avenging myself, and offering thee many of their scalps. O Manahella! come, if but to tell me that thou pardonest me, and that thou permittest me to follow thee into the world of the Great Spirit.

"At the same instant a vivid light, pure and lambent, appeared to the eyes of the unfortunate Antakaya. He saw in it the soul of his beloved, and followed it through the valley during all the night, supplicating it to stay and to pardon him. At the dawn of the day he found himself on the border of a great lake; the light had disappeared, and he believed that it had passed over the water. Immediately, although feeble and fatigued, he made a canoe of the trunk of a tree which he hollowed, and with a branch he made a paddle. At the end of the day his work was achieved. With the darkness the deceptive light returned; and during all the night Antakaya pursued the delusion on the face of the unsteady waters. But it again disappeared before the light of the sun, and with it vanished the slight breath of hope and the life of Antakaya."

Mary ended her ballad, and I expressed to her my thanks as we arrived at the bridge of Kaskaskia. There, Sclakape collected his escort, said a few words to his wife, and left us to enter the village alone. We approached the house of Mr. Morrison, at which the ball was given to General Lafayette. I then felt that Mary trembled; her trouble was so great that she could not conceal it from me. I asked her the cause. "If you would spare me a great mortification," she said, "you will not conduct me among the ladies of Kaskaskia. They are now, without doubt, in their most brilliant dresses, and the coarseness of my clothes will inspire them with contempt and pity, two sentiments which will equally affect me. Besides I know that they blame me for having renounced the life of the whites, and I feel little at ease in their presence." I promised what she desired, and she became reassured. Arrived at Mr. Morrison's, I conducted her into a lower chamber, and went to the hall to inform General La-

fayette that the young Indian girl awaited him below. He hastened down, and several of the committee with him. He saw and heard Mary with pleasure, and could not conceal his emotion on recognizing his letter, and observing with what holy veneration it had been preserved during nearly half a century in a savage nation, among whom he had not even supposed his name had ever penetrated. On her part, the daughter of Panisclowa expressed with vivacity the happiness she enjoyed in seeing him, along with whom her father had the honor to fight for the good American cause.

After a half hour's conversation, in which General Lafayette was pleased to relate the evidences of the fidelity and courageous conduct of some Indian nations toward Americans, during the revolutionary war, Mary manifested a wish to retire, and I accompanied her to the bridge, where I replaced her under the care of Sciackape and his escort, and bade them farewell.

ALLEGORIC VISION.

BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope; in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April:

Qual ramice! a ramo,
Tal da pensier pensiro
In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I thought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes, like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travelers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry: and we sat face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it besem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eyes from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm, and in the duskiness of that place, he sat like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watch-

ing the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we have observed on the mountain's side on an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinted by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic meritment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared, now to marshal the various groups and to direct their movements, and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recess of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he made me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange suffiations he exorcised me; and then led me through many dark and winding alleys, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spricle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial light—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, that held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me: Read and believe; these are Mysteries! At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were engaged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of "this is the Temple of Superstition!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile; and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly dis-

tinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and mantonly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. My name, she replied, is Religion.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onward and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts of each of the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now, with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the name of religion. They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition, they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sat two figures; the first, by her dress and gesture, I knew to be *SEXUALITY*; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanor, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster *BLASPHEMY*. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sat an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved *NATURE!* To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble. Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railings against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the Holiest Recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him: Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied: "No one." The string of blind men went on forever without any beginning: for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind; and I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of *Superstition*—and in the terror I awoke.

OUR TABLE.

THE ENGRAVINGS OF THE ROVER.—Those who chanced to see the prospectus of this work at its commencement, may recollect that but two engravings a year were promised, one for the commencement of each volume. Accidental circumstances at the time soon changed the plan so far as to lead to the publication of beautiful specimens of the art in each number for several weeks, and the decided favor with which the work was received by the public, induced the publishers to persevere, and give an elegant finished steel engraving every week the year round. How well they have succeeded, those who have had an opportunity of seeing the work thus far, can judge for themselves.

It is not deemed too much to say, however, that a larger or more beautiful collection of engravings than will be comprised in this work in the course of the year, cannot be found elsewhere for the same amount of money. *Fifty-two highly finished steel engravings a year*, besides two large and elegant volumes of choice reading, original and selected, all for three dollars, or six cents a week.

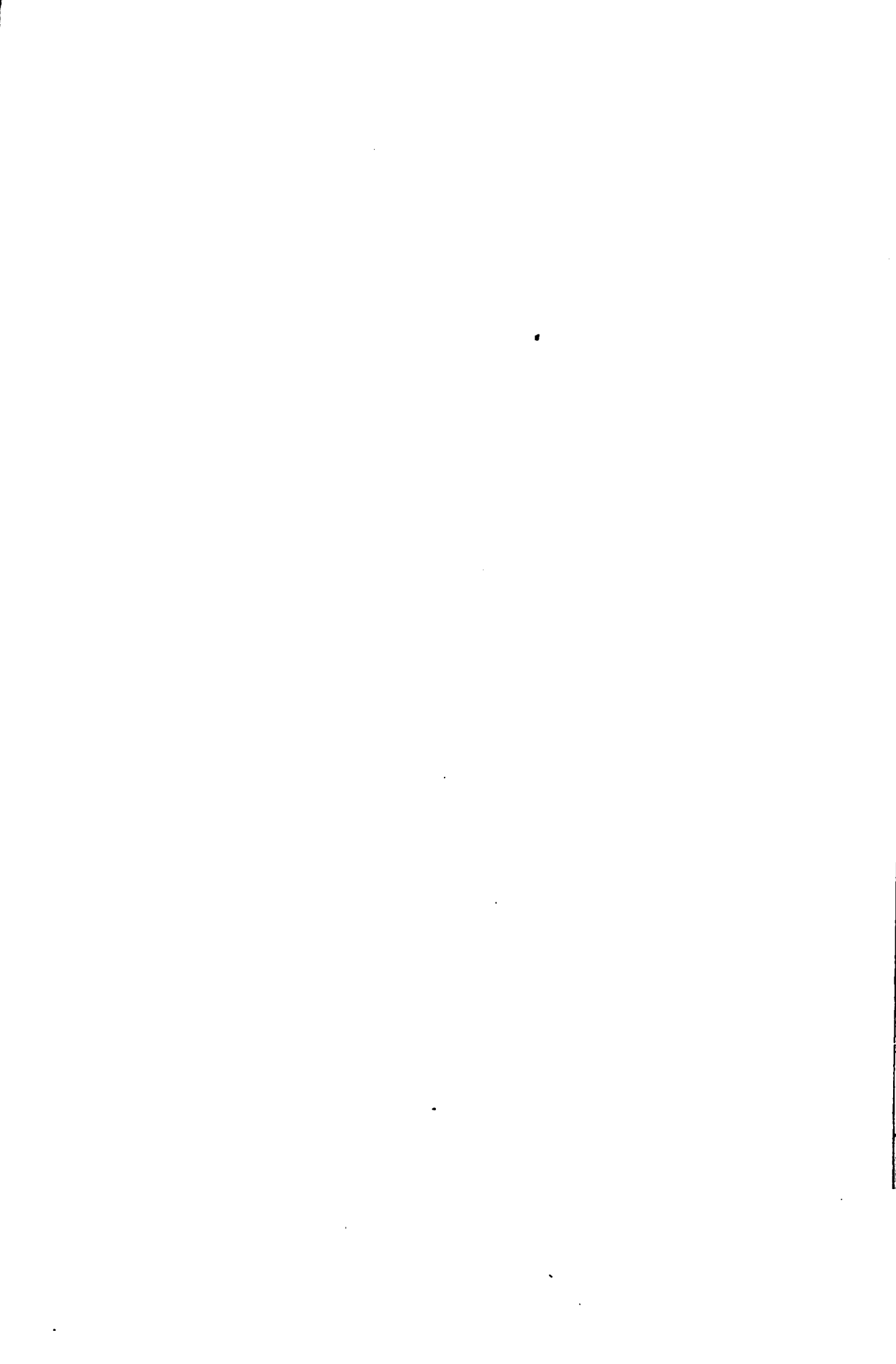
TWO FEATURES OF THE ROVER.—There are two features in the plan of this work which we wish our readers to bear in mind. The first is the *completeness* of the single numbers. Each number, as a general thing, will be perfect in itself, having no necessary connection with other numbers, past or to come. So that the purchaser of single numbers, besides a beautiful engraving, alone worth four times the price of the number, will get several tales, sketches, and poems, original and selected, and all for six cents. The second feature is the suitability of the work for binding into handsome volumes. It is intended that the manner of getting up the work, both mechanically, and in the matter of its contents, shall render it an attractive and useful book for future reference and present reading.

Two large volumes, containing eight hundred and thirty-two pages, besides fifty-two elegant steel engravings, for three dollars, must be considered remarkably cheap even in these days of cheap literature.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—Among the engravings for the *ROVER*, it is intended, as fast as good ones can be obtained, to give a series representing American scenery in all the different states of the Union. One of the kind has already been presented, in our thirteenth number, giving a view of the ruins at Fort Ticonderoga, in this state. The second of the series is given this week, from scenery in New Jersey. The plate is a very beautiful and highly finished specimen of the art, from an original painting by Durand, engraved by Rolph. The scene is a quiet landscape, representing evening on the Passaic river.

Several correspondents must wait for answers to their communications till next week. In the mean time we will say to "Bozzy"—not Doctor Johnson's Bozzy, nor the Boz of Oliver Twist, but our correspondent "Bozzy," that if he will satisfy us beyond a "reasonable doubt," as the court tells the jury, that what he says about certain literary transactions is strictly true, he shall be heard.

We also take pleasure in expressing our thanks to the author of "The Birth of Aurora," and shall at any time be happy to receive like favors from him.





EXHIBITION

THE SEPENADE

BY J. H. B. H. H. H.

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

The new Fountain in the center of D

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KENNEBEC.

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of summer. The
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well-meant jest of
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ment, without

me dread conqueror, Death, who
miseth no man's door, may, with his chilling breath
and frosty hand, summon us away to

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

Heed the warning! heed the warning! Let not the
enemy strike, and no preparation of defence made. In
the still watches of the night, dream not of security,
for even then the invisible hand of the destroyer may
be above thy pillow.

But to our tale. The bright sun was bidding the day
farewell, as Norman Murray and Mary Lindsey ram-
bled along the banks of the Kennebec at that point
above the falls of Skowhegan where a graceful bend in
the river sways its smoothe and swelling tide into the
broad basin that nurses for a moment its dark waters
ere they fling themselves in maddening riot and con-
fusion over the dashing cataract below; though the
force of the fall is doubtless weakened by an island that
rises up in the middle of the river, turning one half the
stream to the right, still the height of the precipice and
the body of water falling over it is such that many a
fearful tale is told of fatal accidents and "hair breadth
escapes."

ured by thee from woodisad green.

Home of light and glory leaving
For a pathway dim and drear,
Struggling, hoping, inly grieving,

Thou rejoicest to be here;
Yet a sorrow mingl'eth ever
With the joy that set thee free;

Thou art falling, Fountain, never
Shall thy hope be given thee!

Thus through darkness, doubt and sorrow,
Struggling in our pathway on,
Hoping brighter things to-morrow,

Sorrowing when the goal is won;
Thus like thee, do we, O Fountain,
Half in memory of the past,

Look once more for bower and mountain,
Visions bright, too bright to last.

*The Croton water is brought to the city of New York
through pipes, from a distance of forty miles.



18 1/2

THE SERENADE

BY J. W. WATSON

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE new Fountain in the centre of Bowling Green, near the Battery, was opened on the 4th. It attracted great crowds of people around it through the day. When we saw it, in the afternoon, it was in feeble play, the water not rising more than two or three feet above the pile of rough rocks through the centre of which it springs into the air. But when the water leaps, as it will, under full head, fifty or sixty feet above the rocks and falls on every side, covering them with a snowy foam, the effect must be at once grand and beautiful.

We think, had there been a little more irregularity in the pile of rocks, giving them more of a natural wildness in appearance, the effect might have been still more pleasing. But as it is, in a hot day, with the water breaking and foaming and rushing down their sides, they present one of the most grateful objects that the eye can possibly rest upon; refreshing even as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The fountains of New York are in their infancy; but the day will come, and probably not many years hence, when in number and beauty they will surpass the fountains of any other city in the world. The following lines were written soon after the opening of the Park Fountain, and published in the Lady's Book. We republish them now, as being equally applicable to the opening of the Fountain in Bowling Green.

THE PARK FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.
AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD," &c.

Snowy Fountain! upward gushing

Like a spirit birth of glee,

From thy cold, dark pathway rushing,*

Thus rejoicing to be free;

On my cheek thy spray is falling,

Rock, and dell, and songful bird,

Echoes on each other calling,

In thy melody are heard.

Thou dost owe thy birth, O Fountain,

Far away by wood and dale,

Silver streamlets from the mountain

Steal to thee in lonely vale;

Still amid thy falling water,

Mirrored in thy crystal sheen,

Frolic wood-nymphs, wild with laughter,

Lured by thee from woodland green.

Home of light and glory leaving

For a pathway dim and drear,

Struggling, hoping, inly grieving,

Thou rejoicest to be here;

Yet a sorrow minglcth ever

With the joy that set thee free;

Thou art falling, Fountain, never

Shall thy hope be given thee!

Thus through darkness, doubt and sorrow,

Struggling in our pathway on,

Hoping brighter things to-morrow,

Sorrowing when the goal is won;

Thus like thee, do we, O Fountain,

Half in memory of the past,

Look once more for bowers and mountains,

Visions bright, too bright to last.

*The Croton water is brought to the city of New York through pipes, from a distance of sixty miles.

Thus like thee are upward mounting,
Hopes for earth too fair and bright;
Perished hopes the hours are counting
With a promise of delight;
Yet we give them kindly greeting,
Till the heart itself be riven—
Visions fond and frail and fleeting,
Bathed like thee in hues of heaven.

Original.

THE LOG-DRIVER.

A TALE OF THE KENNEBEC.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

IT was the evening of the third of July, 1823. The declining sun was casting his dying colors over the surrounding country, softening the misty atmosphere over hill and dale with a mellow and cheerful light, and tinting with purple and gold the fleecy clouds that hung in ponderous piles along the whole extent of the western horizon. High in the air the whip-poor-will uttered its melancholy note, and the night hawk, circling its airy flight overhead, seemed to tell you with its peeping voice, how happy it was to dip its graceful wing in the beautiful soft twilight of summer. The lowing of herds—the tinkling of bells—the merry laugh of the peasant girl—and the lively, well-meant jest of the village youth, lent a cheerfulness to the scene, and imparted a quiet to the heart which the most gloomy could not entirely resist.

There is something sweet and holy about sunset in the country. It enlivens and expands the heart, and brings forth from their secret hiding places the despoiled and impassioned thoughts of the mind, giving it a calm and grateful feeling to the Author of all good, for the benefits and many mercies He has bestowed upon us. Is it not singular that man, endowed with the supreme faculty of reason, should run through his life in riot and debauchery, oppression and warfare; trampling upon the weak, gratifying his own base desires, and seeking to monopolize all the benefits and luxuries of life, unmindful of the past, abusing the present, and giving no thought to the future—striving to believe there is time enough to talk of *that* when he shall become too old to enjoy existence? Vain creature! how uncertain is life. At any moment, without a warning voice, the dread conqueror, Death, who misseeth no man's door, may, with his chilling breath and frosty hand, summon us away to

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne

No traveler returns."

Heed the warning! heed the warning! Let not the enemy strike, and no preparation of defence made. In the still watches of the night, dream not of security, for even then the invisible hand of the destroyer may be above thy pillow.

But to our tale. The bright sun was bidding the day farewell, as Norman Murray and Mary Lindsey rambled along the banks of the Kennebec at that point above the falls of Skowhegan where a graceful bend in the river sways its smooth and swelling tide into the broad basin that nurses for a moment its dark waters ere they fling themselves in maddening riot and confusion over the dashing cataract below; though the force of the fall is doubtless weakened by an island that rises up in the middle of the river, turning one half the stream to the right, still the height of the precipice and the body of water falling over it is such that many a fearful tale is told of fatal accidents and "hair breadth escapes."

We have introduced you, indulgent reader, to two of the "leading characters" of our drama: shall we leave them in silence, as they actually walked, for half an hour, while we describe the beauties of the Kennebec, the thunder of Skowhegan, the enterprize of the villages on either side of the river, the neat white Congregational meeting-house in Bloomfield, with its bright tinted spire, and the gray, barn-like one opposite—Baptist, if our memory serves us? Shall we tell of the merry peals of the two bells on a Sunday morning—of the smart things said some sixteen years ago, when the bells were first introduced, and raised to their present high station?—how they may be heard of a clear day for miles, sending their echoes over the hill and over the dale—through the villages and over the water, and all through the big forests that loom up everywhere around, like great blue clouds? Shall we tell how those two bells came all the way from Boston? (perhaps—if the Clarion doesn't contradict us?) Shall we tell how often, with uncle Joel, and Kate, and Sophia (aunt-seidom went to meeting *then*) we have sat in the little white meeting-house, looking all around, and thinking of anything but the sermon, and aching to get out and be in the river, or on it in a dug-out or log canoe? Shall we tell you of the hum of the grist-mills, saw-mills and all other mills?—of taverns and dusty countrymen?—of stores where they sell in the same room, liquor by the three cent glass, (you can sweeten it with molasses,) "W. I. Goods and Groceries," "English and French Dry Goods," "Dun Fish," "Smoked Herring," "Hardware," "Produce," &c. &c., besides everything else that a family may want to use in a whole year? Above all, shall we tell you of the industry and integrity of the people, and their prosperity?—of the frugal housewives and the pretty lasses all in bloom and blossom? Shall we tell you all this while Norman and Mary are walking in silence by the murmuring water? If we should, you would all know what a delightful place it is, and how happy are the people. Happy? you would think so, if you had seen them as we have, at a general training or muster; they burn so much powder! and make such furious joy, "O ho!" says the Clarion, "you have been among us!" Indeed we have. Fourteen years ago last New Year's we skated all day long on the Kennebec, and many a time before that—but that was the last time! We were there when the incident that forms the subject of our story occurred, hoeing corn all day long in the broiling hot sun; but we were none the better pleased for that, for we were deprived of our holiday as punishment for something we knew not of; but we were revenged; for one day—many days after that—we feigned a sick head-ache to escape work; we were too sick to do anything; our head ached terribly. Well, we were offered ninnepce to pull flax all day. Ninnepces were scarce—we took it. Pull flax all day in the hot sun for ninnepce, with the sick head-ache! Wonderful endurance!

Yes, we have been among you, ladies and gentlemen of Skowhegan and Bloomfield, rambling over the hills and paddling in the river, and the memory of those times is dear to us yet, and our residence there was one of the green spots in our existence. May we some time meet again. Fare you well!

We left Norman and Mary walking together in silence, but the mute converse of their hearts conveyed the eloquent thoughts of each to the other, and many a sweet thing was fancied, and many a rapturous feeling glowed in their hearts, which seemed to wall them round with an invisible paradise of bliss. They were fondly attached to each other, and, as all things smiled propitious on their love, the evening of the succeeding day was appointed for their nuptials. The nearness of the long anticipated period gave to Mary a feeling of timidity, and she had thus wandered forth to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding scenery, and to inhale new life, after the sultry heat of the day, from the refreshing coolness of the twilight breeze. Mary was first to break the silence.

"My dear Norman, why do you not leave your arduous and toilsome occupation? Why are you still a log-driver?"

"Because I enjoy its excitement, Mary."

"But it is dangerous; therefore it may be for death."

"Because of its danger do I like it. It is a glorious life to me; so exhilarating—so full of incident, without which I could not endure it."

"But, Norman, I do not wish to have you continue it—I like it not. I cannot bear its excitement, when I know that he whom I love better than life itself, is exposed to its dangers."

"Dear, generous girl! But why so opposed to it? Surely there is not as much danger as you apprehend."

"There may not be, Norman; but my fears magnify an hundred fold, and I cannot be happy while you are exposed to danger."

"Danger has charms for me. I love the sound of the rushing stream and the roar of the cataract—I would have such for my death knell. I love"—

"What else does Norman love?"

"I love you, Mary, better than all these; better than earth or air—better than my existence!"

"Then let me entreat you to forswear this slavish toil."

"Slavish! We leap with the torrent. Slavish! by my right hand! It is the most perfect liberty."

"Well, then, these hardships, privations and severe duties. I will not say, by the love you bear me; but for my sake, I beg of you to quit it. You do not follow it from necessity; wherefore, then, do you continue it?"

"For your sake, Mary, I will do anything. But"—

"Ah, now, Norman, no buts; promise me that you will have no further connection with the business."

"But this summer."

"No."

"This month—this one month."

"No—no; it must be now. Promise me that you will not drive another log."

"Mary, I cannot promise that. Look at Skowhegan. There are five hundred logs that have formed a press on the pitch of the falls. They must be got off to-morrow. It is a bad job, and my companions would say I left them through fear, should I refuse them my assistance; and they shall never say that. Those logs off, sweet Mary, and I promise you it shall be my last at log-driving."

"Why go at all?—yet you have told me. I feel that that there is danger connected with yonder logs, for to me they look ominous. Norman, do not go."

"Mary, I have acceded to your wishes almost as you required; be therefore generous, and leave me the one day I crave."

"Be it so, Norman; but I fear that I shall have cause to rue it. I have ever had a presentiment that some ill would befall you near this place. I never look upon those dashing waters, that I do not associate them with some idea of horror."

"Speak not so, Mary. Although I heed not presentiments and omens, yet it gives me unpleasant thoughts to hear you speak of them."

"Do you not think, Norman, that they are sent by the Unseen Power to warn us of approaching events, that, if we cannot shun, we may be the better prepared to meet them with becoming fortitude?"

"I think that what you call presentiment arises through fear; and when we form a strong attachment to any person or any thing, and adopt a certain dread of any event that might occur, which would deprive us of any dear friend, or make reality of any imagined evil, those thoughts will, if suffered to linger, magnify into fears, and those fears become presentiments. This, I think, is the true anatomy of a presentiment."

"Do you not believe, then, that

'Coming events cast their shadows before?'"

"I cannot—why should they? Has there been, thus far, anything sad or sorrowful in our lives, that we should anticipate evil?"

"Alas! the less able should I be to bear it. Continual affliction strengthens the heart, until it becomes hard and callous to misfortune; but I, who have scarce ever known sorrow or disappointment, should sink under the weight of blighted affection. Pray God I never meet the trial!"

"Heaven forbid! Our hearts, Mary, have long been united; to-morrow unites our hands; then shall we have passed the Rubicon whence there is no returning."

then shall have been spoken the holy rite and the solemn vow that bind us forever. Do you not, as I do, hail with joy the approaching event? Do you not think from that time we may date our *real* happiness?"

"I hope so, Norman. That I hail the event with joy, is true; but there is a pleasing sadness connected with it which I cannot divest myself of, yet I would not have you participate in it."

"Do I not love you, Mary? Have I not knelt in the deep and pathless wood for you, and by the river's side? Have I not sought your love and obtained it?—your will be to mine and it was granted? and does not to-morrow's eve unite us forever? Why, then, should I be sorrowful? With so much happiness before me, what cause have I for sorrow? We will live hereafter with and for one another; we will let no imaginary nor anticipated evils disturb us. It shall be my fondest and proudest endeavor to promote and ensure your happiness; and may death find us in old age, after a long, happy and useful life, ready to depart together."

"Think you shall never change?"

"Ungenerous girl!"

"Forgive me the thought. One loving less than I would fear less. Doubt you? No! Had I a thousand times more to lay upon the cast, I would venture all for you. Oh, leave, then—leave this toilsome and weary life which you follow with so much zest, and occupy your mind with something more befitting your abilities."

"I will—to-morrow."

"To-morrow! I thank you, Norman—yes, I thank you; I am so pleased to think of it. To-morrow!"

"After to-morrow I promise to devote myself to you. And now, Mary, had we not better return? The air is getting damp with the heavy dew."

"Mary only answered with a sigh, and clinging closer to Norman, they returned to the house of her father, about a quarter of a mile from the falls.

The morning of the Fourth—that hallowed point of time in our national history, round which our fondest memories gather—was ushered in by the roar of cannon and the ringing of the two aforesaid meeting-house bells. It was a bright and joyous morning. Not a cloud floated on the lazy atmosphere, and the sun arose, like some mighty deity, imparting brilliancy to the scene, and lighting with a happy smile of pleasure the dark and healthful features of the peasantry. Norman arose as Aurora shed her earliest plume, to join in the festivities of the day, for having so much cause of happiness himself, he could not resist the temptation to participate in the ceremonies of the celebration, as to him that day possessed a double interest, and he forbade a melancholy thought to intrude upon his mind. The early part of the day passed off as such great days usually pass off in Skowhegan, and every face wore a smile of satisfaction. About one o'clock, Norman, with several others, repaired to the falls to clear off the logs that had lodged on the rocks above.

On that side of the precipice nearest the island, several rocks projected above the surface of the water, and against these a large log had lodged crosswise, which caught others as they descended to the fall, thus forming a press of some hundred logs; and when Norman and his companions arrived at the spot, they questioned each other as to the best method of dislodging them. It was finally settled that the quickest and best way to accomplish their object, would be to cut the foremost log until the pressure of those above should break it, when the entire mass would sway round and pass over without further difficulty. But this was a hazardous task, and who would undertake it?—who of the party was bold enough to venture, and, standing on the brow of the precipice, facing the abyss below, to commence the task of cutting the huge timber? It could be done. All that was required was judgment and quickness, for one leap would put the person safe on shore. After a few moments' debate, a young man, bold and reckless, jumped upon the foremost log and commenced cutting. He soon came off, however, declaring:

"That for all the logs that ever floated down the Kennebec I will not raise my axe again."

"You are a coward, Amesford! Give me the axe," exclaimed Norman; "I will cut the log, for it is my last job of the kind, and I wish to finish it like a man."

"No—no, Norman; be not rash," shouted one of the party. "My life upon it! there is danger in the attempt."

"And mine upon it, too!" cried Norman. "Danger! I never yet did shun!" and with a light step he sprang upon the log.

"Norman! Murray! be cautious, man! This rope—let this rope be tied round you."

"No ropes for me!" he shouted.

"Come back! come back! The log will break in a moment, without more cutting. See! it bends even now. Norman!"

But he heard them not, or if he did, he heeded not. He had reached the centre, and stood with his face toward the fatal chasm, which boiled below like a mighty chaldron. A smile of pride was on his face; he cast a look of triumph upon the shore thronged with people who came to witness the success of the log-drivers; he raised his axe—struck once!—twice!—thrice!—there it stuck! The log cracked!—it trembled for an instant, like a thing affrightened, and then, as the multitude around stood breathless, came a crash and one piercing cry of agony, and Norman Murray fell forward into the foaming waters below! Then an exclamation of horror burst from his comrades, and instantly a rush was made to the scene of the disaster, while the logs came tumbling and pitching down; all stood aghast, for no human arm could yield him succor. For an instant he was lost amid the whirling mass; but on a sudden a cry of joy burst from the crowd around, for their eager eyes beheld him rise through the foam, and strike out toward the shore. He approached so near that his right hand was laid upon the flat surface of a rock.

"He is safe!—he is safe!" cried an hundred voices. No! for just then, a large log, like a malicious and evil monster, came gambling and rolling along, and struck Norman in the head, sending him with much force back again into the whirling current. The multitude now rushed to the other side of the bridge, and to the shores below it. Again was he seen to come to the surface, but nearly exhausted, and his efforts to swim were very feeble. The river at that place being deep, and the current strong, he was carried into a whirlpool, a short distance below the bridge, from which he was unable to extricate himself, and in a few seconds he sunk to rise with life no more.

Thus terminated the existence of Norman Murray, a young man beloved by all who knew him, and who promised fair to become a useful member of society. As he was seen to sink, a groan of woe burst from the assembled spectators, and with downcast faces and mournful looks, they left the spot to communicate the sad event to their friends. But there was one destined too soon to listen to the awful tale.

The wedding of Norman and Mary was to have taken place at the house of an uncle of the bride's, who resided about three miles from her father's. For that purpose, in the early part of the day, Mr. Lindsey, with his wife and daughter, (she was an only child,) departed for the residence of his brother, where considerable preparation was making for the ceremony, and where, as soon as his business was ended, Norman was to join them. News of disaster is apt to travel fast, but the public mind being then so occupied with the exciting festivities of the Fourth, together with the absence of Mr. Lindsey's family, prevented any immediate communication to them of the fatal event at the falls. Thus at length the day faded into twilight, and the bride, her father and her mother wondered at the absence of Norman. Patiently they sat in their neat little parlor, while the evening breeze sighed murmuringly through the open lattice, and the cricket chirped beneath the hearth-stone. Mary was pale, and her innocent heart fluttered with strange emotions. A voiceless feeling of suspense—the first bud of doubt, which she would not acknowledge to be doubt—an upbraiding thought which her delicate love used all argument to overcome—an apprehensive fear, which Hope, the angel, murmured against, touched at times her trembling nerves, sweeping over them like sad music over the strings of a lute. A tear, like sparkling dew, moist-

ewed her fringed eyelids, and she heeded few words that were spoken, so wrapped seemed she in the deep mysteries of her own heart. Moment after moment passed away, the minister had arrived, but the bridegroom, Norman, was still absent. Wonder grew into conjecture—conjecture into alarm. Mr. Lindsey sought some excuse for his absence in the excitement of the day; and yet he had never known him break his word before. Mary sat at the window with her eyes fixed upon the road up which Norman must pass to reach the house, and almost held her breath to catch the slightest sound that might herald his approach. Unwitting doe! she could neither see nor turn aside Fate's unerring shaft! Poor Norman! calm wert thou in thy death-sleep beneath the cold, dark water. Oh! how willingly wouldst thou have met thy biide that evening; with what a beaming eye and joyful heart wouldst thou have clasped her to thy bosom; but alas! such bliss was not for thee. Little didst thou ever dream that thy nuptial couch would be the oozy bed of the river! Weep for the heart that must be broken! Weep for poor Mary Lindsey! as she sat watching every person that approached—listening to every falling footstep, until her heart grew chill, and her cheek pale. Alone she could have wept like a child; but there the tears fell silently, and the burden of her grief was stifled in her bosom. One horrid thought clung to her—the falls—the logs! Yet another hour passed away bringing no Norman, and Mary now groaned aloud in her agony.

"Mary—my poor girl!" said her father, "reason with your grief. Norman is a true lad, and would not play you false. Some unavoidable delay must detain him. He may have deferred driving the logs over until sun-set, or they may have given him trouble."

"They may have given him trouble, father!" she answered with a meaning and startling voice. "The logs! merciful heaven!"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Lindsey, "do not needlessly alarm yourself. Norman will soon arrive, and will be able to explain the cause of his delay."

"O mother!" she cried, "I cannot help it. There is a fate awaits me which I cannot shun; there is a load at my heart—a grief I cannot speak."

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," exclaimed the minister. "In the midst of life we are in death."

"Death! did you speak of death? Alas, poor Norman! shall I never see you again? Hark! hark! He comes—he comes! Did I not say he would come? Look there—look! as fast as horse can bring him. Dear mother! I shall be happy—I am happy now!"

All listened. They could distinctly hear the sound of a horse's hoofs, coming at full speed up the road toward the house.

Mr. Lindsey and his wife went to the door. Mary moved not from where she sat, having resolved, as a slight punishment for the distress Norman had caused her, not to meet him as he entered. The horseman rode up to the house, dismounted, and advanced to the door, in which stood Mr. Lindsey. He at first seemed embarrassed with the burden of some difficult message that appeared to puzzle him how he should best deliver it. Mr. Lindsey perceived his embarrassment, and a vague suspicion crossed his mind that the man came the bearer of unpleasant tidings; he was, therefore, the first to break the silence.

"How is this, Amherst?" asked Lindsey. "You come to me a dumb messenger. If you have ill news for us, out with it, man. Surely nothing pleasant to hear would be so slow in coming."

"I would not willingly be a bearer of ill tidings. Mine is an unpleasant task. Mrs. Lindsey take courage, and draw largely upon your strength of reason. I am indeed the messenger of most woful news."

"I can conceive it all," said Mrs. Lindsey. "Some misfortune to Norman—is it not? Speak softly."

"It is," replied Amherst. "But it will fall heavier upon others than upon Norman. They have yet to suffer—long—long suffering. Norman's is"—

"Over! you would say, Amherst," exclaimed Mr. Lindsey. "You have no doubt come to tell us"—

"That Norman is—dead!"

A shriek—one heart-broken shriek—and the lifeless

form of Mary fell upon the hall floor behind them! In suspense at the conversation between her parents and Amherst, she had stolen cautiously behind them, where she heard those fatal words: "Norman is dead!" They broke her heart; poor girl!

"O my daughter—my daughter!" cried Mrs. Lindsey; "Mary, my dear broken hearted girl! look up, or you will kill your poor mother!" and she knelt on the floor beside her, and pressed her death pale cheek to her bosom, and kissed her sweet lips!

Means were quickly resorted to for her resuscitation, and anxiety and grief were pictured on every face. For several moments no signs of animation appeared, and the sterner eyes around were wet with tears like woman's at the piteous sight they gazed upon—tears from all but the father—he stood over the prostrate form of his child, speechless and tearless, for this calamity had left him without word or motion. When Mary at last opened her eyes, she looked eagerly upon the faces of those around her, and then clinging closer to her mother, she exclaimed:

"Hst, Norman! are we not wedded? They said that you were dead; but I would not believe them—I knew better than that."

"I am not Norman, dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Lindsey; "I am your mother. Do you not know me?"

Not Norman? No—no; but you are not my mother. My mother! why, she has been dead this many—many a year, and I am a poor lonely, miserable orphan, without parents or friends—no home to shelter me from the cruel storms. Oh! I am freezing!—but there is a furnace in my head;—burning—burning there! Norman—dear Norman! Hark! I heard him call me: did you not? She arose from the floor. "Again! Did you not hear him call me? Then let me go to him. Will you not?—but I will, though! Norman, only speak to me and I will fly to you. Ha! see!—see! He stands upon the falls, with the crazy, dashing waters leaping all around, and the big logs striving to fall upon him. Now! he waves his hand for aid—will you not save him? See! he trembles—he falls! Lost—lost, forever lost!"

Here she again fell senseless into the arms of her father. Then broke forth the fountains of his grief, and he raised his eyes toward heaven, exclaiming:

"O God! have mercy! for surely this day hast thou stricken us with a grievous affliction."

Mary remained insensible for near half an hour, but when life again appeared and speech returned, she continued wandering in mind, wild and feverish. At times she imagined herself married—then for a few moments she would seem happy. Again she appeared to have some faint idea of her true situation—then her meanings were piteous to hear. Thus passed she the night; nothing that could be done for her seemed in the least to give her quiet. In the morning a brain fever had set in, and a physician was sent for. He exercised all his skill—he tried his best remedies—nothing seemed of any avail. She hourly grew worse, and ere the sun of that day went to rest, her gentle spirit, like Noah's dove, went out from its ark a third time, never to return. It found a heaven to rest its weary wing in, and sweet communion with blest and kindred spirits. She left a heritage of woe for her parents—grief and its canker worm: for their hearts were left to mourn and wither over the memory of their lost daughter; and they were taught to look upward, and to fasten their hopes upon that perfect state of bliss in which only they might expect ever again to meet their lamented child.

She was laid beneath the green turf of the village church-yard, and over her grave the early sweet spring flowers blossom; and on summer days, fair maidens like herself, bring garlands of bright roses to strew above her lowly resting place; birds warble their tinkling music around, and in moonlight nights, when the glittering stars peep out upon the sleeping earth, the pure dew of heaven falls softly over her.

A few days after the death of Mary, the body of Norman was found about three miles below Skowhegan, and conveyed back to the village, and interred by the side of his Mary. "Peace to their manes!"

THE SERENADE.

BY THE LATE LUCY HOOPER.

—
WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Oh! wake thee, lady, wake!
For the stars are on the sea,
And their holy torches burn
But for thee, love, for thee!

Oh! wake thee, lady, wake!
For the dew is on the flowers,
And the quiet, quiet night,
Must be ours, only ours!

Oh! wake thee, lady, wake!
In the "day's sweet prime,"
Other voices whisper thee,
Winning tones from thine.

But at night, but at night,
Wake for me, wake for me!
When the holy stars are bright
On the sleeping sea.

Like the birds in twilight bower,
I must sing to thee;
Lady love, and cherished flower,
Keep thy trust with me.

Softly now the moon is beaming,
As I come to thee;
And the jasmine stars are gleaming,
Wake thee, love for me!

As a holy torch that shineth,
Though no eye may see,
As the sun that ne'er declineth,
Is my love for thee!—

Then, wake thee, lady, wake!
While the burning stars are bright,
And I will whisper thee,
My dream of yesterday!

That the moon was on the sea,
And the dew was on the flower,
When thou didst leave with me,
Thy pleasant summer bower.

Oh! wake thee, lady mine,
And keep thy trust to-night,
For the moon is on the sea,
And the holy stars are bright!—

TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

G. F. E. JAMES.

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, lying about ten miles from Faringdon House, were all awake and up, and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unscared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize

on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gather as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe: let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A. D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out, was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide extent of undulated moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the day time. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but, clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes toward the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are flying!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are flying! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those blood-thirsty fanatics. They are flying: do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the round-heads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out: your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears, perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and as they darted past the house, she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are rebels flying for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plums!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone, "they may be the followers and not the fliers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are flying, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster to each

look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were came back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer; and, in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman, who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound; but, the moment after, the horse which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh, seemed, at once, to express its sorrow and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the blind's-boy, Bridget: open the door, and bring in your fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for, though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste: and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but had its expression; and when after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree, and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favor.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord had smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here: wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair as if to rise, "woman should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Mosbitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive."

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say. That is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the

use of the stranger, "take that, it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Common-wealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master, and Master Henry Lisle coming-up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisting kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further congratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking toward the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick, "what crop-cared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promise they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of heaven, I will hang this roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young cavalier who strode on toward him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honor, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word? Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round, for a moment, in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he, at length, "if he staid but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get the gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see the depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fire-place, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it, he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length, he said, in a low voice, "Something I would fain say

—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether—”

“No thanks are needed,” interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, “no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady’s promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and, when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!”

“It may be so, if such be God’s will,” replied the Parliamentarian, “and now I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!”

“Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one,” answered Henry Lisle, and then added, “I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises.”

“Thou knowest me!” said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, “then thou doest the better deed in Israel: and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!”

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and, under the name of Lord General, ruled with more power than a king. In the meanwhile, Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs: and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Amongst the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister’s hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal fall to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to bear his companion’s last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself, at once, to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers; and, ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying toward the tower of London. His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband’s bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed, for some time, with equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away and left the prison.

It was in that great and unequalled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so many stange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the

tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangor of trumpets and all the pomp and splendor both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce; and officers, dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout broad-bull man, with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the thing around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there for ever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which, among other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, and oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while all the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession toward the door of the hall; but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell’s feet. “An act of grace, Lord Protector!” she exclaimed, “an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed!”

“What wouldst thou, woman?” demanded Cromwell; “somewhere I have seen thy face before; what wouldst thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this.”

“When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Farringdon House,” said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him, “and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common”—Cromwell’s brow darkened, but still she went on—“he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life and was successful; otherwise, Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldst never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!”

Cromwell’s brow was as dark as thunder; and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, “Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long.”

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child’s husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on toward that sad place where she had left all that was

dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendor in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary street, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!"—Henry is pardoned!"

Original.

THE GLASS-LOOKERS.

BY J. E. ORTON.

NEAR the waters of the Unadilla, in the state of New York, there lived, some years since, a lean shoemaker and his sturdy, well-to-do wife. No lousy cobbler was Samuel Fish; and no slatternly, good-for-nothing body was Ruth; but, somehow or other, mouths increased upon them faster than they could well fill them; their heap of children, as aunt Eunice said, was dreadful; and indeed, the good man and his family, all told, numbered a dozen and one to spare; and could they have been seen marching in a row, from a very respectable front, made up of himself and wife, they would have run down nearly to a point. No wonder, though he industriously piled the awl, and made the waxed ends glisten and twang, morning, noon and night, while she, with equal ardor, made music with her constant step around him, that anxious care with them was a frequent guest, and want, with difficulty, barred the door.

In this dilemma, the good woman took it upon her, one night, to dream a dream; and awoke therefrom in a very agreeable frame of mind. Her first impulse, was to arouse her husband, who was sleeping like a log at her side; but she bethought herself that he had had a hard day's work, and after all, it was but a dream; and so with commendable self-control, she again composed herself to rest.

Half an hour after, she awoke in a state of joyous trepidation, which would admit of no further delay. The self-same dream, complete in all its parts, had presented itself to her fancy again, giving an importance to the subject matter thereof, not to be attached to the ordinary vagaries of the night. She shook Samuel by the shoulders, and proceeded to recount it to him.

She had dreamed that a little old man, in a tarpaulin hat and sugar-paper small-clothes, stood before her; and after complimenting her and her husband, as very worthy, well-disposed people, if they only had the wherewithal to live, proceeded to inform her, that near at hand, under a certain tree on the banks of the Unadilla, was buried a rich treasure; which might be theirs for the taking, and would do them and their little ones much good.

"'Twas the ghost of Captain Kidd," said Samuel.

"O no, not a ghost!" said Ruth, starting.

"Well, well, ghost or no ghost," said Samuel, "it is a singular dream—a very singular dream—an extraordinary dream. Twice you have dreamed it, Ruth?"

"Twice."

"Well, good Ruth, go to sleep again, and remember, if you dream it over the third time, it will come true to a certainty. Go to sleep, go to sleep!"

In obedience to the wishes of her spouse, the dame composed herself on her pillow; and Samuel, after fidgeting an hour or more in uneasy expectancy, becoming too nervous for repose, carefully got up and lighted a candle. With it in his hand, his face flushed with hopes, new and exciting, he approached the bed; and leaned over to see if he could get any clue to the

success of his wife, in the expression of her features. She, good woman, with a start of terror, opened her eyes, and met his inquiring gaze. The candle fell from his hand; and she bounded out of bed to extinguish it, and as she did so, exclaimed:

"Why, Samuel, what on earth is the matter? Are you going to burn me up alive?"

"What luck? what luck?" shouted Samuel.

"Dear me!" returned his spouse, "I have not been asleep."

Great-fallen and discomfited, the shoemaker crawled back into bed; and these he lay quietly until daylight, but he lay awake. Whether his wife slept, he knew not; and though he would have given half the contents of his shop to know, he dared not disturb her. At length, as gray morning had fairly got over the hills, he was electrified by a sudden spring on her part, as she came bolt upright in bed, exclaiming, "I have it, Samuel! I have dreamed it again!"

"The Lord be thanked," said Samuel: "and now, wife, dress thee, and speed the breakfast; while I myself will attend to the children; and then we will go and consult shaker Brown respecting this most singular visitation."

Shaker Brown was a tall, venerable man, of near three score and ten, who lived hard by. His long locks were faded nearly to a white, but his limbs retained a goodly portion of their vigor, and his pure, clear, blue eye, was still delightful to look upon. He had passed most of his life as one of a community of shakers; indeed, for many years, had been the principal of one of the most respectable societies of that singular sect; whence, having emerged, and taken to him a young wife, in his old age, a child to the world, but deeply imbued with a knowledge of hidden things, and a love for the mystical, he was peculiarly qualified to act as counsellor on an occasion like the present. Hither went Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fish, for advice; and the result of their visit was satisfactory in a high degree. Shaker Brown recommended that Joe Smidt, an itinerant vagabond glass-looker, who has since made quite a figure in the world, and was then in that region, but few miles away, should be sent for, to take the command of the important affair in hand: and for him, a messenger was accordingly despatched.

Joe Smidt, at that time, a sturdy, ruddy, square-built young fellow; in manner half way between a clown and a sheep thief, had already begun to lord it in a small way, in matters mysterious and occult. When he arrived, he listened very respectfully to the narration of dame Fish, but did not condescend to ask any questions or to gape, or wonder over her dream; but treated the subject, in all respects, as though it were a matter of course, that coffers of gold should be buried, that she should dream about them, and he be called upon to bring them again to the light of day. He told some marvelous stories of his success in this way; and finally, having secured to himself a certain compensation, to be paid in hand, by Samuel and shaker Brown; beside an equal share in the venture, he proceeded to arrange a plan of operations for disemboweling the particular treasure which the little tarpaulin man had mentioned to Ruth in her dream. He exhibited a flat, opaque glass, or stone, about the size of his palm; which, he said, was found in the grave of an Indian magician, lying upon the bones of the skeleton, over the heart; and which possessed the property of revealing to him the hidden things of earth.

Armed with this invaluable talisman, the dusk of evening was scarcely suffered to approach, when Samuel, shaker Brown and Smidt sallied forth. The tree, a spreading beach, indicated in Ruth's dream, was easily found; for there was a bridge across the Unadilla, near by it, hid by an intervening clump of alders; and indeed, both Samuel and his wife, had been to the very spot a hundred times, hunting for their cow, or their pigs, or their children; and knew the tree as well as they did the butternut close by their own door. Arrived thereat, Smidt very gravely put the magical glass into his hat, and that to his face, in such a manner as to shut out all the light; while Samuel and Brown placed themselves on either side of him, and awaited in a very trying suspense his expected revelations. Soon Joe brought down the hat, and with an exclamation of de-

light, informed them that he had discovered the box of gold, buried but a few feet below the surface of the ground; but that it was enchanted, and he should have to break the spell which held it there, before it could be got at.

Satisfied with this, as a precursor, the party returned to Samuel's house, where Ruth and Mrs. Brown anxiously awaited them. And there, Smidt showed a strong inclination to remain for the night; but the ardor of the others was too much aroused to permit of inactivity: they insisted, with much show of reason, that a delay of even one night was full of danger; and that the only safe course was to make sure of the treasure while it was within their reach. Joe was obliged to give way: and as soon as the necessary shovels and other implements could be got together, the party, encouraged by the addition of Ruth and Mrs. Brown, returned to the spot; where, by this time, many hopes and fears had become centred.

Joe now disposed himself to play his part with effect. Assuming all the dignity of bearing which he could command, he proceeded to describe a circle around the tree; and stepping within it, he pronounced some cabalistic words, or words, at least, of unknown sound and import to his auditors. Having, by this ceremony, taken possession of the ground, as he termed it, he charged his associates, that, while the work was in progress, they must not, on peril of their lives, or, what with them was of equal moment, the loss of the treasure now so nearly within their grasp, utter a single word: and, stationing Ruth and Mrs. Brown a little away, as an outpost, to guard against surprise, he seized a bar, and the three men fell most justly to digging.

Near by the scene of these events, was a little village; and indeed, the houses of Samuel Fish and shaker Brown might be said to form its extreme suburb in the direction of the river. The moving spirit of this place, was Colonel Spreeway; a drinking, gambling, rolistering merchant: and on the night in question, the business of the day having been brought to a close, he sat in his store, with several of his boon companions, to a late hour; and they made themselves merry with story telling and brandy and sugar. At length some one of the company said:

"What can have brought Joe Smidt here? I saw him pass by my shop to-day."

"Yes, and he stopped at Fish's," said another.

"My wife was by there after dark," remarked a third, "and saw shaker Brown through the window, and another man. I'll wager it was Joe."

"That puts me in mind," said the colonel, "that I saw three men going across the fields toward the river, as I was coming home to-night, over the bridge. One of them, I knew was Brown, for he cannot be easily mistaken; but it was so dark that I could not make out the others."

"Some new money-digging humbug, I'll warrant," said another.

"And if so," continued the colonel, "they are at it now: and I move, boys, we have a little sport. Come, I'll lock up, and we'll take a turn down by the bridge."

This proposition met with universal favor; and the company, to the number of half a dozen, set forth, and soon arrived in the neighborhood of the river. Dividing off into little scouting parties, it was not long before the money-diggers were discovered, who, by this time, by dint of sweat and vigorous blows, had succeeded in excavating a hole of considerable size in the loose, gravelly earth. Having maintained a scrupulous silence, and cut through the matted roots of the beech, with a chisel, they had got on with little noise and the more speed; until the shoulders of tall shaker Brown, as he slowly erected himself in discharging his shovel's burden, hardly exceeded in altitude the level of the turf.

Carefully approaching close enough to ascertain the position of affairs, which they succeeded in doing without disturbing the sentinels of the night, Ruth and Mrs. Brown, who, like two deserted river nymphs, stood alone at a little distance from their friends, but eyes and soul absorbed in what was going on in the pit, the colonel and his followers re-assembled near the bridge. There was a large bright moon, but an occasional cloud passed over it; and selecting a moment when it was

obscured, they betook themselves to the bridge; and, presently, the diggers were interrupted by a noise, as of a thousand cattle upon it. Mrs. Brown screamed and fled toward the pit; but Ruth, with masculine courage, stood her ground. Joe Smidt dropped his shovel, and cautiously peered around; and then motioned shaker Brown to help himself out upon the level earth to reconnoitre. This the old gentleman did with some difficulty; but by the time he came in sight of the bridge, all was still. The moon was shining brightly again; the bridge was bare and cold, and not a living thing to be seen in any direction. After waiting a little time, he returned, and expressed to his companions, by mute looks and gestures, his inability to explain the strange occurrence: and so, after wondering in silence a minute or two, the trio proceeded in their labor.

Soon, however, they were startled and alarmed by a most vigorous caterwauling, set up on all sides of them, and in their immediate neighborhood: and screams and screeches, as of a score of panthers, succeeded; and every variety of noise which mortal organs may be supposed capable of producing. The sounds were enough to curdle one's blood in his veins. The women shrieked; and the men, not excepting the king conjurer, Joe, turned pale. And now, to add to their affright, amidst the din, were seen strange beings, on all fours, leaping like frogs from bush to bush; and turning with threatening, and to the excited imaginations of the money-diggers, hellish aspect, toward the pit. It was too much for human strength to bear. Joe Smidt, Samuel Fish, and shaker Brown, bold men though they were, as they subsequently proved themselves, when matched with flesh and blood, clambered upon terra firma, as best they might, and taking their women between them, broke from the magical spot, beset, as they believed it, with a host of devils from the infernal regions, and fled toward home.

Up to this time, it is probable, that Smidt, although well aware he was deceiving others, was not deceived himself. But now he appears to have been caught in one of his own snares. Unable to account for the singular interruptions they had experienced, he came to the sage conclusion, that, in the practice of his conjurations, he had indeed called up the spirits of the invisible world; and spirits, it would seem, that it might be no very easy matter to quell.

Colonel Spreeway and his friends, as soon as the coast was clear, gathered around the pit, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. There lay the shovels, and bars, and picks, as they had been dropped, in the alarm which seized upon those who had them in use: and the lights by which they had worked, were left burning. Dispatching one of his fellows in pursuit of the diggers, to make sure against a surprise in return, the colonel sent another to his store after an old box and some nails. These presently arrived, when the box was filled with stones, nailed down, and lowered into the pit; and the party now in possession, commenced digging in turn. They sunk a hole some two or three feet below the depth previously attained; and placing the box therein, piled stones upon it, and finished by smoothing the surface, as nearly as possible, to the shape in which they found it. This done, they retired to their several homes.

The money-diggers, meanwhile, were brooding over their discomfiture at shaker Brown's. Their appearance was dragged and woe-begone in the extreme; and to add to their despondency, Joe had made the astounding disclosure, that he had felt the box of gold once that night, with his shovel, just as Mrs. Brown screamed; when it moved away from his touch, grating as it went; and very likely had gone to the other side of the tree, if not farther. This sad effect of the unfortunate scream made Mrs. Brown, for the time being, a sort of scape-goat, on which the rest were disposed to lay, not only their sins, but their misfortunes; and occasioned her being regarded with sinister looks, even by her doting husband; and Ruth, not content with this, in that spirit of charity, which one woman occasionally delights to exhibit to another, added a variety of taunting expressions; so that the pale, but round-faced and handsome Mrs. Brown kept aloof in a corner, and pouted by herself.

By and by, Smidt and Samuel gathered composure and courage enough to revisit the scene of their unaccountable adventures. They found every thing quiet, and to appearance, as they had left it; except that the candles had burned low. These they extinguished, and piling some loose brushwood over the pit, to conceal it as much as possible from chance of observation, they finally adjourned for the night.

The day following was devoted by the male part of the money-diggers to rest. Samuel slept; but Ruth, as usual, was astir. Her faith in the truth of her dream was by no means shaken; on the contrary, it seemed to have gathered strength from the very obstacles which had presented themselves in the way of its fulfilment. In fact, she was in a sort of bewilderment. Visions of wealth and the pleasures attendant thereon, floated through her brain; and as she dismissed her husband's customers from the door, she could not well refrain from assuming some unaccustomed airs, and treating them with an indifference very foreign from her usual affable deportment. Some, she informed, that her husband was sick, and could not be disturbed—others, that he had given up his shop, and they must go elsewhere; and others still, that he was about to move away to the city and establish a wholesale boot and shoe store. No wonder those who listened, came to the conclusion that the poor woman was demented.

At shaker Brown's the scene was somewhat similar. Mrs. Brown was rather frail, and found herself flurried from her last night's exertions. Her head was bound round with a white handkerchief, for she had the tooth-ache; and she would gladly have obtained some rest, but as often as she lay down, or threw herself back in her rocking-chair, on her pillows, with her feet upon a stool, and her tea-pot on a stand at her elbow, she was sure to be interrupted by some one's calling to examine the little articles of wooden ware which her husband was in the habit of manufacturing. Indeed, Joe Smidt was the only one of the number whom worldly matters that day had no power to disturb. He, the shrewdest of conjurers, having eaten his fill, stretched himself at his length, in Mrs. Brown's best bed, and snored like a prince, at his leisure.

Night having again arrived, and the moon and stars taken their places aloft, the party, as before, with the exception that Mrs. Brown was left behind, like so many sheep thieves, stole in a circuit round the hills to the river; and after an anxious survey of the placid water, and the still shore and upland, resumed their labor in the pit. Joe was evidently ill at ease. There was an air of perplexity and doubt upon his countenance; and as he was the central luminary, to whom the others looked for light, it is not to be wondered at that every movement betrayed uncertainty and apprehension. The shovels were operated by spiritless wills, and an hour or more wore away before they reached the stones, or any evidences of the handiwork of Colonel Spreeway and his friends. Then, indeed, there was an increased movement among them; and when finally the box itself was laid bare, the haggard, clutching joy of the money-diggers was beyond bounds; and the greater, as pictured on their faces, that they dared not give it tongue. No word was uttered—no, not even by Ruth, who stood staring at the top of the pit, like one transfixed and dumb.

With much difficulty, for it was found very heavy, the mysterious chest was raised to the surface, and placed upon the ground. Then, while the hands of the silent operators trembled, as with the palsy, it was attached to two poles by a rope; and Ruth readily lending her aid, it was slowly raised between the four, and borne in tollsome triumph toward the village.

Going by the fields to avoid observation, they were about to descend a little hill, which had cost them some trouble to climb, when they were suddenly brought to a stand, by a company of men, whose faces were muffled in handkerchiefs; and a furious assault commenced upon them. But the money-diggers were in no mood to be trifled with. Forming a hollow square around their treasure, they gave back taunt for taunt, and buffet for buffet; and grappled with their foes as for life or for death. The exact order of the battle, however, was soon broken; for Ruth, with a quick instinct, perceiving it was likely to go hard with her friends, threw her-

self upon the box, and grasped it in her arms: and soon thereafter, all its brave defenders were down and lying prostrate upon the turf. While they were there held, each by a strength superior to his own, one of the assailants undertook to disengage Ruth from her hold. This he found no easy task; and losing his own footing in the struggle, cavalier and box, and the courageous spouse of Samuel Fish, together rolled down to the bottom of the hill.

The reader will readily come to the conclusion that the attacking party were no other than Colonel Spreeway and his friends, who had taken this rough method of closing up the trickery commenced by them the night before. In fact, Ruth's antagonist was no other than the gallant colonel himself. At the foot of the hill, the two combatants gained their legs at the same instant; and disdaining all parley or manœuvring as unworthy of the occasion, Ruth, rather flew, than ran, upon her foe. The black muffler which concealed his features, vanished in a moment; and then it was that furrows, long and deep, which time in its ravages, had as yet spared him, were ploughed upon his face in a twinkling. To save himself he was obliged to throw her upon the ground, and there hold her.

While the colonel was engaged in this awkward passage of arms, others of his party came up, and seizing the mysterious box, quickly bore it away. Giving them a little time to secure their retreat, he then shook himself clear of Ruth; and those who had the rest of the vanquished party in charge, on the top of the hill, doing the same, they all took to their heels and disappeared. But they did not go without carrying with them substantial evidences of the fray. Beside the colonel's smeared and smarting visage, one of his followers had received a cut in the throat, which threatened him with a lockjaw for a month: and another, whose fortune it had been to join in mortal strife with Samuel Fish, received a wound from an awl, or some similar instrument of war, in the region below the back; which compelled him, for a time, to dispense with the luxury of a chair.

Left to themselves, the money-diggers gathered together, and sent up toward the sky, a most woful howl of despair. Slowly they turned toward home, crying as they went; and making the desolate night more desolate with their moans. As they came near the village, the noise they made alarmed their neighbors; and soon, although at a very unusual hour, a half-dressed company collected together to listen to the incoherent accounts they gave of the treasures which they fancied had been even in their very hands, and cruelly wrested from them and their poverty, and turned to the sustenance and enjoyment of others.

By daylight, Joe Smidt and shaker Brown had become comparatively collected, and talked loudly of the law; but by this time the other side of the story got wind. Soon thereafter Joe quietly decamped; but no explanations then or afterward, were found to have any effect upon Samuel and his wife, or indeed, upon shaker Brown. They all believed most firmly, to the day of their deaths, that they had been robbed of countless treasures; and although they came to the conclusion that Colonel Spreeway had a hand in the robbery, they entirely discarded that portion of the current belief which referred to his agency, the depositing of the mysterious box, where they had found it.

In short, their imaginary losses and disappointments so preyed upon their minds as to unfit them for the business of life. They became dispirited—indeed, broken-hearted; and ere many years rolled away, Samuel and Ruth, (their children having scattered over the world a thriftless, uncombed set,) and shaker Brown and his wife dragged out and at length finished a miserable existence at the public charge.

Binghampton, N. Y., June, 1843.

FACTION is a combination of a few to oppress the liberties of the many: the love of freedom is the impulse of an enlightened and presiding spirit, ever intent upon the welfare of the community, or body to which it belongs, and ready to give the alarm, when it beholds an unlawful conspiracy formed, whether it be of rulers or subjects, with a design to oppress it.

Original.
THE BIRTH OF AURORA.

BY CHAS. K. MEE.

Aurora peeps forth from the gold painted sky,
On Nature's sweet bosom unveiled to the eye,
Stealing over the East with her rich rosy light,
As she turns on their hinges the portals of night;
Concealment no longer her blushes can hide,
As they crimson her face like a new risen bride,
Gilding temple and tower, each woodland and brake,
The Ocean's blue wave, and the slumbering lake,
Till earth is awakened from slumbers so deep,
And freshens in beauty whilst springing from sleep.
Her eyes look to heaven, her hand points to earth,
And flowers burst forth in their joyous birth,
Enchanting the eye with the forms they assume,
And filling the globe with their grateful perfume.
Her smile is on all, and her sweet fragrant breath
Refreshingly plays o'er the pillow of death,—
Gives strength to the babe, as she floats round its bed,
And plays mid the curls of its innocent head.
Then roaming afar till her presence doth fill
With tones of rejoicing each valley and rill—
Daylight has broken—the sun mounts the sky,
And illumines our sphere as he rises on high,
Smiling bright on Aurora's now fast fading face,
As she gently recedes through the regions of space,
Strewing blossoms and buds on the dear cherished land
She loves so to visit, with unsparring hand,
Till oppressed by the heat of old Sol's burning ray,
She is lost to our view, in the brightness of day.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS.

I WOULD I were absolute queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to her gracious majesty, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queen-ship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding-schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas? Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heighho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the "cat in a sedge," and must be fain to let "I cannot, wait upon I would."

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain's wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches, and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woes as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother's disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding-school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively

in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I, who was entrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation's wealth, scarcely knew the names or nature of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study; my pleasures were "all of this noisy world," all drawn from external things. I had no truly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother's bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her loving eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth; the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, "still as a frozen torrent," yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and highborn Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonish widow, and delightfully resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels; song, and light, and odor, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of martial music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favor as for honor and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature's own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to "darkness and the worm?" is it not something to have been a portion of the "spirit of delight," a dispenser of so many of the "stray joys" that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it enobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright any gift of nature; I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime the gloss of novelty grew dim; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me. The flowery opening of the world's path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E—, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feelings than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardor, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favored lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our en-

gement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train; I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly; who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favor. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance is soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighborhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousand fold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access to truth; but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was indeed a fervent and a true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned toward him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, laboring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure; for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honors and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their hearts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervor of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though

far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality; I had not, indeed, become at once religious, but thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the young divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanor and endearing modesty, of mental superiority so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and especial of Lord E—. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing toward him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, she flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favor—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest Christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and the base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its unimpeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat side by side; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a

richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendor, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I desisted from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me toward it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated his pitying or reproving attentiveness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true lover's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power;" the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was 'rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This was not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E.—alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had re-

course to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be generally discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeserving, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hiring nurses who should smooth his pillow and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplications for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked toward Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through dark-

ness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had often been borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he so often crossed on his angel errands of good will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with a haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness which were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever-haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unplied weeping.

But morning brought unhopéd joy; Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time freed from the prying observation of others, and this, together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But inuch as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort toward doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most rapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of *La Pastorale*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss — are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill?" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E—, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E—. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I neither loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E—. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the tolls which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E—, a letter in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognized me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait you will acknowledge me to be your living brother.

HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded: but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E—. I flew to the nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know that I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. He maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c.

&c. At least, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mightily indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and, drawing my harp toward me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and, making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved; and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss ——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness toward me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E——, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears upon the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overswelling tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled

the ring of our betrothment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect was not a dream.

Since then years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious Stephen, has reverted to our duteous children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, as fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I, eternity could not wear out my love for him!

THE WORTHIES OF VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD," &c.

"TAKE off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest, is holy ground." Yea, verily, it is so. It is the soil consecrated by the ashes of the great and the good. The *Worthies of Virginia!* Well may the eye kindle, and the pulse throb, as we approach a theme so majestic, so full of lofty and patriotic associations.

Even like the heroes of Ossian, each leaning from his cloud of mist, do we behold the noble array of Patriots, Orators, and Statesmen, sweep by us in the sternness and grandeur of other days. Virginia! a name associated with the proudest days of English chivalry in its second baptismal with the blood of freemen. In all ages the patriot of every land shall turn his face thitherward and do homage, even as the pilgrim at the shrine of Mecca.

The Worthies of Virginia! Let us pause ere we enter their thrice penetrable. Centuries disappear, and we behold a princely saloon in which are congregated stately dames and gallant knights, the grace and the chivalry of Old England. A haughty princess, with an air of stiff courtesy—her queenly bearing but ill disguising her woman's coquetry—is presenting a parchment to a knightly courtier, who kneels to receive it.

They are the Queenly Elizabeth, and the Chivalric RALEIGH. The noble, generous, accomplished, but unfortunate Raleigh.

The parchment contains letters patent, granting him full power "for the discovering and settling new lands and countries, not actually possessed by any christian." Under these auspices was the country now called Virginia, discovered; and thus it is that Sir Walter Raleigh must be claimed as one of the early worthies of the State, as without his persevering enterprise, this "goodly country," might have remained still longer unknown.

The early discoverers give the following description of the country, which would of itself be found sufficiently inviting at the present day. "The soyle is most plentiful, sweete, wholesome, and fruitfull of all others; there are about 14 several sorts of sweete smelling tymber trees: the most parts of the under-wood Bayes and such like: such Oakes as we have, but far greater and better."

Years pass away, with their sufferings, trials, and disappointments, and another of the Worthies of Virginia appears upon the stage. A man distinguished by all the constituents of greatness, by all the attributes of a hero. Intrepid, brave, generous and persevering, daunted by no perils, dismayed by no hardships, his clear, vigorous mind penetrated the dim mist of futurity, and beheld, though "as in a glass darkly," yet did he behold something of the ultimate greatness of the country for which he toiled and suffered. 'In perils by land, in perils by sea, in fasting, and nakedness,' a captive and condemned to die, he neither shrinks nor is dismayed; the same unflinching reso-

lution impels him onward, and the same buoyancy of hope cheers him in every difficulty.

JOHN SMITH, or, as the chroniclers of the day invariably distinguish him, 'Captain John Smith,' was one of the most extraordinary men of the great age in which he lived. He should be regarded as the shadowing wing of Virginia; for to his valor, skill and judgment in counteracting the subtle policy of the great Powhatan, may she be said to owe her very existence.

There is still another, the beautiful personation of all that is loveliest in woman—the meek, loving child of the forest, whose history seems like a tale of romance, with its sad melancholy close—who rises like a beam of beauty upon the sight, winning the admiration and gratitude of every heart, capable of one solitary response to all that is lovely in woman and heroic in our race. "That blessed POCAHONTAS, the great king's daughter of Virginia," (to quote the admiring, if not loving language of 'Captain John Smith,') beams forth in those dark and perilous times, like some kindly spirit, hushing the tempest of savage passion, dispensing comfort and succor to the disheartened exile, and with her own gentle bosom warding off all the evils that threaten the infant colony of Jamestown. Blessings ever upon the kindly savage; the loveliest of the Worthies of Virginia!

But we will delay no longer to enter this holy of holies; the temple of American greatness. With hushed breath and reverent footsteps, even with sandals put from off our feet, let us approach the shrine of all that is great in human glory.

WASHINGTON, the great amongst the august of the earth! The son of Virginia; but she may not, she dare not engross him. His fame is the world's. It belongs to the length and breadth of the great country which he was instrumental in redeeming from oppression. His fame has gone forth wherever the stirrings of freedom have been felt. Wherever liberty hath spread her glorious pinions, her word of magic—her watchword from the vale and mountain top—hath been and will be forever, WASHINGTON. The deep peal of human voices, like the heavings of the great ocean, resound that one name, from the hoary cliffs of the Oregon still onward to the snow-capt Andes; and the mighty Alps take up the echo from her many peaks and glittering glaciers. Let Virginia exult, that the cradle and the tomb of earth's greatest belong to herself; but let her exult with awe and holiest reverence—for the wide earth shall claim him, and his cenotaph shall be erected in the heart of every freeman.

Let us lay aside the prejudices of party, forget the animosities engendered by political excitement, and look upon the Worthies of Virginia in their simple greatness; not as popular leaders, but far-seeing and profound statesmen, true patriots, zealous and uncompromising advocates for the rights of liberty without license, and republicanism without anarchy and misrule.

JEFFERSON, the sage and the philosopher! He bears in his hand that noblest of all documents not the result of inspired wisdom, the Declaration of American Independence; a document, which, whether we regard it as a specimen of strong and fervid eloquence, of manly remonstrance, or of deep and solemn appeal, is every way sustained and wonderful. The writer speaks as if he felt himself to be the voice of a great and outraged people, giving indignant utterance to its many wrongs and oppressions, and in the face of Heaven, and the whole earth for witnesses, declaring they shall be endured no longer.

Had Thomas Jefferson done nothing more than this, had he no other claims upon the admiration of the country, it were glory enough for one man. Wherever oppression has planted his foot, the indignant freeman spurns him from the soil, in the very language which the gifted Jefferson adopted for our own aggrieved and insulted country.

JAMES MADISON—the accomplished scholar, the elegant expounder of the constitution! MADISON, HAMILTON and JAY, noble triumvirate! With what assiduous labor did they bend their splendid talents to the task of recommending and elucidating that constitution prepared for their adoption, and that too to a peo-

ple jealous of their rights, who had tolled and bled in their defence, and were ever on the alert, lest the revolution they had achieved should result only in a change of masters—a people nobly and virtuously resolved to see to it, that they did not exchange the glaring usurpation of a foreign power for the equally to be dreaded tyranny of aspiring demagogues. Such a people would regard the best and wisest institutions with distrust and suspicion; and whatever appeared to throw light upon the proceedings of those they had delegated to legislate for them, was read with avidity. Thus was produced the *Federalist*, a work that will bring imperishable renown upon the great men whose patriotism and public spirit called it into existence.

JAMES MONROE—the upright and modest republican! Others may have been more brilliant, but no man ever more happily illustrated in his own practice, the simple dignity and straight-forward devotion to public duty, so becoming the chief magistrate of a great Republic. At last, as if to affix the final seal of worthiness upon him, he was suffered to depart upon our great day of national jubilee; the day, fatal shall we dare to say, to Presidents? and ever ominous to tyrants.

PATRICK HENRY! The schoolboy as he reads of Demosthenes and Cicero, and feels his blood kindle at their eloquence, instinctively turns to the fervid oratory of our own gifted countrymen, and triumphantly cites the bold, daring Patrick Henry, as worthy to compete with the great Grecian himself. Then, as his eye glows with enthusiasm over the splendid diction and elegant imagery of WIRT, he deems him more than equal to the Roman. Half in wonder, half in dread, he pauses over the keen, cynical RANDOLPH, whose sarcasms were as stinging and adhesive as the nettle on the burr that annoys him in his woodland rambles.

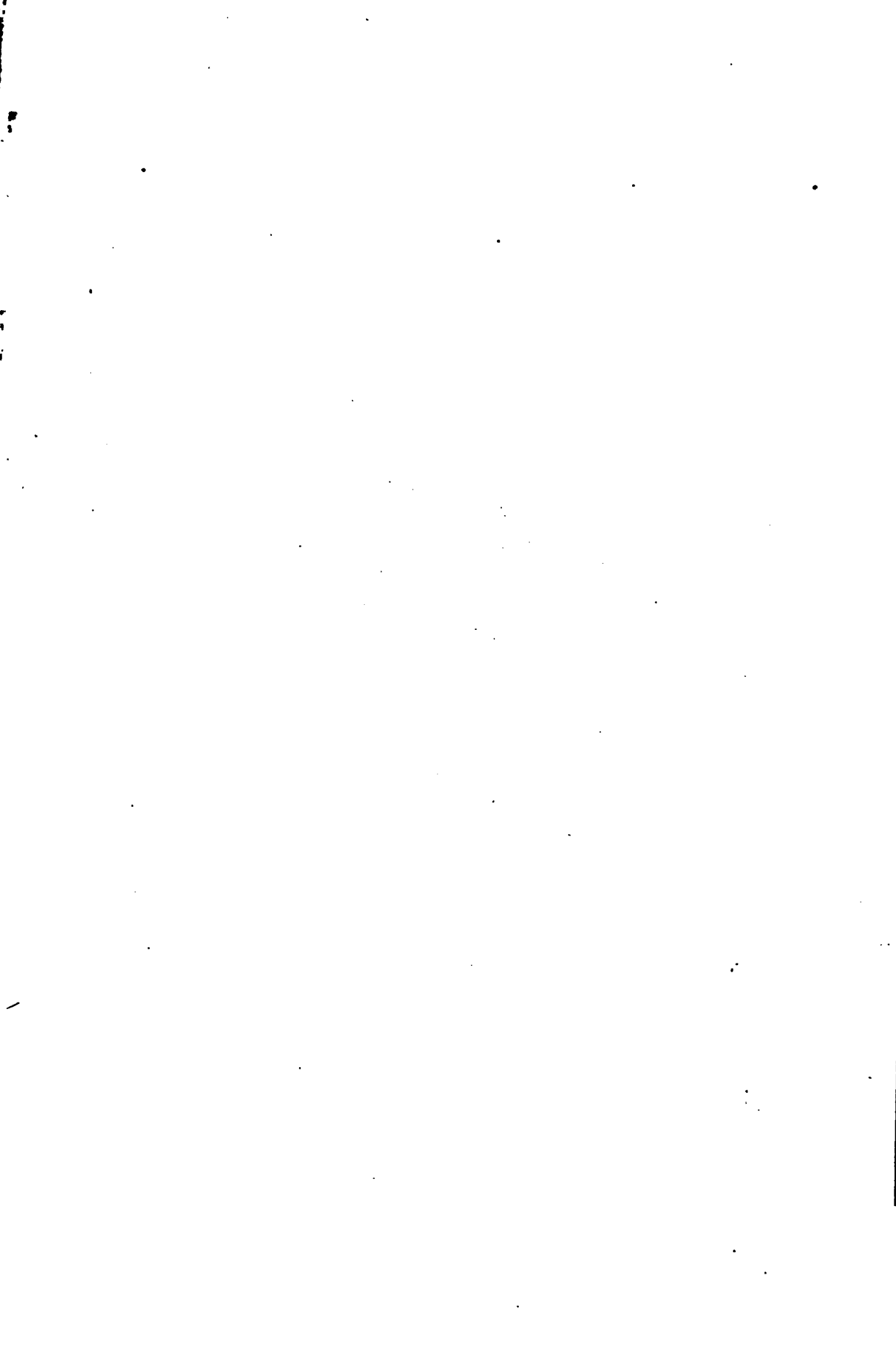
JOHN MARSHALL! Who shall worthily describe this most excellent amongst the Worthies of Virginia? He who wore so meekly the judicial robe. The upright judge. Acute, skillful and profound, let his crowning grace be his integrity. Not a stain hath he left upon the spotless ermine. With no rash hand did he presume to touch the ark of our liberties. Woe to him, who shall dare profane, even with a touch, our holiest of holies; yea, though it may shake and tremble amidst the tumults of popular excitement.

But we must forbear. It was but a reverent glance that we wished to take of the few amidst the many Worthies of Virginia. Let us veil our faces, for we have been with the great of the earth. Rather let us go forth from this inner temple, bearing with us a portion of their own spirit. With lips touched as with a live coal from the pure altar of freedom.

Let Virginia be proud, as she well may, in view of the great men who have risen up in her midst; let her exult in her great glory; but let her see to it, that her march be still onward, that her rising sons be worthy of such fathers. Let her not be content with childish retrospection, looking backward forever upon the radiant scroll of fame, upon which is blazoned the names of so many of the great of the earth who claim her for their parent. But let her go on, pointing to those great names as an incitement to her onward career, glorying in her resplendent heritage, yet ever, with an emulous ambition, resolving that of her it shall never be said—her glory is departed.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS, sent to the publishers, free of postage, two copies of the *Rover* for one year, or four copies for six months, will be sent by mail to any part of the country. In this way a subscriber can receive the work six months, making a large volume of 416 pages, with 25 fine steel engravings, for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

THE SHRENADE.—Our plate to-day does much credit to the young artist who engraved it. It is indeed a beautiful thing. An illustration of the plate from the graceful muse of Lucy Hooper will be found on another page.





Just before

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original—but old.

COURTSHIP OF CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH. A TRUE HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

BY MOSES MULLINS, 1678.

—a word or two

cilla, and the main incident, according to the chronicles, actually occurred precisely as related in the poem.

BALLAD.

Miles Standish in the May-flower came
Across the stormy wave,
And in that little band was none
More generous or brave.

air hearts,

at Plymouth to procure the affidavit of the old gentleman; but alas! he is away, nobody knows where, dodging about among the hills of New England, and were we to undertake to reach him by letter, we should not know whether to direct it to the Notch of the White Mountains, or to the long hard beach at Nahant. So at present we can only give the document to the public with such evidence as we have.

In order to ascertain whether the ballad was founded in truth, we have turned to some old New England chronicles, and find that the whole story is historically true to the letter. Captain Miles Standish did come over in the Mayflower, and his wife's name was Rose. Mr. John Alden and Mr. William Mullins were among the number that came over in the same vessel. Mr. William Mullins had a daughter whose name was Priscilla.

Vol. I.—No. 18.

And see if he will give me leave
"To wed his daughter fair."

Priscilla was this daughter's name;
Comely and fare was she,
And kind of heart she was withal,
As any maid could be.

John Alden, to oblige his friend,
Straightway to Mullins went,
And told his errand like a man,
And ask'd for his consent.

Now Mr. Mullins was a sire
Quite rational and kind,
And such consent would never give,
Against his daughter's mind.

He told John Alden, if his child
Should be inclin'd that way,
And Captain Standish was her choice,
He had no more to say.



C. J. Johnson

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original—but old.

COURTSHIP OF CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH. A TRUE HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

BY MOSES MULLINS, 1678.

ABOUT this rather singular production a word or two may seem to be necessary. Whether it be really a genuine antique, or a more modern imitation, is a question for critics to discuss. We can only throw such light upon it as we happen to possess, and such as the document bears upon the face of it.

This ballad has been transmitted to us by the editor of the late Boston Miscellany, which valuable monthly kicked the bucket, if we remember right, some time in March last. Peace to its ashes! may the good it did live after it; if it ever did evil, it has not come to our knowledge. It certainly did not accomplish so much good as it would have done had its life been spared another month; for the said editor had this metrical passage in New England history all ready for the typesetters, with an explanatory heading that ran thus:

"To render the following relic of primitive New England literature intelligible, the orthography has been modernized, and a few words substituted, at a *graces*, for those which the mildew of age had effaced from the manuscript. For these unavoidable liberties we humbly crave the pardon of the 'good old Plymouth gentleman,' who drew the ballad from his family archives for our especial benefit."

From this remark of the late editor of the Miscellany—no, not so: the editor of the late Miscellany, for it was the magazine that died, and not the editor—we should infer that he had strong faith in the antiquity of the ballad. But that editor is a simple hearted, credulous man, as men of genius and refined taste are apt to be, and we confess we cannot but regret that he did not procure the affidavit of the "good old Plymouth gentleman," touching the antiquity of the paper, stating how long it had been in his possession, and whether it actually came down to him from his ancestors. This would have been gratifying to us, and we think more satisfactory to the public.

Were the editor here, we would persuade him now to write to his friend at Plymouth to procure the affidavit of the old gentleman; but alas! he is away, nobody knows where, dodging about among the hills of New England, and were we to undertake to reach him by letter, we should not know whether to direct it to the Notch of the White Mountains, or to the long hard beach at Nahant. So at present we can only give the document to the public with such evidence as we have.

In order to ascertain whether the ballad was founded in truth, we have turned to some old New England chronicles, and find that the whole story is historically true to the letter. Captain Miles Standish did come over in the Mayflower, and his wife's name was Rose. Mr. John Alden and Mr. William Mullins were among the number that came over in the same vessel. Mr. William Mullins had a daughter whose name was Priscilla, and the main incident, according to the chronicles, actually occurred precisely as related in the poem.

BALLAD.

Miles Standish in the May-flower came
Across the stormy wave,
And in that little band was none
More generous or brave.

Midst cold December's sleet and snow
On Plymouth rock they land;
Weak were their hands, but strong their hearts,
That pious pilgrim band.

Oh, sad it was in their poor huts
To hear the storm-winds blow;
And terrible at midnight hour,
When ye'll'd the savage foe.

And when the savage, grim and dire,
His bloody work began,
For a champion brave, I have been told,
Miles Standish was the man.

But, oh, his heart was made to bow
With grief and pain full low,
For sickness on the pilgrim band
Now dealt a dreadful blow.

In arms of death so fast they fell
They scarce were buried,
And his dear wife, whose name was Rose,
Was laid among the dead.

His sorrow was not loud, but deep.
For her he did bemoan,
And such keen anguish wrung his heart,
He could not live alone.

Then to John Alden he did speak,
John Alden was his friend,
And said, "friend John, unto my wish
"I pray thee now attend.

"My heart is sad, 'tis very sad,
"My poor wife Rose is gone,
"And in this wild and savage land
"I cannot live alone.

"To Mr William Mullins, then,
"I wish you would repair,
"And see if he will give me leave
"To wed his daughter fair."

Priscilla was this daughter's name;
Comely and fare was she,
And kind of heart she was withal,
As any maid could be.

John Alden, to oblige his friend,
Straightway to Mullins went,
And told his errand like a man,
And ask'd for his consent.

Now Mr. Mullins was a sire
Quite rational and kind,
And such consent would never give,
Against his daughter's mind.

He told John Alden, if his child
Should be inclin'd that way,
And Captain Standish was her choice,
He had no more to say.

He then call'd in his daughter dear,
And straightway did retire,
That she might with more freedom speak,
In absence of her sire.

John Alden had a bright blue eye,
And was a handsome man,
And when he spoke, a pleasant look
O'er all his features ran.

He rose, and in a courteous way
His errand did declare,
And said, "fair maid, what word shall I
"To Captain Standish bear?"

Warm blushes glow'd upon the cheeks
Of that fair maiden then;
At first she turn'd away her eyes,
Then look'd at John again;

And then, with downcast modest mien,
She said with trembling tone,
"New prithee, John, why dost thou not
Speak for thyself alone?"

Deep red then grew John Alden's face;
He bade the maid good bye;
But well she read, before he went,
The language of his eye.

No matter what the language said,
Which in that eye was rife—
In one short month Priscilla was
John Alden's loving wife.

We always did love to do the sweet ladies justice, they are capable of making themselves so dear to us, and are such fair flowers blossoming on the rude pathway of man's existence. For this simple reason do we take pleasure in transferring to the pages of the *Rovza* the following pretty story from the *Western Star*. We like it, for it brings before our own vision a shadowy picture of the past, long ago, when we were "just fifteen"—not so very long, either. It minds us of the old school-house upon the green; of our merry companions—alas! where are they now? all scattered, many dead, none as they then were—so happy, so free of care and corroding thought. Oh, it makes us melancholy to think of those by-gone days. "Just fifteen!" why yes—the very time to get in love; for there is no bitter then to pour into our cup of sweets—there is no discord to mar the harmony of our spiritual music. The idol which we have placed in the temple of our worship had no unjust proportions to offend the delicacy of our conception, and like immortal *Peris*, we go to our rosy slumbers but to associate, in dreamy enchantment, with the sweet object of our young affections. Like a gay butterfly, just burst from its chrysalis, we revel in ecstasies in the new world we have found, where all seems joy and sunshine. In memory of these things do we like "just fifteen;" it makes us a boy again. See, there is *Effie Duncan*—look at our plate. Sweet *Effie*!

We will wager our goose-quill, and we value it not lightly, that our author is an author-*ess*; for we see her heart pictured all through the story. We will hear from her, and she will confess herself a woman. She will not need a mirror, for the glassy streams of her own beautiful valleys will reflect the likeness of her form and features; though the Fates forbid that, like *Narcissus*, she fall in love with her own shadow, and pine away into a daffodil.

We met the flower which we cull, blooming in the wilderness, and with care have we transplanted it to

a warmer clime, and given it, as companions, the rich and rare. May we not hope, for this, occasionally to receive from the same unknown source, *fresh* flowers of exceeding beauty from the wide West, and that a brother's hand will not be unserviceable in roaming through the mazy paths of literature? L. L.

JUST FIFTEEN.

BY S. D. G., OF MAYSVILLE, KY.

THEY were just fifteen, those young lovers; and the golden autumn sunlight, falling with so mellow and rich a radiance over their perfect forms and eloquent countenances, gave to their appearance an air of yet more extreme youth and childlikeness than really belonged to them. They were just fifteen, *Rupert Clare* and *Effie Duncan*; yet who, that beheld the boy's bold, earnest manner, his long passionate gaze upon the fair face before him, the eager, eloquent words that fell from his lips, and the flash of excited feeling that glowed on his cheek—who that saw all this, together with the tight clasp of his hand on the fair one that trembled in his own—who, I say, would have believed they were just fifteen? They were just fifteen; mere children, in age and also in form; yet what could be the theme that had power to stain the soft cheek of *Effie Duncan* with so deep a crimson, and make her tremble before that youth's earnest eye as the aspen-leaf trembles in the summer breeze? They stood by the river bank, in the soft radiant sunlight, *Effie's* bonnet lying on the grass where it had fallen, and her light glittering ringlets, unconfined by comb or band, (for she was just fifteen, and of course could not be considered old enough for a woman,) sweeping in graceful luxuriance over her snowy neck and shoulders, one hand resting in the clasp of the eager youth, and her clear bright eye roving away over the water as if in expectation of some coming object.

"You need not fear his return yet," said the boy, as he marked that uneasy and restless glance along the surface of the stream that flowed in quiet majesty by them, "I think there is no danger of his immediate return, and you need not fear to trust yourself alone with me, for a few minutes at least," he added, with some bitterness in his tone, and at the same moment releasing her hand, so eagerly retained in his own till now. The girl made no reply, and he continued, "You would not be so chary of your time with *Dudley Allen*; and he does not love you as I do, either. But his father is rich; I am a poor boy."

Effie still did not speak; but she raised her clear tearful eyes to his face, and taking the hand he had withdrawn, she pressed it silently and convulsively to her lips, as if by that mute appealing eloquence alone she might convince him how deeply his thoughts wronged her. *Rupert* drew her passionately to his bosom, acknowledged his injustice with bold and generous frankness, and would have kissed away her tears from her cheek, with all the gallantry of twenty-five; but the girl drew back, while the color on her cheek grew yet deeper at every word the noble boy uttered, and at every pressure of his hand on her own.

"But to resume our first subject," said the youth, at length taking up the thread of their original discourse, "when I am gone, *Effie*, you will no longer love me as you love now—my presence will be wanting to remind you of the past, and in a few months, perhaps weeks, you will forget that such a being as *Rupert Clare* ever whispered love to you, and received from your own sweet lips the yet sweeter and dearer assurance that you, too, loved, and loved him."

"I thought it was *man's* province to forget," said *Effie*, stooping down to cull a wild-flower that grew close by her side; and holding it up before him with a half smile, she continued, "Do you see this flower? They tell me that flowers are meet emblems of the constancy of your volatile sex. If so, how long, *Rupert*, will your affection for me last? until you see some newer and lovelier face?"

"Keep the flower, dear *Effie*, till we meet again," said the youth, returning it to her—"keep it till we meet, and although it may be withered and scentless ere then, yet with tender care and gentle handling like

your own, you will see that it will retain much of its early bloom and beauty. Even so it is with me. Long before we meet again the freshness and vigor of youth may be gone from me; but the heart, oh! never will the heart lose its warm feeling of truth and affection! Never will its gushing springs of early love become dry beneath the wasting and arid influence of the cold and reckless world. Never will I live to say, "I cannot feel now as I felt once; my heart has grown hard in the world's ways, and I am no longer what I have been. No, no, rather let me die than outlive the youth of my heart!"

And these were the words, and these the sentiments of fifteen! Alas! young dreamer, you little know the world, and the world's ways. You little know how it changes every thing that comes within its blighting influence, and the *heart* above all things! Well I have escaped so far; perhaps you may, also.

"And you will not forget me?" said the girl, blushing at her own boldness.

"Never, never!" replied the boy, with an energy that carried conviction with it.

"And if my father should use force to compel me to marry Dudley Allen?" asked the girl irresolutely. Rupert Clare bent the slight cane he held in his hand until it almost snapped beneath his weight, light as it was. His flushed cheek and burning brow were answer enough; they said more than words could say!

Rupert is gone to college, and six months have passed away since the lovers of fifteen last saw each other. Beside the river bank, and almost on the very spot where she parted with Rupert Clare, Effie Duncan is again seated, engaged in the sportive and every-day employment of angling in the stream, whose quiet waters never glassed a finer form or lovelier face than is now reflected on the clear mirror of its peaceful bosom. Near her stood a gentleman, whose strikingly handsome features bore so strong a resemblance to the fair girl's, as to leave little doubt of the relation in which they stood to each other.

"Who do you love best in all the world. Effie?" asked her father, breaking a long silence, as he threw his hook into the glittering waters after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a fine perch that had for some time been playing with his patience, "Who do you love the best, Effie?"

"My father and mother," replied the girl, affecting to be busy in baiting her hook; which, however, needed no replenishing, as Mr. Duncan might easily have perceived, and perhaps *did* perceive, "my father and mother, of course."

"You are a very dutiful daughter, I know," said Mr. Duncan, with provoking calmness, "but I did not allude to your parents, or indeed to any of your relations. There is a love entirely different from the love of kindred; and it was this passion to which I had reference when I asked the question."

"I am too young to love," replied Effie, stooping down over the water to hide the conscious blush that mantled to her very temples. "I am too young to love. You forget that I am just fifteen years old."

"And six months," added her father, coolly; and he continued, smilingly, "I have known persons to love, even younger than fifteen, Effie, and according to modern rule women are decided old maids at twenty-two; so I thought it advisable to remind you of the necessity that would ultimately compel you to choose a partner from among the many of your rural admirers that generally throng my parlor on Sundays, and not the least devoted in his attention among them all is Dudley Allen, as I have observed, with much pleasure, too, for though much your senior, Dudley is a young man of excellent heart and principles, and he wrote to me this morning on the subject, begging permission to visit my house, and entreating my intercession with you in his favor. Can you make up your mind to look upon him as your future husband, if I tell you it is my wish for you to do so?"

"I can," replied Effie, with mournful resolution, and in a firm, steady voice; nor did her looks quail under the keen, searching, brilliant eye that her father bent on her during his quest and her answer; but when, after he had kissed and blessed her for the ready obedience she showed to his wishes, Effie looked around on

the scene that before lay smiling in all the fresh and glowing loveliness of early spring, it seemed to her as if the beauty had suddenly faded from every object, and a dark shadow had fallen over all that but now had appeared so glorious and so bright to the partial gaze of affection. Alas, sweet Effie! the shadow was on thine own heart, and not on the outward world.

How short a time may suffice to work a change in the human heart, that weeks, days, and even years, under ordinary circumstances, would fail to effect! How slight a word will sometimes do what, at some others, ages—yes, ages, could never accomplish! Effie was no longer a child. It seemed as if that moment, and that command, and the necessity for exertion that it enforced, called forth powers, and a strength of mind and principle, that she was, herself, not aware of possessing; and it was with a calm, collected air, and a step of unflinching firmness that she followed her father to the house, where she expected to find the dreaded Dudley Allen. True to his time, Dudley came; and after a long conversation with Mr. Duncan in his study, he sought Effie; whose heart sunk within her as she saw him, though she met him with a coolness and self-possession that surprised even herself. He made no allusion, however, to the subject of his suit; nor did his demeanor toward her differ from its accustomed tone, in the slightest degree; and several days passed away before Dudley alluded to his hopes and the subject of his discourse with Mr. Duncan; and then it was with so much delicacy and gentle regard for her feelings, that Effie listened to him with far less repugnance than she had anticipated. But still the image of Rupert Clare was ever in her heart; growing with her growth, and strengthening with her strength. It served to check her admiration of the noble qualities of Dudley Allen, to pale her cheek when he spoke to her of love, in love's sweetest language, and to dampen the esteem and friendship, that as any thing but a lover, she would willingly have entertained for him. Often, too often for Dudley's hopes, alas! the little flower Rupert had requested her to retain, was bathed in tears of hopeless affection and anguish—tears no human eye might see, but all the more bitter that the pang which caused them to flow must be concealed within the depths of her own silent heart.

At length the time for the marriage was decided on; and Mr. Duncan wrote to require the presence of Rupert Clare at the joyful festival. The letter found the young student in a gay company of collegians; and never dreaming of its contents being otherwise than pleasant, he hastily broke the seal and read the words that struck like a death-bolt to his heart. No sign of emotion escaped him, however, save that his cheek became deadly pale, and his lip slightly quivered with an expression of extreme pain.

"What is the matter, Clare? any ill news in your letter, for you look very pale?" asked one of his companions, whose eye detected the change in Rupert's countenance.

"Nothing—no ill news, whatever—only a passing chill," replied Rupert, passing his hand over his forehead, as if to dispel some cloud from his vision. The company shortly after broke up; and Rupert prepared, with a heavy heart, to obey the request of Mr. Duncan, his guardian. He arrived at home two days before the one destined to seal his own misery, determined, if possible, to avoid all communion with Effie, and to act toward her with all the haughty indifference that his noble, but haughty spirit could command. His firmness almost gave way, however, when he saw her so changed, so mournful, and so sad; and although she smiled as she gave him her hand, it was a strange, joyless, furtive smile, which almost raised the ungenerous hope in his own bosom that she could not be, was not happy in her choice.

He was strolling through the garden on the last evening before the bridal, endeavoring to call to his aid in the coming trial to his feelings, a sufficient degree of moral resolution to enable him to bear up boldly, at least in the eyes of others—and of *all* others, those of Effie, herself; when he was roused by a slight rustling of leaves close by, and the next instant the girl stood before him, pale, trembling and affrightened, though evidently from her looks, expecting to see and meet

with him. Rupert would have turned away, but Effie caught his arm, exclaiming hastily, and in a trembling voice, "Only one moment—I will detain you but a moment, Rupert!"

The youth paused—and stood silently and proudly beside her, awaiting her next words, with bent head and an air of respectful and dignified attention, that stung the girl to the very soul. A moment before, and she would have explained all—every thing, and confessed to him how little her heart was in the approaching marriage. Now she was as cold as Rupert himself—as proud and as self-possessed; and drawing back for him to pass on, and calmly saying, "I did wish to make some explanations to you, but I will not detain you," she walked slowly and resolutely away, leaving Rupert to curse his wayward folly, and the imperious pride that had influenced his conduct. He would have followed, and entreated her to hear him, to pity, to forgive, and ever to regard him as a friend, if he could be no more to her; but that same pride forbade the humiliation, until the garden gate closed after her, and then just as he bounded forward to obey the impulse of his heart and join her, he saw Dudley Allen, radiant with hope and happiness, spring to her side; and the bitter jealousy of Rupert could easily interpret the meaning of the flowing words that caused Effie to turn away her burning cheek from the admiring gaze of her lover.

It was enough—more than enough—for it did not need that he should see the girl voluntarily present her hand to his rival to be covered with such passionate kisses as what he could fully comprehend as some earnest assurance from Effie herself, to send the sting of anguish yet deeper into his heart. It was enough—and sick of all he saw, the world and himself also, the lover of fifteen resolved in his own mind that on the day following the fatal marriage he would leave his native country, never to visit its green and sunny shores again. Young boy! be not so ready in thy bold and independent conclusions! Remember, thou hast a guardian, who is still the arbiter of thy acts and deeds, and thou hast an education that has yet to be finished; and all these things taken into consideration, I think it likely that some time may elapse ere you leave your native shores forever; and before the time of thy minority expires, you may have forgotten that such a being as the lovely Effie Duncan existed; for such is nature, man's nature, at least.

The evening of the marriage at length arrived; and the young Effie, arrayed in bridal robes, and concealing a bleeding heart beneath a calm and tranquil demeanor, descended to the anxious throng assembled in her father's elegant parlor to witness and enjoy the gay pageant of the marriage festival. Rupert, who had steadily and rigidly refused the entreaties of Dudley and Mr. Duncan to join the train of waiters, without being able to offer any excuse whatever, for such a refusal, came forward to a spot where he could obtain a full view of the bride, and fixed his deep, searching gaze on her countenance. Effie might have gone calmly, yea, calmly, at least through the dreadful ceremony; she might even have returned the caresses and congratulations of her family and friends, but for the strange, intense, fixed, meaning expression of that long and steady gaze into her very soul. But there are moments in human life when the conventional control usually exercised over the feelings in our intercourse with the world around us, will give way beneath our very nature, so to speak, that, whatever may be our pride, or firmness, or strength of mind, we cannot altogether crush or deaden. It is human nature to be natural, sometimes; and, despite ourselves, we cannot choose but be so! And this was a moment in the life of the young Effie when the heart spoke for itself. When it broke from the constraint put upon its pure warm impulses, and spoke in its own only language. And every heart there, even the most worldly and hardened, understood well the meaning, though they could not know the cause, of the deep and deadly paleness that overspread the white cheek of Effie as the words, "Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband? to love, honor, and obey?" sounded in her ears; and the solemnity of the clergyman's voice and manner adding force to the seriousness of the duty those words imposed.

But no answer came from the livid and bloodless lips of the young bride; and though the words fell like ice on her heart, she seemed not to heed their meaning, while her eye roved with a wild and vacant stare for a moment over the crowd, and then fixed as if by fascination upon the convulsed and rigid countenance of Rupert Clare. Mr. Duncan stepped forward, and whispered a few words of comfort and encouragement in his daughter's ear, which, however, she did not seem to understand; and while he was speaking she sunk slowly in his arms, no longer able to bear up under her own strong feelings.

"Water, water, she is fainting!" exclaimed Mr. Duncan, hurriedly, "Oh, haste, she will die—indeed she will!" All the proud, triumphant happiness of the man of a minute before, yielding at once to the feelings of the father and the impulses of a better nature, and loftier being. Dudley Allen passed near, pale and trembling: for he really loved Effie with the truth and constancy of a high and noble nature; and pressed her cold hand again and again to his lips, murmuring assurances of affection and love, that, so far from soothing the half fainting girl, but sent the arrow deeper into her heart. At this moment, and just as Effie began to recover strength, a little flower, faded, worn and withered, became detached from the *boquet* in her hair, and fell to the floor. What woman's caprice had prompted the wearer in placing it, so pale and so colorless and dried, among the rich and blooming flowers that formed her bridal garland? Alack! a woman's heart—who can read it? Not herself, oftentimes! It fell to the floor—the little flower—unnoticed by any eye save one alone—the eye of him whose touch had made it a sacred relic, and whose words as he presented it, had been remembered, and believed, and wept over, and cherished as the prophetic symbols of hope and happiness. Rupert stooped down and secured the flower; and as he gazed upon its faded leaves, mute tell-tales of the affection that had preserved it so long, all his pride was subdued into remorse for his late cruelty; and something of the truth, half suspected from what took place the day previous, began dimly to shadow itself forth to his mind. When he at length looked up from his revery, the parties were again arranged on the floor, and the minister was preparing, though evidently with much reluctance, at the earnest entreaties of the father, to proceed with the ceremony. The moment Effie recovered, Mr. Duncan was "himself again"—the man of the world; neither cold nor cruel, nor unkind; but the ambitious, unimaginative, solid-thinking and calculating man of the world; who would forget in the busy hours of bustling life, the warmer ties of human love, to feel yet more sensibly their power and truth, when by his own hearth, with its "ring of happy faces" around and about him—wife, and children, and friends. Like the mother of the Gracchi, these were his jewels, though not his *only* jewels.

Almost involuntarily, Rupert joined the group on the floor; and scarce knowing what he did, he moved forward to Effie, still holding the withered memento of affection in his hand; and kneeling humbly before her, murmured her name in the low, sweet tones of his musical voice, at the same time gazing up in her face with a mingled expression of hope, curiosity, reproach, pity and love, not to be mistaken by any there; and Mr. Duncan, already much mortified by his daughter's weakness, and now doubly stung by the strange conduct of Rupert, seized him somewhat rudely by the shoulder, saying, as he forced him to rise, "Bold boy! what mean you? How dare you trifle with me, Rupert, in such a moment as this?"

"It is no trifling, sir," replied the boy, humbly, but firmly, "If your daughter will not say that her heart is against this marriage, and is even now breaking in her bosom, I will leave your presence and her's forever! Ask her, oh, ask her, sir, and she will tell you I speak but truth!" continued Rupert, clasping his hands in passionate entreaty.

"Effie, is this true?" asked Mr. Duncan, turning toward her; but he needed no words to tell him that it was; for his daughter's countenance told it all but too plainly, alas! to need the superfluous sanction of any words. Mr. Duncan stood irresolute for many minutes,

while the shadows of manifold things passing in his mind, threw both their light and their gloom upon his countenance. At length he turned to Dudley, who had stood a silent observer of the same—silent, but "silent as we are when feeling most," and only with his eyes, sought to ask of him the question his heart dictated. Dudley understood him at once; and joining the soft hand that he had gloried in winning as his own, in that of Rupert Clare, he replied to the father's look of inquiry, with a sad sweet smile, "I give her up. I wish not the casket without the jewel that only made it precious. Effie! I hope you will be happy, for if love ever deserved reward, yours does. Think not of me, for though I cannot forget, yet every dream must have its wakening, and every heart its dream." Dudley Allen *did* awake from his dream, to a life of quiet happiness.

"But Rupert is only fifteen!" exclaimed Mr. Duncan, in bewilderment.

"And six months," added Effie, with an arch smile, as she threw her arms round her father's neck and kissed him, joy and hope once more reanimating her countenance.

Do not suppose, dear reader, that Mr. Duncan could sanction a marriage of "just fifteen" years and six months. He was too much a man of the world, and our young lovers were even fain to "bide their time," as the woman said in the work-house, and leave "fifteen" far behind them before the solemn ceremonial was performed that "binds till death shall part."

CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET: SINGING-MASTER.

BY SEBA SMITH.

YOUR New England country singing-master is a peculiar character; who shall venture to describe him? During his stay in a country village, he is the most important personage in it. The common school-master, to be sure, is a man of dignity and importance. Children never pass him on the road, without turning square round, pulling off their hats, and making one of their best and most profound bows. He is looked up to with universal deference both by young and old, and is often invited out to tea. Or, if he "boards round," great is the parade, and great the preparation, by each family, when their "week for boarding the master" draws near. Then not unfrequently a well fattened porker is killed, and the spareribs are duly hung round the pantry in readiness for roasting. A half bushel of sausages are made up into "links," and suspended on a pole near the ceiling from one end of the kitchen to the other. And the Saturday beforehand, if the school-master is to come on Monday, the work of preparation reaches its crisis. Then it is, that the old oven, if it be not "heaten seven times hotter than it is wont to be," is at least heated seven times; and apple-pies, and pumpkin-pies, and mince-pies are turned out by dozens, and packed away in closet and cellar for the coming week. And the "fore-room," which has not had a fire in it for the winter, is now duly washed and scrubbed and put to rights, and wood is heaped on the fire with a liberal hand, till the room itself becomes almost another oven. George is up betimes on Monday morning to go with his hand-sled and bring the master's trunk; Betsey and Sally are rigged out in the best calico gowns, the little ones have their faces washed and their hair combed with more than ordinary care, and the mother's cap has an extra crimp. And all this stir and preparation for the common school-master. And yet he is but an every-day planet, that moves in a regular orbit, and comes round at least every winter.

But the *singing-master* is your true comet. Appearing at no regular intervals, he comes suddenly, and often unexpected. Brilliant, mysterious and erratic, no wonder that he attracts all eyes, and produces a tremendous sensation. Not only the children, but the whole family, flock to the windows when he passes, and a face may be seen at every pane of glass, eagerly peering out to catch a glimpse of the singing-master. Even the very dogs seem to partake of the awe he in-

spires, and bark with uncommon fierceness whenever they meet him.

"O, father," said little Jimmy Brown, as he came running into the house on a cold December night, with eyes staring wide open, and panting for breath, "O, father, Mr. Christopher Crotchet from Quavertown is over to Mr. Gibbs' tavern, come to see about keeping singing-school; and Mr. Gibbs, and a whole parcel more of 'em, wants you to come right over there, cause they're goin' to have a meeting this evening to see about hiring of him."

Squire Brown and his family, all except Jimmy, were seated round the supper table when this interesting piece of intelligence was announced. Every one save Squire Brown himself, gave a sudden start, and at once suspended operations; but the Squire, who was a very moderate man, and never did anything from impulse, ate on without turning his head, or changing his position. After a short pause, however, which was a moment of intense anxiety to some members of the family, he replied to Jimmy as follows: "I shan't do no sich thing; if they want a singing-school, they may get it themselves. A singing-school wont do us no good, and I've ways enough to spend my money without paying it for singing." Turning his head round and casting a severe look upon Jimmy, he proceeded with increasing energy:

"Now, sir, hang your hat up and set down and eat your supper; I should like to know what sent you off over to the tavern without leave."

"I wanted to see the singing-master," said Jimmy, "Sam Gibbs said there was a singing-master over to their house, and so I wanted to see him."

"Well, I'll singing-master you," said the Squire, "if I catch you to go off so agaln without leave. Come don't stand there; set down and eat your supper, or I'll trounce you in two minutes."

"There, I declare," said Mrs. Brown, "I do think it too bad. I do wish I could live in peace one moment of my life. The children will be spoilt and ruined. They never can stir a step nor hardly breathe, but what they must be scolded and fretted to death."

Squire Brown had been accustomed to these sudden squalls about twenty-five years, they having commenced some six months or so after his marriage; and long experience had taught him, that the only way to escape with safety, was to bear away immediately and scud before the wind. Accordingly he turned again to Jimmy, and with a much softened tone addressed him as follows:

"Come, Jimmy, my son, set down and eat your supper, that's a good boy. You shouldn't go away without asking your mother or me; but you'll try to remember next time, won't you?"

Jimmy and his mother were both somewhat soothed by this well-timed suavity, and the boy took his seat at the table.

"Now, pa," said Miss Jerusha Brown, "you will go over and see about having a singing-school, won't you? I want to go dreadfully."

"Oh, I can't do anything about that," said the Squire; "it'll cost a good deal of money, and I can't afford it. And besides, there's no use at all in it. You can sing enough now, any of you; you are singing half your time."

"There," said Mrs. Brown, "that's just the way. Our children will never have a chance to be anything as long as they live. Other folks' children have a chance to go to singing-schools, and to see young company, and to be something in the world. Here's our Jerusha has got to be in her twenty-fifth year now, and if she's ever going to have young company, and have a chance to be anything, she must have it soon; for she'll be past the time bime-by for sich things. 'Tien't as if we was poor and couldn't afford it; for you know, Mr. Brown, you pay the largest tax of anybody in the town, and can afford to give the children a chance to be something in the world, as well as not. And as for living in this kind of way any longer, I've no notion on't."

Mrs. Brown knew hew to follow up an advantage. She had got her husband upon the retreat in the onset a moment before, in reference to Jimmy's absence, and the closing part of this last speech was uttered

with an energy and determination, of which Squire Brown knew too well the import to disregard it. Perceiving that a storm was brewing that would burst upon his head with tremendous power, if he did not take care to avoid it, he finished his supper with all convenient despatch, rose from the table, put on his great-coat and hat, and marched deliberately over to Gibbs' tavern. Mrs. Brown knew at once, that she had won the victory, and that they should have a singing-school. The children also had become so well versed in the science of their mother's tactics, that they understood the same thing, and immediately began to discuss matters preparatory to attending the school.

Miss Jerusha said she must have her new calico gown made right up, the next day; and her mother said she should, and David might go right over after Betsey Davis to come to work on it the next morning.

"How delightful it will be to have a singing-school," said Miss Jerusha; "Jimmy, what sort of a looking man is Mr. Crotchet?"

"Oh, he is a slick kind of a looking man," said Jimmy.

"Is he a young man, or a married man?" inquired Miss Jerusha.

"Ho! married? no; I guess he isn't," said Jimmy, "I don't believe he's more than twenty years old."

"Poh; I don't believe that story," said Jerusha, "a singing-master must be as much as twenty-five years old, I know! How is he dressed? Isn't he dressed quite genteel?"

"Oh he's dressed pretty slick," said Jimmy.

"Well, that's what makes him look so young," said Miss Jerusha; "I dare say he's as much as twenty-five years old; don't you think he is, mother?"

"Well, I think it's pretty likely he is," said Mrs. Brown; "singing-masters are generally about that age."

"How does he look?" said Miss Jerusha; "is he handsome?"

"He's handsome enough," said Jimmy, "only he's got a red head and freckly face."

"Now, Jim, I don't believe a word you say. You are saying this, only just to plague me."

To understand the propriety of this last remark of Miss Jerusha, the reader should be informed, that for the last ten years she had looked upon every young man who came into the place, as her own peculiar property. And in all cases, in order to obtain possession of her aforesaid property, she had adopted prompt measures, and pursued them with a diligence worthy of all praise.

"No I ain't neither," said Jimmy, "I say he has got a red head and freckly face."

"La, well," said Mrs. Brown, "what if he has? I'm sure a red head don't look bad; and one of the handsomest men that ever I see, had a freckly face."

"Well, Jimmy, how large is he? Is he a tall man, or a short man?" said Miss Jerusha.

"Why, he isn't bigger round than I be," said Jimmy; "and I guess he isn't quite as tall as a bay-pole; but he's so tall he has to stoop when he goes into the door."

So far from adding to the shock, which Miss Jerusha's nerves had already received from the account of the red head and freckly face, this last piece of intelligence was on the whole rather consolatory; for she lacked but an inch and a half of six feet in height herself.

"Well, Jimmy," said Miss Jerusha, "when he stands up, take him altogether, isn't he a good-looking young man?"

"I don't know anything about that," said Jimmy; "he looks the most like the tongs in the riddle, of anything I can think of:

'Long legs and crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.'

"There, Jim, you little plague," said Miss Jerusha, "you shall go right off to bed, if you don't leave off your nonsense. I won't hear another word of it."

"I don't care if you won't," said Jimmy, "it's all true, every word of it."

"What! then the singing-master hasn't got no eyes, has he?" said Miss Jerusha; "that's a pretty story."

"I don't mean, he hasn't got no eyes at all," said Jimmy, "only his eyes are dreadful little, and you can't see but one of 'em to time neither, they're twisted round so."

"A little cross-eyed, I s'pose," said Mrs. Brown, "that's all; I don't think that hurts the looks of a man a bit; it only makes him look a little sharper."

While these things were transpiring at Mr. Brown's, matters of weight and importance were being discussed at the tavern. About a dozen of the neighbors had collected there early in the evening, and every one, as soon as he found that Mr. Christopher Crotchet from Quavertown was in the village, was for having a singing-school forthwith, cost what it would. They accordingly proceeded at once to ascertain Mr. Crotchet's terms. His proposals were, to keep twenty evenings for twenty dollars and "found," or for thirty dollars and board himself. The school to be kept three evenings in a week. A subscription-paper was opened, and the sum of fifteen dollars was at last made up. But that was the extent to which they could go; not another dollar could be raised. Much anxiety was now felt for the arrival of Squire Brown; for the question of school or no school depended entirely on him.

"Squire Brown's got money enough," said Mr. Gibbs, "and if he only has the will, we shall have a school."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Jones; "if Mrs. Brown has the will, we shall have a school, let the Squire's will be what it may."

Before the laugh occasioned by this last remark had fully subsided, Squire Brown entered, much to the joy of the whole company.

"Squire Brown, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Gibbs; "shall I introduce you to Mr. Christopher Crotchet, singing-master from Quavertown?"

The Squire was a very short man, somewhat inclining to corpulence, and Mr. Crotchet, according to Jimmy's account, was not quite as tall as a bay-pole; so that by dint of the Squire's throwing his head back and looking up, and Mr. Crotchet's canting his head on one side in order to bring one eye to bear on the squire, the parties were brought within each other's field of vision. The Squire made a bow, which was done by throwing his head upward, and Mr. Crotchet returned the compliment by extending his arm downward to the Squire and shaking hands.

When the ceremony of introduction was over, Mr. Gibbs laid the whole matter before Squire Brown, showed him the subscription-paper, and told him they were all depending upon him now to decide whether they should have a singing-school or not. Squire Brown put on his spectacles and read the subscription-paper over two or three times, till he fully understood the terms, and the deficiency in the amount subscribed. Then without saying a word, he took a pen and deliberately subscribed five dollars. That settled the business; the desired sum was raised, and the school was to go ahead. It was agreed that it should commence on the following evening, and that Mr. Crotchet should board with Mr. Gibbs one week, with the Squire the next, and so go round through the neighborhood.

On the following day there was no small commotion among the young folks of the village, in making preparation for the evening school. New singing-books were purchased, dresses were prepared, curling-tongs and crimping-irons were put in requisition, and early in the evening the long chamber in Gibbs' tavern, which was called by way of eminence "the hall," was well filled by youth of both sexes, the old folks not being allowed to attend that evening, lest the "boys and gals" should be diffident about "sounding the notes." A range of long narrow tables was placed round three sides of the hall, with benches behind them, upon which the youth were seated. A singing-book and a candle were shared by two, all round the room, till you came to Miss Jerusha Brown, who had taken the uppermost seat, and monopolized a whole book and a whole candle to her own use. Betsey Buck, a lively, reckless sort of a girl of sixteen, who cared for nobody nor nothing in this world, but was full of frolic and fun, had by chance taken a seat next to Miss Jerusha. Miss Betsey had a slight inward turn of one eye, just enough to give her a roguish look, that comported well

with her character. While they were waiting for the entrance of the master, many a suppressed laugh, and now and then an audible giggle, passed round the room, the mere ebullitions of buoyant spirits and contagious mirth, without aim or object. Miss Jerusha, who was trying to behave her prettiest, repeatedly chided their rudeness, and more than once told Miss Betsey Buck, that she ought to be ashamed to be laughing so much; "for what would Mr. Crotchet think, if he should come in and find them all of a giggle?"

After a while the door opened, and Mr. Christopher Crotchet entered. He bent his body slightly, as he passed the door, to prevent a concussion of his head against the lintel, and then walked very erect into the middle of the floor, and made a short speech to his class. His grotesque appearance caused a slight tittering round the room, and Miss Betsey was even guilty of an incontinent audible laugh, which however she had the tact so far to turn into a cough as to save appearances. Still it was observed by Miss Jerusha, who told her again in a low whisper that she ought to be ashamed, and added that "Mr. Crotchet was a most splendid man; a beautiful man."

After Mr. Crotchet had made his introductory speech, he proceeded to try the voices of his pupils, making each one alone follow him in rising and falling the notes. He passed round without difficulty till he came to Miss Betsey Buck. She rather hesitated to let her voice be heard alone; but the master told her she must sound, and holding his head down so close to hers that they almost met, he commenced pouring his law, sole, law, into her ear. Miss Betsey drew back a little, but followed with a low and somewhat tremulous voice, till she had sounded three or four notes, when her risible muscles got the mastery, and she burst out in an unrestrained fit of laughter.

The master looked confused and cross; and Miss Jerusha even looked crosser than the master. She again reproached Miss Betsey for her rudeness, and told her in an emphatic whisper, which was intended more especially for the master's ear, "that such conduct was shameful, and if she couldn't behave better she ought to stay at home."

Miss Jerusha's turn to sound came next, and she leaned her head full half way across the table to meet the master's, and sounded the notes clear through, three or four times over, from bottom to top and from top to bottom; and sounded them with a loudness and strength full equal to that of the master.

When the process of sounding the voices separately had been gone through with, they were called upon to sound together; and before the close of the evening they were allowed to commence the notes of some easy tunes. It is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of the progress that was made, or to attempt to describe the jargon of strange sounds, with which Gibbs' hall echoed that night. Suffice it to say, that the proficiency of the pupils was so great, that on the tenth evening, or when the school was half through, the parents were permitted to be present, and were delighted to hear their children sing *Old Hundred*, *Mear*, *St. Martin's*, *Northfield*, and *Hallowell*, with so much accuracy, that those who knew the tunes, could readily tell, every time, which one was being performed. Mrs. Brown was almost in ecstasies at the performance, and sat the whole evening and looked at Jerusha, who sung with great earnestness and with a voice raised far above all the rest. Even Squire Brown himself was so much softened that evening, that his face wore a sort of smile, and he told his wife "he didn't grudge his five dollars, a bit."

The school went on swimmingly. Mr. Crotchet became the lion of the village; and Miss Jerusha Brown "thought he improved upon acquaintance astonishingly." Great preparation was made at Squire Brown's for the important week of boarding the singing-master. They outdid all the village in the quantity and variety of their eatables, and at every meal Miss Jerusha was particularly assiduous in placing all the good things in the neighborhood of Mr. Crotchet's plate. In fact, so bountifully and regularly was Mr. Crotchet stuffed during that week, that his lank form began to assume a perceptible fullness. He evidently seemed very fond of his boarding place, especially at meal time; and

made himself so much at home, that Mrs. Brown and Jerusha were in a state of absolute felicity the whole week. It was true he spent two evenings abroad during the week, and it was reported that one of them was passed at Mr. Buck's. But Miss Jerusha would not believe a word of such a story. She said "there was no young folks at Mr. Buck's except Betsey, and she was sure Mr. Crotchet was a man of more sense than to spend his evenings with such a wild, rude thing as Betsey Buck." Still, however, the report gave her a little uneasiness; and when it was ascertained, that during the week on which Mr. Crotchet boarded at Mr. Buck's he spent every evening at home, except the three devoted to the singing-school, Miss Jerusha's uneasiness evidently increased. She resolved to make a desperate effort to counteract these untoward influences, and to teach Miss Betsey Buck not to interfere with other folks' concerns. For this purpose she made a grand evening party, and invited all the young folks of the village, except Miss Buck, who was pointedly left out. The treat was elaborate for a country village, and Miss Jerusha was uncommonly assiduous in her attentions to Mr. Crotchet during the evening. But to her inexpressible surprise and chagrin, about eight o'clock, Mr. Crotchet put on his hat and great coat and bade the company good night. Mrs. Brown looked very blue, and Miss Jerusha's nerves were in a state of high excitement. What could it mean? She would give anything in the world to know where he had gone. She ran up into the chamber and looked out from the window. The night was rather dark, but she fancied she saw him making his way toward Mr. Buck's. The company for the remainder of the evening had rather a dull time; and Miss Jerusha passed almost a sleepless night.

The next evening Miss Jerusha was early at the singing-school. She took her seat with a disconsolate air, opened her singing-book and commenced singing *Hallowell* in the following words:

"As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone."

On former occasions, when the scholars were singing before school commenced, the moment the master opened the door they broke off short, even if they were in the midst of a tune. But now, when the master entered, Miss Jerusha kept on singing. She went through the whole tune after Mr. Crotchet came in, and went back and repeated the latter half of it with a loud and full voice, that caused a laugh among the scholars, and divers streaks of red to pass over the master's face.

At the close of the evening's exercises Miss Jerusha hurried on her shawl and bonnet, and watched the movements of the master. She perceived he went out directly after Betsey Buck, and she hastened after them with becoming speed. She contrived to get between Miss Buck and the master as they walked along the road, and kept Mr. Crotchet in close conversation with her, or rather kept herself in close conversation with Mr. Crotchet, till they came to the corner that turned down to Mr. Buck's house. Here Mr. Crotchet left her somewhat abruptly, and walked by the side of Miss Betsey toward Mr. Buck's. This was more than Miss Jerusha's nerves could well bear. She was under too much excitement to proceed on her way home. She stopped and gazed after the couple as they receded from her; and as their forms became indistinct in the darkness of the night, she turned and followed them, just keeping them in view till they reached the house. The door opened, and to her inexpressible horror, they both went in. It was past ten o'clock, too! She was greatly puzzled. The affair was entirely inexplicable to her. It could not be, however, that he would stop many minutes, and she waited to see the result. Presently a light appeared in the "forerom;" and from the mellowness of that light a fire was evidently kindled there. Miss Jerusha approached the house and reconnoitred. She tried to look in at the window, but a thick curtain effectually prevented her from seeing anything within. The curtain did not reach quite to the top of the window, and she thought she saw the shadows of two persons before the fire, thrown against the ceiling. She was determined by some means or

other to know the worst of it. She looked round the dooryard and found a long piece of board. She thought by placing this against the house by the side of the window, she might be able to climb up and look over the top of the curtain. The board was accordingly raised on one end and placed carefully by the side of the window, and Miss Jerusha eagerly commenced the task of climbing. She had reached the top of the curtain and cast one glance into the room, where, sure enough, she beheld Mr. Crotchet seated close by the side of Miss Betsey. At this interesting moment, from some cause or other, either from her own trembling, for she was exceedingly agitated, or from the board not being properly supported at the bottom, it slipped and canted, and in an instant one half of the window was dashed with a tremendous crash into the room.

Miss Jerusha fell to the ground, but not being much injured by the fall, she sprang to her feet and ran with the fleetness of a wild deer. The door opened, and out came Mr. Crotchet and Mr. Buck, and started in the race. They thought they had a glimpse of some person running up the road when they first came out, and Mr. Crotchet's long legs measured off the ground with remarkable velocity. But the fright had added so essentially to Miss Jerusha's powers of locomotion, that not even Mr. Crotchet could overtake her, and her pursuers soon lost sight of her in the darkness of the night, and gave up the chase and returned home.

Miss Jerusha was not seen at the singing-school after this, and Mrs. Brown said she stayed at home because she had a cough. Notwithstanding there were many rumors and surmises afloat, and some slanderous insinuations thrown out against Miss Jerusha Brown, yet it was never ascertained by the neighbors, for a certainty, who it was that demolished Mr. Buck's window.

One item further remains to be added to this veritable history; and that is, that in three months from this memorable night, Miss Betsey Buck became Mrs. Crotchet of Quavertown.

A VISIT TO WORDSWORTH.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

"FROM Ambleside I took a poney and rode to Rydal Mount, the residence of Mr. W.—

"I was so much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. W.— that I actually began to suspect that I had come to the cottage of one of his neighbors. After ten minutes' common-place talk about the weather, the traveling, &c., had passed, I determined to find out whether I was mistaken; and aware of his deep interest in the politics of England, I availed myself of some remark that was made, to introduce that subject. He immediately quit all common-place and went into the subject with a flow, a flood almost, of conversation, that soon left me in no doubt. After this had gone on an hour or two, wishing to change the theme, I took occasion of a pause to observe that in this great political agitation, poetry seemed to have died out entirely. He said it had; but that was not the only cause; for there had been, as he thought, some years ago, an over-production and a surfeit.

"Mr. W.— converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step, and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying. The subjects, the first evening I passed with him, were, as I have said, politics and poetry. He remarked afterward, that although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours thought to the condition and prospects of society, for one to poetry. I replied that there appeared to me to be no contradiction in this, since the spirit of poetry is the spirit of humanity—since sympathy with humanity, and with all its fortunes, is an essential characteristic of poetry—and politics is one of the grandest forms under which the welfare of the human race presents itself.

"In politics Mr. W.— professes to be a reformer, but up to the most deliberate plan and scale; and he indulges in the most indignant and yet argumentative diatribes against the present course of things in Eng-

land, and in the saddest forebodings of what is to come. The tide is beating now against aristocracy as an established religion, and if it prevails, anarchy and irreligion must follow. He will see no other result; he has no confidence in the people; they are not fit to govern themselves—not yet certainly; public opinion, the foolish opinion of the depraved, ignorant, and concited mass, ought not to be the law; it ought not to be expressed in law; it ought not to be represented in government; the true representative government should represent the *mind* of a country, and that is not found in the mass, nor is it to be expressed by universal suffrage. Mr. W.— constantly protested against the example of America—as not being in point. He insisted that the state of society, the crowded population, the urgency of want, the tenures of property in England, made a totally different case from ours. He seemed evidently to admit, though he did not in terms, that hereditary rank and an established priesthood are indefensible in the broadest views of human rights and interests; but the argument for them is, that they cannot be removed without opening the door to greater evils—to the unrestrained license of the multitude—to incessant change, disorder, uncertainty, and finally to oppression and tyranny. He says the world is running mad with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums; whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart, and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them; and upon the value, and preciousness, and indispensableness of religion, indeed, he talked very sagely, earnestly, and devotedly.

"The next evening I went to tea to Mr. W.—'s, on a hospitable invitation to come to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as I liked. The conversation very soon again ran upon politics. He thought there could be no independence in legislators who were dependant for their places upon the ever-wavering breath of popular opinion, and he wanted my opinion about the fact in our country. I replied that as a secluded man and accustomed to look at the *morale* of these matters, I certainly had felt that there was likely to be, and probably was, a great want of independence; that I had often expressed the apprehension that our distinguished men were almost necessarily acting under biases that did not permit them to sit down in their closets and examine great political questions and measures in a fair and philosophical spirit. Then, he said, how can there be any safety? I answered, as I had frequently said before, that our only safety lay in making the people wise; but I added, that our practical politicians were accustomed to say, that there was a principle of safety in our conflicts, in the necessarily conflicting opinions of the mass—that they neutralized and balanced each other. I admitted, however, that there was danger; that all popular institutions involved danger; that freedom was a trust, and a perilous trust. Still I insisted that this was only an instance of a general principle; that all probation was perilous; that the greatest opportunity was always the greatest peril. I maintained, also, that, think as we might of political liberty, there was no helping it; that in the civilized world, the course of opinion was irresistibly setting toward universal education and popular forms of government; and nothing was to be done but to direct, modify, and control the tendency. He fully admitted this; said that in other centuries some glorious results might be brought out, but that he was nothing but darkness, disorder, and misery in the immediate prospect, and that all he could do was to cast himself on Providence. I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me that all good and wise men had a work to do. I said that I admitted, friend to popular institutions as I was, that the world was full of errors about liberty; and there was a mistake and madness about popular freedom, as if it were the grand panacea for all human ills, and that powerful pens were needed to guide the public mind; and that the pen of genius could scarcely be more nobly employed. But he has no confidence in the body of the people, in their willingness to read what is wholesome, or to do what is right; and this, I took the liberty to say, seemed to me the radical point on which he and I differed. I told him that there were large communities in America in whom I did confide, and that I believed

other communities might be raised up to the same condition; and that it appeared to me that it should be the grand effort of the world now, to raise up this mass to knowledge, to comfort, and virtue; since the mass was evidently, ere long, to rule for us.

"After this conversation, Mr. W—— proposed a walk to Grassmere Lake, to see it after sunset; and in that loveliest of all scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, "I thank you, sir, for bringing me here at this hour;" for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose, like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay as a mirror to reflect the serenity of heaven. The dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The farthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible. The mountain side had a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw, approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. W—— said, as if it were "clothed with the air." Above all, was the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon; but warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermilion tints of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be traveled over without the sight of one such spectacle as this; and all owing to the circumstances—the time, the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour, passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth!

A LEAF FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Forty-Nine?—Yes I was forty-nine yesterday—In my fiftieth year! Heavens! how time passes. I met young George W——, at C——'s dinner yesterday, and for the life of me, I couldn't conceive that that tall young dandy was my Araminta's son. Had I had the training of the boy he should never have worn those hideous mustachios. The young rascal looked at me as if he knew I had once aspired to be his father—Zounds! I could have kicked the puppy—

"But then he had his mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me."

Poor Araminta!—She "is not happy—doesn't look it—That eye that reads the ground"—psaw! what is it to me what she reads? It isn't my fault that she has a brute for a husband—I was talking about him last night with Laura K——, and we both agreed it was a most ill-assorted marriage—Laura ought to know the man's disposition too, since she was so long engaged to him. I wonder if her flirtation with Ned Effingham was not the cause of that match being broken off? She's a good girl, Laura K——, I've thought so this thirty years. Somehow or other, though, I'm afraid matters will never come to anything between us. I shouldn't know where to spend my evenings if she were married, as some fool has said before me.

What a bore our club is—I really can't stand it for more than two nights in a week—The only thing that takes me there is to see Pons Grey bait Twaddleton Fitz-Flummery—I used to think that something might be made of Fitz, but what can you expect of a man who eats peanuts and spells music with a *k*? Begavin was there, solemn and pompous as ever, and little Fitz boomed to him as usual—That man always recalls a

sentence of Rochefoucault that I used to parse in my French exercises when a schoolboy—"Gravity is but a mystery of the body to conceal the defects of the mind." He is always associated in my mind with a bulky and stupid edition of Wanostroet's Grammar.

We talked French affairs and the new Restaurant in Park Place—Flummery thought that there was some deep political design beneath the French courses, which are so gradually ousting steaks and chops from the tables of diner's-out, and Augustus Simperley held up his hands in holy horror when the word "war" was mentioned. "Scourge of Nations!" croaked Bagavin—"Bane of arts and industry! Will the sacred influence of religion never, &c. &c." What an age of cant we do live in: Hear what a man of sense who wrote two generations since, says on this subject.

"No complaints are more frequent than against the weather when it suits not our purpose: 'a dismal season' 'we shall all be drowned,' or 'we shall be burnt up.' And yet we never think that there might be more occasion to complain were the weather left to our own direction. The weather is not the only instance of distrust in Providence: It is a common topic to declaim against war! manifold indeed are the blessings of peace; but doth war never produce any good? A fair comparison may possibly make it doubtful whether war, like the weather, ought not to be resigned to the conduct of Providence: Seldom are we in the right when we repine at its dispensation."

There's a deal of good sense in this simple proposition—aye, and of sound religion too: for however we may speculate upon the interference of heaven in our free agency among the more trifling concerns of life—the daily routine of individual existence—who can doubt but that He who sends the sunshine and the storm, and holds the nations in the hollow of his hand, looses them only at his pleasure against each other, and sends blessing abroad as well in the firebrand and the thunderbolt as in the dew and the sunbeam? There are some virtues which, like the nutritious plants that subsisted Ross and his companions in their ice-ribbed bower, will spring only beneath an iron blast. There are vices too, which, like the poisonous vegetation of a southern swamp, flourish only in sultry repose. Commercial enterprise exerts such a tremendous effect, both salutary and pernicious, in our age and country, that its influences have been greater here in a few years of peace and prosperity, than centuries of political tranquillity have made them in other countries. Our strides in improvement and in degeneracy have been alike gigantic. Our people, in the aggregate, are becoming daily more distinguished for boldness and energy in executing schemes that tend to the aggrandizement of communities; but I think that the thousand meannesses ever attendant upon the inordinate thirst of gain, are not less apparent. The doctrines of utilitarianism, so much in vogue, tend always at last to a sordid centering in self. The *cul bono*, when applied so immediately to learning, to politics, and to the domestic relations of life, must inevitably rob virtue of its vitality, and cause everything like elevation of character to exhale from the land. I daily see motives of action avowed in the newspapers, and in society, that would have damned a man both politically and privately twenty years ago. The assumption of disinterestedness is to be sure the mere homage which worldliness pays to honor; but when the offering is no longer made, it is pretty strong evidence that the altar has ceased to be in repute.

I like the Frenchman, and would hate to quarrel with him; but we certainly do want a war—if it is only to make people talk about francs instead of dollars.

I see a new work, from Cooper, is announced. I like Cooper; his faults are grievous, but I like him. There's a good deal of brawny talent about Cooper. Subject him to comparative criticism, and, as a standard, he is not to be named with Irving, Channing, or Verplanck; but examine his writings analytically, and he stands well by himself. His defects I regard only as I do the scales of a shell-bark hickory—the excrescences afford a ready foothold for cats and critics, but they do not mar the vigorous proportions of the stalwart trunk.

I have passed a delightful hour in Inman's studio to-

day. Artists appear to me to be the only men that have anything peculiar about them, and I like them on that account. The nature of their pursuits guards them from the coarser attrition of the world, which sooner or later makes all men duplicates of each other; and their intercourse with the best educated portions of society, just polishes them enough to leave some character of their own. What a fervor of spirit there is in I.'s pictures! His figures appear to me sometimes out of drawing, but his heads certainly have an eloquence of coloring which I see in no other painter. There is life—breathing breezy life in the quivering forests of Cole; and there is heaven, to me, in the delicious skies of Wier; but I have seen some women's faces by Inman, in which life and heaven, in which the bliss of other worlds, and the tenderness of this, in which the muscle, blood, and fibre of God's creatures, with all the intellect he has ever breathed into them, were blended with a Promethean power. This is the poetry of the art: and the actual portraits that are embodied with it, have a far greater charm, in my eyes, than the regularly-featured ideals of the painter's imagination. The most enchanting features that I ever looked upon, were those of a saint somebody, painted, by the by, from a naughty nun, that I saw once in Mexico. The picture carried me back at once to the Florentine gallery, and I stood once more an ardent boy of nineteen, before the wives and mistresses of the great Italian masters, that still survive in their adorable Madonnas. It was the image of little Emma Atherton, except that it did not eternally show its teeth, like a walking advertisement to the Crawcours.

By the way, it always strikes me, that that is a beautiful thing—a woman being immortalized by her lover! How much more we like those who have come down to us in painting and in song, than those who have taken the reins of Fame's chariot in their own hands, and, like that false-hearted vixen, the English Elizabeth—who swore like a coachman—thrashed down to posterity like a Bowery trotter on the third avenue. Women should appear to be wooed, even by Fame. The ancients, to be sure, personified her as a sister female, but then she was always a girl of bad report, and those of her sex who would wear her favors, should employ a go-between to make the advances.

Tuesday.—What a vile, capricious climate ours is, here along the seaboard. Yesterday was just one of those days when women never take their hair out of paper, but, shawling over the loose array of their neglected toilet, sit stewing over the last new novel, wherever they may happen to settle down after breakfast. I did not go into the parlor, for I hate a sloven; and three out of the five pretty women at our boarding-house, might read Jeremy Taylor's "Marriage Ring" to advantage. How beautifully does the old fellow allude to that delicate consideration for each other's tastes and feelings, which must, after all, constitute the soul of happiness in married life, and the want of which, in the springtime of affection, must wither its buds, even as they are blowing into life.

"Everything can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken: so," says the old-fashioned preacher, "are the early unions of an unfixed marriage."

So Lady Morgan's come out with a new work. Why don't that woman stop writing? There's talent in her works; but then the jargon in which they are written makes me sick. She crams in the words against the stomach of my sense, and I always have to take a page or two of Cobbett's wholesome English to restore its tone.

Cobbett! you read Cobbett—the renegade! the, the sc—

Yes, yes; I know it—I know it all, and yet I read Cobbett. I read him for his real hard-bone sense. I delight in that down-right go-ahead style of his, which grapples with the subject like an English bull-dog; and

whether it be great or little, a yearling heifer or a full-grown buffalo, flings it down before you, so that you can put your foot upon it. Sheer sense, urged with masculine force and inextinguishable spirit, give an influence to that man's writings which even his rascally character can hardly impair. I would ensure them for a low premium on their voyage to posterity. For talent, like the Egyptian embalmers of old, preserves the bad as well as the good—the reptile as well as the man from destruction.

I saw C. last night, at Mrs. ——. How much that man has altered since we were schoolboys together. He has taken up politics as a trade, which I consider as bad as selling one's self to the devil—a thing which I thought had gone out entirely, till I witnessed the arch necromancy of M. Adilen. Politics, though an excellent mistress, makes but a poor wife—to flirt with them lends a zest to existence, but to be wedded to them dries up the best springs of life. For ambition, swallowing up all other passions and affections, devours, like Saturn, each kindly offspring of the heart, in order to sit alone upon its barren throne.

C. has proved a perfect worliling, but my estimate of his abilities is as high as ever. I do not think, indeed, that I have ever been mistaken in the *minds* of my intimates, though I have certainly made some queer blunders in gauging their *hearts*. Such mistakes are nothing to a man; but I cannot conceive anything more unhappy for a woman, than a want of discrimination of character in forming her friendships, and fixing her partialities. Life has, comparatively, so few resources for her, that when she misplaces her affections, the error is often irremediable. She is a being of sympathy; her feelings go forth in the morning of life like the sunbeam in the apologue, that sought all day some object to reflect back its warmth, and found it only in the freezing wave that broke even as it mocked its image at the evening's close. Some one turned this idea prettily in a game of "crambo" at Mrs. — the other evening. I suspect it was Clara F., from the fact of S., a few moments before, having pronounced her "the most unsentimental woman in the world."

Aye! thus 'tis I would have them think
The world—of which I ne'er knew one
That was not cold as waves, that drink—
And smile to cheat—the wooing sun.

For I have friendship's falseness proved;
Have loved—as woman's loved before—
Have loved!—as she who once hath loved,
Can love again on earth no more.

It matters not how friends deceived,
It matters not how love went wrong,
I only feel that I believed—
I only know I hoped—too long.

What let's to me, that mid the crowd
There may be some unlike the rest,
That at the shrine to which I've bowed,
Others may kneel, nor kneel unless'd.

Though many a bark hope's sea upon—
Freighted, like mine, may reach the shore—
Its cheering track is lost to one
That knows nor sail nor compass more.

Ruth Latimer was at Mrs. —, and entertained me with a philosophical disquisition upon lady-like young men. She assimilated the quadrille, in which she was dancing, to a cotton factory—because there was so many *spindles* running. Ruth's a clever woman; but I never heard of a girl who joked herself into a husband. And yet I like humor in a woman: especially when it softens beauty like that of Kate Hesketh. Humor is more akin to feeling than wit is. Punning, like mimicry, I take to be merely a low order of the last. The possession of humor I think always implies a delicacy of perception which is generally accompanied by sensibility. Coleridge must have been of this opinion when he said that "men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are always so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit—as did Shakspeare."

"And dost thou think of me sometimes, beautiful

Ines? Do thy young thoughts steal away to him whose mind never wanders from thee? Doth the crowd of gay worshippers that kneel to thy charms still leave room for my shadow to hover unnoticed near? And thou wishest, too, my own one, that my letters should not alone record each incident that passes while I am away, but that they should bear the impress of each thought and feeling of the soul that still turns to thee where'er my footsteps lead. "Thou wouldest that?"

Certainly, our souls must transmigrate—and that too while vitality still lives in all the functions of our grosser system. How otherwise can we thus lose our moral identity. The faded characters of this letter I know to be mine, the twenty years that have elapsed since it was written have left the mechanical imprint of my fingers the same. But I—myself—I am not the one that thought and felt as they would have me believe. Gone—gone—forever gone—gone like

"The leaf in the stream that can never return"

gone like the star that went out in the sky when none were watching—gone like the life that escaped from the limbs of Meleager when his mother consumed the mystic brand upon which his existence depended.

Wednesday.—I spent yesterday in arranging some old letters, and had an awful attack of the blue devils in consequence. I never was one of those who could understand what the sentimental writers call "enjoying a pleasing melancholy." I should as soon think of enjoying a fit of the gout. And as for reviving old associations—disinterring the buried memories from the tomb of my soul—as for taking pleasure in that! why I would just as soon seek satisfaction in a catacomb of the departed friends of my youth. I would rather—yes I would—sit cheek-by-jowl with the dead—the inanimate dead—than make companions of thoughts, which, viper-like, quicken into annoying existence the moment they are quarried from the flint where they have lain harmlessly torpid. Pshaw—I'm getting Byronic. This comes of eating cheese and drinking sherry that has not been properly decanted. I must go see Power.

Sunday.—I heard Mr. — preach this morning. There's a good deal of the divine afflatus about that man. He always addresses himself to both my natures. The elements of his discourse are gathered from the most familiar stories of this work-day world—homely but strong, and rudely fashioned in themselves, but appositely placed together—like a pyre of faggots upon a holy altar of old—they seem kindled at last by fire from heaven itself. The ponderous war-club, with which the preacher at one moment beats down the ranks of infidelity, is transformed the next into the torch which marshals the faithful to victory.

It has often occurred to me that the clergymen of our country mingle too little with the world to give full efficiency to their office. They are too often like soldiers, well skilled in the use of their weapons, but ignorant of the enemy they are to fight against. Ten years of active life in Wall street, or the Court of Sessions, would, I think, form the best introductory school for the pulpit. Men whose minds are so rarely kindled by the collision, or shaped by the attrition of society, must labor under an immense disadvantage in their efforts to awaken electric feeling in others, or to adapt the workings of their intellect to the calibre of those around them. If truth comes only from heaven, there is no need in preaching, but if the preacher be the instrument of heaven, the agent must in some degree be fashioned according to the material upon which it has to operate.

I took this ground in an argument with Mrs. — the other night, and I cannot but think that I was right. Unhappily, however, for the progress of society, there are those who read the only book of true knowledge so strangely, that they seem to learn thence that the essence of religion consists in withdrawing ourselves from all communion with our fellows: while in fact the spirit of Christianity is at war with all monkish seclusion, and acknowledges only those virtues to be such which flourish in the breath of a blighting world;

which lead us abroad to mingle with our fellows; to test our truth and charity by temptation and sympathy; to take human nature as we find it, and better it where we may; to sit down with publicans and Pharisees at the board; to be all things to all men. The first receivers of the word, had they banded together and buried themselves in a monastery, would have been about as true to their trust as are some of our modern pious who shrink so sensitively from a contact with the follies of the world. Christianity is emphatically the religion of society; there is no disposition of man in the highest social state to which he is capable of attaining, that is not cared for in its provisions; but how can those provisions ever elevate and improve the condition of mankind at large, if they who are earliest embraced in them go out from the rest as a separate people, and let the blessings meant for all perish with a few.

It may indeed be dangerous thus to expose the flock to the perils which perhaps the shepherd alone ought to encounter; but what would we think of a missionary, who wrapt his converts out of sight the moment they were made, instead of leaving them to add to their numbers from their heathen brethren around them? I regard every clergyman as a missionary.

You cannot argue with a woman. Her opinions are half the time merely prejudices; and, while she mistakes dogmatizing for discussion, you can hardly expect a fair interchange of sentiment upon any abstract subject. If you corner her in an argument, she throws herself upon the prerogative of her sex; and, if in the course of your reasoning, you do flash conviction upon her mind, she deprives you of the satisfaction of a full demonstration, by jumping at once to your conclusion. Like a spirited, but ill-trained pointer, she first hunts wide in spite of all your efforts to keep her to the game, and then flushes your bird before you can get your finger on the trigger.

The mind may draw its strength from solitude, but it derives its suppleness from society; and *adaptability*, with slender acquirements, better fits one for shining in company, than the profoundest intellectual resources without it. But, though versatility be so attractive a quality, how rarely do we meet with those who either have possessed it naturally, or cultivated it with success. To give the body a just development of its proportions, each separate muscle must be duly exercised, and every faculty of the mind should receive its proper share of cultivation, to perfect the understanding. But our minds, lies our bodies, are generally exercised at random, and the improvement of some of their powers too often purchased with the neglect, and consequent enfeeblement, of others, while not one in a million can boast that union of strength and elasticity, that has been so whimsically assimilated to the trunk of an elephant, which, in the words of Peter Pindar—

"Can pick up pins, and yet possess the vigor,
For trimming well the jacket of a tiger."

Most ordinary people can talk well upon some one subject, but how few are there who can happily discuss a dozen, or even maintain their ground in an excursive conversation with sufficient ability, to act as the drawer out of others. Conversational, in fact, seems the rarest of talents, when we recollect how few are noted for its possession, and that even they who enjoy the reputation of talking well, more frequently harangue instead of conversing—pouring out their own thoughts with eloquence, but never mingling the stream with another's. It is one thing to delight a whole table, and another, to fix the favor of each one present at it, by eliciting their powers of entertainment.

Some species of mental pain is like steam; and care, though when unconfined, it dissipates in air, and when shut up too closely, it shatters the mind that would so repress it; yet properly managed it may, in strong understandings, conduce to their moral energies; at least, I have no doubt that some of the happiest productions of genius owe their brilliancy, if not their birth, to the intensity of mind their authors have brought to one

subject, in the strenuous effort to distract their thoughts from another.

Tuesday.—Love is a bad tenant for one's bosom; for when compelled to quit, he always leaves the mansion more or less out of repair. I saw Flora F. at Mrs. —'s soiree last night, and was amazed to hear a girl of her sense sport the opinions she did. A baffled attachment certainly spoils a woman in most cases, though it as certainly mellows their disposition delightfully in others. It depends entirely whether, when discomfited, she make society or religion her *point d'appui*—these being the only resources, and muniments to which she may retreat and be upholden. Love with woman is like the celebrated Greek fire, which it was impossible to detach from the object upon which it fastened, without the exclusion of an integral part. The best half of that girl's heart must be gone, or she never could have sung that song with so little emotion. It was one that poor F. wrote for her a few months before he died, and which, telling his story so faithfully, years ago, portrayed her own situation so singularly at present. C— says that the imitation of the Waller and Sedley school is too servile; but, in spite of its old English conceits, I certainly think there is a dash of true feeling in the following:

SONG.

I WILL love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart,
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—
Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
Squanders forth, where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more—it is folly to give
Our best years to one when for many we live;
And he who the world will thus barter for one,
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
To kneel to an idol which bends not to us;
Which heeds not, which recks not, which cares not for aught
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more—for no love is without
Its limit in measure—and mine hath run out:
She engrosseth it all—and till some she restore—
Than this moment I love her—how can I love more?

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

SHE was just to be married; happy, gay, and beautiful—wholly devoted to her lover, and yet, yet I had the audacity to tell her I loved her. She laughed in my face—not a laugh of scorn, for that is dreadful in a woman, and would have made me hate her, but a natural, easy laugh of incredulity, as if the absurdity of the idea were a subject for merriment. I believe she thought it impossible for love to exist without hope. And she was so happy, so free from vanity, and so full of spirit she either could not, or would not understand me. It is true I did not tell my passion in very lover-like style, for she was so gay I could get no chance; and when I did, there was her low, musical laugh; and then she gave me her pocket handkerchief, bade me keep it to wipe my tears, and come and dance at her wedding. The gipsy, I could have cried in good earnest. And yet who could cry, while her beaming eyes were turned full in my face and the melody of her voice was ringing in my ears. Everything she spoke upon seemed touched with her own brilliant fancy, and acquired the delicate coloring of her own pure and impassioned soul. Well, they were married. The lover was worthy of the bride, and they were happy. With a cold damp brow, and hands like marble, I witnessed the ceremony that closed to me the avenue of hope, and affected the gayety which others felt. I went to my room and took the dainty handkerchief she had given me, and fastened it by one corner over my writing table. Here, day after day, as I pursued the duties of my profession, I gazed upon it as a memento of blasted hopes. The pretty device in the corner, the fair penmanship, and then the aristocratic name "Isabella," all fed my fancy, and kept up melancholy associations. Thus week after week passed away, and there seemed

no prospect that time, the great reliever of other's woes, would mitigate mine. I grew listless and abstracted. Wealth and fame, what were they to me? The sick heart turns with disgust from all these things. One night I returned to my room; I recollect it was Monday. At any other time I should have admired the neatness with which the maid had arranged the appurtenances of my chamber. But I was wretched now. This hopeless passion was wearing me into the grave. I felt it in my languid limbs, the lazy flow of my blood, and the feeble beat of my pulse. I had lost a case in court, which at any other time I might have won with little effort, only by my indifference and inactivity. My client was exasperated. I could not blame him, and I could have wept with sorrow and vexation. A tear did indeed start to my eye, in spite of my manhood. I seated myself at my table and mechanically raised my hand to the dear memento suspended over it. It may wipe my tears while my heart is breaking, I thought. As I pressed it to my face, its touch seemed less delicate than usual, and I lifted my eyes to ascertain the cause. The maid had taken it down to wash, and suspended in its place one of her *own*—clean, white and coarse. "Hannah Mopsey," was worked in round capitals in the corner. I looked upon it for a moment and then burst into a loud long laugh that sent the blood with a start into every part of my body. I was completely cured.

AN INDEPENDENT JUDGE,

AND AN INGENUOUS ADVOCATE.

D'ISRAELI, in his Reign of Charles I, has this picture: "While the speaker was addressing Judge Jenkins, the old man in a low voice requested his companion not to reply—'Let all the malice fall upon me, my years can better bear it.' The speaker having ended, Judge Jenkins asked whether they would not give him liberty to speak? 'Yes! so you be not very long.' 'No! I will not trouble either myself or you with many words. Mr. Speaker! you said the house was offended at my behavior in not making my obeisance to you when they brought me here; and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the laws of the land. I answer, that I not only pretend to be, but am knowing in the laws of the land, having made them my study for these five-and-forty years; and it is because I am so, is the reason of my behavior. As long as you had the king's arms engraven on your mace, and that your great seal was no counterfeit, and acting under his authority, I would have bowed in obedience to his writ, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this house have renounced your allegiance to your sovereign, and are become a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this house of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me!' The whole house was electrified—all rose in uproar and confusion! It was long ere order could be obtained, or their fury could exhaust itself. It seemed as if every member shrunk from a personal attack. The house voted the prisoners guilty of high treason, without any trial, and should suffer as in case of condemnation for treason. They called in the keeper of Newgate to learn the usual days of execution, which were Wednesdays and Fridays. The day to be appointed then became the subject of their debate. At this critical moment, when it seemed to be out of all human chances to spare 'the life of the greatest clerk, but not the wisest man,' the facetious and dissolute Harry Martin, who had not yet spoken, rose, not to dissent from the vote of the house, he observed, but he had something to say about the time of the execution. 'Mr. Speaker, every one must believe that this old gentleman here is fully possessed in his head, resolved to die a martyr in his cause; for otherwise he would never have provoked the house by such biting expressions. If you execute him, you do precisely that which he hopes for, and his execution will have great influence over the people, since he is condemned without a jury; I therefore move that we should suspend the day of execution, and in the meantime force him to live in spite of his teeth.' The drollery of the motion put the house into better humor, and the state prisoners were remanded."

SUMMER.

BY LAWRENCE LARREN.

O, SUMMER dear! with flowers of richest hue,
And sweetest odor, with thy zephyrs bland,
Fan the hot brow of labor, and subdue
Sol's ardent warmth, for by my good right hand,
And by my heart, which to myself is true,
And by the freedom of my native land,
Ninety degrees of heat, with sweat outpouring,
Makes my muse faint, almost, to think of soaring.

O, Summer dear! thy blushes tempt my heart
To worship thee, thou nurse of sweetest flowers!
For, from thy odorous vales what perfumes start,
Borne by the rosy zephyrs through thy bowers,
And to my senses glowing thoughts impart,
So that the wearisome and dull paced hours
Dance with a lighter step o'er earth away,
While some new rapture glids each coming day!

O, Summer dear! I love thy bubbling brooks,
For their sweet music sooths the heart of care;
The carolling of birds mid grassy nooks,
Their songs of rapture floating in the air—
Sure they would win a scholar from his books,
And steal a smile from that old stoic, Despair,
Quicken dull Age's footsteps, and renew
On Beauty's cheek the rose's blushing hue.

Alas! man's life is but a chequered scene
Of joy and laughter, hate, love, tears and woe;
And woman's likewise: from Britannia's queen
Down to the humble peasant, all must know
That lights and shadows aye will intervene,
To teach us our own weakness, and to show
How frail we are when Fate's dark clouds hang o'er us,
And Death's dread vail spreads wide and drear before us.

And well it is so; lest, as life is brief,
We place too much endearment on this earth,
And the dread thought of leaving were such grief,
As to destroy the innocence of mirth,
And bring our years into the "yellow leaf,"
Ere we had scarcely entered manhood's birth;
But, as it is, by numerous ills oppress,
We welcome death—it brings eternal rest!

But this is merely moral speculation,
For which the market can effect no sale,
For morals in this every-day creation,
Like fish and mutton, do, by age, get stale;
Brokers had rather talk of speculation—
Toppers of politics o'er frothing ale—
Lawyers of fees—shoemakers of their leather—
Poets of themselves—women of one another.

ANECDOTES OF GUERRILLA WARFARE.

THE strange exploits of these daring partisans, though true to the letter, are perfectly romantic; and the patient endurance, the deep artifice, with which their objects were effected, appear to be almost incredible. Persons, whose ages and professions were best calculated to evade suspicion, were invariably their chosen agents. The village priest was commonly a confederate of the neighboring guerilla—the postmaster betrayed the intelligence that reached him in his office—the fairest peasant of Estremadura would tempt the thoughtless soldier with her beauty, and decoy him within range of the bullet—and even childhood was frequently and successfully employed in leading the unsuspecting victim into some pass or ambuscade, where the knife or musket closed his earthly career.

In every community, however fierce and lawless, different gradations of good and evil will be discovered, and nothing could be more opposite than the feelings and actions of some of the guerillas and their leaders. Many of these desperate bands were actuated in every enterprize by a love of bloodshed and spoliation, and their own countrymen suffered as heavily from their

rapacity, as their enemies from their swords. Others took the field from nobler motives: an enthusiastic attachment to their country and religion aroused them into vengeance against a tyranny which had become insufferable—every feeling but ardent patriotism was forgotten—private and dearer ties were snapped asunder—homes, and wives, and children were abandoned—privations that appear almost incredible were patiently endured, until treachery delivered them to the executioner, or in some wild attempt they were overpowered by numbers, and died resisting to the last.

Dreadful as the retaliation was which French cruelty and oppression had provoked, the guerilla vengeance against domestic treachery was neither less certain or less severe. To collect money or supplies for the invaders, convey any information, conceal their movements, and not betray them when opportunity occurred, was death to the offender. Sometimes the delinquent was brought with considerable difficulty and risk before a neighboring tribunal, and executed with all the formalities of justice; but generally a more summary vengeance was exacted, and the traitor was sacrificed upon the spot. In these cases neither calling nor age was respected. If found false to his country, the sanctity of his order was no protection to the priest. The daughter of the collector of Almagro, for professing attachment to the usurper, was stabbed to the heart by Urena; and a secret correspondence between the wife of the alcalde of Birhueda and the French general in the next command, having been detected by an intercepted despatch, the wretched woman, by order of Juan Martin Diez, the empecinado, was dragged by a guerilla party from her house, her head shaven, her denuded person tarred and feathered, and disgracefully exhibited in the public market-place, and she was then put to death amid the execrations of her tormentors. Nor was there any security for a traitor, even were his residence in the capital, or almost within the camp of the enemy. One of the favorites of Joseph Bonaparte, Don Jose Rigo, was torn from his home in the suburbs of Madrid, while celebrating his wedding, by the empecinado, and hanged in the square of Cadiz. The usurper himself, on two occasions, narrowly escaped from this desperate partisan. Dining at Almeda, some two leagues distance from the capital, with one of the generals of division, their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome intelligence that the empecinado was at hand, and nothing but a hasty retreat preserved the pseudo king from the capture. On another occasion, he was surprised upon the Gaudalaxara road, and so rapid was the guerilla movement, so determined their pursuit, that before the French could be succored by the garrison of Madrid, forty of the royal escort were sabred between Torrejon and El Molar.

A war of extermination raged, and on both sides blood flowed in torrents. One act of cruelty was as promptly answered by another; and a French decree, ordering that every Spaniard taken in arms should be executed, appeared to be a signal to the guerillas to exclude from mercy every enemy who fell into their hands. The French had shown the example; the junta were denounced, their houses burned, and their wives and children driven to the woods. If prisoners received quarter in the field—if they fell lame upon the march, or the remotest chance of a rescue appeared—they were shot like dogs; others were butchered in the towns, their bodies left rotting on the highways, and their heads exhibited on poles. That respect which even the most depraved of men usually pay to female honor, was shamefully disregarded; and more than one Spaniard, like the postmaster of Medina, was driven to the most desperate courses, by the violation of a wife and the murder of child.

It would be sickening to describe the horrid scenes which mutual retaliations produced. Several of the empecinado's followers, who were surprised in the mountains of Guadarama, were nailed to the trees, and left there to expire slowly by hunger and thirst. To the same trees, before a week elapsed, a similar number of French soldiers were affixed by the guerillas. Two of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were suspected of communicating with the brigands, as the French termed the armed Spaniards, were tried by court-martial, and executed at their own door. The next

morning six of the garrison were seen hanging from walls beside the high road. Some females related to Palarea, surnamed the Medico, had been abused most scandalously by the escort of a convoy, who had seized them in a wood; and in return the guerilla leader drove into an ermda eighty Frenchmen and their officers, set fire to the thatch, and burned them to death or shot them in their endeavors to leave the blazing chapel. Such were the dreadful enormities a system of retaliation caused.

These desperate adventurers were commanded by men of the most dissimilar professions. All were distinguished by some *sobriquet*, and these were of the most opposite descriptions. Among the leaders were friars, and physicians, cooks and artisans, while some were characterized by a deformity, and others named after the form of their waistcoat or hat. Worse epithets described many of the minor chiefs—truculence and spoliation obtained them titles; and, strange as it may appear, the most ferocious band that infested Biscay was commanded by a woman named Martina. So indiscriminating and unrelenting was this female monster in her murder of friends and foes, that Mina was obliged to direct his force against her. She was surprised, with the greater portion of her banditti, and the whole were shot upon the spot.

Of all the guerilla leaders the two Minas were the most remarkable for their daring, their talents, and their success. The younger, Xavier, had a short career, but nothing could be more chivalrous and romantic than many of the incidents that marked it. His band amounted to a thousand, and with this force he kept Navarre, Biscay, and Arragon, in confusion; intercepted convoys, levied contributions, plundered the custom-houses, and harassed the enemy incessantly. The villages were obliged to furnish rations for his troops, and the French convoys supplied him with money and ammunition. His escapes were often marvelous. He swam flooded rivers deemed impassable, and climbed precipices hitherto untraversed by human foot. Near Estella he was forced by numbers to take refuge on a lofty rock; the only accessible side he defended till nightfall, when lowering himself and followers by a rope, he brought off his party with scarcely the loss of a man.

This was among his last exploits; for when reconnoitring by moonlight, in the hope of capturing a valuable convoy, he fell unexpectedly into the hands of an enemy's patrol. Proscribed by the French as a bandit, it was surprising that his life was spared; but his loss to the guerillas was regarded as a great misfortune.

While disputing as to the choice of a leader, where so many aspired to a command to which each offered an equal claim, an adventurer worthy to succeed their lost chief was happily discovered in his uncle, the elder Mina. Educated as a husbandman, and scarcely able to read or write, the new leader had lived in great retirement, until the junta's call to arms induced him to join his nephew's band. He reluctantly acceded to the general wish to become Xavier Mina's successor, but when he assumed the command, his firm and daring character was rapidly developed. Echeverria, with a force following, had started as a rival chief; but Mina surprised him—had three of his subordinates shot with their leader—and united the remainder of the band with his own. Although he narrowly escaped from becoming a victim to the treachery of a comrade, the prompt and severe justice with which he visited the offender, effectually restrained other adventurers from making any similar attempt.

The traitor was a sergeant of his own, who, from the bad expression of his face, had received among his companions the *sobriquet* of Malcarado. Discontented with the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and concerted measures with Panetta, whose brigade was near the village of Robres, to surprise the guerilla chieftain in his bed. Partial success attended this treacherous attempt; but Mina defended himself desperately with the bar of the door, and kept the French at bay till Gastra, his chosen comrade, assisted him to escape. The guerilla rallied his followers, repulsed the enemy, took Malcarado, and shot him instantly, while the village curd, and three

alcades implicated in traitorous design, were hanged side by side upon a tree, and their houses razed to the ground.

An example of severity like this gave confidence to his own followers, and exacted submission from the peasantry. Every where Mina had a faithful spy—every movement of the enemy was reported—and if a village magistrate received a requisition from a French commandant, it was communicated to the guerilla chief with due despatch, or woe to the alcade that neglected it.

Nature had formed Mina for the service to which he had devoted himself. His constitution was equal to every privation and fatigue, and his courage was of that prompt and daring character, that no circumstance, however sudden and disheartening, could overcome. Careless as to dress or food, he depended for a change of linen on the capture of French baggage, or any accidental supply; and for days he would exist upon a few biscuits, or anything which chance threw in his road. He guarded carefully against surprise—slept with a dagger and pistols in his girdle—and such were his active habits, that he rarely took more than two hours of repose. The mountain caverns were the depositories of his ammunition and plunder; and in a mountain fastness he established a hospital for his wounded, to which they were carried in litters across the heights, and placed in perfect safety, until their cure could be completed. Gaming and plunder were prohibited, and even love forbidden, lest the guerilla might be too communicative to the object of his affection, and any of his chieftain's secrets should transpire.

Of the minor chiefs many strange and chivalrous adventures are on record. The daring plans, often tried and generally successful, and the hair-breadth escapes of several, are almost beyond belief. No means, however repugnant to the laws of modern warfare, were unemployed; while the ingenuity with which intelligence of a hostile movement was transmitted—the artifice with which an enemy was delayed, until he could be surrounded or surprised, appear incredible.

Of individual ferocity a few instances will be sufficient. At the execution of an alcade and his son at Mondragon, the old man boasted that two hundred French had perished by their hands; and the chaleco, Francis Moreno, in a record of his services, boasts of his having waited for a cavalry patrol in a ravine, and, by the discharge of a huge blunderbuss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, dislocated his own shoulder and killed or wounded nine of the French. The same chief presented to Villafranca a rich booty of plate and quicksilver, but he added to the gift a parcel of ears cut from the prisoners whom on that occasion he had slaughtered.

Profiting by the anarchy that reigned in this afflicted country, wretches, under political excuses, committed murder and devastation on a scale of frightful magnitude. One, pretending to be a functionary of the junta, made Ladrada a scene of bloodshed. By night his victims were despatched; and to the disgrace of woman, his wife was more sanguinary than himself. Castanos at length arrested their blood-stained career; and Pedrazeula was hanged and beheaded, and Maria, his infamous confederate, garrotted.

Castle was overrun by banditti; and one gang, destroyed by a guerilla chief named Juan Abril, had accumulated plunder, principally in specie, amounting in value to half a million reals. One of the band, when captured by the French, to save his life, discovered the secret, and offered to lead a party to the place where the treasure was deposited. His proposal was accepted. An alcaziz, with an escort of cavalry, proceeded to the wood of Villa Viciosa, and there booty was found worth more than the value affixed to it by the deserter. Returning in unsuspecting confidence, the party were drawn into an ambuscade by the medico, who had been acquainted with the expedition; and of the escort and officials, with the exception of five who managed to escape, every one was butchered without mercy.

Such were the Spaniards who made themselves remarkable for patriotism and endurance—surpassing courage and unmitigated cruelty.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

GENERAL DEARBORN, writing of the ceremonies on the morning of the Bunker Hill celebration says:—When I entered the room at Concert Hall, on the morning of the 17th, where the members of the Society of Cincinnati were to assemble, for the purpose of joining in the procession, I found several old soldiers of the revolution, who had come there by mistake, instead of going to the State House.

While in conversation with one of the members of the society, I was surprised to hear the notes of a fife in the room, and turning in the direction whence they proceeded, discovered an aged man seated among the old soldiers, who was performing on that instrument. I immediately went and took a seat beside him and listened until he had concluded playing "Washington's March," when the following conversation ensued:

"Were you a fifer in the revolutionary army?"

"I was."

"In what corps?"

"Nixon's regiment and Nixon's brigade."

"How long did you serve?"

"Three years. I was in the campaigns in the Jerseys, and I was present at the execution of Major Andre."

"How old are you?"

"I am in my 83d year."

"Where do you live?"

"In Springfield."

"What is your name?"

"Thaddeus Perry."

He then played Yankee Doodle, and remarkably well. He had a grandson with him, who appeared to be ten or twelve years old, and who had accompanied his grandfather, apparently to take care of him, as the veteran was feeble, and so deaf as to render it difficult to converse with him.

How remarkable, that after the lapse of time which had intervened since the close of the revolution, there should be heard, in the Society of the Cincinnati, on the 68th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, a fifer of Washington's army, playing the march of that illustrious patriot, and the spirit-stirring national air of Yankee Doodle, which had so often cheered the American camp during the glorious struggle for liberty and national independence.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.

A DRUNKEN coal heaver is related to have fallen from a wagon, been taken up and carried to St. Bartholomew's hospital. He was stripped, and the surgeon examined him, but no injury could be discovered; still he said he could not rise up in the bed. Mr. Abernethy was called in, but this celebrated surgeon could make nothing of the case, and directed that he should be washed thoroughly clean and a barber procured to shave him. About an hour after, a message was brought that the man had instantaneously, while undergoing the operation of shaving, died. The barber said he appeared to be well, and was talking to him one instant, and the next was a dead man. "I had hold of him," said he, "by the nose, and I did but turn his head very gently to use the razor, when he, without breathing or a sigh, went off." Abernethy turned to the young students, and told them this was a case for study, saying there was a cause for the man's death—that the following morning he would open the body and find it out. At the same time he asked the students to think of the case, and tell him in the morning their opinions of what might be the cause. One of the students suggested that a vertebral bone was fractured, and that as the barber turned his head to shave him, a splinter penetrated the spinal cord. Abernethy immediately coincided in this opinion, and they then cut down the back, and discovered a small piece of fractured bone, not bigger than half a pin, which had penetrated the spine: taking the corpse by the nose, they observed, as they turned the head one way, the splinter came out, and as they turned it the contrary, it entered the vital cord. The problem was now at once solved, and a striking illustration furnished how little it takes to stop the great machine of life in man.

OUR TABLE.

THE ROVER.—We see by the papers that Mr. and Mrs. Seba Smith are to be the editors of this weekly magazine. Of course, with such able navigators, the Rover must make pleasant voyages; but as she has never come "athwart our house," we cannot say what manner of craft she is. If Captain Smith will come within hail, we will report him. Top your boom for Down East if you please. Portland Transcript.

Schooner Transcript, ahoy! Ah Cap'n Halsey, is that you? Glad to have a chance to speak ye. All's well aboard, I hope. I used to come in your wake sometimes, you know, when I was sailing in another craft; but I've been ashore so long I did n't know as I should hardly know ye if I fell in with ye. But it was n't so; I knew the cut of your jib the moment you came in sight.

Your craft's held her own remarkably well these stormy times. I don't see but she looks as trim and bright as she did the day she was first launched; and that is extraordinary good luck, considerin how many have gone to the bottom in the same time, and how many have burst their bilera, and how many have been sucked out of their tracks by under currents till they were smashed upon the rocks, and how many are still shiverin in the wind.

By the way, Cap'n, let me correct a little bit of a mistake that you've been led into by some of the papers that reported my taking charge of the Rover. "Mrs. Seba Smith" isn't one of the editors, as you may see by lookin at the regular ship's papers. But still, it is true, that lady accompanies us on the vige; for havin already been with me on so long a cruise, acting generally as chief mate, and keepin watch and watch with me all kinds of weather, fair and foul, I could n't have the heart to leave her behind when starting on a new vige, could I? You know how 'tis, Cap'n; one is apt to get attached to a mate that's been with 'em a good while, and hates to discharge 'em; though sometimes, it is true, they would kick 'em ashore, and glad of the chance, the first port they come into.

But since the papers made some mistake about the terms of this lady's shipping, I may as well state in what capacity she goes this cruise. She doesn't go as chief mate, nor steward, nor bottle-washer; and she don't go before the mast; but the fact is, she goes as a sort of a passenger. She goes for the pleasure of the vige, but she *works her passage*—as Paddy did on the canal boat, who paid his fare by walking on the side track and leading the horse, and declared at the same time, you know, that if it was n't for the name of it he would about as leaves go afoot. Howsoever, I don't intend she shall make so much of a toil of the pleasure as Paddy did, but jest pull and haul the light sails a little, merely for amusement, when she feels inclined to. Although she went work as a regular hand, I have no doubt she will make herself handy aboard, and sometimes perhaps help me write up the log. I find the crew are pleased and work the better for having her aboard, for she has a kind of a winning way at telling stories that they like very much to hear; and when the sails are set and everything is hauled taut, and we are under easy way before a clever breeze, they'll gather round her and sit by the hour and listen to the pleasant yarns she'll reel off jest as easy as I can reel up the log line.

And then, if I get tired with the toils of the day, or fevered about the weather, or perplexed with the crew,

if I can only see her, mornin' g, noon and night, standin' in the *companion-way*, and lookin' kindly upon me, why, Cap'n, I tell ye what 'tis, it gives me heart again, and makes things look brighter.

But I see I'm gettin' out of speakin' distance—a pleasant cruise to ye; good by, Cap'n.

"PASSING AWAY; PASSING AWAY."

VERILY, we all do fade as a leaf. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh—man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. Thou prevaillest forever against him, and he passeth; than changeest his countenance, and sendest him away.

These passages were brought to mind with striking and peculiar force a few days since, when stepping into a reading room and glancing at one of the dailies, I beheld the leading editorial column filled with obituary notices of *three* New England men of note and distinction, two of whom were my personal acquaintances, and the fame of the other made him the cherished acquaintance of all his countrymen.

This last was the first on the list; it was *Allston—Washington Allston*, the painter and the poet. He died at Cambridge, Mass., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was a native of South Carolina, was educated at Cambridge, afterward spent some years in Europe, and on his return to this country he settled at Cambridge, where he resided till his decease. He was twice married—first to a sister of the late Dr. Channing; his second wife, now his widow, is a sister of Richard H. Dana, Esq., of Boston.

While Mr. Allston was in London, many years ago, he published a small volume of poems, which gave him an honorable rank as a poet. And only about a year ago he published a thrilling tale, entitled "*Monaldi*," which proved him to be a prose writer of great power.

It is his pencil however, more than his pen, that has given him a high reputation, and will carry his name a long way down the stream of time, side by side with West and other masters of the art. His great work was still on his hands at the time of his decease, and it is feared has been left unfinished. The subject is *Belshazzar's feast*. The artist had been engaged upon it something like twenty years; and during all that time it is said no person but himself has ever seen it.

The second obituary which met my eye in the same column, was that of *John Holmes* of Maine, for many years a senator in the congress of the United States, and at the time of his death, United States District Attorney for the State of Maine. Mr. Holmes died at Portland, aged seventy-one. He acquired a sudden and mind-spread reputation through the country during the late war with England. He was then a representative in the legislature of Massachusetts from Alfred in the province of Maine. When party spirit at that time in the old Bay State ran so high against the measures of the general government as to make it totter to its foundation, John Holmes, an unknown lawyer from Alfred, rose up in their legislature in the midst of the opposition, like a strong man armed, and poured upon them such a torrent of sarcasm and keen invective, as in some measure to check their operations, and help to strengthen the arm of government. His speeches on that occasion were felt almost like electricity through the country; they were every where copied and read, and were the general topic of conversation. Not that they were so very remarkable for what they actually contained, as they were for the cir-

cumstances which elicited them, and the peculiar position in which the orator showed himself to the country.

Soon after the war Mr. Holmes took an active part in the measures to separate Maine from Massachusetts. He was a leading member in the conventions of the people on the subject, and a leading member of the convention, which after the separation formed the state constitution, and it was his pen more than any other which gave shape to that instrument. Mr. Holmes was twice married. His second wife was the daughter of General Knox, of revolutionary memory, and for several of his last years he has resided at the old Knox mansion house, a beautiful estate in Thomaston near the mouth of Penobscot Bay.

Glancing along down the same column of the same daily, the eye fell upon the third obituary. It was that of *John Abbott*, late professor of languages in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. He died at Andover, Massachusetts, aged eighty-four. "Uncle Johnny," as the students ever called him, good old man, is he gone? He was one of the fathers of the college, and the college was his beloved, his only child; upon which he bestowed his largest sympathies, and over whose welfare he watched until his dying day, with all a parent's fondness. The good old man had never any other family. He was the first professor of languages in the institution, and when from age and debility he was compelled to resign that office, he still acted as treasurer of the college for many years.

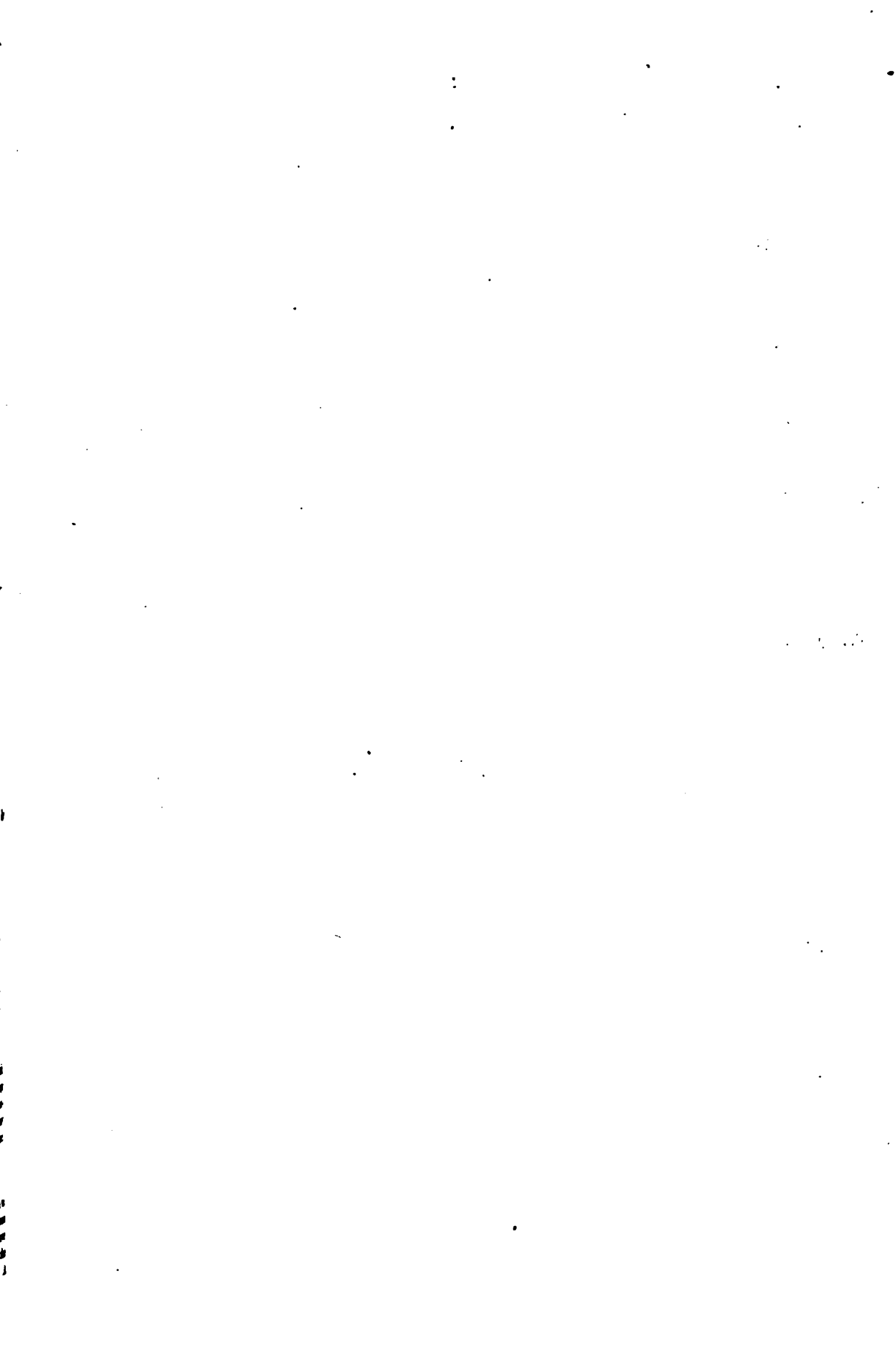
The notice of his death, which met our view, called him "a gentleman of the old school." He was indeed so, and one of the most favorable specimens. Gentlemanly, courteous and benevolent, he possessed too kind a heart to rule the wild spirits of young college students, and often-times have our sympathies been pained at witnessing the quiet meekness and unsuspecting good nature, with which he bore the roguish tricks put upon him. Many long years have passed since those days, but still methinks I can see the blending of modesty and dignity that rested on his features, as he tripped quietly into the recitation room, with his surtout buttoned to the throat, and taking his seat in the corner and throwing one knee mechanically over the other, showing his kneebuckles and silk hose to good advantage, he would cast a benevolent look round upon the class, and commence with a slight stammer, "Smith, construe." And then he was so kind if any of us got "screwed" in our recitations. He never failed to help us out of the difficulty in the most benevolent manner possible.

Good old man! we little thought, so long ago, that he would continue with us until this present; for even then, old age was creeping fast and heavily upon him;

"And a crook was in back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh."

But he was permitted to live to a good old age, and now is gathered, like a shock of corn fully ripe, to sleep with his fathers. His was a life of usefulness, patriotism, and virtue. He did service in the revolutionary war, and made one of the army that captured Burgoyne. Peace be to his memory.

Good friends and kind patrons—we have much to thank you for. True, we have encountered some storms, and have met some *dishonest* foes; but we have had good cheer for the one and plenty of shot for the other—some shot have struck below the water-line. A fair wind now, though, and a flowing sheet.





MALVOLIO "She did praise my leg, being cross-gartered"
SHAKESPEARE
Twelfth Night

THE ROVER.

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catches, and be hanged to ye."
But Malvolio was down upon him again in a round
"Sir Toby," said he, "I must be round with
My lady bade me tell you, that though she har-

see it; and it seems she had given him certain hints
before, to put him on the right train of thought: for as
Malvolio entered the garden, he was soliloquising after
this sort:



MALVOLIO. "She did praise my leg, being cross-gartered."

SHAKESPEARE
12th Night

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

MALVOLIO AND THE COUNTESS;

OR, THE STORY OF THE UNDERPLOT IN SHAKSPERE'S
TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY SEBA SMITH.

ACCORDING to the accounts given by one Mr. William Shakspeare, a gentleman who lived many years ago, and who was said to be quite a writer in his day, there lived somewhere in Illyria a certain proud lady, a rich countess, whose name was Olivia. She had many suitors, but being a proud, high-toned Miss, she would never give her hand where her heart was not. The duke of Illyria wooed her with pressing importunity, but the burden of her answer was,

"I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well-divulged, free, learn'd and vallant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him."

This same rich countess had a roguish waiting-maid, whose name was Maria. One Malvollo was her steward—a conceited, shallow, important personage, who may be seen by the reader, if he will take the trouble to glance at the engraving herewith presented, standing by the side of his lady, fantastically dressed, and bestowing upon her his sweetest and most effective smiles. The cause and the occasion of this meeting and these looks and smiles, according to the chronicles left by the aforesaid Mr. William Shakspeare, were something on this wise:

Sir Toby Belch, an old uncle of the countess, a high fiver, and an uproarious sort of a fellow, was quartered on the rich lady, to drink her wine and live on her bounty. To help him in his arduous labors, he had sometimes a boon companion by the name of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. It happened one night that these gentlemen kept up their carousing to a late hour, and so full of noise and song were they, that they disturbed the house; and in modern days probably would have secured to themselves the appellation of rowdies.

"Another stoop of wine, Maria," quoth Sir Toby, as the door opened and Malvollo entered full of dignity and importance. He had been called up by his lady to go and put an end to the tumult. Malvollo was not the man to be mealy-mouthed when he had stern duties to perform, and he let out upon them according to the importance of the occasion.

"My masters," said he, "are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of the night? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozler's catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons nor time in you?"

Whereupon Sir Toby began to bristle up, and replied somewhat gruffly: "We did keep time, sir, in our catches, and be hanged to ye."

But Malvollo was down upon him again in a round turn. "Sir Toby," said he, "I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she har-

bors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an' it please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell."

Upon this, Sir Toby only breaks out into a new song:

"Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Maria tried to hush him up, which, instead of recommending her to the favor of Malvollo, as it should have done, only had the effect to bring down a broadside upon herself.

"Mistress Maria," said Malvollo, "if you prized my mistress's favor at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand."

Having thus blown his blast, he withdrew, leaving the company to digest his rebuke with what stomachs they could, and to pour out their indignation upon him. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek was for sending him a challenge to the field, and then to break the promise and make a fool of him. Sir Toby seconded the motion. But the roguish Maria, with a true woman's spirit, was for adopting a deeper plot. "Be patient for to-night," said Maria; "my lady is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvollo, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a by-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it."

Only see how the woman breaks out again here—*I know I can do it.* Who but a woman would be so positive? Well, true, she did do it. She had a right to be positive that time. But, Miss Maria, how do you propose to do it?

"Why," said she, "he is so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge have notable cause to work. I will drop in his way some obscure epistle of love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands."

"Good!" exclaimed Sir Toby; "excellent! I smell a device."

"And I have it in my nose, too," said Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Believing Maria had the matter "well cut and dried," and would bring it out about right, they concluded at last to go off quietly to bed.

The next day the scene of their operations was laid in the garden, at a certain hour when Malvollo would be walking there. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew concealed themselves in a box-tree to behold the sport. Maria had dropped a letter where Malvollo could not fail to see it; and it seems she had given him certain hints before, to put him on the right train of thought: for as Malvollo entered the garden, he was soliloquising after this sort:

"Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? To be Count Malvolio! Gracious! There is example for't: the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. Having been married three months to her, sitting in my state, calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from my bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby; seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, saying: *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—you must amend your drunkenness. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight, one Sir Andrew.*"

Here the eye of Malvolio fell upon the letter which Maria had laid in his way, and he hastily caught it up.

"What employment have we here? By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very Cs, her Us, and her Ts; and thus makes she her great Ps. It is, in contempt of question, her hand."

He reads the superscription: it is addressed "to the unknown beloved." He breaks the seal and reads as follows:

"Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man doth know.
I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."

"Nay," quoth Malvolio, "but first let me see, let me see, let me see—"

"I may command where I adore."

Why, she may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. But what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me—softly—"M. O. A. I." This simulation is not as the former; and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name—soft—here follows prose:

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, who sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE—UNHAPPY."

This is open. I will be proud; I will baffle Sir Toby; I will wash off gross acquaintance; I will be *point-devise*, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my

yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg, being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! here is yet a postscript.

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee."

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me."

Thus, full of joy and exultation, Malvolio left the garden; and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, who had seen and heard all, came forth from their hiding place and met the roguish Maria.

"If you will see the fruits of this sport," said Maria, "mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me."

Malvolio was not long in making his toilet; and Maria, having watched his movements, again met Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

"If you desire spleen," said she, "and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. He's in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favor."

The countess was sitting in an arbor in her garden, musing sadly, for an affair of the heart was weighing heavily upon her.

"Where is Malvolio?" said she; "he is sad and civil, and suits well for a servant with my fortunes."

"He is coming, madam," said Maria, "but in a strange manner. He is sure possessed."

"Why, what is the matter? Does he rave?"

"No, madam; he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best have guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in his wits."

Malvolio approaches, his face wreathed in smiles, his cap in hand, and his chin resting on his finger.

"Sweet lady, ho, ho!" said Malvolio.

"Smilest thou?" said the countess; "I sent for thee upon a sad occasion."

"Sad, lady? I could be sad," said Malvolio; "this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, please all."

"Why, how dost thou, man?" said the countess; "what is the matter with thee?"

"Not black in my mind," said Malvolio, "though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand."

"God comfort thee," said the countess; "why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?"

"Why appear you," said Maria, "with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?"

"Be not afraid of greatness," said Malvolio, "'twas well writ."

"What meanest thou by that, Malvollo?" said the countess.

"Some are born great," said Malvollo, "some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

"Heaven restore thee," said the countess.

"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," said Malvollo, "and wished to see thee cross-gartered."

"Thy yellow stockings! and cross-gartered!" said the countess; "why, this is very midsummer madness."

Here the countess was called away to see company. But before returning, she gave Maria strict orders to call Sir Toby, and see that poor Malvollo was immediately looked after, and special care taken of him. Sir Toby and the servants directly made their appearance, and after bantering with Malvollo awhile, and witnessing his haughty air and commanding tone, they thrust him into a dark room, where he was kept confined for the day. After much pleading with the clown, he obtained pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following letter to the lady countess:

"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLLO."

This letter was conveyed by the clown to the countess. The lady read it, and at once concluded that it showed too much method for madness. She ordered Malvollo to be released and brought before her.

"Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong," said Malvollo, as he came into her ladyship's presence.

"Have I, Malvollo? no!" said the countess.

"Lady, you have," said Malvollo. "Pray you peruse that letter; you must not now deny it is your hand, write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention. You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, and tell me, in the modesty of honor, why you have given me such clear lights of favor; bade me come smiling, and cross-gartered to you, to put on yellow stockings, and to frown upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people? And, acting this in an obedient hope, why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, and made the most notorious geck and gull, that e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why?"

"Alas! Malvollo!" said the countess, "this is not my writing; though, I confess, much like the character. But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she first told me thou wast mad; and then cam'st in smiling, and in such forms which here were presupposed upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content; this practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; but when we know the grounds and authors of it, thou shall be both the plaintiff and the judge of thine own cause."

Thereupon, one of the servants spoke up, and begged that there might be no fuss made about the matter; confessed that Maria wrote the letter at the request of Sir Toby, and that the whole affair was the result of a sort of conspiracy to satisfy a grudge they entertained against Malvollo.

"I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you," said Malvollo, as he rushed out of the room.

AN INTRODUCTION.

There is no reason why we should refuse a good thing when it is thrown in our way. Some weeks ago a Scotch gentleman put into our hands an Edinburgh edition of "Tales of the Borders" by the late John Mackay Wilson. It is at reasure—full of sweet and excellent things. The "Tales" are historical, traditional and imaginative, of a very high order of talent, and bearing the impress of superior genius, and we believe that we shall be giving our readers choice literary entertainment by transferring one of them occasionally to the *ROVER*—perhaps one in each number—until we have given all those which we can accommodate to our purpose. A few, indeed, owing to their length, we shall be obliged to overlook; notwithstanding this, however, there is a mine of wealth left, and we are confident that what we extract will be thankfully received by our patrons.

No American edition of Mr. Wilson's works has ever appeared, and but a very few of his tales have ever found their way into the publications of this country. It is singular that so much merit and genius has been over-looked, while, for the last five years, our presses have been groaning under the accumulated weight of foreign trash that has been poured in upon us, until we are fairly glutted to satiety with the monstrous doses that we have been forced to swallow. Why our enterprising publishers have given no thought to the genius of JOHN MACKAY WILSON, is a mystery we have no clue to unfathom; yet so it is, and there are, moreover, but a very few copies of English or Scotch editions of his works to be found in the country. Who is John Mackay Wilson? asked a friend the other day—and he thought he knew every body. Aye, who was he? Marry, a poor Scotchman but little known to us, but we dare say much beloved by his countrymen. Come, at any rate we will introduce him to our readers, they of course will to their friends, and by the time we shall have done with him, he will be as familiar to us all as a brother.

John Mackay Wilson was born at Berwick-on-Tweed in the year 1804, and died October 2d, 1835, at the age of thirty-one, ere his sun had gained its meridian splendor.

His early days were spent in peace and happiness under his paternal roof, and were marked by a kind of native thirst after knowledge. His tasks, when at school, were a mere pastime and pleasure to him; when he arrived at those years when young men make choice of a profession in life, he fixed upon that of a printer. This threw him into a situation where he had an opportunity of drinking at the streams of human knowledge that passed by him. Naturally fond of literary pursuits, he soon exhausted his scanty means of gratifying his taste in Berwick-on-Tweed, and leaving the home of his childhood, and the scenes of his early days, his aspiring spirit carried him to London, to quench his thirst for knowledge and for fame at those deeper and purer streams that flow so copiously in the British Metropolis. But like many an aspiring and inexperienced youth, he did not seem to calculate on the fact, that those streams, which in their warm fancy "heal disease and soften pain," are within doors which golden keys alone can open. Difficulties and hardships not a few, pressed upon him, and some of the most touching disquisitions in the *Border Tales* of sufferings endured by the aspirant for fame, were actually endured by himself; and often, amid the wealth and gaiety of London, did he wander

homeless and friendless; but all the waters of affliction through which he passed could not repress the ardor of his spirit; or quench his thirst for fame.

Far in the distance of years, and through a rugged and difficult pathway, where many a storm raged and many a dark and heavy cloud floated, he looked steadily onward to the object of his ambition. Despair seemed an entire stranger to him; and the strength of his own mind stayed him amid darkness and amid tempests. Disappointment and poverty did indeed drive him away from the British Metropolis, and he was forced to seek in the provinces what he could not find there—nor did he do so in vain; for, as the public prints often stated, his eloquence was admired, and his toils were softened by the approbation of thousands of his countrymen. But, amid the adulation that he met with stern penury was still his companion. If he was reaping "a golden harvest of opinions," it was often with him as it had been with many illustrious literary men before him, he had scarcely wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. This did indeed make inroad upon his constitution, and sowed the seeds of that disease which at last carried him away from us, but could not check the flights of his spirit onward to happier and more prosperous days; and, though the darkness which hung around him, seemed to move but tardily away, it did pass, and the sun of prosperity shot out from amidst it, and promised a rich reward for his literary privations and toils. But, alas! how uncertain are all earthly things! Scarcely had that sun burst through the cloud which had so long concealed it—scarcely had his bosom been warmed with this hope, and scarcely had he prostrated his antagonist, Privation, when Death laid his arrest upon him, and terminated for ever all his earthly enterprises.

In 1829 he wrote, at the suggestion of a gentleman of high literary eminence in Edinburgh, a melo-drama entitled, "The Gowrie Conspiracy." The favorable reception which this piece met with upon the stage prompted him to write two more dramatic compositions, which were announced by the names of "The Highland Widow" and "Margaret of Anjou." He finished, at the same period, "The Sojourner," a Poem of considerable length, in the Spenserian stanza, but not being able to meet with a publisher, he commenced writing "Lectures on Poetry," with "Biographical and Individual Sketches," which he completed in three manuscript volumes. The lectures he continued to deliver, with various success, in the principal towns of Scotland and England, till, about 1832, he rested from his wanderings in his native village, among his friends and early associates, in consequence of being invited to become editor of the Berwick Advertiser, a provincial newspaper. Here his employment was congenial to his taste. He threw his whole soul into his work, and lent his unwearyed efforts to promote what he considered his "country's weal." His spirit flashed with indignation at the thought either of public or of private oppression, and he sought, with warmest zeal, to advance the interest of his native place. But, amid his labors as an editor, his spirit still delighted to dwell in the fields of literature, and the matter of the journal was often diversified by his own poetical and literary effusions.

In 1832 he published a poem entitled "The Enthusiast," with other poetical pieces, regarding which the public at once pronounced a favorable opinion. But that which wafted his fame throughout the length and breadth of his native land, was his Border Tales. It

was from these, too, that he and his friends saw a prospect of a reward for his toils. Their circulation was beyond even his own most sanguine expectations, and the remuneration from them such as would soon have placed him in independent circumstances. But the scene which was thus opened before him has been blighted—and from the high place which he had gained in the estimation of his countrymen, from the caresses of friends, and from the reproach of foes, he now lies where the "wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

And now that we have given our readers some account of a man, from whose productions they may hereafter glean much gratification—an account of him that we know will be interesting to all—we will open the series with

L. L.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

FROM TALES OF THE BORDERS.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

THE early sun was melting away the coronets of gray clouds on the brows of the mountains, and the lark, as if proud of its plumage, and surveying itself in an illuminated mirror, carolled over the bright water of Keswick, when two strangers met upon the side of the lofty Skiddaw. Each carried a small bag and a hammer, betokening that their common errand was to search for objects of geological interest. The one appeared about fifty, the other some twenty years younger. There is something in the solitude of the everlasting hills, which makes men, who are strangers to each other, despise the ceremonious introductions of the drawing-room. So was it with our geologists—their place of meeting, their common pursuit, produced an instantaneous familiarity. They spent the day, and dined on the mountain side together. They shared the contents of their flasks with each other; and, ere they began to descend the hill, they felt, the one toward the other, as though they had been old friends. They had begun to take the road toward Keswick, when the elder said to the younger: "My meeting with you to-day recalls to my recollection a singular meeting which took place between a friend of mine and a stranger, about seven years ago, upon the same mountain. But, sir, I will relate to you the circumstances connected with it; and they might be called the history of the Prodigal Son.

He paused for a few moments, and proceeded as follows:

About thirty years ago, a Mr. Fenwick was possessed of property in Bamfboroughshire worth about three hundred per annum. He had married while young, and seven fair children cheered the hearth of a glad father and a happy mother. Many years of joy and of peace had flown over them, when Death visited their domestic circle, and passed his icy hand over the cheek of their first born; and, for five successive years, as their children opened into manhood and womanhood, the unwelcome visitor entered their dwelling, till of their little flock there was but one, the youngest, left. And, oh sir, in the leaving of that one, lay the cruelty of Death—to have taken him, too, would have been an act of mercy. His name was Edward, and the love, the fondness, and the care which his parents had borne for all their children, were concentrated on him. His father, whose soul was stricken with affliction, yielded to his every wish; and his poor mother

"would not permit

The winds of heaven to visit his cheek too roughly." But you shall hear how cruelly he repaid her love—how unmercifully he returned her kindness. He was headstrong and wayward; and though the still, small voice of affection was never wholly silent in his breast, it was stifled by the storm of his passions and propensities. His first manifestation of open viciousness, was a delight in the brutal practice of cock-fighting; and he became a constant attendant at every "main" that took place in Northumberland. He was an habitual bettor, and his losses were frequent; but hitherto his

father, partly through fear and partly from a too tender affection, had supplied him with money. A "main" was to take place in the neighborhood of Morpeth, and he was present. Two noble birds were disfigured, the savage instruments of death were fixed upon them, and they were pitted against each other. "A hundred to one on the Gray!" shouted Fenwick. "Done! for guineas!" replied another. "Done! for guineas!—done!" repeated the prodigal—and the next moment the Gray lay dead on the ground, pierced through the skull with the spur of the other. He rushed out of the cock-pit—"I shall expect payment to-morrow, Fenwick," cried the other. The prodigal mounted his horse, and rode homeward with the fury of a madman. Kind as his father was, and had been, he feared to meet him or tell him the amount of his loss. His mother perceived his agony, and strove to soothe him.

"What is't that troubles thee, my bird?" inquired she. "Come, tell thy mother, darling."

With an oath he cursed the mention of birds, and threatened to destroy himself.

"O Edward, love!" cried she, "thou wilt kill thy poor mother. What can I do for thee?"

"Do for me!" he exclaimed, wildly, "do for me, mother!—get me a hundred pounds, or my heart's blood shall flow at your feet."

"Child! child!" said she, "thou hast been at thy black trade of betting, again! Thou wilt ruin thy father, Edward, and break thy mother's heart. But give me thy hand on't, dear, that thou'lt bet no more, and I'll get thy father to give thee the money."

"My father must not know," he exclaimed; "I will die rather."

"Love! love!" replied she; "but, without asking thy father, where could I get thee a hundred pounds?"

"You have some money, mother," added he; "and you have tinkets—jewelry!" He gasped and hid his face as he spoke.

"Thou shalt have them—thou shalt have them, child!" said she, "and all the money that thy mother has—only say thou wilt bet no more. Dost thou promise, Edward—oh, dost thou promise thy poor mother this?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried. And he burst into tears as he spoke.

He received the money, and the tinkets, which his mother had not worn for thirty years, and hurried from the house, and with them discharged a portion of his dishonorable debt.

He, however, did bet again; and I might tell you how he became a horse-racer, also; but you shall hear that, too. He was now about two and twenty, and for several years he had been acquainted with Eleanor Robinson—a fair being, made up of gentleness and love, if ever woman was. She was an orphan, and had a fortune at her own disposal of three thousand pounds. Her friends had often warned her against the dangerous habits of Edward Fenwick. But she had given him her young heart—to him she had pledged her first vow—and, though she beheld his follies, she trusted that time and affection would wean him from them; and, with a heart full of hope and love, she bestowed on him her hand and fortune. Poor Eleanor! her hopes were vain, her love unworthily bestowed. Marriage produced no change in the habits of the prodigal son and thoughtless husband. For weeks he was absent from his own house, betting and carousing with his companions of the turf; while one vice led the way to another, and, by almost imperceptible degrees, he unconsciously sunk into all the habits of a profligate.

It was about four years after his marriage, when, according to his custom, he took leave of his wife for a few days, to attend the meeting at Doncaster.

"Good by, Eleanor, dear," said he gaily, as he rose to depart, and kissed her cheek; "I shall be back within five days."

"Well, Edward," said she tenderly, "if you will go, you must—but think of me, and think of these our little ones." And with a tear in her eye, she desired a lovely boy and girl to kiss their father. "Now think of us, Edward," she added, "and do not bet, dearest—do not bet."

"Nonsense, duck, nonsense!" said he; "did you

ever see me lose?—do you suppose that Ned Fenwick is not 'wide awake?' I know my horse, and its rider, too—Barrymore's Highlander can distance everything. But, if it could not, I have it from a sure hand—the other horses are all 'safe.' Do you understand that—eh?"

"No, I do not understand it, Edward, nor do I wish to understand it," added she; "but, dearest, as you love me—as you love our children—risk nothing."

"Love you, little gipsy! you know I'd die for you," said he—and, with all his sins, the prodigal spoke the truth. "Come, Nell, kiss me again, my dear—no long faces—do n't take a leaf out of my old mother's book; you know the saying: 'Never venture never win—faint heart never won fair lady!' Good by, my love—'by Ned—good by, mother's darling," said he, addressing the children as he left the house.

He reached Doncaster; he had paid his guinea for admission to the betting rooms; he had whispered with, and slipped a fee to all the shrivelled, skin-and-bone, half melted little manikins, called jockeys, to ascertain the secrets of their horses. "All's safe!" said the prodigal to himself, rejoicing in his heart. The great day of the festival—the important St. Leger—arrived. Hundreds were ready to back Highlander against the field—among them was Edward Fenwick; he would take any odds—he did take them—he staked his all. "A thousand to five hundred on Highlander against the field," he cried, as he stood near a betting-post. "Done!" shouted a mustachioed peer of the realm, in a barouche, by his side. "Done!" cried Fenwick, "for the double, if you like, my lord. "Done!" added the peer; "and I'll treble it if you dare!"

"Done!" rejoined the prodigal, in the confidence and excitement of the moment, "done! my lord." The eventful hour arrived. There was not a false start. The horses took the ground beautifully. Highlander led the way at his ease; and his rider, in a tartan jacket and mazarine cap, looked confident. Fenwick stood near the winning-post, grasping the rails with his hands; he was still confident, but he could not chase the admonition of his wife from his mind. The horses were not to be seen. His very soul became like a solid and sharp-edged substance within his breast. Of the twenty horses that started, four again appeared in sight.

"The tartan yet! the tartan yet!" shouted the crowd. Fenwick rulsed his eyes—he was blind with anxiety—he could not discern them; still he heard the cry of "The tartan! the tartan!" and his heart sprang to his mouth. "Well done, orange!—the orange will have it!" was the next cry. He again looked up, but he was more blind than before. "Beautiful! beautiful! Go it, tartan! Well done, orange!" shouted the spectators; "a noble race!—neck and neck; six to five on the orange!" He became almost deaf as well as blind.

"Now for it!—now for it!—it wont do, tartan!—hurra! hurra!—orange has it!"

"Liar!" exclaimed Fenwick, starting as if from a trance, and grasping the spectator who stood next him by the throat, "I am not ruined!" In a moment he dropped his hands by his side, he leaned over the railing, and gazed vacantly on the ground. His flesh writhed, and his soul groaned in agony. "Eleanor!—my poor Eleanor!" cried the prodigal. The crowd hurried toward the winning-post—he was left alone. The peer with whom he had betted, came behind him; he touched him on the shoulder with his whip—"Well, sir," said he, "you have lost it."

Fenwick gazed on him with a look of fury and despair, and repeated—"Lost it! I am ruined—soul and body!—wife and children ruined!"

"Well, Mr. Fenwick," said the sporting peer, "I suppose, if that be the case, you wont come to Doncaster again in a hurry. But my settling day is to-morrow—you know I keep sharp accounts, and if you have not the 'ready' I shall expect an equivalent—you understand me."

So saying, he rode off, leaving the prodigal to commit suicide if he chose. It is enough for me to tell you that, in his madness and misery, and from the influence of what he called his sense of honor, he gave the winner a bill for the money, payable at sight. My feelings will not permit me to tell you how the poor infatuated madman more than once made attempts

husband!—Mother! can you forgive me? My son! my son! intercede for your guilty father!"

Ah, sir, there needed no intercession—their arms were around his neck—the prodigal was forgiven! Behold, yonder, from the cottage, comes the mother, the wife, and the son of whom I have spoken! I will introduce you to them—you shall witness the happiness and penitence of the prodigal—you must stop with me to-night—start not, sir—I am Edward Fenwick, the Prodigal Son!

Original.
TO ELIZA.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET Rose of the valley, how softly at rest
Thy feet, on the sward that is mossy, are prest,
How fondly thou liestest they face to the sky,
Or graze adown on the brook passing by.

How fair when thy lips, like a gay jeweled cup,
The dew drops and fragrance of evening drink up,
When the eyes of the morn, from the east as they shine,
See the tears of the angels reflected in thine!

Sweet Rose of the valley, in childhood away,
When my heart was as free as the sunbeams that play
On the hills of the north, how I plucked thee, and prest
Thy lips to my own 'till thou died on my breast.

Since then thou has been like a dream to my heart,
Sometimes on the side of the mountain to start;
Or up in the vale on the bright Summer's wing
Like a long absent friend on my vision to spring.

Sweet Rose of the valley, unspotted and bright,
May thy face ever shine like a gleaming of light;
As fresh as I saw it in childhood away
'Mong the hills of the north where the Summer winds play.

C. D. STUART.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

ERASTUS BROOKS, one of the editors of the New-York Express, is now on a tour in Europe. He is a flowing and spirited writer, and a good observer of men and things. From one of his last letters we extract his description of the present appearance of the memorable field of Waterloo with some striking reminiscences of the battle.

WATERLOO, May, 1843.

Like a pilgrim, I have put my feet upon the soil of Waterloo, traversing its fields, visiting its monuments, and tracing, step by step, those memorable movements of a day gone by, which in all time to come will distinguish the place where I am. It is impossible for any man to visit a scene like this, I care not how cold his temperament, with the same feelings that control him in the every-day affairs of life. It is true that nature wears the same smiling face here that it puts on elsewhere—that your eyes are greeted with fruitful and beautiful fields—that hill-side and valley, the near and the distant land, alike teem with an abundance of the treasures of the earth. The lands, too, are only rich and plenteous by cultivation, and the day has passed, if it has ever been—as it probably has been—when the blood and bones of the thousands of victims who feel here a sacrifice to the fate of war, served to manure and beautify the soil. For one, I can see Waterloo rather with the soldier's enthusiasm or the traveler's romance. I have read with an interest that made the blood thrill quicker in the veins, the deeds of a day to endure forever in the memory of man, and I survey now, at this distance of time, the scenes where this great drama was enacted, as I would the spot had the curtain risen but yesterday to see it performed. Waterloo, though of itself all in the past, is as visible here to the eye now as are the recollections of its achievement to those who have just risen from the perusal of the results of the battle here fought.

It is a morning in June, and the two contending armies are upon the ground of Waterloo. Napoleon is there, and Wellington is there, the master-spirits of great and rival nations. The fate of empires are there also, and empires and kingdoms are represented upon the field. A day, one little day, almost the one foot space of time in the life of man, is to destroy or save. Men are to be mown down like autumn leaves, but long-contending nations are to obtain peace and quiet at the sacrifice. He whose star for years had been far in the ascendant—who had given kings to nations, and exacted obedience from subjects—who was here, and there, and everywhere, and in all feats a conqueror—whose genius was transcendent, whose power irresistible, and the mention of whose name was like the wand of a magician—now the soldier, now the consul, now the emperor, and the man invincible, is doomed, like the hunted beast of the field or bird of the air, to fly for his life, and at last to be caught in the snare of the enemy. Here stood, too, where just now I stood, upon what is now, the high-way and cross road, the only man who had been more successful than Napoleon. It is easy to imagine with what feelings, upon a day like that eventful one, commemorated around me by monuments innumerable, Wellington stood here, entrusted with his own fame, and the fortune of his own and other nations all around him. Undaunted as the angel of death, ready to do or to die, he is early at his post, fearing no evil for himself, but seeking to avert it from others. Both commanders were the very antipodes of each other in their schemes of military tactics—of different schools, as of different minds—the one the very inspiration of a wild and daring genius, ever moving on like a meteor in its course, and the other almost of a plodding firmness, seeking not so much how he may destroy the ranks of his foe, as gain, through their mishaps, advantages for himself. Two braver men, one can see here, if he knew it not before, the world had never seen; and successful as both had been, from time to time, in their peculiar modes of warfare, it would be presumption, perhaps, if success is truly to be the test of ability, to say who was the better soldier. At Waterloo, an honest Englishman will readily admit that Napoleon would have been the victor, had Wellington and his army been the only opponents to contend with. The advantages of position which Wellington had upon the field of battle, twice made up for the disparity of the force of ten or twelve thousand men between the two armies; and no one can dream of the extent of this advantage of position, which had long before been selected by Wellington, who had, not for himself, surveyed the ground where the battle was fought. There could not have been selected from all the country around, so good a natural defence for the allied army, and there could not well have been a worse position for the army of the French. Wellington relied upon the superiority of his force, the courage of his men, and the coolness of himself and others in command. In firmness he expected to be invincible, but not of himself and the army that stood around him on the morning of the 18th of June—for there was no moment when he did not rely upon and look with longing eyes to the spot where Blücher and his Prussians must arrive. He had, it was true, the same confidence that Napoleon had through the day, but with a less boasting spirit. "Would to God that night or Blücher would come!" was one of the natural but agonised expressions of Wellington, when told by an aide-de-camp that it was utterly impossible for one of his favorite regiments longer to maintain their ground. "I cannot help it," said the Duke. "They must keep the ground with myself to the last man. And then came that wish for Blücher which had often been uttered, and to realise which could alone ensure victory, not only to Wellington and to England, but to Prussia, and Holland, and to Belgium, for all of these, with their hosts of generals, and some of their bravest men, were in arms, against one man and a single power. The day was everything to Napoleon as a man, and wrapped up in the glory of France as he was, he deemed it everything to France. His men had toiled with a cheerful spirit through a wet and dreary night, to be early in the field, and here they now were upon the ground opposite to that where I have just been, with

Napoleon upon a neighboring eminence, acquainting himself, with his map in hand, and at the earliest hours of the day, with every line and feature, road and pathway of the surrounding country.

It was within an hour of mid-day when the Emperor gave the word for attack. The English front did not extend more than a mile and a half, and the line of the French but half a mile beyond that of the English. For such a body of men, 80,000 in the one army, and from 65 to 70,000 in the other, no battle had ever been fought within so small a compass of land.

The Chateau of Hougoumont was the most important, and therefore the first point of attack by the French. The English had been strongly posted there, and it was a place which of itself was a strong defence. An easy victory would have been given to Napoleon, had he become the possessor of the Chateau. Once and again, and again, the left wing of the attacking army commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, advanced against the Chateau. The battalions which occupied the wood in front, for a time, were scattered like chaff before the wind, under the merciless fire of a superior force. A body of the last wing penetrated even to the house, but a second brigade of a chosen guard who occupied the Chateau, and lined the garden walls, were in possession of the orchard, and there strong enough to resist every effort to dislodge them. The French were thundering at the very doors of the Chateau, but a reinforcement of Eng-troops, and a well-directed fire, drove them back. Again they rallied and pushed onward, and again they were driven back in confusion. In thirty minutes of time, fifteen hundred men perished in the orchard of Hougoumont alone, and upon a piece of ground containing not more than four acres. A more frightful scene followed when the house was set on fire by the French. Friend and foe were now alike enveloped in the flames, and in the very thickest of the fire and smoke, the combat raged the fiercest. Each man maintained his ground in spite of fire and sword; and while one of the out-buildings of the Chateau was filled with the dying and wounded, who lay crowded in heaps together, dying as it were the thousand deaths of flame and fire, shrieking too until their cries of despair echoed through the woods and along the plain, the combatants were as fiercely fighting without, as if the scene of strife had been in an open field. The engagement here partook more of the ferocity of the wild beasts of the forest, made furious from hunger and confinement, than of men engaged in a manly struggle to become victors. The wounded were many of them burnt alive, and in the agonies of a most horrible oath, the dying gave up the ghost. The living hereabout, in the meantime, man to man, fought with a desperation so fierce, that they saw not the danger of the surrounding flames; and were at last engulfed in the fire, from which they could now make no escape. Thus hundreds and hundreds fell, and though the Chateau had been reduced to a mere shell, the marks of which it carries now in common with every spot around not covered by the face of nature, the British maintained their posts, and the French were driven back as often as they attempted to become masters of the field. All this, however, was but the movements of one wing of the French army. The French artillery, with columns of infantry and cavalry, while the left wing was the most fiercely engaged, had ascended the eminence occupied by the enemy. Whole squares of the British were mowed down like the grass of the field, but the chasms were as soon filled as made vacant; and here not one foot of ground was lost or won. Foiled here, Napoleon commenced a fierce attack on the left of the British army, in the hope of turning it, and separating the main army from the Prussians; and also of cutting off the retreat in the direction of La Hail Sainte, should one be attempted. The manoeuvre was a bold one, and success and defeat were alternate. The French, however, conducted themselves worse here than anywhere else, and were often repulsed. The Scotch behaved most valiantly here, and one of their regiments was reduced to two hundred men. Three of the French regiments lost their eagles here, and in the British ranks, Sir T. Picton and Sir William Ponsonby lost, what was more important, their lives. Napoleon was never idle, never disheartened. His position was a commanding one,

and although amazed at the resistance he had met with, he was determined to move on, and to give his enemy neither time for thought nor rest, beyond the moment. The farm of La Hail Sainte, a position almost as important as the Chateau of Hougoumont, was the next point of attack; and if successful here, where the strength of the British army rested, and upon the road leading from Waterloo to Brussels, the means of retreat would be cut off, and the ranks of the British broken. The boldness of the enterprise was worthy of Napoleon, and showed how little he had been influenced by the reverses of the day, and how ready he was to make a bolder push than any he had yet attempted. The British commander penetrated the design of his foe, and at once prepared himself for the onslaught. The troops for a time stood like the imbedded rocks. The farm was surrounded after an hour's contest, as severe as ever was waged, and the position was thoroughly carried only when the last of its defenders had ceased to breathe. Now was the brightest moment of the day for Napoleon. Fortune seemed to smile upon him most graciously, and under the too ardent anticipations of certain success, even to the end, it was here and now that he despatched a courier to Paris, with the news that the battle was won, and France and her Emperor were again victorious.

LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOVERS' QUARRELS."

Into it, Knight, thou must not look.—SCOTT.

I PASSED my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oaken-shade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply-regretted place. Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed-rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Beautiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give a sample of a day. We rose at seven (it was July,) and wandered among moss roses, velvet lawns, and sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat, just large enough to hold two, and hidden round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, while Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. *Sans doute*, I was a little overrated. My riddles were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then

followed our "equestrian exercises." Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand, for fear she should tumble off. Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhyme or on canvass. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of simile. Of course, we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been excepting Barbara. "Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the General!" Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different thing to be guide to her good young friend, the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, turning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightgales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress, the moon, would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought the lights, and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was now nothing hoydenish in her behaviour, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in an awful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? Besides, there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of, so I determined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Among other things, Lady Betty, signalled me by a purse and pencil case, and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a Hlac and gold pocket-book, in which I was rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both her hands, passed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would

pursue the plan I had adopted in it; casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another headlong! Of my own case, I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence, by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the Simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drove four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, and his manner had a *je ne sais quoi* of languid impertinence which was a great deal overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of a connexion of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his fore-finger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the background, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my common-place appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara were a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks, and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that, before the day was over, she complained to me, in consequence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time, the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S—. [The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her, and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to the mercy of Lord S—, to whom walking was a low-lived amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping-fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.]

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promise which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given, was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in the private room, manufacturing caudle and flannel petticoats for the work-house. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requir-

ing my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fall to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment. My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer; she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry. A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had the vanity to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's calligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated, prettily, the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

"REASON THE FIRST.

"A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former, makes ample amends."

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

"REASON THE SECOND.

"Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of laboring for that end."

Conceded and ill-favored! My head began to swim.

"REASON THE THIRD.

"I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much inquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives—Heigh-ho!"

Furies!

"REASON THE FOURTH.

"I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be really love, but, as pity is next-a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken."

Pity!

"REASON THE FIFTH.

"I pity him because it is necessary that I should place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit, for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting."

Place me on the shelf!!

"REASON THE SIXTH.

"I pity him, because if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M—— to the mortification of a dismissal."

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"REASON THE SEVENTH.

"I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome."

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"REASON THE EIGHTH.

"I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him."

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"REASON THE NINTH.

"I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S—— will tell every body that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four—Heigh—heigh ho!"

!!!!!!

"REASON THE TENTH.

"I pity him, because he has so kindly consented to meet me on my return from the charity-school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—Ah, well-a-day!"

And ah, well-a-day!!!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man henceforth endeavor to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horse after the barouche, and shoot Lord S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and "a grave where four roads meet," Lady Barbara came dancing in, to request my assistance upon her drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple, gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it! She now should be the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn. "She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say." She paused for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy—"Why," I

exclaimed, "why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession." Barbara regained her courage. "Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!"

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion, I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning, and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return from the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health, she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity-school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honor of manhood, I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behaviour was very materially sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this—"I go," said I, "I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my presence becomes troublesome—I will not oblige you to put me on the shelf—I will not be too encroaching upon your temperate regard—Heigh—heigh—ho!" With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanors, and found the total, even before the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance, that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless and not at all uncommon; and I vow, that had her happiness

depended upon me, I would have done anything to insure it. I was obliged however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET us love one another—not long may we stay;
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve;
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget;
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourish decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy, though all be decayed,
That seem to twine fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves drop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undim'd midst the blighted, and lonely and dead;
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart,
Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew,
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too.

Thus, love one another midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of Pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright sun of Wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,—
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay.

OLD JUPE:

OR, HOW TO WIN A WESTERN VOTE.

"COME, Earth," said an old hunter, "a sheriff ought always to be able to tell a good story, that he may amuse a fellow when he is making him shell out—let us see what you can do in that way."

"Time enough," said Earth, "when I am elected; but at present, I must knock about, to see if I cannot pick up a vote or two."

"The best way to pick up votes, Earth," replied an acquaintance, "is to tell a good story."

"Very well then, Jack," said Earth, addressing the last speaker, "make a ring and give me fair play, and I will tell one, and whether it be good or bad, I leave you all to judge. It shall be the truth, that is, it shall be something which has happened to me at some time of my life, and if after telling it, you don't vote for me, if I don't lick you, I will agree never to take another 'coon hunt."

"Then whack away," said Jack.

"Well, well, well, well, once upon a time," began Earth.

"And what happened then," asked one of the group. "Why so many things have happened to me," said Earth, "since I've been rooting about these woods, that I hardly know what to tell, or which will interest most."

"Then tell us of the time that you floated down the Ohio."

"Well, well," said Earth, bursting out in a loud laugh, "I will tell that, for I had almost clean forgot it; but I was in a predicament, wasn't I?"

"Tell us the story and we shall then be able to judge," said an old hunter, who, standing near, was leaning on his rifle; "do begin, Earth, and make no more preparation; you take as long to get under way as a man does who breaks a yoke of young steers, or greases a pair of cart wheels, before he sets out upon his journey."

"Then I'm off, old man," said Earth, "but I must take a running start, and begin agin."

"Well, well, well, well—once upon a time I had taken my old bitch Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of;—old Jupe was a nice thing—I had taken her long, and gone off on a bear hunt, had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humor,

and she and I was mighty loving, for she had four some fights which I never can forget, and which made me love her like a new flint, and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I hadn't been present; I say difficulties, for I never did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe during some of these fights that I am now talking about, I saw the bears hug her, until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes, I have seen 'em squeeze her, until she wan't larger than my arm, and at least nine or ten feet long; you might have wound her up into a ball, just as you would have done a hank of yarn."

"Then they must have killed her, Earth," said one of the group.

"You know nothing about it," said Earth, "don't interrupt me; but I am good for your vote;" then turning to the crowd, "ain't it so, gentlemen, don't he forfeit it for stopping me?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I have already made two votes," said Earth.

All now cried, "go on, Earth, go on with your story!"

"Well," said Earth, "he stopped me something about the bears killing Jupe; now old Jupe wan't of that breed of dogs at all, for when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her, and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking it to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vigorous? Yes, who says she wan't? You might have hung a cross-cut saw to a swinging limb, and she would have chewed upon it the balance of the day—or have thrown her a bear's head, and she wouldn't touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite. But there was one thing I noticed about old Jupe—whenever the bears stretched her out into a string, she always lost her appetite for the remainder of the day. Well, old Jupe and I were down there, and we had been doing pretty much what I have been telling you, when one day the bears spun her out rather longer than usual, and she got cut so badly, that we had to rest during the whole of the evening. I was sorry for old Jupe, but didn't care much about having to stop myself, for I was right tired and wanted rest, having seen hard times that week.

"The sun, I suppose, was about an hour high, and I was setting down under a big tree, nursing old Jupe, and trying to see if I couldn't set her upon her legs agin, when she raised up her nose, and snuffed the air—then looked in my face and whined. As she did this, I saw the hair upon her back begin to rise. I knew that there was danger in the wind, and from what old Jupe had told me; I thought the red skins were about. The Ingens were not so rife then as they had been; it was the fall before 'Squire Rolfe came out from the old state; but people had to keep a sharp look out, for they would come down upon the settlements once in a while, and they were mighty apt to carry off somebody's hair with them.

"Well, as soon as old Jupe spoke to me, I looked about, and seed five coming right along in the direction in which I was. They were well loaded, and I knowed at once that they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river, that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they hadn't seen me; so I gathered up my things to start off, without thinking that old Jupe was so badly cut she couldn't follow. When I was ready, I looked at old Jupe—she tried to get up, but couldn't—my eyes felt watery, for I hated to leave her, and I hadn't a minute to spare. But old Jupe was a sensible dog; yes, as I said before, she was a nice thing, for without speaking a word, she poked her nose under the leaves, as much as to say, cover me over, and leave me. I did so, and getting a tree between me and the Ingens, I streaked it. You ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens are after him. Well, arter streaking it awhile, I thought it would never do to go off that way, and know

nothing about 'em, so I began to haul in my horns, and back a little. I got behind a tree, and kept a sharp look out: presently I seed them all coming straight toward me; so I buckled off agin, and went for some distance, like a bear through a cane brake, and then stopped, and took a stand. I hadn't been there long before I seed them coming agin. The reason why I saw them so often was, that I kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. I watched them narrowly, looked at 'em with both eyes wide open, and saw they didn't seem to have any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might get across. It was now getting dark, and I knew that under cover of the night, as they did not suspect any body was near 'em, I could keep close enough to watch them without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen, to pay me for my trouble. You all know I never spared an Ingen; no, there don't breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favor. Well, I kept on before 'em until I got down upon the river bank. It was then quite dark, and growing more so every minute; for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one, I would take it, and let them git across as they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and didn't know how the time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river, at the very point where I was. I was now akeered, and looked about to see if I could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. I'm a gone case, thought I—used up at last; but just at that moment, I saw a large log or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank, while the other extended out into the stream. Said I to myself, 'I'll get upon this, for it is so dark that they can't see me, and I can then keep a bright look out upon their movements;' so I stepped on it, and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating, and getting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. 'Oh! that it would but float off,' said I, but it wouldn't.

"Well, down to the water they all came, and stood in about fifteen or twenty feet of me. 'It is all over now,' thought I; 'if discovered, I am used up as fine as salt; if I ain't, there is no bad taste in a rough 'simmon.' Well, there they stood in a good humor, laughing and talking, about I hardly know what, for I couldn't catch many of their words. At last I heard one of 'em say, in Shawnee, "Where is the canoe? It must be close by. Step upon the log and find it."

"Hold my gun," answered one of 'em, and passing it to one of his friends, he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now didn't I squat low, and feel mean? But hush; he hadn't got far before another must jump on, to help him find the boat. This last one had only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right in the river with the two Ingens. They both held on, though they got a little wet, and the first thing I knowed the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. It was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off. Those on shore set up a loud laugh, and they wouldn't hear anything until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log, it was no joke; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it with a smart current. They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore, seeing how it was, told them to hold on, and that they would find the boat and take them off. Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wan't here a predicament? On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio. Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? why, of everything in this world; it really made me feel right knotty, and what to do, I didn't know. We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting as I told you before, straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for the dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens who was still standing upon the log, stepped off upon one of the limbs to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to

screen me in the water, and forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried 'stop! stop! you'll turn me over.' 'Zounds!' said I to myself, 'it is all over now—clean gone this time.' How the Ingens looked, I don't know, for it was so dark I couldn't see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who they were, and they didn't know who or what I was. They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the log and streak it, but arter a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping toward where I was, like a couple of turtles looking for worms. And then one said, 'don't you see something?' 'Yes,' answered the other, 'dark lump; bear, perhaps;' and the one who first spoke, cried out 'who's there?' I didn't answer, but I growed small so fast, trying to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as if it was a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, 'It is no bear. It is a man, look at his head.' When I heard him say so, I was so mad I wished my head was under the log, but then I thought if it was, I wouldn't be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up; I knowed they had seen me, and I thought twan't worth while to play 'possum any longer. Well, when I straightened up, he cried out agin, 'who's there?' 'I am here,' said I, speaking in his own language. The moment I spoke, he laughed, and said to the other, 'he is a pale face.'

"How could he tell that, Earth," inquired another of the group, "you say that it was dark, and a fog was rising."

"I've got you, Jim," said Earth, then pausing, he began to count on his fingers, saying, "that is four, no, three; now don't forget, Jim."

"Go on, go on, Earth, cried half a dozen voices.

"Well, the reason he knowed me so quick, was that he seed I didn't speak the real Ingen. Arter he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me, and said, 'what you doing there?' 'Sitting down straddle on the small eend,' said I. When I said this, they burst out into a laugh; I myself was in no laughing humor, and it didn't sound to me like a laugh, but like a sort of a chuckle, and one said to the other, 'he is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log, we did catch him good,' and saying this, they put their hands to their mouth, and gave the war whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore that a pale face was on the log with them, to get the boat and come quick. Those on the shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river looking for the boat, and keeping along with the log. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise."

"Come here," said one of 'em, beckoning to me. "Come quick, before the others come; I want your hair."

"What did he mean by that?" said one, who with the most fixed attention had been standing by eagerly devouring all that Earth had been telling.

"Why, he wanted to scalp me, but recollect, if you please, I have your vote too," said Earth, again pausing an instant. "That is five, no, four. Well, when he called me to him to let him have my hair, I couldn't stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and I heard the report rolling away for miles up and down the river. As soon as I fired, the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war whoop, and the fellow on the log cried out to 'em to bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled at him; he gathered up an old limb and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed, he come down upon me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders; it was a good thing for me that the limb wan't sound. His blow staggered me, but I soon rose up, and seizing my rifle with both hands brought him a slide wipe with the barrel. As I did this, he slipped off the log in the water; I then hit him another lick, and stooping quickly down, seized him by the head, as he tried to crawl up upon the log. I was now upon the log, and he in the water, so I had him at a disadvantage.

"Well, I kept bobbing his head under; when I first

did it, the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know after a bottle is full, it won't bubble; well, I kept bobbing his head under until he wouldn't bubble, so I concluded he was full of water, and then let him go; he went down to the bottom, and I never seed him any more.

"All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was master of the log; but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seed the waters splash as they darted toward me. It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that wouldn't do—no, the only hope was to hide; so I took out a string, and placing my rifle in the water, lashed it to the log. I then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could toward the small eend, eased myself gently down into the water, leaving nothing out but my head, and holding on with both hands by a small limb—another minute, and the canoe grated as it run upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing; they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They were now very distressed, and all got out upon the log, and began to walk about and examine it. When they came to the eend where I was, I sunk altogether, and it being the small end of the log, it began to sink, and the Ingens soon went back. I then threw my head back, and put my mouth out that I might breathe, just as a crippled duck sometimes does its bill. I made no noise, it was dark, they could not see me, and all went well. I heard them say 'they must have killed him,' and then that 'they are all gone,' they seemed very much distressed, wondered much at the whole affair, and none could explain it. After about fifteen minutes, they again stepped into their boat and pushed off. I waited until I could hear nothing of them, then crawled up upon the log, and as I did not wish to run any farther risk, I sat there till day-break.

"The sun was just about to rise, when the log which I was on washed up against the bank not far from where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. I caught hold of some bushes, and pulling the log up alongside the bank, unloosed my rifle, and got out. I had been in the water so long that I was mighty weak, and I was shrivelled up, but as I began to stir about I felt better, and setting off, I went back up the river to where I started upon the log. The first thing I seed upon getting back, was old Jupe sitting on the bank waiting for me, at the very spot where the log had slipped off. The thing wanted to lick me all over, she was so glad to see me. I was then right tired, so I started off home, and in about a week or two, Jupe and I arrived there safe and sound, and that is the end of my story."

"Well, Earth," said one of the company, "you are all sorts of a looking crittur."

"Yes," said Earth, "I know that, I am ring striped, speckled and streaked, but I ain't thinking about that, I'm thinking about the votes. Now, gentlemen, continued Earth, 'don't you think they ought to make me sheriff? I say, if Bob Black has floated farther on a log, killed more Ingens, or staid longer under the water than I have, elect him; if not, I say, what has he done to qualify him for the office of sheriff? I have killed more bears than Bob could eat if they were 'coons, and I have fou't some harder fights than Bob ever saw; now I say agin, tell me what has he done that he ought to be made sheriff. Did any of you ever know him to call for a quart? I never did; I have knowed him to call for several half pints in the course of a day, but I never did know him to step forward manfully, and say 'give us a quart of your best.' Then I say agin, what has Bob Black done to qualify him for sheriff? Now, if you beat me, beat me with somebody, beat me with a man who knows something which ought to qualify him for sheriff, and not with Bob Black. Bob can't tell you this minute when a bear begins to suck his paws!" Then apparently disgusted with the character and acquirements of his competitor, Earth turned away to seek other company. As he did so, one of the group who had taken more than his proportion of a quart, staggered forward, and cried out, "Hurrah for Earthquake, I tell you what, he's a squealer."

THE HUMP-BACK AND GREEN SPECTACLES.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was helpless of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwell on, by my French governess at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and her uncle's will read by my guardian.

It appears that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life, and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family; that, in a moment of unprecedented union, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these preclous conditions was actually dependant on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband, for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world, who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her; a professed rake, too, who will merely view me as an encumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments and whither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned, I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but make myself wretched merely to please them—No! no! I positively cannot think of it.

Well, time who is no respecter of persons went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation when a thought struck me—can I not see him, and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother: why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants: to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise, when a pale gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, you had better return home. Still I lingered; till, one evening, toward the close of a long tete-a-tete conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied. "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted,"

he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement—" His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gayety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."—"But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits and sentiments, or any estates induce me to place at the head of my table, a hump-back *bas bleu* in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?" "Yes, from her cradle. But you color. Do you know her?" "Intimately she's my most particular friend." "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?" "Offended! offended! offended! O no—not offended. Hump-back! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-back! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could recollect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." "The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterward, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No! no!" said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy—"No! no! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and rilleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that we were married.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT,

WITH A BEAUTIFUL RESPONSE.

A LADY had written on a card, and placed in her garden-house, on the top of an hour glass, a beautiful simple stanzas from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet—it was at the season of the year when the flowers were in their highest beauty:

"To think of Summers yet to come,
That I am not to see,
To think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found pencilled on the back of the same card:

"To think, when Heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Ah! where will then my portion be?
How shall I spend Eternity!"

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

What then is all this pageant, sad or gay?
Its elements are seeds of mere decay.
One thing alone remaineth in the waste
Of ruined ages; which, when time is past,
Shall be: when glory's badge hath faded,
And fame shall be a shadow, shall endure:
And it is thou, Religion! bright, unshaded,
By the deep dusk of setting years, and pure.

OUR TABLE.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

We gave some notice of the death of this distinguished artist in the last number of the Rover. After that number had gone to press we received a letter from a young friend in Boston, who enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with Mr. Allston and his family, from which we make the following extract:

"Washington Allston, the great poet and painter, as you may know, is no more. What a beautiful life was his! How sublime his death, and how sacred his memory! The tongue of time had just heralded the birth of the holy Sabbath, when the spirit, as if conscious of the fitness of the moment, embraced the sacred cherub day, and glided calmly up the azure fields to Heaven. Allston was sitting quietly in his chair; his niece, a young lady, was by his side; he kissed her forehead, and sighed tenderly—"God bless you!" Those were the last words the poet ever uttered. He gave up life, even where he sat, without the slightest movement of a muscle. He passed away from the pleasant dream of death, into the bright and beautiful reality of eternity, without a struggle. He died as he had always lived, and lived as all men would wish, when they come to die."

We notice in the Boston Courier the following lines on the death of Allston, which, by the initials attached, we recognize as coming from the pen of H. T. Tuckerman, a person eminently qualified to appreciate the merits, both of the man and the artist.

ON THE DEATH OF ALLSTON.

THE element of beauty, which in thee
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!

For Nature's priests we shed no idle tear,
Their mantles on a deathless lineage fall:
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier,
Death could not fold thee in oblivion's pall!

Majestic forms thy hands in grace arrayed,
Eternal watch will keep beside thy tomb,
While hues aerial which thy pencil stayed,
Its shades with Heaven's radiance illumine;
Art's meek apostle: holy is thy way,
From the heart's records, ne'er to pass away.

THE THREE SISTER ARTS, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture.—Here we have them, all together, in an effective, well-written sonnet, from a young and very promising painter, on a bust by a young and self-taught sculptor, who is destined to rank high in the world of art, and that bust, too, of a poet whose brow is already entwined with unfading laurels.

Young Read was born and brought up in Pennsylvania, or rather "came up alone," as the Yankees say, for he was left to take care of himself when a mere child. While quite a young lad he wandered to Cincinnati; and there, "of his own accord," and without any instruction, he "took to painting." Painted portraits; succeeded remarkably well; produced striking likenesses, and a few months before the death of President Harrison, he took his portrait, which we believe was the last, and many consider it the best likeness that was ever taken of the venerable farmer of North Bend. After that he wandered to New York, "working his way" by painting portraits in the villages and hotels on the road.

He remained something like a year in New York, where he left some valuable productions of his pencil; but genius is restless and far-reaching. The boy would not tarry at Jericho nor at Gotham till his beard was grown. He must needs journey to the land of the pilgrims, and rub his head against the Yankees. He has

resided the last year in Boston, where we hear occasionally that he is gaining much credit for his progress in the beautiful art to which he is devoted, having, besides his portraits, produced a number of imaginative pieces of great merit.

Brackett—Edward Brackett, the sculptor, originated in the State of Maine. He, too, when quite a boy, went with his parents to Cincinnati, and there commenced his career as a sculptor, where Powers and Clevenger had started in the race before him. He, too, like Read, had no advantages of education, and was self-taught in his art. He came to New York, where he spent a couple of years, and where many of our citizens witnessed the proofs of his genius. He has resided for the last year in Boston, and is working his way up to inscribe his name, we trust, at an honorable height on the temple of fame. Among his works, we have heard his busts of Dana and Bryant, both of which have been taken since he went to Boston, very highly commended.

William Cullen Bryant. Of him we need not say a word; for wherever the English language is spoken, there is his name known.

Original.

SONNET.—BRACKETT'S BUST OF BRYANT.

BY T. B. READ.

THOU, Art divine! whose magic powers prolong
The perfect semblance of the good and great,
While Death with tyrant will subdue the strong—
Thou still canst grapple with the hand of Fate,
And hold the form above the reach of Time;
Thou makest the solid block grow animate,
THI every line displays the soul sublime.
Oblivion thus is baffled, while the stone
And language in their beauty shall survive;
Though many a tuneful chord vibrates unknown,
And heaven-touch'd frames unhonored cease to live,
Returning heaven what heaven alone could give;
Yet such the life that art and song impart,
That Bryant long shall hold dominion o'er the heart.

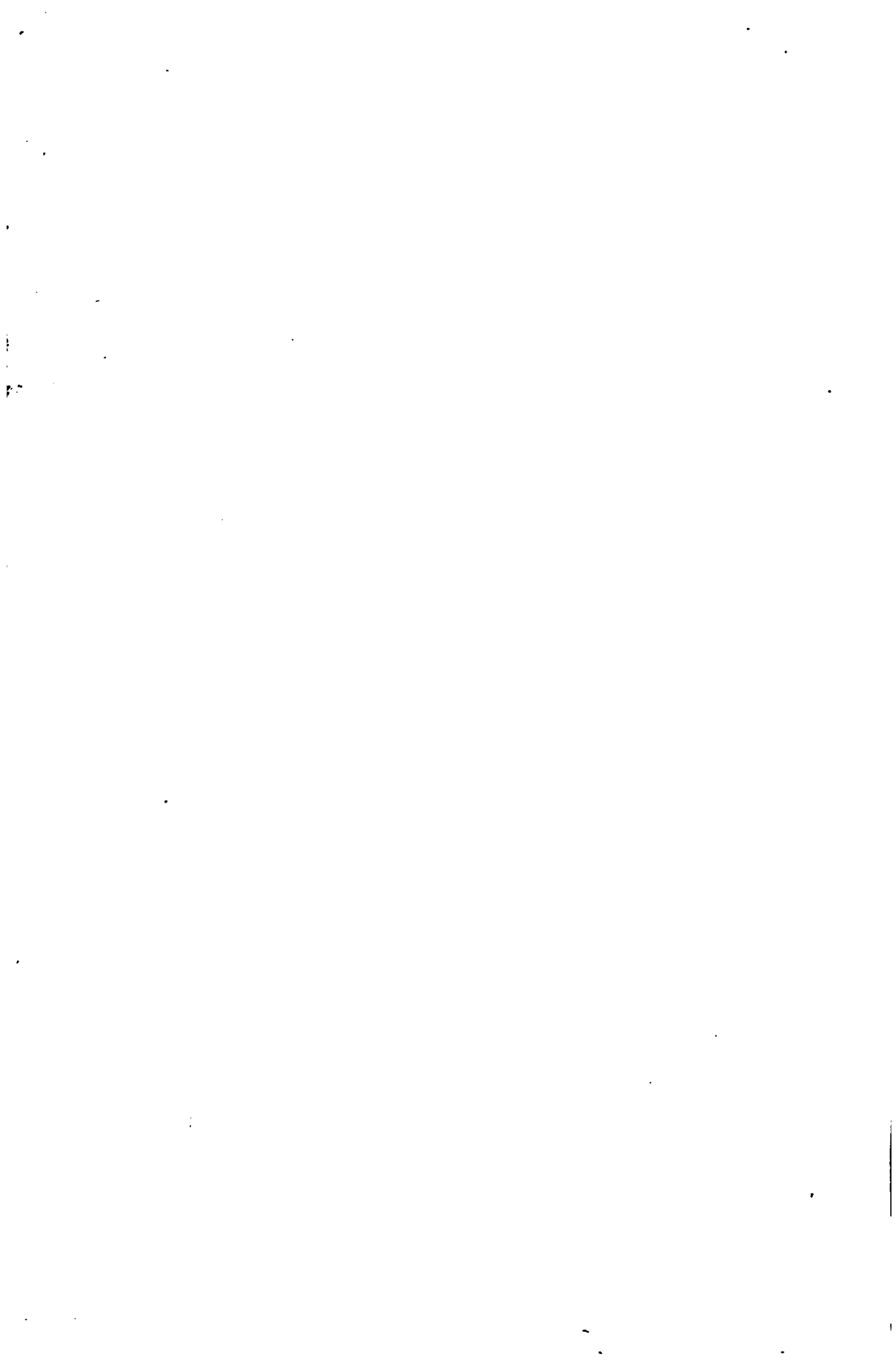
Now we are here—driven to this little corner—what shall we say to our pleasant readers, and not fret their patience? Shall we ask them to look again at our plate, and laugh at the woful position of the "conceited, shallow and important Malvollio?" or admire that pretty rogue, Maria? Has not the artist told the story cleverly? Indeed, there is much merit in it. How like you the story? Is the plot not a genuine Shakespere one? Ah! thou glorious bard of Avon! thou sweetest swan that ever sang. How small a thought hadst thou of all thy greatness—thy marvelous grandeur—thy thunder-rolling verse! Speaking of Avon's swan, reminds us of an old friend that once did attempt some verses "To the Memory of Shakespere!" He was a pretty clever fellow, (English clever,) but no poet. "Nothing so difficult as a beginning," Mr. Nobbs found it so. Thus wrote he:

"Great bard of Avon! sweet inspiring swan!
Thy been a great while since thou hast been gone;
England laments—the earth laments in vain,
'Twill be a good while ere thou com'st again.
The thunder-clap, the earthquake, and the —"

The poet had got thus far; we were sitting at his side; he was laboring; he read the lines aloud, with a fine accent, and coming to the line—

"The thunder-clap, the earthquake, and the —"
"And—and—and,"—said he, rubbing his temples:

We could withstand laughter no longer; we fairly roared. He looked thunder at us; started from his seat and left the room, and never after that attempted poetry. A good hint to many who are laughed at even now.





THE LITTLE VISITERS.

THE ROVER.

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and the happy, for they deal in the deeper emotions of the human heart, the feelings that are not of every day recurrence, and call forth the luxury of tears.

"Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
And beat she loves me when I sing
The songs that make her grieve."

Aye, and she does so because she hath had "few sorrows of her own." To those who in the agony of suffering have known the dearth of tears, so that they

* Mrs. Seba Smith.

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she suffered incessant anxiety on its account, confined herself to its basket, caressed it, played with it, and then when the playful creature slept with exhaustion, Puss took her accustomed position upon the window sill, folded her paws beneath her dainty chest, and luxuriated in the sunshine. The least sound from kitty, drew her with a quick cry from her place, and all her solicitude was renewed.

At length, when Puss found it necessary to renew her mousing expeditions to the larder, Benjamin became the gift of a curly-pated little gipsy in the neighborhood.



THE LITTLE VISITOR.

T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.*

THEY to one the home baby is the prettier of the two, although its face is half hid. I am sure it must be prettier than the Little Visitor, with her broad staring eyes and prodigious forehead. That forehead—well, that is the way heads are becoming in our country: the women all write, learn the allegories, discuss politics, and talk of the “march of mind”—and the men make speeches, get earnest every three weeks over some petty election, and furious every four years about the Presidential. The result will be, that heads will become fore-heads. There will be no space for the affections—people will think, think, and after a while, go mad over some absurdity or other.

You see this is Emma Carey's first hopeful. People never send the second or third round to visit the neighbors—and as for any above those numbers, being named as a Little Visitor, it would be the “height of the ridiculous.”

Mary Manton, the pretty Mrs. Manton, with pouting lips, and a proud, pettish air, (alas for alliteration,) is looking half jealous at the notice little Anna attracts, though in her soul she knows her child is twice as handsome. What mother doesn't?

I wish there were something about the Little Visitor suggestive of something besides well-to-do-iveness; but there isn't. She evidently sucks her thumb in genial content. Her lymphatic plumpness gives no presentiment of impending evil. No “coming events cast their shadows before.” She anticipates womanhood by the tenacious quest of the rattle—the coquetish raising of the shapeless hand, and the already effective eyes. Alas, for Harry Manton—he begins to be victimised even now.

We wish there was something less benign in the aspect of things about the Little Visitor, and then a story might be written, such as would be read. But it is otherwise, all is genial as it should be, about the innocent and the beautiful. Happiness is diffused like the sunshine, everywhere; it is the abiding rule, and we notice only the exceptions.

Indeed, so universal is the law, that people affect the thing even where it does not exist, as though there were something questionable in grief. In this way, novels and romances are in good repute with the inexperienced and the happy, for they deal in the deeper emotions of the human heart, the feelings that are not of every day recurrence, and call forth the luxury of tears.

“Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
And best she loves me when I sing
The songs that make her grieve.”

Aye, and she does so because she hath had “few sorrows of her own.” To those who in the agony of suffering have known the dearth of tears, so that they

* Mrs. Soba Smith.

have exclaimed, “Oh that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears”—a tale of distress is appalling. Even the sad one that beguileth the unconscious tear is put aside, as awaking memories that were better buried in oblivion.

Such dread to have their sensibilities awakened. The real of life has made too many appeals, and when fiction donneteth her iris robe, relieved by the thick cloud that giveth it a form, they shrink from her as from a swindler of the heart, a trifler with the sacredness of human emotions, a voluptuary, that for the gratification of a pampered fancy, extorts the soul's tribute.

The Little Visitor is too happy for romance. Fat people never suggest it. They are the matter of fact of life—the every-day bread and butter; very good, indeed, very necessary—but then, the soul sometimes asketh, like Oliver Twist, “for more.”

What can be said of the Little Visitor? All animals have the power to make themselves understood to one another. The two babies have established an intelligence at once. It is curious to watch their mute, yet beautiful sympathy. Do they recognize their pre-existence? Do they recall an earlier and blissful state, when life was repose, and flowers and sunshine? a long breathing of undefined pleasure, expressionless, unvarying, folding the being to a downy consciousness that is, and yet is not, a dreamy waking, a slumbering hopefulness, a rare-tinged cloudiness, where thought is the germ, minute and indistinguishable, in the enfolding carolla of being.

Surely, the children have a sweet recollection of such a state, and their glances are those of pleasant reminiscence, and mutual delight at meeting in a new country, as yet to them full of enjoyment and wonder.

The inferior animals have a recognition of babyhood, as something nearer to their own intelligence than the adult, hence their watchfulness over it, and their caresses expressive of mere sympathy, and less reverence.

I remember a pretty anecdote of a cat, which really seemed to think that a baby *might* have a *fancy* for a *mouse*. She had lived longer than most of her species, and was remarkable for her matronly and skillful discipline. She was remarkable, too, for her attachment to her young responsibilities, restricting them to their rightful department, as if she had learned the peril of permitting them to stray beyond.

She had one kitten, the last of the family, a sort of Benjamin in feline life, and affection. She suffered incessant anxiety on its account, confined herself to its basket, caressed it, played with it, and then when the playful creature slept with exhaustion, Puss took her accustomed position upon the window sill, folded her paws beneath her dainty chest, and luxuriated in the sunshine. The least sound from kitty, drew her with a quick cry from her place, and all her solicitude was renewed.

At length, when Puss found it necessary to renew her mousing expeditions to the larder, Benjamin became the gift of a curly-pated little gipsy in the neighborhood.

Puss returned and grew half frantic at her bereavement. With a mouse yet struggling with life, in her mouth, she went from room to room in her search. Where a door impeded her, she would put the mouse under her paw, making piteous cries till it was opened. She would then inspect every corner of the apartment. Holding the mouse in her mouth, she would leap upon tables, book-cases, and turn aside curtains till convinced it was all in vain.

In this way the whole house was examined; and she returned slowly to the nursery. Here, a child just beginning to sit erect, was beating its rattle upon the floor. Puss looked on for awhile. There must have been the strugglings of thought in its poor cranium, thought growing out of its outraged maternity.

She crushed the mouse she held in her mouth, and then softly approaching the child, laid it upon its lap. Of course, the baby took it up to convey it where everything goes at that age of being, and Pussy laid her head down and purred in content.

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN BIRD;

OR, THE FIRST CAPITAL CONVICTION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"SAIL O!" cried young Walter Jordan, from the mast-head of the fishing schooner *Betsy*, as she was ploughing her way, before a strong east wind, across Casco Bay, in the then province of Maine, and heading for Falmouth, now Portland, harbor.

"Where away?" called out skipper Jordan, who was standing at the helm, and watching the boys, as they were preparing to take a reef in the main-sail.

"Three points on our weather quarter," said Walter.

"I see her," said the skipper; "come down and hand me the spy-glass."

Walter hastened down, and brought the spy-glass to his father.

"Steady the helm! said the skipper, as he took the glass, and elevated it toward the distant vessel. "She's a stranger," he added, after taking a brief look through the glass, "and by them colors she's got flying there, I guess she wants somebody to pilot her in. Come, bear a hand; get a double reef in that main-sail, before the wind tears it all to pieces. And we must try to hold on a little, too, and let that vessel come up."

The boys soon had the main-sail under close reef, and the little *Betsy* was yawing off, and coming to, and tilting over the waves, like a lone duck that waits for its companions to come up. The strange vessel was nearing them quite fast. She proved to be a schooner of about thirty tons' burden; and coming down under as much sail as she could possibly bear, she was soon along side the *Betsy*. When she had come up within speaking distance, skipper Jordan hailed her.

"What schooner is that?" shouted the captain of the fisherman.

"The schooner *Rover*, Captain Bird," was the hoarse, loud reply.

"Where you from?"

"From the coast of Africa."

"Where you bound?"

"To the nearest American port," said captain Bird, who had now approached near enough for easy conversation. "Any port in a storm, you know," continued the commander of the *Rover*; "and I think we have a storm pretty close at hand. What port are you bound to, captain?"

"I'm bound into Falmouth," said captain Jordan, "which is the nearest port there is; and it is n't more than ten miles into the harbor. If you a' n't acquainted with our coast, you jest follow in my wake, and I'll pilot you in."

The captain of the *Rover* thanked skipper Jordan for his politeness, and kept his vessel in the wake of the

Betsy, till they entered the beautiful harbor of Falmouth. The town of Falmouth formed one side of the harbor, and Cape Elizabeth the other; and as captain Jordan belonged to the latter place, after making a graceful curve through the channel, he brought his vessel to anchor near the Cape Elizabeth shore. The *Rover* came up, and anchored but a few rods distant. It was now near night; the strong east wind that was driving into the harbor, began to be accompanied by a thick, beating rain; and as soon as his sails were snugly furled, and the little *Betsy* prepared to ride out the storm, Captain Jordan and his boys hastened on shore, to join the family circle, from whom they had been absent on a four weeks' cruise.

The storm continued through the next day, with heavy wind, and copious rain. Numerous vessels had come into the harbor during the night, to escape from the perils of an easterly storm, on the rough and dangerous coast of Maine; and in the morning their naked masts were seen rocking to and fro, like leafless trees in the autumn winds. The inhabitants of Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth were but little abroad on that day; but many a spy-glass was pointed from the window, on both sides of the harbor, to scan the different vessels that were there at anchor. None attracted more attention, or elicited more remark, than the little *Rover*. She seemed to be a strange bird among the flock. All said she was not a coaster, and it was obvious she was not a fisherman. She had a strange kind of foreign look about her, that induced the inhabitants, pretty unanimously, to decide, that "she did n't belong any where about in these parts."

The storm passed over. The next day was clear and pleasant, and a gentle wind was blowing from the north-west. The transient vessels in the harbor, one after another, shook out their sails to the breeze, glided smoothly through the channel, and put to sea. Before nine o'clock, all were gone except the strange little schooner, and the vessels that belonged to the port, or such as were there waiting cargo. But day after day passed away, and the little *Rover* still remained at anchor. It could not be discovered that she had any special object in her visit to Falmouth. She had brought no cargo to the town, and did not seem to be looking for one. Her whole crew consisted of but three men, who were on shore every day, at Falmouth, or Cape Elizabeth, and entering into various little barter-trades with the inhabitants. Public curiosity began to be considerably excited, in regard to the strange vessel; and whenever the crew were on shore, their movements were observed with increasing attention. Day after day, and even week after week, had now elapsed, since the *Rover* came into port, and there she still remained at anchor, and her crew were spending most of their time in idleness; and no one could discover that they had any definite object ahead. Mysterious whispers, and vague rumors, began to be afloat among the community, of a character so grave and awful, as to excite the attention of the public authorities.

The time of which we are now speaking, was the month of July, in the year 1789. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts was then holding a session at Falmouth, in the district of Maine, and the session was near its close. When these mysterious rumors respecting the schooner *Rover* reached the ears of the court, the judges deemed it their duty, before the court should adjourn, to inquire into the matter. They accordingly sent for Robert Jordan and William Dyer, two young men of Cape Elizabeth, from whom many of the reports in circulation were said to have emanated. Robert and William being brought before the court, were questioned as to what they knew concerning the schooner *Rover* and her crew.

Robert said, "he did n't know nothin' about 'em; only he knew when they was piloting of her in, with the little *Betsy*, he heard the captain tell father they come from the coast of Africa. But what they come clear from Africa here for, without any cargo, and were staying here so long, without trying to get anything to do, was more than he could tell."

"Well, have you never said," inquired the judge, "that you did n't believe but that there had been murder committed on board of that vessel? And if so, please

to state to the court what were the circumstances which caused your suspicions."

"Why," replied Robert, "William and I have been aboard of her a good many times, bein' she lies off abreast of our house; and a number of times we've staid aboard in the evening, and played cards with the men. They tell so many different stories about their voyage, and talk so queer about it, that I never could tell what to make of it. They 'most always had some punch or wine to drink, when we was playing; and after we'd played till it got to be considerable well along in the evening, they would sometimes get pretty merry. Sometimes they said they had come right from England, and had n't been out but twenty days when they arrived here; and sometimes they said they'd been cruising on the coast of Africa three months, to get a load of niggers, but could n't catch 'em. And then one of 'em says, "How many times d'ye think old Hodges has looked over the ship news, to try to find out our latitude and longitude?"—and then he looked at the others and winked, and then they all laughed.

"And one time, it was a pretty dark evening, they had drank up all the liquor there was in the cabin, and Captain Bird told Hanson to go into the hold and bring up a bottle of wine. Hanson kind o' hesitated a little, and looked as if he did n't want to go; and said he did n't believe but they'd had wine enough, and he did n't want to go pokin' down in the hold in the night. At that Captain Bird called him a pretty baby, and asked him what he was afraid of; and wanted to know if he was afraid he should see Connor there. And then Captain Bird ripped out a terrible oath, and swore he'd have some wine, if he d—l was in the hold! And he went and got a bottle, and give us all another drink. When he came back again, Hanson asked him if he see any thing of Connor there. And Captain Bird swore he'd throw the bottle of wine at his head, if he did n't shut up.

"Another time I was aboard in the day time, and I see a parcel of red spots on the cabin floor, and up along the gang-way, that looked as if there'd been blood there; and I asked them what that was, and they said it was n't nothin', only where they butchered a whale. And then they all laughed again, and looked at each other, and winked. And that's pretty much all I know about the matter, may it please your honor," said Robert, bowing to the judge.

William Dyer, being examined and questioned, his testimony agreed with that of Robert Jordan, in every particular, with the addition of one other fact. He said, "when he was on board the Rover one day, he noticed a little round hole in a board, in the after part of the cabin, that looked as if it might have been made by a bullet from a gun; and there was a parcel of smaller holes spattered round it, that looked like shot-holes; and he took his pen-knife and dug out a shot from one of them. "And when I asked 'em," said William, "what they'd been shooting there, Hanson said, that was where Captain Bird shot a porpoise, when they was on the coast of Africa. And then they looked at each other and laughed."

These circumstances, related so distinctly and minutely, by two witnesses, were adjudged by the court to be of sufficient importance to warrant the apprehension and examination of the crew of the Rover. Accordingly, measures were immediately taken to have them brought before the court. An officer was despatched, with proper authority, to arrest them; and taking with him eight assistants, well armed with muskets, he put off in a yawl-boat, to board the schooner. The officer stood at the helm, and had command of the boat, while two of the men were placed at the oars, and six stood with their guns all loaded and primed, and ready to give battle, in case resistance should be offered.

When the crew of the Rover beheld the boat approaching, and observed the formidable appearance of the armed men, they were perfectly panic-struck. The thought flashed across their minds, with the rapidity and vividness of lightning, that by some unaccountable secret means or other, their guilt had become known, and they were about to be brought to a just retribution for their crimes. They stood a moment, gazing, first at the boat, and then at each other, with a vacant and irresolute stare. The captain then sprang

hastily to the capstan, and ordered the men to help get the anchor on board. They flew to their hand-spikes and gave two or three rapid heaves at the capstan; but a moment's thought told them there would not be time to get the anchor on board, before the boat would be alongside. Captain Bird then caught an axe, and cutting the cable at a single blow, ordered the men to run up the foresail. The foresail and jib were immediately set, and the schooner began to move, before a light breeze, down the harbor. Her speed, however, was slow, compared with that of the pursuing boat; for as soon as the officer perceived the schooner was making sail, he directed two more of his men to lay down their guns, and put out a couple of extra oars. The four oarsmen now buckled down to their work, and the boat was leaping over the water at a rate that struck terror into the heart of Bird and his companions.

"H'ist that main-sail!" cried Bird to his men, as soon as the schooner was fairly heading on her course; "spring for your lives! Get on all sail, as fast as possible! If we can get round that point, so as to take the wind, before they overhaul us, we'll show 'em that we can make longitude faster than they can!"

The men redoubled their exertions; every sail was made to draw to the utmost of its power; but it was all in vain; the boat was rapidly gaining upon the schooner, and before she had reached the narrows between Cape Elizabeth and House Island, the boat was alongside, and the officer commanded Captain Bird to heave to. The order was not obeyed, and the schooner kept on her course. The officer repeated his command, and told Bird if he did n't heave to immediately, he'd shoot him down as he stood at the helm. At the same moment, he directed two of his assistants to point their guns, and take good aim. Bird, perceiving the muskets levelled at his head, darted from the helm, and leaped down the companion-way, landing, at a single bound, on the cabin floor. His companions followed with equal precipitation, and left the Rover to steer her own course, and fight her own battles. The vessel, no longer checked by the helm, soon rounded to, and the officer and his men jumped on board. On looking down into the cabin, they perceived the three men were armed, Bird with a musket, and the others with a cutlass and hand-spike, and bidding defiance to their assailants. The officer quietly closed the companion-way, and having some men with him who understood working a vessel, they soon beat up the harbor again, and made fast to one of the wharves, on the Falmouth side. The wharf was lined with people, who had been eagerly watching the result of the chase, and who now jumped on board in crowds, and thronged the vessel. The companion-way was again opened, and Bird and his men were ordered up. Perceiving there were altogether too many guns for them on board, they came quietly up, and surrendered themselves to the officer.

On being taken to the court-house, they were placed in separate rooms, and examined severally. The first, who claimed to be commander of the vessel, said he was an Englishman by birth, and that his name was Thomas Bird. The second said he was a Swede, and his name was Hans Hanson. The third, whose name was Jackson, said he was an American, and belonged to Newtown, in the state of Massachusetts. They seemed to possess little confidence in each other; and each feeling apprehensive that the others would betray him, and supposing the one who made the earliest and fullest confession would be likely to receive the lightest punishment, they all confessed, without hesitation, that the captain of the Rover had been killed on the voyage. But all endeavored to urge strong palliating circumstances, to do away the criminality of the deed. They severally agreed, that the vessel was owned by one Hodges, in England; that their captain's name was Connor; that they had been trading some time on the coast of Africa; that Captain Connor was rough and arbitrary, and abused his men beyond endurance; and that, in a moment of excitement, they had sought revenge, by taking his life. They all agreed, too, as to the manner in which the deed was done, and the time and place. It was in the night time; they were in the cabin; Captain Connor had been very abusive and overbearing, and Bird, who was more highly provoked than he could bear, hastily caught up a gun which

stood in the cabin, loaded with ball, and shot Connor dead on the spot. They were then exceedingly frightened at what had been done, and tried to dress his wounds, and bring him to. But there were no signs of returning life, and they took him on deck, and threw him into the sea. They were then afraid to return to England with the vessel; and after many long consultations, they concluded to come to the United States, dispose of such articles as they had on board, sell the vessel the first opportunity they should meet with, and separate and go to their respective countries.

Upon this examination and confession, the court committed them to jail in Falmouth, to await their trial for the piratical murder of Connor, on the high seas. At this period, the supreme judicial court of the several states, with the maritime or admiralty judge, were, by an ordinance of the old congress, authorized to try piracy and felonies committed on the high seas. But before the next session of the supreme judicial court in Falmouth, or Cumberland county, the new congress, under the Federal Constitution, had passed a judiciary act, establishing the United States' courts. By this act, pirates and felons on the high seas were committed to the jurisdiction of the circuit court of the United States. Although the officers of this court were inducted into office in December, 1789, the court held no session at Falmouth, for trials, till June, 1790. At this term of the court, the case of Bird and his companions was taken up. Jackson was permitted to become state's evidence, and was used as a witness. The grand jury, of whom Deacon Titcomb was foreman, found a bill against Bird, as principal, for the murder of Connor on the high seas, and against Hanson, for being present, and aiding and abetting him therein.

The prisoners were arraigned at the bar of the court, and pleading *not guilty*, the court assigned them counsel, and prepared for the trial, which commenced on Friday morning. So strong was the public excitement on the occasion, and so great was the crowd assembled at the trial, that the court adjourned to the meeting-house of the first parish, the desk of which was at that time occupied by the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister settled in Falmouth. Deacon Chase, of Pepperell, now Saco, was foreman of the jury. The cause was heard and argued on both sides, in due form. The jury retired, and in the evening of the same day, came in with their verdict. Bird was placed at the bar, and the names of the jury were called over. The clerk then put the question:

"What say you, Mr. Foreman? Is Bird, the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?"

"GUILTY!" replied the foreman, in a low and solemn tone.

Bird dropped his head, and sallied back upon the seat. Although he had no reason to anticipate a different verdict, yet he did not seem to realize its awful import, until the sound fell upon his startled ear. His brain reeled for a moment, and darkness was gathering before his eyes; but tears came to his relief; he hid his face in a handkerchief, and wept like a child.

When the same question was put to the jury in reference to Hanson, the reply was, "Not guilty."

On Saturday morning, the court met again, and the prisoner was brought in to receive his sentence. Mr. Syme, one of the prisoner's counsel, made a motion in arrest of judgment, because the latitude and longitude of the sea, where the crime was committed, was not named in the indictment. The court overruled this motion, and proceeded to pronounce sentence of death.

As this was the first capital conviction in a court of this republic, after the Federal Constitution was adopted, the counsel of Bird concluded, on that account, to petition the President of the United States for his pardon, and thus make another and last effort to save his life. Accordingly, a copy of the indictment and all the proceedings in the case, was forwarded to General WASHINGTON, then residing in New-York. But the President, with that sound wisdom and clear-sightedness for which he was so remarkable, declined interfering with the sentence of the court, either by pardon or reprieve; and that sentence was executed upon Bird, by Marshal Dearborn and his assistants, on the last Friday of the same month of June, 1790.

FIRST LOVE;

OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MISS L. E. LANDOW.

THE assertion that "what is everybody's business is nobody's," is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is everybody's," is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is, of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs and cares come out." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefitted by the interference of others: it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers;" and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home upon a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did everything. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same church-yard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said that it was the cruellest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of a consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority; they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world. An edict.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighborhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelve-month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village

where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears.

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was a young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainforth got upon the coach-box, looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist upon my lover's smoking: if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventure—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a teetotum in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favorite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chausure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *scuteuse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duties, such as "tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?"—"Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you." He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her sweet languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just eleven. Good-bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee;"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

"Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—what a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilette of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress direct from Paris, that sung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really papa's old friends make me quite unatful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with him.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley-street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensees* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford, that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a very pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should not be so interrupted here with morning visitors!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last that they had sung together.

"Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be

married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away?"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world!" And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford, came into his own drawing-room.

"So Madam," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan an Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgement upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been!—He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime what had become of the fair desconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields toward the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighborhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stooped to gather it; alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley—and, of course, apologized for her intrusion. He, equally of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together; and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus—

"My dear George—Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress.

"Your affectionate uncle, E."
"Tell them," said the Earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."

During this half hour he despatched his luncheon, and—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred, despatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry:—

"My dear Miss Worthington—Hurried as I am, I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immure myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of
Your devoted servant,
ELMSLEY."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most desolate looking attire and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's, and the following words in the envelope:—

"My adored Emily—You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven."

"Your faithful and unhappy, EDWARD."
That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford to Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instance of first love and constancy in the Nineteenth Century.

ANCIENT BATTLES.—At the battle of Tholosa, in Spain, 1020, Mahomed al Nahur, the Moorish emperor, was defeated, with the loss of one hundred and fifty thousand foot, and thirty thousand horse slain, and fifty thousand prisoners, by Alphonsus IX. In 1340, Alphonsus XI defeated the Moors, with the slaughter of two hundred thousand. Modern battles, even the crowning victories of Napoleon, were mere skirmishes to these almost forgotten slaughters, recorded by Marianna.

LIFE.

BY LAWRENCE KARRER.

LIFE has its springtime and season of flowers,
When all things to fancy incline;
And merrily pass off the airy-wing'd Hours,
And Hope wears an aspect divine;
When Memory seems clothed in a vision of light,
And moments come laden with bliss,
Nor dream we of other worlds happy and bright,
While quaffing the pleasures of this.

The days of our boyhood are blithesome and gay
Ere sorrow doth sadden the eye;
We seize rarest treasures, then cast them away
As others float temptingly by.
We heed not, nor care, what old Time hath in store,
So long as the present doth please;
The future we never attempt to explore,
Or think that Life's current may freeze.

Like Adam ere tempted the sad fruit to taste,
Our youth is all rapture and joy;
Nor deem we that life is a wearisome waste,
With serpents that haunt and destroy.
Each breath of the zephyr is od'rous with sweets,
And Fancy's bright day-dreams delight,
And Love, the young urechin, so winningly greets,
We worship, almost, at first sight.

But Time will not linger: age creeps on apace,
Our brows become furrowed with care;
We find that when closing our difficult race,
We have follow'd but phantoms of air,
And gladly relinquish the pleasures of earth,
By our friends and our foes here forgiven,
That the spirit may have a far happier birth
Mid the splendor and glory of Heaven.

JOHNNY BROTHERTON'S FIVE SUNNY DAYS.

FROM TALES OF THE BORDERS,

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

I HAVE experienced many days both of sorrow and of sadness, in the course of my life and experience, (said old John Brotherton, of Peebles;) but with me by-past sorrows were always like an old almanac—a book that I never opened. Yet weel do I remember the five sunniest days of my existence. They were days of brightness and of joy, without a spot to cloud them. They took place, also, at various periods of my existence. I no doubt have had, independent of them, many pleasant, warm, bonny days—days wherein I was both pleased and happy. But they passed away like any other fine days, and they were remembered for a week. But very different from the like of these ordinary fine days, were those which I allude to as the five sunny days of my existence. They were days of pure, unadulterated, uncloyed, almost insupportable delight. They were days, the remembered sunshine of which will not set in my breast, until my life set in the grave. But I will give you an account of them.

The first occurred when I was about twenty years of age. It was a delightful evening in the month of September, on the second day of the month, and just about five minutes past six o'clock. I had just dropped work—for I was a souter, or, more appropriately, a cord-walker—and had thrown of my apron and washed my face, and I was taking a saunter up off the Tweed abut, on the road leading down to Innerdithen. I cannot say that I had any object in view, beyond just the healthful recreation of a walk in the fields, after the labors of the day. The sun seemed to be maybe about a dozen of yards aboon the hill top; but there waena a cloud in the whole sky, save as wee hit yellow one, hardly broader than the brim of a Quaker's hat, that was basking owre the hill, as if to keep the sun. Oh, it was a glorious evening! I darsay it never was equalled at the season of the year. I am sure the leaves,

poor things, that were falling here and there from the trees and hedges, if they could have thought, would has been vexed to fall frae their branches, while a' nature was basking in such sunniness.

I met several shearers, w' their hooks owre their arms, just as I was gaun out o' the town, and I spoke to them, and they spoke to me; but some o' them nodded and laughed at me, and said: "She's coming, Johnny."

"Wha's coming?" said I.

"And they laughed again, and said: "Gang forward and see."

So I went forward, and sure enough, who should I see standing beside a yett, with her hook owre her shoulder, and picking the prickles of a day-nettle out of her hand, but bonny Kate Lowrie—not only the comliest in the burgh of Peebles, but in all the wide country. I had long been desperately in-love with Kate, but I had never ventured to say as meikle to her; though I was aware that she was conscious of the state of my feelings. We had often walked together on an evening, and I had gien her her fairing, and the like of that, but I never could get the length of talking about love or marriage; and scores of times had her and me walked by the side of each other, for half an hour at a time, without either of us speaking a word, beyond saying: "Eh, but this is a fine night!" half a dozen times owre; so ye may guess that we were a bashfu' couple.

But on the night referred to, as I have said, I saw her standing at a yett, taking a thorn of some kind out of her hand; and I stepped forward and said to her: "What has got into your hand, Kate?"

"It's a jaggy frae a nettle, I think, John," said she.

"Let me try if I can tak it oot," said I.

She blushed, and the setting sun just streamed across her face. I'll declare I never saw a woman look so beautiful in my born days. Ye might have lighted a candle at my heart at the moment, I am certain. But I did get her bonny soft hand in mine; and as I held it, I am certain I would not have exchanged that hand to have held the sceptre of the king that sits upon the throne. I soon got out the prickles—but I was so overjoyed at having her hand in mine, that when they were out, I still held it in my left hand; while, whether it was by accident or how, I canna tell, but I slipped my right hand round her waist; and in this fashion we sauntered away. But instead of going straight to the town, we daunted away down to Tweedkidd.

Weel do I remember pressing her to my breast in more than mortal joy, and of saying to her: "O Kate, Kate, woman, will ye be mine?—will ye marry me, and mak me the happiest man that ever put his foot in a shoe on the face of this habitable globe?"

She hung her head, and, poor thing! her bosom heaved like a frightened bird's. But, oh! what ecstasy it was to feel it heaving! For a good hour did I stand pressing her breast to mine, and always saying: "Will ye, Kate? oh, will ye, woman?"

At last, with a great effort, and her very heart bursting with pure affection, she flung her arms owre my shoulders, and said: "I will, John!"

Oh! of all the words that ever a human being heard, nothing could match the music of those three words to me. It was sweeter than the harp of a fairy sauging over a moon-light sea, when the winds of heaven are sleeping.

"Oh, bless ye! bless ye!—forever bless ye!" cried I. "Kate, ye has made me the happiest man in a' Peebles, an' I trust I shall mak ye the happiest wife."

I absolutely danced w' joy, and clapped my hands aboon my head. If ever there was a man intoxicated w' joy, it was me that night; and I am certain that her joy was nothing less than mine, though she did not express it so extravagantly.

Neither the one nor the other of us heard the town clock chap nine. Three hours flew owre our heads as if they hadna been three minutes. I set her to her father's door, and just as she was putting her hand upon the sneck—"Eh, John!" whispered she, "where can I hae left my hook?"

"That's weel minded," said I; "I remember I took it off your shoulder, an' put it owre the yett, when I was takin' the prickles oot o' yer finger."

Ye may think of what baith of us had been thinking about, when neither of us missed the hook, or remembered leaving it till that moment. We went to seek it, with her arm through mine, (and close to my side I pressed it,) and there, accordingly, did we find the hook upon the yett where I had placed it.

She rather feared to gang into the house, on account of her being out so late, for her father and mother were strict sort o' folk. Therefore, I volunteered to go in wi' her, and explain at once how matters stood. For, bashful as I was before telling my mind to her, I had broken the ice now, and was as bold as brass.

She hesitated for some time; but I urged the thing, and she consented, and into her father's house I went wi' her. I wasna long in making the auld man acquainted wi' the nature of my visit, and frankly asked him if he had any sort of objection to taking me for a son-in-law.

"I watna," said he, "but I dare say no. I dinna see ony reasonable objection that I ought to hae. What do ye say, Tibble?" added he to his wife.

"Me!" exclaimed she; "what would ye hae me to say? Johnny is a decent lad and a guld tradesman; and if he likes Katie, and Katie likes him, I dinna see that you or I can do onything in the matter, but just leave it to their twa sells."

"Weel, John," said her father to me, "as Tibble says, 'I suppose it will just have to rest between yourselves. If ye are baith agreeable, we are agreeable.'"

I wonder I didna jump through the roof of the house. Joy almost deprived me of my specific gravity. Never since I was born had I experienced such sensations of ecstasy before.

Now, this was what I call my first real sunny day. It was a day of memorable joy—and joy, too, of a particular description, and which a man can feel but once in the course of his existence.

I can say, without vanity, that I had always been a saving lad, and, therefore, in the course of two or three weeks, I took a house, which I furnished very respectably. And my second sunny day, was that on which Katie, and her father, and her mother, and a lass that was an intimate acquaintance of hers, came a' to my new house together—Katie never to leave it again—for the minister just came in after them. Oh! when I heard the minister pronounce us *one*, and gie us his benediction as man and wife—and, aboon all, when I thought that she was now *mine—mine* forever—that nothing upon earth could separate us—I almost wondered that poor sinful mortals such as we are, should be permitted to enjoy such unspeakable happiness on this side of time. The very tears stood in my eyes wi' perfect ecstasy, and I could not forbear, before the minister and them a', of squeezing her hand, and saying: "My ain Katie!"

It was October, but a very mild day, and a very sunny day—indeed it might, in all respects, have passed for a day in August. After dinner, the room became very warm, and the window was drawn down from the top. There was a lark singing its autumn song right aboon the house, and its loud sweet notes came pouring in by the window.

"Poor thing!" thought I, "your joys are ending, and mine are only beginning; but I trust, in the autumn of my days, to sing as blithely as ye do now."

I gied another glance at my ain Katie, and as I contemplated her lovely countenance, I felt as a man that was never to know sorrow; for I didna see how it was possible for sorrow to be where such angel sweetness existed.

That was my second sunny day; and my third followed after it in the natural course of time; for the event that rendered it memorable was neither more nor less than the birth of my first born—my only son. I was walking out in the fields when the tidings were brought to me; and when I found that I had cause to offer thanks for a living mother and a living child, wi' perfect joy the tears ran down my cheeks. I silently prayed for my Katie and for my bairn. When I thought that a man-son was born unto me, and that I was indeed a father, the pride and the joy of heart were almost too great for me to bear. I would not have exchanged the natural and honorable title of father, to

have been made Emperor of Russia, and King of Madagascar.

It was a glorious day in the height of summer, and as I hurried home to see, to kiss my bairn and its mother, I believe the very flowers by the road-side were conscious that it was a father, a *new made father*, that trampled on them, I did it so quickly and so lightly. But great as my joy then was, it was nothing to be compared with what I felt when I saw my Katie and our bairn, and when my lips touched theirs. I then did feel the full, the overflowing ecstasy of a father's heart. Never shall I forget it. That was the third of my five sunny days.

The fourth was of a different description, but gied me unmingled satisfaction, and perhaps I may say, was in some sort the foundation of the one which succeeded.

Now, I must make you sensible that Katie made a very notable wife. In her household affairs, she set an example that was worthy of imitation by every wife in Peebles. There was naething wasted in her house, and the shadow of onything extravagant was never seen within her door.

One night, about six weeks after our marriage, she and I were sitting at the fireside, by our two sells, (for we never made our house a howl for neighbors and their clashes,) when she said to me very seriously: "John, I've often heard it said, that the first hundred pounds is worse to make than the next five hundred."

"I watna, my dear," said I; "though I say it myself, there are none belonging to the craft that can make better wages than I can, and if it is your desire to make the endeavor, wi' all my heart say I."

So the thing was agreed upon, and we set about it the very next day. I got a strong wooden box made, wi' a hole on the top, just about long enough and broad enough to let in a penny-piece edgeways; and I caused a bit leather, like a tongue, to be nailed owre the inside of the hole, so that whatever was put in, couldna be taken out again till the box was broken open.

For many a day, both her and me wrought hard, both late and early, to accomplish it. We neither allowed the back to gang bare or shabby, nor did we scrimp our coggie, during our endeavors; but we avoided every expence, every farthing of unnecessary expence.

At length Katie says to me one day, just after dinner-time: "John, I darsay we shall have the hundred pounds now. If ye have nae objection we will open the box and see."

It was the very thing which I had been wishing her to propose for months; and up I banged upon the kist, and put my hand on the head of the bed, where the box was kept. It was very heavy, and it required both my hands to lift it down.

I forced up the lid, and having locked the door, I placed the box upon the table. The sun was streaming in at the window sae bright that ye would have said it was aware of the satisfaction of Katie and myself, as we saw it streaming upon the heap of treasure which our own industry had gathered together. It took us from two in the afternoon until six at night to count it; for it consisted of gold, silver and copper; and we counted it thrice over, before we made it come twice to the same sum. At last we were satisfied that it amounted to one hundred and fifteen pounds, seven shillings and eighteen pence half-penny.

When I ascertained that the object of my desire, and of my late and early savings, was accomplished, I was that happy that I almost knocked owre the table where it was all spread out, counted into parcels of twenty shillings. I threw my arms round Katie, wi' as meikle rapture as I did on my first sunny day, when she said: "I will, John;" for the object was of her proposing, and she had the entire merit of the transaction. It was a grand sight to see the sinking sun throwing the shadows of the hundred and odd twenty-shilling towers across the table, and to the far side of the floor. Folk talk about the beauty of rainbows, but there never was a rainbow to be compared wi' the appearance of our floor that evening, wi' a' the shadows of the piles of silver running across it. That was my fourth sunny day.

Finding that I was now a man of capital, I took a shop in the front street, and commenced business as a maister boot and shoe-maker. Katie was remarkably civil in the shop, and I always tried to put good stuff into the hands of customers, so that in a very short time I carried on a very prosperous concern. I also rose very high in the opinion of my fellow craftsmen; and, wonderful to relate! I heard that it was their determination to elect me to the high and honorable office of deacon of the corporation of our ancient and respectable trade, in the ancient burgh of Peebles.

This was a height to which my ambition never could have aspired, and when I heard of the intention of the brethren, it really made me that I couldna sleep. It made me not only dream that I was a deacon, but a king, a prince, a bashaw—a dear kens what—but anything but plain John Brotherton. I thought it was a hoax that some of the craft were wishing to play off on me; therefore, I spoke of the subject with great caution. But when it was put into my head, there was nothing on earth that I so much desired. I thought what an honor it would be, when I was dead and gone, for my son to be able to say: "My father was deacon of the ancient company of cordwainers in Peebles."

"What a sound that will have," thought I. On the morning of the election I awoke, fearing, believing, hoping, trembling. I could hardly put on my clothes. However, the choosing of office-bearers began, and I was declared duly elected deacon of the company of cordwainers. It was with difficulty that I refrained from clapping my hands in the court, and I am positive I would not have been able to do it, had it not been that the brethren came crowding round me to shake hands wi' me.

I went home in very high glee, as ye may well suppose, and Katie met me wi' great joy in her looks. When the supper was set upon the table—"Katie, my dear," said I, "send out for a bottle of strong ale."

"A bottle of strong ale, John?" quoth she in surprise; "remember that though ye has been appointed deacon o' the shoe-makers, ye are but a mortal man! Remember, John, that it was by drinking wholesome water, wi' pickles of oatmeal in it, that enabled you to save a hundred pounds, and so to become deacon of the trade. But had ye sent for bottles of strong ale to your supper, ye would neither have saved the one, nor been made the other. Na, na, John, think nae mair about ale."

"Weel, weel," said I, "ye are right, Katie—I canna deny it."

That was what I call my fifth sunny day—a remarkable day in my existence, standing out from among the rest, and crowned wi' happiness.

THE MISER'S WIFE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

It was certainly most provoking that the pretty Mrs. G. would parade so often her little round, handsome figure in the door of their little grocery and fancy goods shop, to the evident disquietude of her husband and the annoyance of sundry beaux, who looked on her beauty and thought of Hesperian fruit, so well was she guarded by a vigilant husband and her own innocent heart. Anna was nearly thirty years younger than her husband, a little thin keen-eyed old man, supposed to be worth a bank of money, but as nobody knew how much, every one gave the sum according to his or her ideas in such matters. All however, agreed he was a rich man, and Anna married him because forsooth the old man asked her to have him, and because her little head had got filled with thoughts of gay ribbons, handsome shoes for her little feet, and handsome dresses to show off her pretty shapes. Though it puzzled her little brain for a while to know why he should want her for a wife, yet a glance at her looking-glass solved the problem at once, and she smiled at her own prettiness, and the thought that her influence would make him a generous social being, capable of loving and being beloved, and she would have his neglected house newly furnished, and painted, and she would have little parties, and walk and ride, and have abundance of new

and elegant clothing. 'Twas a brilliant vision, and she would have him by all means. Now it so happened, that not one of these things had entered into the cogitations of Mr. G. The girl was well enough, he thought; she had a good-natured look that pleased him, but she had other qualities that pleased him better. He had heard the school-master say she was capital at figures, and he had seen her penmanship and knew she wrote a fair round hand. So he calculated the expense of keeping a clerk and a housekeeper, and he found a wife who could help tend his shop and look after his house at the same time, would be much the cheapest; and he determined forthwith to make the experiment. Anna knew nothing of all this, and she married him without hesitation. Week after week passed on and Anna was astonished to find she had no more influence over her husband than over one of his sugar casks. Everything was locked as snug from her as from anybody else, and as for his purse, she had'n't seen a farthing from it. What was she to do? Her wedding clothes had been worn everywhere. She had been told a hundred times how becoming they were, and she was sick of the sound. And then they began to look a little shabby. She began to pout, and sometimes fairly cried with vexation. She might as well have pouted for an owl to see her. It is doubtful whether he observed it. She grew pale and nervous, and went to bed one day and sent word to him he must get a housekeeper, for she was sick. The old man was astounded. He had just dismissed his clerk, hoping by the help of his wife in the shop to get along without one, thus carrying into effect his original purpose of dispensing with clerk and housekeeper too. And now the thought of having to hire both again, went like a dagger to his heart. What was he to do? He hastened to her bedside. Poor Anna was weeping bitterly. His heart was touched. He put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a fourpence ha'penny, pressed it without speaking, into her hand. Anna looked up and a suppressed smile almost played over her features. If she were sick, the round fair cheek and little dimpled hand looked strangely comfortable. She looked at the fourpence and thought how very little it would buy, and she burst into another flood of tears. Mr. G. fidgetted and fumbled in his pockets; he had never seen her act so before. Anna, I've dismissed my clerk and there's nobody in the shop. I thought you could help me tend and keep the accounts so that I could do without one; but if you are going to be sick, I shall have to go right off and hire another. Her face brightened. It will be cheaper for you to employ me than another, said she. O yes, we could get along very snug if you'll help me in the shop. Well, I'll do the best I can in the house and shop too, for \$2,00 a week. Two dollars a week! ejaculated the husband, eyeing with a wishful look the fourpence ha'penny his wife was carelessly twirling in her taper fingers. Two dollars a week to my own wife, and support her into the bargain! Anna turned up her little nose at the idea of support. Well, said she, carelessly turning her head on one side, you can get another; his board will be something though. Yes, I know that, more than his wages. These fellows turn up their noses at good plain food, such as is wholesome to be eaten, and you indulge them too much in their dainty greediness. But, Anna, how often must I pay you? I suppose it would be cheaper at that than to get a clerk. Every Saturday, answered Anna, with a quiet composure. I should'n't work a second week till the first was paid. Mr. G. groaned aloud. Anna, what will folks say of it? Pay my own wife! Anna, I have to work hard, I should think you would be willing to help me without pay. I married you because I thought you superior to the rest of women, and now you serve me so. His hand unconsciously clinched his pocket and his head sunk upon the bed. Anna was immovable. You can get another clerk, and not pay your money to me. Yes, but the board, and the waste. Anna, I will pay it to you, and I will fix you a box with a hole in the cover just large enough to drop the money in; you can keep it then, and not spend it for foolish things. Anna tried to suppress a laugh; and started, considering her sickness, with amazing alacrity from her bed. She was forthwith installed into the mysteries of shop-keeping. Her books were kept in the

most perfect neatness and order, and her small fingers and good eyes were just the things in selling needles, pins and ribbons. The old man's customers increased daily. Money never came in so fast before. We will not presume to tell how it was, but scarcely ever did a passer by catch a glimpse of Anna, as she stood carelessly leaning against the post of the door, with one little foot half projecting over the sill, but he suddenly bethought himself of the necessity of purchasing a pocket-handkerchief, a few segars, or some buttons for a coat. Some however, came in for no other ostensible purpose than to chat a while with the grocer's pretty wife, and admire her fine eyes. Often, and often did poor Mr. G. feel that he saved nothing but the board of a clerk, and the constant vigilance he was obliged to exercise was more than equivalent to that. But then his business was better and his accounts in better order. So after wearying himself with remonstrances, he only groaned in silence. The money-box he had made for Anna contained nothing but his first and last gift, the farthings ha'penny, and in spite of all he could urge to the contrary, Anna had expended a part of her weekly wages in painting and new furnishing their little parlor, to say nothing of the new gowns and bonnets and ribbons with which she embellished her own pretty figure. She was rigorously punctual in exacting her whole wages every Saturday, and the poor old man was obliged to comply on pain of losing her services for the next week. Anna was always good natured, managing things in her own way, hearing his long lectures and reproofs with the most immovable philosophy, and his groans and wallings over her extravagance with the firmness of a stoic. She never thought of reasoning with him or rebelling at his uncondemnable long Philippic on the extravagance of the age. She adjusted the rich braids of her hair, arranged her muslins, and altered and fixed, till all looked becoming, with perfect nonchalance. He lectured and she listened, and so it passed day after day. 'Tis true when he heard the merry tones of her voice half bantering with a customer he would seem to be on nettles till he was gone. He often urged her to keep out of the shop door, and not peep so often from the window. But all to no purpose; she had a pretty face, and she would show it; a becoming dress, and the neighbors should know it. The men might admire, and the woman envy. Sometimes the poor grocer would just get his head down into the pork barrel to weigh a piece for the purchaser, when the lively tones of his wife's voice would arrest his ear, and in his eagerness to see who she was talking to, down would go the piece of pork, spattering the brine in every direction and wasting salt enough for a man's dinner. He once wasted two or three gallons of molasses, a loss which he deplored for months afterward, in his eagerness to run up stairs to see who was talking with his wife, and the measure in the mean while was depositing all it could not hold on the cellar floor. He spilt the sugar, scattered the tea, and all on his wife's account. She kept him in a constant fidget, while she seemed entirely undisturbed herself. Some of my readers, perhaps, will think little Anna a marvellously happy wife, while some will believe she had a goodly share of trials. Some will commiserate the condition of poor Mr. G., while others will believe he deserved it. At any rate, if their lives answered no other purpose, they served to teach them one general truth, viz, that the superannuated old miser who marries a giddy girl, hoping to make a saving in expenditure, will generally find himself woefully mistaken, and the inconsiderate girl who marries without affection or respect, only with the hope of gratifying a silly vanity, will be pretty sure to wish her cake was dough again.

TO JULIET.—A NIGHT THOUGHT.

"In yonder taper's waning light,
An image of my heart I see;
It burns amid a lonely night—
Its life the love of thee.

The steadfast light its passion takes,
But slowly wastes while it illumines;
And while my very life it makes,
My life itself consumes."

A TALE OF AN OLD HIGHLANDER.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE FITTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN I was a shepherd at Willanloo, there came to that place in the summer of 1789 a little old Highlander, whose name was Alexander Stewart, but who had all his life been distinguished by the name of Boig, from his father's farm. He remained with us all summer and harvest, and I think I never was so sorry at parting with a neighbor servant of the same sex before. He was what the rest of the servants called "a shrewd sensible body;" indeed far—far above the people of that rank in Scotland. He had served both in America and at Gibraltar, and told me wonderful stories of both. The rest of the servants accounted all these stories lies; but not so with me; I swallowed them all as genuine truth; and if they were not so, they certainly told very like truth.

"How did you come to lose all your fore-teeth, Boig?" said I to him one day, as we were reaping together. He instantly laid his sickle on his shoulder, put a hand to each side, felt his mouth with his fore-finger, and said, "Why, boy, I lost them at Gibraltar by a very singular accident. You see, I was stationed at a cannon on the counter-mure, and by there comes a Spanish twenty-six pounder, with such a d—whizz, that the very wind of it threw me twenty yards to the left—about away from the battlement, where, falling on the pavement, I knocked out the whole of my teeth as you see."

"How did you come to know the weight of the ball so exactly, Boig?"

"Why, because I weighed it."

"Weighed it! How did you catch it going at such a rate?"

"O! bless your soul, boy, it struck the rock right behind my station, and killed two men in rebounding, and so, he having proved such an extraordinary fellow, we weighed him. We gathered up their balls as thick as peas and groats, and returned them again with interest."

But the story which I set out with a design of telling was one which I made him tell several times over, and which he did with no variation that I could mark. He was witness to all the transactions himself, as far as a livery-servant could be witness to them, and those often know more of the secrets and concerns of a family, than their most intimate acquaintances do. I cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, having no authority for it but Boig's words; it is therefore with diffidence that I mention the names and titles of the actors; but without doing so I cannot tell the story at all, which I shall give in very nearly his own words. I cannot conceive who Lady Livingston was; the rest of the names will answer for themselves if such men really were—for I do not know.

"I was chief servant with old Lady Livingston in Edinburgh for many years, and was frequently trusted by gentlemen with messages and letters to her niece Barbara Stewart, by far the greatest beauty of her day. She was held up beside as a great fortune; but as to that I can say nothing. She was heiress to her aunt, that is certain—and I believe to some trifling estates about Perthshire. However, she had plenty of suitors, for I believe there was not a young nobleman in the kingdom who ever saw her face, that did not fall in love with her. It seemed to be the fashion of the day to be in love with Barbara; and to be seen with her in public was sufficient to introduce a young man into genteel society. Those were grand days for me, for I took bribes from everybody and served nobody. Lady Livingston was strict and severe on the beauty, consequently there were private appointments to make, and billets-doux without end to deliver, by which I was thus only profitter beside my young mistress, to whom presents poured in of the richest value.

"As far as I could judge of Miss Stewart, she was exceedingly volatile and gaitanish. She loved to dabble about with handsome young gentlemen, and with noblemen in particular; and whether or not she meant to give them all encouragement I cannot tell, but it was manifest that the greater part of them thought they were encouraged, and persevered in their attentions.

"But of all the suitors, Captain James Drummond,

son to the Earl of Melford, was the favorite with Lady Livingston. Her high notions of noble descent, ancient and dignified lineage, with prospects of future greatness, secured her interest in his favor; and she ceased not teasing her niece early and late about the Captain's high qualities. Barbara had nothing to say against them. She seemed quite indifferent, and liked him just as well as any other, answering her aunt with some general remark, as, 'Indeed! is he so very accomplished? Well, I declare I should hardly have discovered it, if you had not told me. Thank you, my dear aunt;' or, 'Well, I believe it. How can I do otherwise, when my dear aunt tells me so? The young soldier is good enough, without doubt, to those who love him; and too good for those who love him and cannot get him! Heigh-ho!

"Well, Baby, my dear, I have no wish to force your inclinations; but I have more nieces than you, that is some comfort, you know; and if you are determined to live and die an old maid—"

"O! shocking!" screamed Barbara, "I live and die an old maid? I declare I shall faint!—O! Dear aunt, what thought of me brought such a horrid expression into your mouth? He—he—he! Live and die—an old maid! (*a shriek.*) Boig, I beseech you, go with my compliments to Captain Drummond, and desire him to come here on the instant. What do you laugh at, you impertinent dog?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Barbara," said I, "I have been guilty of a great breach of good manners, but on my soul I could not help it. Your terrible hurry in sending for Captain Drummond—are you quite serious?"

"Yes, perfectly serious. Tell him that I have something very serious to say to him, and my aunt has something very particular to say to him."

"But are you quite sure, madam, that I shall get into the castle at this late hour? or, that if I were to get in, that it is probable he will get out?"

"He can come over the wall, you know. You can let him down by a rope. Be sure to take a good long strong rope with you: for he must come, that's flat. My aunt has given me such a fright, that I shall not get out of it again till I am married. Go instantly, for I wish to see the Captain first, who is so agreeable to my aunt; for the first man that pops the question to me now, I'll chap him—that I will."

"Was there ever such a madcap?" exclaimed Lady Livingston, holding up her hands. "Take away these things, Boig, and go to your bed. Does the buoyant jilt suppose that she is to make fools of herself and me? I'll teach her otherwise! Whatever is done under my roof shall be done decently and in order. What! send for a young officer express after supper?—The girl's distracted!—moon-struck!"

"Barbara was evidently enjoying her freak and her aunt's loss of temper; for, as I was retiring, she cast to me a look so languishing, and at the same time so sly, that I was speeding out at the door for fear of again bursting forth with laughter. But she called me back, and, continuing the same expression of countenance, said 'Boig—I say, Boig!—Hem! Pray have you ever thought of marrying?'"

"This was said in a manner conveying the insinuation that in her forlorn circumstances she would willingly marry me that very night. The old lady sprang to her feet in a great rage, or rather consternation, thinking her darling niece seized by a fit of lunacy. I clashed the door close behind me, and fled, actually perspiring with suppressed laughter. It is nothing to tell the story, but had you seen it acted, as I did, it was exquisite."

"The next day Captain Drummond came; whether sent for or not, I cannot tell. I suspect that he was, for one of the girls brought in a caddie after breakfast. He remained with the ladies all the forenoon, and they were denied to every one else. I was only once in with a chicken and some wine, and shall never forget the scene. There was my lady sitting with all the importance of a great diplomatist, turning her benevolent looks on the 'honorable Captain,' as she always styled him. There was Barbara, with looks as demure as a devotee's, and as innocent as a lamb; but well could I see the lurking mischief in them, and that she was

playing the devil with Captain Drummond's heart, misleading him in the most serious concern of life, and actually doing all that she could to make a fool of him, while at the same time he was gazing on her with a fondness which I never saw equalled."

"I don't know what passed that day: I would have given anything in life to have heard, but could not. I rather suppose that the mix was carrying on the same lesson as the evening before, and was all complaisance and condescension. Certain it is, the match was concluded that day, for so it afterward appeared; at least that Captain Drummond supposed the match concluded: that there was another supposed no such thing I was quite convinced. I knew her well! A finer form or lovelier, sure I never beheld; but there was a piquancy and sly restless mischievousness in her disposition quite peculiar. She flattered and dashed on as usual without the least difference, and with much less restraint from her old aunt, who was pleased with her darling's complaisance. And, moreover, the division of the 42d regiment then in the castle was ordered into Sussex to join the rest of the regiment, so that Captain Drummond was separated from his adored Miss Stewart for an indefinite space of time. It made no difference with Barbara. On she went receiving new lovers almost every day, and treating them even more kindly than before."

"The principal lover now was Mr. John Lion, likewise a sprig of nobility; a great puppy, very handsome, proud, and overbearing, and rather kept other lovers aloof by his boldness and importance than tried to make an impression on the lady's heart by kindness and condescension. Whether she ever cherished a thought of marrying this young man or not, it is impossible to say, for no living man could calculate on her motives from her actions. Perhaps she did; for the greatest coquette keeps an eye forward to marriage as the *ne plus ultra* of gallantry. She gave him at this time decidedly the preference to all others, of which he made a very haughty use, pushing himself between her and other gallants without ceremony, saving only saying, 'Begging your pardon, sir,' or something to the same purpose."

"Matters were in this state, when there arrived from London an Honorable Mr. John Drummond, who brought several letters of introduction from noble, jacobite families there, and, among others, one to Lady Livingston, stating that he was only son to the late Edward Drummond, Duke of Perth, and the lineal heir of the great Perth estates, on the removal of the forfeitures, which was then under consideration. The young man was in consequence of this greatly caressed, and by none more than by Lady Livingston, who all but worshipped him. He had been born and bred in France, and was a thorough Frenchman—all flattery, wit, and good-humor, and the very man for Barbara Stewart."

Here my description falls far short of the original story-teller, for he had all the Frenchman's motions, his bows, his capers, and his wit, which was ten times more diverting in his broken English and French mixed. I used to laugh immoderately at Boig's exhibition of the Duke of Perth; his good-humor with the young lady, and his flattery of the old one. It must have been exquisite!

"Well, truth to say, he was at once the adopted sweetheart; for to see Barbara Stewart was to be in love with her; and this great heir to the Perth estates being taken captive at once, plied his flattery, his bows, and his fantastic motions, with so good an effect, that Barbara Stewart actually was won, to the great delight of Lady Livingston, who thought no more of Captain Drummond, Highland cousin to the new-wooer; but acquiesced most liberally in his proposals."

"But then Mr. Lion had gained a real or supposed footing, and his pride and contumacy were not likely to be easily overcome. Of this Mr. Drummond knew nothing, but gallanted his beloved openly, to the great despite of many a love-lorn youth. They visited together many of the old jacobite families; and at Lord Rollo's fell in with Lion, who evidently laid himself out to insult the new favorite, and even condescended to the meanness of addressing him by the title of the Duck de Pert. Drummond, however, put off every-

thing with some reply that set the whole party in a roar of laughter: he held up his hands, straddled with his knees, turned up the whites of his eyes, 'Ha! Duc de Perth! Very happye!—Excesse propre!—Thank you, Monsieur Lyong! Much obliger!—Great obligatong.'

"The next day being fine, Mr. Drummond and Barbara went out to take a private walk, and at the south point of a place called Burnsfield Links Mr. Lion came up with them. He called at Lady Livingston's house in the Horse-wynd. I answered the door, and told him which way the lovers had gone. He followed, apparently in a bad humor; and overtaking them at the place mentioned, he as usual pushed himself rudely in between them with a "Begging your pardon, sir, but if you please."

"'Wat! I plaise? Noo; I plaise no such ting. And I vill see you to damnation before I soumettre to any sooth traitement. So stand you aside like a gentilhomme.'

"At the same time, Barbara drew her arrested arm from Lion, and said, 'Pray, what is the meaning of this, Mr. Lion? Who gave you a right to take such freedoms with me?'

"'Who gave me a right, madam!' exclaimed he, fiercely.

"'Ay, who give you de right, sir?' asked the Frenchman. 'Was it de laidee? Or was it I? Because vidout de one or de oder, or bot, you cannot be here.' And with that he again took Miss Barbara Stewart's willing arm. Lion was galled beyond what his proud and insolent nature could endure; and cursing Drummond for an impostor, he struck him a violent blow, bidding him make the best of that he could.

"'Sir, I will not fight like a beegar; but if you be a gentilhomme, vich I now see you are not, please to draw out your rapier, and I will trust you trou and trou de bodee! O! you have no weapons! Noo, you come out like blackmoor-guard, to beat gentilhomme dat have weapons, tinkng you safe. But do you take dat and dat;' and with that, Drummond gave him two hearty kicks, presenting at the same time his sharp rapier in such a manner, that it was impossible for his antagonist to return them.

"There was now no alternative. A challenge from Lion was the consequence. The Master of Rollo and Dr. Graham were the seconds. The rivals met that evening on the spot where they had quarrelled; and Drummond, having the choice of weapons, chose the rapier—'By de cause dat he noo oder along vit him, and it vold do,' he said.

"Lion acquiesced without hesitation, and soon proved that he was no novice in the art. They fought with great coolness and caution, and with as much ease as if they had been playing with fells. Lion drew the first blood, wounding Mr. Drummond rather slightly below the right arm and across the shoulder. The Master of Rollo then interfered, protesting against further violence; and, strange to say, the wounded acquiesced! but the other refused, saying it was a mere scratch; he would have the insulting dog's heart's blood. 'Wat! doo you say soo?' cried Drummond; 'den for de dermier resorte.'

"They then fought very hard and close for the space of a minute and a half, when Drummond run him through the body; and the young man was carried home a corpse. Drummond retired to a nominal concealment for a while, but on trial was fairly exculpated. Shortly after that, Miss Barbara Stewart and he were married.

"In the interim, word had reached Captain Drummond at head-quarters, how matters were likely to end with his betrothed and his cousin. He therefore got leave of absence for a while, and posted to Edinburgh; but ere he arrived the marriage was consummated. He had loved with all the warmth of his noble nature, and was so much affected by Barbara's deceit and ingratitude that he felt sick, and scarcely spoke or saw the light for nearly a month. But perhaps, during a part of this time, he had been studying the most ample revenge, which he soon found the means of putting in practice. He conceived himself to have been exceedingly ill used; and without seeing either Barbara or the fortunate lover, he again posted to the regiment, and from thence to London.

"Hitherto no one had doubted that Mr. John Drummond, husband of Barbara Stewart, was the true and lineal heir to the great Perth estate. I cannot be sure that I recollect exactly the relationship, although often minutely described to me by Boig; but I think his father was uncle to James the first duke of Perth; and on the decease of the latter at St. Germain, this John's father, the Lord Edward Drummond, assumed the title. He spent all his life in the interior of France in religious seclusion, and this John was the only surviving child of him and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Middleton, both of whom were dead, so that there could be no doubt as to his right of succession.

"Captain Drummond, however, saw matters in a different light. Although three or four degrees farther removed, he perceived how difficult it would be for his rival to adduce sufficient evidence of his legitimacy from the interior of France, considering the secluded life of his father, and the then state of that kingdom. The Captain, seizing the opportunity, went boldly forward, and accused his rival as an impostor, and claimed the property for himself. He having the best advocates of the kingdom, the Lords admitted the plea, and ordered the former claimant to produce the proofs of his propinquity.

"Mr. Drummond was astonished at the news. He hastened to London, taking his wife with him, and from thence to Douay in Flanders, where he was born; from thence to Lyons, in pursuit of proper witnesses; which journey took him the greater part of a year. In the mean time Captain Drummond had instituted a keen inquiry at home, and had even brought forward those who deposed that Lady Edward Drummond never had a child; and there certainly were some letters produced, which, if genuine, went far to prove the truth of the statement. The consequence was, that before John Drummond's return to England the minds of the Lords were made up regarding the right of possession; and although they waited his arrival, it was more for form's sake than a persuasion of the validity of his claims. He came to London at length, and produced a register of his birth from the Catholic College of Douay; but the other party prevailed in procuring its rejection, owing to its non-correspondence with other dates. He brought also plenty of witnesses, who proved his having been brought up and educated as the son of Lord Edward Drummond and of his wife Lady Elizabeth Middleton; but they proved of no avail regarding his birth by that lady, there having been counter-evidence produced which, in the eye of the law, was more decisive. The consequence, in short, was, that after a tedious litigation, it was at last finally decided in the Court of Sessions at Edinburgh in favor of Captain James Drummond, of the Melford family, who became thereby possessed of the Perth property."

Never was a retaliation over a successful rival in love more complete than this was, as it left John Drummond and his wife totally ruined in their circumstances and deprived of their hopes. Boig went abroad with them when they went in search of evidence; and on reaching Calais on their way home, Lady Perth, as she had been styled ever since her marriage, was left behind, being unable from the state she was in to proceed further, and Boig remained with her. She was there delivered of a son; but was so meanly lodged, and left so poor, that she was obliged to borrow from Boig till he had not a sixpence left. In this wretched state was the once celebrated beauty lying, when her husband, after long absence, returned to France with the news that they were utterly ruined. But this was not the worst; her husband had published an article in some London journal, I think a magazine, wherein he accused Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, of the most grievous mal-practices against him—of suborning false witnesses, and keeping back others; and altogether with charges so villainous, that they could not be overlooked. It would have been better had they been so, as uttered by an irritated, disappointed man; but the high spirit of Lord Perth would not submit to it. He followed his relation to Calais, accompanied by Major M'Glashan of the 21st, and, after vainly endeavoring to draw from Mr. Drummond a counter-statement, challenged him.

But the circumstance that rendered this tale so in-

teresting to me at first, and impressed all the circumstances so strongly on my remembrance, is yet to narrate; for without something a little tinged with the supernatural, a tale has few charms for me.

Well, it so happened that, one fine pleasant day, as Mr. John Drummond was walking by himself on Burnside Links at Edinburgh, near by the scene of the fatal encounter with John Lion, that gentleman came up to him alive and well, and asked him how he liked to be married. The other, struck with astonishment, made no answer, but stood and gazed at the querist; who, again accosting him, said, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, but I shall be even with you to-day; and the next time I meet with you I'll shoot you through here"—touching his head with the point of his fore-finger close above the right ear.

The vision, of course, proved a dream; for instead of being walking on Burnside Links, he was lying in his own chamber in the Horse-wynd, with his lovely Barbara in his arms; but the moment that the apparition touched him with its finger, he sprang from his bed, and exclaimed that he was shot through the head. His lady started up in amazement, crying out, "How? Where? By whom?"

"By that scoundrel, Lion!" said he.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; the sun was shining into the room; and when Barbara received this answer she grew pale as death, thinking her husband was deranged.

"It is true!" exclaimed he wildly; "I am—I am shot through the head, and my brains are blown out. Look, and satisfy yourself, at the hole the bullet has made. Merciful Heaven! was I out on the Links naked?"

"You are raving, Drummond!" cried she, weeping, and throwing her arms about him; "seized by some mortal frenzy, I fear. Compose yourself, and lie down; for you were out nowhere, but lying sound asleep with me."

He got his head bound up, and lay down, trying to compose himself; but his ideal wound was so painful, that he continued in an agony until a letter was brought up stairs to him. It was that which stated to him the new claims of his rival on the Perth estate, and the strong doubts entertained of his own propinquity.

This was a most galling business, and the anxiety of mind that it threw him into completely eradicated the vision and the wound from his head; nor did he ever think of them more until the same vision was repeated to him at Calais. He dreamed that he was walking on Burnside Links, and that Mr. Lion came up to him and asked him how he liked to be married. The dreamer still had no power to reply, while the other continued, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, and sent me all unprepared to my account. But I am even with you now, and am come to fulfil my promise. Be expeditious, and I will wait here till I take you with me."

Drummond started up in a cold perspiration, with terror and astonishment; and, just as he was saying to his wife that he was going to die, and would never see the evening of that day, the door opened, and Boig handed him a note from Major M'Glashan. Notwithstanding this solemn and dreadful warning, Drummond refused to retract one item of what he had published, and signed with his name; and the event was, that he fought with Lord Perth, and was shot through the head at the first fire, the ball entering immediately above the right ear, on the very spot where the apparition touched with its finger.

The remainder of Barbara Stewart's history is too painful to relate. Poor Boig, who left her at last, having neither money nor clothes to come home with, often wept when speaking of her. With regard to the merits of the cause, I know nothing. It was Boig's opinion that his master was the true and lineal heir; and from him I imbibed my ideas. He always admitted, however, that Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, was an excellent man, a gentleman of high honor and integrity—indeed, greatly superior to the other in every respect; but never that he was the proper heir.

Never was retaliation on a deceitful lover visited home with such an overpowering intensity.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France, the masquerade was an entertainment in high estimation, and was often given, at an immense cost, on court days, and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange *recontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris the 15th of October, on the day when the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of one and twenty.

At this fete, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanour of a man in a yellow domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure—though tall rather, and of robust proportion—seemed to be gifted with an *appetite*, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies even of romance.

The dragon of old, who churches ate
(He used to come on a Sunday)
Whole congregations were to him
But a dish of Salmagundi,—

he was but a nibbler—a mere fool—to this stranger of the yellow domino. He passed from chamber to chamber—from table to table of refreshments—not tasting but devouring—devastating—all before him. At one board, he despatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half a dozen bottles of champagne; and, the very next moment, he was found seated in another apartment, performing the same feat, with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on until the company (who at first had been amused by it) became alarmed and tumultuous.

"Is it the same mask—or are there several dressed alike?" demanded an officer of guards, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him and quitted the apartment.

"I have seen but one—and, by Heaven, here he is again," exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length the confusion which this proceeding created, became universal; and the cause reached the ear of the Dauphin.

"He is a very devil, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman—(saving your Highness's presence)—"or wants but a tail to be so!"

"Say, rather he should be some famished poet, by his appetite," replied the Prince, laughing. "But there must be some juggling; he spills all his wine, and hides the provisions under his robe."

Even while they were speaking, the yellow domino entered the room in which they were talking; and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my lord!" cried one—"I have seen him do this thrice!"

"I, twice!"—"I, five times!"—"and I fifteen."

This was too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned. He knew nothing—and the yellow domino was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The Prince's desire is, that Monsieur who wears the yellow domino should unmask."—The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his Highness honors Monsieur is perfectly absolute."

Against that which is absolute there is no contending. The yellow man threw off his mask and domino; and proved to be a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony, my good friend, (not to ask how you gained admission,) how have you contrived," said the Prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sir, I was but beginning to sup, with reverence be it said, when your royal message interrupted me."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the Dauphin in amazement, "then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared, and the hamper of Burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is!"

"It is, sire," returned the soldier, "may it please your Grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank, being myself the last man, have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion; and the leader of the rear rank, saving your Highness's commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn."

A COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ONE of the most important personages in a small country town is the apothecary. He takes rank next after the rector and the attorney, and before the curate; and could be much less easily dispensed with than either of those worthies, not merely as holding "fate and physic" in his hand, but as the general, and as it were official, associate, adviser, comforter, and friend, of all ranks and all ages, of high and low, rich and poor, sick and well. I am no despiser of dignities; but twenty emperors shall be less intensely missed in their wide dominions than such a man as my friend John Hallett in his own small sphere.

The spot which was favored with the residence of this excellent person was the small town of Hazelby, in Dorsetshire; a pretty little place, where everything seems at a stand-still. It was originally built in the shape of the letter T; a long broad market-place (still so called, although the market be gone) serving for the perpendicular stem, traversed by a straight, narrow, horizontal street, to answer for the top line. Not one addition has occurred to interrupt this architectural regularity, since, fifty years ago, a rich London tradesman built, at the west end of the horizontal street, a wide-fronted single house, with two low wings, iron palisades before, and a fish-pond opposite, which still goes by the name of New Place, and is balanced, at the east end of the street, by an erection of nearly the same date, a large square dingy mansion enclosed within high walls, inhabited by three maiden sisters, and called, probably by way of nickname, the Nunnery. New Place being on the left of the road, and the Nunnery on the right, the T has now something the air of the Italic capital T, turned up at one end and down at the other. The latest improvements are the bow-window in the market-place, commanding the pavement both ways, which the late brewer, Andrews, threw out in his snug parlor some twenty years back, and where he used to sit smoking, with the sash up, in summer afternoons, enjoying himself, good man; and the great room at the Swan, originally built by the speculative publican, Joseph Ailwright, for an assembly-room. The speculation did not answer. The assembly, in spite of canvassing and patronage, and the active exertions of all the young ladies in the neighborhood, dwindled away and died at the end of two winters: then it became a club-room for the hunt; but the hunt quarrelled with Joseph's cookery: then a market-room for the farmers; but the farmers (it was in the high-price time) quarrelled with Joseph's wine: then it was converted into the magistrates' room—the bench; but the bench and the market went away together, and there was an end of justicing: then Joseph tried the novel attraction (to borrow a theatrical phrase) of a billiard-table; but, alas! that novelty succeeded as ill as if it had been theatrical; there were not customers enough to pay the marker: at last, it has merged finally in that unconscious receptacle of pleasure and pain, a post-office; although Hazelby has so little to do with traffic of any sort—even the traffic of correspondence—that a savvy mail-coach will often carry on its small bag, and as often forget to call for the London bag in return.

In short, Hazelby is an insignificant place—my readers will look for it in vain in the map of Dorset-

shire—it is omitted, poor dear town!—left out by the map-maker with as little remorse as a dropped letter!—and it is also an old-fashioned place. It has not even a cheap shop for female gear. Every thing in the one store which it boasts, kept by Martha Deane, linen-draper and haberdasher, is dear and good, as things were wont to be. You may actually get there thread made of flax, from the gorty, uneven, clumsy, shiny fabric, yecept white-brown, to the delicate commodity of Lisle, used for darning muslin. I think I was never more astonished, from the mere force of habit, than when, on asking for thread, I was presented, instead of the pretty lattice-wound balls or snowy reels of cotton with which that demand is usually answered, with a whole drawerful of skeins peeping from their blue papers—such skeins as in my youth a thrifty maiden would draw into the nicely-stitched compartments of that silken repository, a housewife, or fold into a congeries of graduated thread-papers, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." The very literature of Hazelby is doled out at the pastry-cook's, in a little one-windowed shop kept by Matthew Wise. Tarts occupy one end of the counter, and reviews the other; while the shelves are parcelled out between books, and dolls, and gingerbread. It is a question, by which of his trades poor Matthew gains least; he is so shabby, so thread-bare, and so starved.

Such a town would hardly have known what to do with a highly-informed and educated surgeon, such as one now generally sees in that most liberal profession. My friend, John Hallett, suited it exactly. His predecessor, Mr. Simon Saunders, had been a small, wrinkled, spare old gentleman, with a short cough and a thin voice, who always seemed as if he needed an apothecary himself. He wore generally a full suit of drab, a flaxen wig of the sort a Bob Jerom, and a very tight muslin stock; a costume which he had adopted in his younger days in imitation of the most eminent physician of the next city, and continued to the time of his death. Perhaps the cough might have been originally an imitation also, ingrafted on the system by habit. It had a most unsatisfactory sound, and seemed more like a trick than a real effort of nature. His talk was civil, prosy, and fidgety, much addicted to small scandal, and that kind of news which passes under the denomination of tittle-tattle. He was sure to tell one half of the town where the other drank tea, and recollected the blancmangers and jellies on a supper-table, or described a new gown, with as much science and uncton as if he had been used to make jellies and wear gowns in his own person. Certain professional peculiarities might have favored the supposition. His mode of practice was exactly that popularly attributed to old women. He delighted in innocent remedies—manna, magnesia, and camphor julep; never put on a blister in his life; and would sooner, from pure complaisance, let a patient die, than administer an unpalatable prescription.

So qualified, to say nothing of his gifts in tea-drinking, casino, and quadrille (whist was too many for him,) his popularity could not be questioned. When he expired all Hazelby mourned. The lamentation was general. The women of every degree (to borrow a phrase from that great phrase-monger, Horace Walpole) "cried quarts;" and the procession to the churchyard—that very churchyard to which he had himself attended so many of his patients—was now followed by all of them that remained alive.

It was felt that the successor of Mr. Simon Saunders would have many difficulties to encounter. My friend, John Hallett, "came, and saw, and overcame." John was what is usually called a rough diamond. Imagine a short, clumsy, stout-built figure, almost as broad as it is long, crowned by a bullet head, covered with shaggy brown hair, sticking out in every direction; the face round and solid, with a complexion originally fair, but dyed one red by exposure to all sorts of weather; open good-humored eyes of a greenish cast, his admirers called them hazel; a wide mouth, full of large white teeth; a cocked-up nose, and a double chin; bearing altogether a strong resemblance to a print which I once saw hanging up in an alehouse parlor, of "the celebrated divine (to use the identical words of the legend) Doctor Martin Luther."

The condition of a country apothecary being peculiarly liable to the inclemency of the season, John's dress was generally such as might bid defiance to wind or rain, or snow or hail. If any thing, he wrapt up most in the summer, having a theory that people were never so apt to take cold as in hot weather. He usually wore a bearskin great-coat, a silk handkerchief over his cravat, top boots on those sturdy pillars his legs, a huge pair of overalls, and a hat, which, from the day in which it first came into the possession to that in which it was thrown aside, never knew the comfort of being freed from its oilskin—never was allowed to display the glossy freshness of his sable youth. Poor dear hat! how its vanity (if hats have vanity) must have suffered! For certain its owner had none, unless a lurking pride in his own bluntness and bluntness may be termed such. He piqued himself on being a plain downright Englishman, and on a voice and address pretty much like his apparel, rough, strong, and warm, fit for all weathers. A heartier person never lived.

In his profession he was eminently skilful, bold, confident, and successful. The neighboring physicians liked to come after Mr. Hallett; they were sure to find nothing to undo. And blunt and abrupt as was his general manner, he was kind and gentle in a sick-room; only nervous disorders, the pet diseases of Mr. Simon Saunders, he could not abide. He made short work with them; frightened them away as one does by children when they have the hicough; or if the malady were pertinacious and would not go, he fairly turned off the patient. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions, the patient got the start, and turned him off; Mrs. Emery, for instance, the lady's maid at New Place, most delicate and mincing of waiting-gentlewomen, motioned him from her presence; and Miss Deane, daughter of Martha Deane, haberdasher, who, after completing her education at a boarding-school, kept a cloest full of millinery in a little den behind her mamma's shop, and was by many degrees the finest lady in Hazelby, was so provoked at being told by him that nothing ailed her, that, to prove her weakly condition, she pushed him by main force out of doors.

With these exceptions Mr. Hallett was the delight of the whole town, as well as of all the farm-houses within six miles. He just suited the rich yeomanry, cured their diseases, and partook of their feasts; was constant at christenings, and a man of prime importance at weddings. A country merry-making was nothing without "the Doctor." He was "the very prince of good fellows," had a touch of epicurism, which, without causing any distaste of his own homely fare, made dainties acceptable when they fell in his way; was a most absolute carver; prided himself upon a sauce of his own invention, for fish and game—"Hazelby sauce," he called it; and was universally admitted to be the best compounder of a bowl of punch in the country.

Besides these rare convivial accomplishments, his gay and jovial temper rendered him the life of the table. There was no resisting his droll faces, his droll stories, his jokes, his tricks, or his laugh—the most contagious catchin'ation that ever was heard. Nothing in the shape of fun came amiss to him. He would join in a catch or roar out a solo, which might be heard a mile off; would play at hunt the slipper, or blind-man's-buff; was a great man in a country dance, and upon very extraordinary occasions would treat the company to a certain remarkable hornpipe, which put the walls in danger of tumbling about their ears, and belonged to him as exclusively as the Hazelby sauce. It was a sort of parody on a pas seul which he had once seen at the Opera house, in which his face, his figure, his costume, his rich humor, and his strange, awkward, unexpected activity told amazingly. "The force of frolic could no farther go" than "the Doctor's hornpipe." It was the climax of jollity.

But the chief scene of Mr. Hallett's gaiety lay out of doors, in a very beautiful spot, called The Down, a sloping upland, about a mile from Hazelby, a side view of which, with its gardens and orchards, its pretty church peeping from among lime and yew trees, and the fine piece of water, called Hazelby Pond, it commanded. The Down itself was an extensive tract of land covered with the finest verdure, backed by a range,

of hills, and surrounded by coppice-wood, large patches of which were scattered over the turf, like so many islands on an emerald sea. Nothing could be more beautiful or more impenetrable than these thickets: they were principally composed of birch, holly, hawthorn, and maple, woven together by garlands of woodbine, interwreathed and intertwined by bramble and briar, till even the sheep, although the bits of their snowy fleeces left on the bushes bore witness to the attempt, could make no way in the leafy mass. Here and there a huge oak or beech rose towering above the rich underwood; and all around, as far as the eye could pierce, the borders of this natural shrubbery were studded with a countless variety of woodland flowers. When the old thorns were in blossom, or when they were succeeded by the fragrant woodbine and the delicate briar-rose, it was like a garden, if it were possible to fancy any garden so peopled with birds.

The only human habitation on this charming spot was the cottage of the shepherd, old Thomas Tolfrey, who, with his grand-daughter, Jemima, a little pretty maiden of fourteen, tended the flocks on the Down; and the rustic carols of this little lass and the tinkling of the sheep-bells were usually the only sounds that mingled with the sweet songs of the feathered tribes. On Mondays and holidays, however, the thickets resounded with other notes of glee than those of the linnet and the woodlark. Pairs, revells, May-games, and cricket-matches—all were holden on the Down; and there would John Hallett sit, in his glory, universal umpire and referee of cricketer, wrestler, or back-sword-player, the happest and greatest man in the field. Little Jemima never failed to bring her grandfather's arm-chair, and place it under the old oak for the good Doctor: I question whether John would have exchanged his throne for that of the king of England.

On these occasions he certainly would have been the better for that convenience, which he piqued himself on not needing—a partner. Generally speaking, he really, as he used to boast, did the business of three men; but when a sickly season and a Maying happened to come together, I cannot help suspecting that the patients had the worst of it. Perhaps, however, a partner might not have suited him. He was sturdy and independent to the verge of a fault, and would not have brooked being called to account, or brought to a reckoning by any man under the sun; still less could he endure the thought of that more important and durable copartnership—marriage. He was a most determined bachelor; and so afraid of being mistaken for a wooer, or incurring the reputation of a gay deceiver, that he was as unkind as his good nature would permit to every unwedded female from sixteen to sixty, and had nearly fallen into some scrapes on that account with the spinsters of the town, accustomed to the soft silkiness of Mr. Simon Saunders; but they got used to it—it was the man's way; and there was an indirect flattery in his fear of the charms which the maiden ladies, especially the elder ones, found very mollifying; so he was forgiven.

In his shop and his household he had no need either of partner or of wife: the one was excellently managed by an old rheumatic journeyman, slow in speech and of vinegar aspect, who had been a pedagogue in his youth, and now used to limp about with his Livy in his pocket, and growl as he compounded the medicines over the bad latinity of the prescriptions; the other keeper and a cherry-cheeked niece, the orphan-daughter of his only sister, who kept everything within doors in the bright and shining order in which he delighted. John Hallett, notwithstanding the roughness of his aspect, was rather knick-knacky in his tastes; a great patron of small inventions, such as the *improved* ne plus ultra cork-screw, and the latest patent snuffers. He also trifled with horticulture, dabbled in tulips, was a connoisseur in pinks, and had gained a prize for polyanthuses. The garden was under the especial care of his pretty niece, Miss Susan, a grateful, warm-hearted girl, who thought she never could do enough to please her good uncle, and prove her sense of his kindness. He was indeed as fond of her as if he had been her father, and as kind.

Perhaps there was nothing very extraordinary in his goodness to the gentle and cheerful little girl who kept

his walks so trim and his parlor so neat, who always met him with a smile, and who (last and strongest tie to a generous mind) was wholly dependent on him—had no friend on earth but himself. There was nothing very uncommon in that. But John Hallett was kind to every one, even where the sturdy old English prejudices, which he cherished as virtues, might seem most likely to counteract his gentler feelings. One instance of his benevolence and delicacy shall conclude this sketch.

Several years ago an old French *émigré* came to reside at Hazelby. He lodged at Matthew Wise's, of whose twofold shop for cakes and novels I have before made honorable mention, in the low three-cornered room, with a closet behind it, which Matthew had the impudence to call his first floor. Little was known of him but that he was a thin, foreign-looking gentleman, who shrugged his shoulders in speaking, took a great deal of sauff, and made a remarkably low bow. The few persons with whom he had any communication spoke with amusement of his bad English, and with admiration of his good humor; and it soon appeared, from a written paper placed in a conspicuous part of Matthew's shop, that he was an abbe, and that he would do himself the honor of teaching French to any of the nobility or gentry of Hazelby who might think fit to employ him. Pupils dropped in rather slowly. The curate's daughters, and the attorney's son, and Miss Deane the milliner—but she found the language difficult, and left off, asserting that M. l'Abbe's snuff made her nervous. At last poor M. l'Abbe fell ill himself, really ill, dangerously ill, and Matthew Wise went in all haste to summon Mr Hallett. Now Mr. Hallett had such an aversion to a Frenchman, in general, as a cat has to a dog; and was wont to erect himself into an attitude of defiance and wrath at the mere sight of the object of his antipathy. He hated and despised the whole nation, abhorred the language, and "would as lief," he assured Matthew, "have been called in to a toad." He went, however; grew interested in the case, which was difficult and complicated; exerted all his skill, and in about a month accomplished a cure.

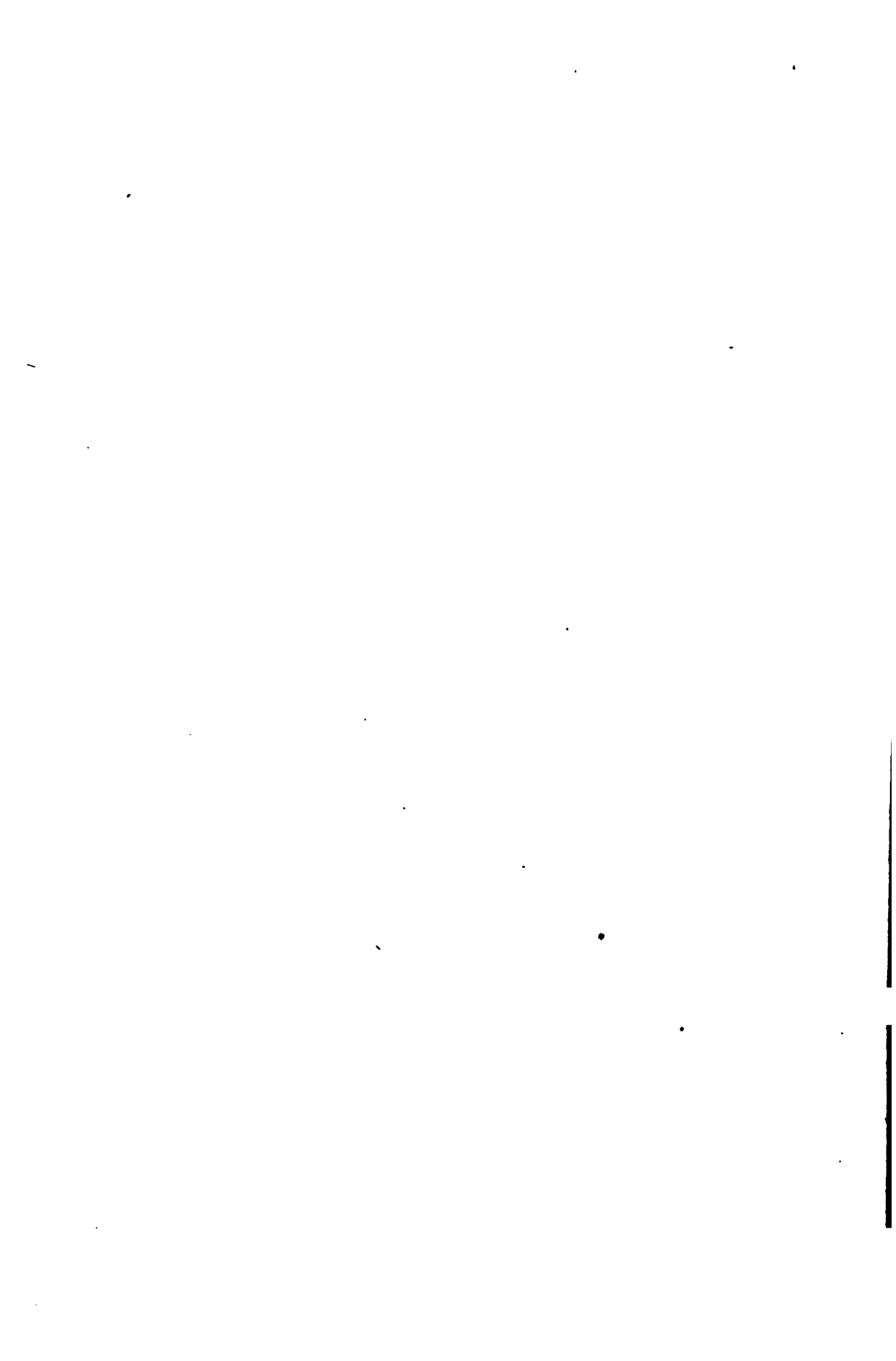
By this time he had also become interested in his patient, whose piety, meekness, and resignation, had won upon him in an extraordinary degree. The disease was gone, but a langor and lowness remained, which Mr. Hallett soon traced to a less curable disorder, poverty: the thought of the debt to himself evidently weighed on the poor Abbe's spirits, and our good apothecary at last determined to learn French purely to liquidate his own long bill. It was the drollest thing in the world to see this pupil of fifty, whose habits were so entirely unfitted for a learner, conning his task; or to hear him conjugating the verb *avoir*, or blundering through the first phrases of the easy dialogues. He was a most unpromising scholar, shuffled the syllable together in a manner that would seem incredible, and stumbled at every step of the pronunciation, against which his English tongue rebelled again. Every now and then he solaced himself with a fluent volley of execrations in his own language, which the Abbe understood well enough to return, after rather a polliter fashion, in French. It was a most amusing scene. But the motive! the generous, noble motive! M. l'Abbe, after a few lessons, detected this delicate artifice, and, touched almost to tears, insisted on dismissing his pupil, who, on his side, declared that nothing should induce him to abandon his studies. At last they came to a compromise. The cherry-cheeked Susan took her uncle's post as a learner, which she filled in a manner much more satisfactory; and the good old Frenchman not only allowed Mr. Hallett to administer gruels to his ailments, but partook of his Sunday dinner as long as he lived.

The following curious ballad first appeared some thirteen years ago, in the "Collegian," published at Cambridge, Mass., a sprightly periodical, conducted principally by the students of the University. It was afterward, we believe, acknowledged to be the production of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and, if we recollect right, was inserted in his volume of poems, published a few years since. Mr. Holmes is an active member of the

medical profession, and we presume gives but a small portion of his time to literary pursuits; but he has secured to himself a high rank among the bards of his country, and in humorous poetry especially he stands unrivalled. His verse has a very graceful and easy flow, his language is simple and natural, and his images are presented with a distinctness that gives them a peculiar charm.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

There was a sound of hurrying feet—
A tramp on echoing stairs,
There was a rush along the aisles—
It was the hour of prayers.
And on, like ocean's midnight wave,
The current rolled along,
When suddenly a stranger form
Was seen amid the throng.
He was a dark and swarthy man,
That uninvited guest—
A faded coat of bottle-green
Was buttoned round his breast.
There was not one among them all
Could well say whence he came;
Nor beardless boy, nor ancient man,
Could tell that stranger's name.
All silent as the sheeted dead,
In spite of sneer or frown,
Fast by a gray hair'd Senior's side
He sat him coldly down.
There was a look of horror flash'd
From out the tutor's eyes—
When all around him rose to pray,
The stranger did not rise!
A murmur broke along the crowd;
The prayer was at an end;
With ringing heels and measured tread
A hundred forms descend.
Through sounding aisle, o'er grating stair,
The long procession poured,
Till all were gathered on the seats
Around the Commons' board.
That fearful stranger! down he sat,
Unask'd, yet undismay'd,
And on his lip a rising smile
Of scorn or pleasure play'd.
He took his hat and hung it up
With slow yet eager air,
He stripp'd his coat from off his back
And placed it on a chair.
Then from his nearest neighbor's side
A knife and plate he drew,
And, reaching out his hand again,
He took his tea-cup too.
How fled the sugar from the bowl!
How sunk the azure cream!
They vanish'd like the shapes that float
Upon a summer dream.
A long, long draught—an outstretch'd hand—
And crackers, toast and tea,
They faded from the stranger's touch
Like dew upon the sea.
Clouds were upon full many a brow,
Fear sat upon their souls,
And in a bitter agony
They clasp'd their buttered rolls.
A whisper trembled through the crowd,
Who could the stranger be?
And some were silent, for they thought
A cannibal was he.
What if the creature should arise—
For he was stout and tall—
And swallow down a Sophomore,
Coat, crow's-foot, cap and all!
All sullenly the stranger rose—
They sat in mute despair—
He took his hat from off the peg,
His coat from off the chair.
Four Freshmen fainted on the seat,
Six swooned upon the floor—
Yet on the fearful being past,
And shut the chapel door.
There is full many a starving man
That struts in bottle-green,
But never more that hungry one
In Commons-Hall was seen.
Yet often in the sunset hour,
When tolls the evening bell,
The Freshman lingers on the step
That frightful tale to tell.





The Sings

THE ROVER.

*) And how to draw the picture of a thought.

... drink, each from the other, such sweet assurance of affection, that it came to their innocent spirits cooling water to the thirsty traveler. At times, and in their sweet discourse, they would stop, and with her fair forehead resting against his soft and full soul would echo to the delicious harmony and adorations; and she marveled that his pure love should be so much given to Heaven and to

He appeared to her all spiritual, so little of grossness seemed mixed in with his constitution—he had broken a fair flower from the stem it had blossomed, but while she listened to his wooing she was unconscious that she was giving its leaves out, one by one. Never at any meeting had so many sweet things been said, larger vows of affection pledged, and when he said it was with the kindest assurances to meet her long; but alas! the designs of human will are subject to the merest accidents, and there is no security of performing to-morrow what is promised to-

... rted—she to seek the privacy of her apartment to pursue his solitary studies. He took his walks in the shaded walks of the park, while happy and untroubled his brain, and glorious emotions thronged his heart. He had reached the wall, and with his hand was about to spring over, when he was arrested by the sound of a mocking voice.

Sir Beggar! you have a nimble foot for a park. And your fingers are as light, belike, as to sport them to trifles with as much facility, as to see your feet leap stone walls!"

"No, sir," replied Karl, "you must speak in your own appearance, or by your apparel, I will judge you for a gentleman."

"The same judgment," said the stranger, "I will give you for a knave or a fool."

"An unjust judgment," said Karl, "and would you were more just, but that I still take you for gentle, and not for a man who jests."

"If you are no coward, (as I think you are,) you must not use your instrument for ornament, a single nail would prove how earnest I am."

"No, sir," said Karl, "if by this mystery you mean to say that I really must laugh, the jest is so good, and I have so often adopted it, I doubt not but I could soon learn to love you as a brother, for spite of your disguise, I pierce it, and perceive your infinite good qualities."

The other seemed puzzled at the coolness with which Karl replied to his insulting language, and for a moment paused; suddenly turning toward him he exclaimed:

"I have met you, Sir Beggar, before—this time I had resolved to chastise you; but you only excite my contempt, not my anger. If I meet you in these grounds again, I will expel you as I would a cur—by kicking!"

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Karl, "are you not afraid of dogs? For my part I cannot bear to look at them—cease to trouble me. In the warm season they are said to be dangerous. Do you ever bite?"

... met at ... arrived various meetings in secret—Karl bold and fervent in his assurances of affection; Meeta no less fervent, but with fear and trembling. She never promised to meet him but she thought of her proud old father and of her reckless and haughty brother; but always the sweet words of Karl would give confidence to her heart, and they were never long together ere she forgot both father and brother.

They met one day in the park near her father's castle, and as they walked beneath the branches of the great trees, and over the green lawn, both seemed more than usually happy, and ever, as their blue eyes met,



The Jews

By the Author of 'The Jews'

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

GOWANUS BAY.

BY SERA SMITH.

FAIR Bay of Gowanus, how grateful to me
The green shore where thy waters flow from the sea;
Thy dust of the city is cast from my feet,
And I come to seek rest in thy quiet retreat.

I come sad and weary, but come not in vain,
For all is at rest in thy peaceful domain;
E'en the city's low humming so faintly is heard,
That it lulls one to rest like the song of a bird.

I stand on the hills, far above thee at rest,
And the fisher's light boat sleeps below on thy breast;
And off in the distance a hundred white sails
Gently move o'er the waters and woo the young gales;

And the herds have gone down in the heat of the day,
Where thy shoal waters sleep and the light breezes play,
And they stand in the flood with a still quiet air,
That betrays how they love the cool rest they find there.

When the night cometh down, and the bright stars above
Rest their beams on thy waters, like angels of love,
I stand on thy shore, and I bless the decree,
That bade them shine nightly forever on thee.

Each morn when the pebbles are wet on the strand,
I know they have lain in thy watery hand,
And heard thy low breathing through all the dark night,
And felt thy soft kiss with a thrill of delight.

Fair bay of Gowanus, thy teachings of love
Shall lure my sad heart to the fountain above—
To the home of the blest, where affections are pure,
And deathless and changeless forever endure.

But here, like a pilgrim, I'd fain rest awhile,
And gird on my armor for life's closing toll;
Thou hast rest for the weary, and peace for the good,
And the dead find their rest in thy groves of Greenwood.*

* Greenwood Cemetery, about three miles from New York, and near South Brooklyn, is on Gowanus heights.

Original.

THE LOVERS;

OR, THE WAGER OF A THOUSAND DUCATS.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

Two sweet lovers were Karl Hartz and Meeta Von Brenner; he all gentleness and love, she all purity and faith—he, to her, but a poor student, she the daughter of a rich and powerful baron. They had first met at a masked ball; afterward they contrived various meetings in secret—Karl bold and fervent in his assurances of affection; Meeta no less fervent, but with fear and trembling. She never promised to meet him but she thought of her proud old father and of her reckless and haughty brother; but always the sweet words of Karl would give confidence to her heart, and they were never long together ere she forgot both father and brother.

They met one day in the park near her father's castle, and as they walked beneath the branches of the great trees, and over the green lawn, both seemed more than usually happy, and ever, as their blue eyes met,

did they drink, each from the other, such sweet assurances of affection, that it came to their innocent spirits like cooling water to the thirsty traveler. At times, absorbed in their sweet discourse, they would stop, and then, with her fair forehead resting against his soft cheek, her full soul would echo to the delicious harmony of his fond adorations; and she marveled that his pure thoughts should be so much given to Heaven and to herself. He appeared to her all spiritual, so little of earth's grossness seemed mixed in with his constitution. She had broken a fair flower from the stem whereon it had blossomed, but while she listened to her lover's wooing she was unconscious that she was plucking its leaves out, one by one. Never at any previous meeting had so many sweet things been said, nor stronger vows of affection plighted, and when they parted it was with the kindest assurances to meet again ere long; but alas! the designs of human will are subject to the merest accidents, and there is no certainty of performing to-morrow what is promised to-day.

They parted—she to seek the privacy of her apartment, he to pursue his solitary studies. He took his way through the shaded walks of the park, while happy thoughts thronged his brain, and glorious emotions thrilled his heart. He had reached the wall, and with a light step was about to spring over, when he was arrested by the sound of a mocking voice.

"Ho, ho, Sir Beggar! you have a nimble foot for a nobleman's park. And your fingers are as light, belike you can adapt them to trifles with as much facility, as you can make your feet leap stone walls!"

"In sooth, sir," replied Karl, "you must speak in jest; for by your appearance, or by your apparel, I would assume you for a gentleman."

"And by the same judgment," said the stranger, "I would mark you for a knave or a fool."

"'Tis an unjust judgment," said Karl, "and would breed offence, but that I still take you for gentle, and would believe you jesting."

"Jesting! If you are no coward, (as I think you are,) and wear not your instrument for ornament, a single pass or two would prove how earnest I am."

"By my life!" said Karl, "if by this mystery you hint at fighting, I really must laugh, the jest is so excellently well adopted. I doubt not but I could soon learn to love you as a brother, for spite of your disguise, I pierce it, and perceive your infinite good qualities."

The other seemed puzzled at the coolness with which Karl replied to his insulting language, and for a moment paused; suddenly turning toward him he exclaimed:

"I have met you, Sir Beggar, before—this time I had resolved to chastise you; but you only excite my contempt, not my anger. If I meet you in these grounds again, I will expel you as I would a cur—by kicking!"

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Karl, "are you not afraid of dogs? For my part I cannot bear to look at them—cease to trouble me. In the warm season they are said to be dangerous. Do you ever bite?"

Enraged at the sarcastic coolness of Karl, the stranger (by the way, a brother of Meeta's, Frederic Von Brenner) hastily drew his sword and with it struck him on the shoulder. In an instant the warm blood rushed to the cheek of Karl, and his weapon leapt from its scabbard with indignant motion.

"Frederic Von Brenner," said Karl, "you have done almost the only thing in your power to make me draw my sword against you. Your offensive language I would have let pass unpunished, but the blow must be answered with your blood. On your defence!"

Their swords were crossed, and for a minute the contest was warm and doubtful, but the coolness of Karl, and his graceful skill, were more than a match for the awkward impetuosity of Von Brenner, and the latter had soon the satisfaction of seeing his weapon flying over the wall, and himself in the power of his opponent.

"Farewell! my dear Frederic," cried Karl; "take my advice and seek a fencing-master; you will need much instruction ere we meet again. When we do I hope to find you proficient. As it is an amusement I am fond of, I dislike to have it so abruptly terminated!"

Saying this, Karl sprang over the wall, leaving Von Brenner covered with shame and confusion at seeing himself so completely *hors de combat*.

Maddened at being thus foiled, Frederic hastily sought the presence of his sister. As he entered her apartment, she was busied with some needlework, and her beautiful face was glowing with smiles of happiness and love. The rude entrance of her brother at first startled her; but she rose to receive him, and her bright smiles vanished before his stern, cold gaze. For a moment he spoke not, and Meeta became surprised and somewhat offended at his rudeness.

"This is strange, Frederic. Why do you intrude upon my privacy with so haughty an air? Are you out of your senses? or what has crossed you that you stare so wildly?"

"I have been crossed by a base fool, and let me advise you, sister of mine, to be more chary of your company, nor be seen strolling in unfrequented walks with every beggar who may cross your path."

"This is strange language, Frederic—explain yourself."

"Excellent innocence, Meeta. What base-born churl did I see you in company with this morning, for a whole hour? Will you deny that?"

"I deny nothing, sir. If you are mean enough to dog me in my rambles, whether alone or not, belike you saw me in the company of one, at least your superior. I like it not, Frederic. To assume an equal haughtiness with yourself, I will assure you that I shall in future defend myself from your curious disposition."

"This sits well on you; but be sure you give your beggarly cavalier timely caution, that when our paths cross again, if he but look at his horoscope, he will see danger near his natal star."

"Leave me, brother! I will not listen to your abuse. Leave me! at least I claim the privacy of my own apartment."

"Be it so, sister. But mark: shun such company as you have this morning kept, or I will find a more certain method to stop the wooing. Remember!"

Saying this, Frederic hastily quitted the presence of his sister, who, as soon as she was left alone, gave utterance to her wounded heart in passionate sorrow and tears of bitter grief. Sweet Meeta! they were the

first sorrowful moments that ever cast their shadows over the brightness of her innocent existence.

Well might the beautiful Meeta feel grieved at the rude treatment of her ungentle brother; but for all that she might suffer herself she gave small heed to—it was for her beloved Karl that she became alarmed, for she knew that the impetuous character of Frederic might prompt him to deeds of rashness to accomplish any purpose in view, and she trembled lest some terrible evil might overtake her lover ere she again beheld him. She had known him but a short time, but in that time she had learned to think of him with a devotion, such as only woman can feel toward the object of her passion. She believed him to be no more than a poor student, depending upon the good will of a few friends for his position at the university, and she knew not, when the height he aspired to was attained, that he had sought more than a soul of honor and bright talents, to assist him in sustaining the overpowering difficulties of an ungenerous world. Yet for all this, how ready was she, the beautiful, to become his companion through Life's dull voyage—to encourage him when the strong current of misfortune set against him, and to smile upon and cheer him when Fortune showered upon him her jealous favors—she, the daughter of a noble house—the heiress of a princely dowry—was ready to share the humble fortunes of the poor student of Wurtzburg.

We must now let our readers into a secret. Karl was, in fact, deceiving his lovely and trusting Meeta, for he was not the poor student that he represented himself to be, but the heir to the fortunes and the honors of one of the noblest houses of Germany. His adventure originated in a gay freak—a bet with the young Count of Wertheim.

They were in company on the day succeeding the evening that Karl had first met Meeta at the masked ball. He was lavish in his praises of her beauty and her modesty, and the count was rallying him upon having fallen in love with the rich baron's daughter. To be sure Karl did not overlike his joking upon so delicate a subject, as who ever did when under the influence of the little blind god? But the count was fond of his pleasant veils, and who shall condemn him for all the mirth he can find in this melancholy world?

"But my dear Karl," said the count, (Karl was his name,) how in the name of the immaculate Luther did you get a sight of her bewitching face? for with all my skill in managing such things, I could not get my eyes beneath her mask during the entire evening."

"Nay, my good Count of Wertheim," answered Karl, "you must not expect me to let you into all the secrets of my wooing. You will believe me if I tell you that I did get a sight of her sweet face and her bright eyes, and for that reason did I fall desperately in love with them."

"Ah!" sighed the count, "if such be the case, we may as well conclude upon your success at once; for against such a figure and so eloquent a voice, what fair maiden could succeed in keeping her heart? And when to that, we add your magnificent title and your exhaustless revenues, one might almost swear there could be no withstanding you. How say you, Karl?"

"How say I?" replied Karl; "why to hear you, one would think that were it not for my magnificent title and exhaustless revenues, as you are pleased to designate them, I should stand but a small chance of being listened to by any fair damsel of quality in Wurtzburg."

"I have that opinion of the fickle creatures, my dear

marquis," replied the count, "and I consider them somewhat in the light of moths—they much delight to flutter around the dazzling flame that gives them to destruction. To be plain, Karl, I think that did she know you only as plain Karl Klosheimer, or some other unassuming name without a title, the daughter of the proud baron would seek some other object on which to bestow her radiant smiles."

"There I think you are mistaken, count," said Karl; "for I purposely took much pains to deceive her on that point. I assumed to be nothing more than a poor student, who had no brighter hopes to cheer him than the goal pointed out by his ambition."

"But do you not suppose that she saw through your pretence all the while, my romantic marquis? or do you not think there were those present who *did* know you, and who whispered in her ear to make much of the company of the Marquis of Anspach?"

"I will not believe it," exclaimed Karl: "I really have a higher opinion of the lady, nor do I believe that she is so much influenced by pride of rank as most ladies of gentle birth; and I further flatter myself that were I in fact what I represented myself to her as being, that I could finally succeed in winning both her confidence and her love."

"Now, Karl, I must acknowledge that you are jesting with an honest looking face; but you must give me the privilege of smiling at the conceit."

"You certainly have the privilege of laughing at the conceit," replied Karl; "but if you doubt the effect, I will lay you a wager of a thousand ducats, that assuming to be but a poor student, I will so far win the affections of this baron's daughter, that she shall prefer me to the proudest cavalier in Germany."

"I accept the wager," said the count, "though I confess I do not much like to risk so significant a sum upon the caprice of a woman. I will take your honor that you hold the terms of the wager sacred. About it quick, Karl, for I am impatient to see you commence your wooing as the poor student of Wurtzburg."

Under these circumstances Karl lost no time in putting his faculties to action; nor was he long in finding an opportunity to address the mistress of his devotions. How he sped in his wooing the opening of our story has already told, and if our readers have in their composition, any response to the delicate sentiments of love—any echo to the holy aspirations of woman's heart, let them say if they believe that Meeta did not think more of her humble worshipper than of all the gilded titles in the empire.

A few weeks after the meeting between the marquis and Frederic, the former gave his friend the Count of Werthelm, to understand that, could he take advantage of a hint, and wished to decide the wager that was between them, he might conveniently do so, by being near an arbor at the western side of the Baron Von Brenner's park an hour after the sun had set.

To the count this information was somewhat confused, but he determined at any rate to be there, for he had no reason to doubt that he would get some positive information on the point at issue between them. Leaving him, therefore, to make his preparations accordingly, we will accompany our readers to the scene of the "grand denouement," as theatrical managers say.

The sun had gone down in glory, and nature seemed quiet as a sleeping infant. No cloud dappled the starry firmament, and the soft and wanton breezes sighed murmuringly over the fair face of earth. Through one

of the less frequented avenues of a park, in close companionship seemingly in sweet converse, walked, or rather lingered, "two human beings in the glow of youth." Beauty, like a diadem, crowned their fair brows, and Nature, as though she acknowledged a diviner presence, seemed to blend around them her sweetest harmonies. Glowing thoughts must have had utterance, for the fairest and gentlest of the twain, seemed to drink with much thirst from the overflowing fountain of the other's exhaustless speech; nor ever seemed he tired of filling her listening ear with eloquent sentences. They approached an arbor, and before its ivied entrance did they linger, he all the while discouraging such rare music as seemed to entrance her gentle spirit.

"Ah!" said he, "you have learned me a new devotion. Before I met you, I knew not the slumbering emotions of my heart; I was contented with my lowly lot, and my ambition was learning—the bright goal I sought was fame—the keys to her temple were my books. I had no regret that I was a peasant's son—that I was not noble. Ah! I had not then seen the sweetest maid in Christendom."

"No more about your birth," said she; "how could the accident of your being born noble, affect the worth of your soul—how affect *its* nobility? nay, had you been as you desire, perchance we had never met."

"But it stands between me and hope—" said he.

"Not between you and hope, Karl. Believe me, I am as fondly yours, as though a coronet were on your brow, and you were glittering with useless titles. You tell me that my father is proud, that my brother is haughty, but what can they do, if I choose to obey my own inclinations? Will they disown me? Be it so. Am I not equally as able to be a sharer in your joys and your sorrows, as though I were born in a cottage? Do not grieve me by such comparisons, Karl; nor think me forward that I speak as I do; you raise obstacles that I must overthrow."

"Then, Meeta, would you be willing to share an humble cottage with me, and frugal fare—could you be content to relinquish all your present delicacies, and share the humble lot of the poor student, who could repay you with nothing but his soul's fondest attachment."

"Ah! how amply will that repay me—a thousand fold!—for with that fond attachment, how might I smile at the gaudiness of this world—how light would seem the burdens of our existence. O Karl! I fear I say bold things, but your imagination so separates our positions, that I am compelled unwittingly to be myself a wooer. You have taught my soul its worship, and I can never seek another shrine. You ask me if I could relinquish all my present delicacies. Ah, what delicacy is there like love? Does it not make a palace of a hovel? and without it does not the palace become a dreary prison?"

"Beloved Meeta! how could I fail, by thy example, to be inspired to noble ambition—with such a guardian spirit, how could I fail to reach the dazzling pinnacle of fame? When we first met, thy path was strewn with flowers, and over thy happy heart contentment held her misty veil; like the first Eden, no luring serpent's tongue, had poisoned its atmosphere of holiness; and all thy waking thoughts and sleeping visions were of bliss. But I have breathed discord in your ear, and the perfect harmony of your soul has been marred. I have given strange tenants to your heart—Mistrust, Fear and Suspense. I am to blame that I forgot my

station—that I awoke your soul from its calm and holy peace.”

“No, Karl; blame not yourself. You have not lessened by happiness; but, on the contrary, you have given me a new joy, that adds a thousand fold to the pleasures of my existence. Think me not placed above you; but onward in your proud march of ambition; acquire that fame which I know you have the power to win, and it will be you that exalts. Then if you love me as you now do, your affection will be to me a protecting shield in all danger—a healing balm in all sorrow.”

“Sweet sophistry! Tell me again: do you not think there are others more worthy of your love than the poor student? Would you not sigh for the rank and station that you put aside?”

“Do not doubt me, Karl. My destiny is fixed. I have linked my fate with yours. In your lonely study let this encourage you: through weal or woe remember Meeta loves you.”

Further conversation between them was interrupted by the sound of hasty footsteps, and the next moment Frederic Von Brenner stood before the lovers, with his sword drawn, and trembling with rage. Meeta started, uttered a surprised cry, and sprang to the side of her brother to prevent him from committing any assault upon Karl, for in his dangerous manner she read the purpose of his excited spirit. But Frederic pushed her rudely from him, at the same time crying out to Karl:

“Now, braggart villain! prepare to meet such chastisement as you deserve. I will not murder you, but but will give you the privilege of defence; that, however, will avail you but slightly, for I have sworn to have your heart's blood!”

“My offence, good sir?” asked Karl.

“You have sought to stain the honor of our house,” replied Frederic. “Where is your weapon?”

“’Tis here,” answered Karl, drawing, “as good and as perfect as when we first met. Have you practiced?”

“Fool! I came here to practice,” exclaimed Frederic, passionately.

“Ah! In that case I can amuse you for a few moments, or longer if you please. It is a rare sport, and I have grown over fond of it, being in practice every day.”

Frederic, eager to commence the fray, rushed upon his adversary, who received and parried his thrusts with provoking coolness; but at the first clash of steel, Meeta uttered a shriek of terror, and, at the same moment, a person, muffled in a cloak, rushed from behind the arbor, and parted the assailants.

“Hold!” cried he. “Von Brenner, you draw your sword upon the young Marquis of Anspach.”

“The Marquis of Anspach!” echoed Frederic. “Explain yourself, sir.”

Meeta moved to the side of her brother as he listened to the explanation of the stranger, who was none other than the Count of Wertheim, and recognized by Frederic the moment he dropped his disguise. The count related the manner in which Meeta and the marquis had first met, the character the latter had assumed, the progress of their passion, the wager, and their many subsequent interviews, and other important things connected with the adventure. When Von Brenner had heard the explanation, he seemed puzzled in the extreme, whether to laugh or make the affair serious. Turning to his sister who stood at his side in tears, he kindly took her hand and kissed her fair forehead, then addressing the marquis he said:

“This has been a singular affair, and I am at a loss how to unsay the many uncivil things I have spoken to you. I must seek my apology in your disguise. I know not if I do not more envy, than dislike, you; you must promise, however, to give me private lessons in fencing. In the meantime, let me hope for a speedy and happy termination to this adventure. I need not ask my sister here to say amen.”

“You have my thanks for your generosity,” replied the marquis; “but here is one whose pardon I must ask. What say you, Meeta? Will you forgive the poor student? and can you love him as warmly as ever?”

Meeta had no answer for him, but she threw herself into his arms—an act in itself confessing everything.

“After all,” said the marquis, “it has been a sweet adventure. Fortunately for my scheme, I was unknown to my late adversary, although I recognized him. As for the wager, count—”

“I acknowledge it as fairly won by yourself,” said the count, “and am more than repaid by the pleasure I feel in congratulating you on your success.”

But why follow the thread of my story further? Let it suffice, that they parted, each full of happy thoughts. But ere many months rolled away, there was a merrier, a more numerous, and a more brilliant meeting, to celebrate the nuptials of the Marquis of Anspach and the sweet daughter of the Baron Von Brenner; and there, in the presence of the gorgeous assemblage, did the Count of Wertheim pay into the hands of the noble bridegroom, the wager of a thousand ducats.

TIMOTHY TUTTLE:

OR, A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAND FEVER.

BY NATHANIEL DEERING.

In the summer of that year in which the lots of certain imaginary cities in the Empire State, at two dollars per foot, were exchanged for bogs down East, at ten dollars per acre—a fair business transaction—there lived in the latter region, and in the village of Tabbyville, one Timotheus Tuttle. He was short, and thick, in fact a mere animated lump of fat; and yet no exquisite ever regarded his own person with more complacency. For having, in the course of his reading, seen the remark of Quintilian relative to Thucydides, “*densus et brevis et semper, instans sibi*,” and supposing that the critic referred to the outer man, rather than to his style, he was wont to pride himself on his resemblance to that great historian.

Timotheus Tuttle, or Master Tuttle, as he was usually called, had for a long period taught the rudiments in one of the town schools at Tabbyville, we believe in the third district, and always to the satisfaction of the committee. If there be any doubts on this point, we can refer to numerous testimonials signed by said committees or committees rather, for rotation in office was the order of the day, and by Parson Biggs. His forte was in reading, writing, including German text, and Arithmetic. In geography he could point out the difference between a cape and a promontory, but he never soared to the “use of the globes.” He also styled himself professor of languages; and it is admitted that he had a sufficient smattering of Latin to attempt with his pupils some portions of Virgil. There were other portions, however, particularly the *Georgics*, against which he entered his veto. His excuse was that they were not fitted for the age—he could have added with more truth that he was unable to construe them.

In addition to the “solid branches,” Master Tuttle cultivated psalmody; and although, from shortness of breath, he failed on the hautboy, he was unrivalled on the viol. This knowledge of music rendered him a great acquisition to the people of Tabbyville, and not only operated as an OPEN SESAME to all their parties, but raised him to the rank of chorister of the West

Parish. And delightful it was to visit the vestry of this parish on Saturday evenings, and observe Tuttle leading the choir in the thrilling compositions of Billings and Holden. Wonderful it was to find him so feelingly alive to the beauties of these great masters, and infusing a portion of his spirit even into the dullest of his scholars—leavening the whole choir. Then to see him as he grasped his bow! With what gravity he applied the rosin—how majestic as he waved it in the silent beat—how languid in the *pia*—how vigorous in the *forte*!

Well was it for Master Tuttle that, like honest Falstaff, he indulged in the "singing of anthems;" as he thus relieved the monotony of a life otherwise insupportable. Arduous, indeed, were his labors; for as Tabbyville never employed a mistress, to pioneer in the first lessons, it was always Tuttle's fate to have that greatest of trials to human patience, the class in "Bug." Of a truth he was saved by psalmody, when others, without his ear, would have taken Prussic acid, or French leave. As it was, he had even waxed fat, an indication of contentment. He felt assured that if he received but little, he spent less—for his family was small and his desires moderate. Such was the situation of Master Tuttle when the mania for speculation on timber-lands, which had raged so violently on the seaboard, extended at length to Tabbyville, and parts adjacent.

For several weeks after its appearance, Master Tuttle exhibited no symptoms of the disorder, notwithstanding Captain Tarbox had cleared five hundred dollars by the sale of a bond, and Dr. Snaggs had refused an advance of two thousand on a recent purchase. But Deacon Graves had also ventured and with great success; having sold stumpage for three dollars which cost him two. As a necessary consequence, Mrs. Graves found it extremely difficult to climb up the family wagon, and the next Sabbath she drove to the West Parish in a new bellows-top chaise. This was too much for Mrs. Tuttle. It had arrived as she was entering the meeting-house, and she was induced to look back, by the exclamations of wonder its appearance had occasioned. There it was with its bright green body and its red wheels, and red Mrs. Graves too, for the top was thrown back in a blazing July sun.

Mrs. Tuttle had no sooner reached her seat than she touched Mrs. Martin who was in the next pew. "Gracious!" said the former, "do you know that Mrs. Graves has dashed out in a new bellows-top chaise? A real bellows-top? was there ever! Well, what is the world coming to?"

"Sure enough, sure enough! Well, you and I have one thing to comfort us if we don't own a chaise—they cannot say of either of us that our mother was a Jibkins."

"No, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, "we are clear of that blood. And then who is Deacon Graves I should like to know? I guess if your husband spoke to him in the dead tongues, he would be puzzled to answer."

This gave rise to a simultaneous titter with a rustling of lustring, that was hardly in accordance with the sanctity of the place, and would, if continued, have called for deserved censure. Fortunately, the well-known creak of Parson Briggs's shoes, at that moment moving up the aisle, put a stop to the merriment and to the dissection of Mrs. Graves. It is probable, however, that the mind of Mrs. Tuttle was less occupied with the sermon than with the bellows-top chaise. For on that very night Master Tuttle's rest was not a little disturbed, by reason of a certain lecture, on which the value of five trees was strongly urged, coupled with some expressions about "a want of energy, and living the life of a bark-horse." He was probably convinced by the arguments then adduced, for the next morning he dismissed his scholars announcing a fortnight's vacation. Soon after, he was seen to leave the village on Squire Peebles's mare; and from the appearance of the saddlebags, upon which was fastened his old fear-nought, it was evident he had started on a long journey.

Master Tuttle having ascertained that several townships in Somerset might be purchased at a low rate, as lands were then valued, determined to dash at once into the heart of the forest, and if he found a tract that

fully answered his views, to procure, if possible, a bond of it for sixty days. This was the method usually adopted by those who were unable to purchase. He expected before that period had elapsed, with the aid of certificates and a plan of divers colors, to dispose of it for a sum sufficient to place him on an equality with Deacon Graves—certainly for enough to pacify Mrs. Tuttle by the purchase of a bellows-top chaise.

About two weeks after the departure of our worthy pedagogue, three persons were seen emerging from the woods in the vicinity of Austin's Stream. The two who were in advance had each a pack or knapsack; they moved, however, with elastic step, though their soiled and tattered garments indicated that their route had been one of no ordinary length and roughness. The other, though unencumbered with baggage, toiled after his companions with some difficulty, and was manifestly unfitted for threading the tangled mazes of the forest. At this time he was bare-headed; the right hand having fastened on the remains of his hat as a substitute for a fan, while the left was actively engaged in squeezing vitality from the black flies which were rioting on his cheek, and adorning it with Indian mounds. He certainly was never designed for a locomotive; and he puffed so audibly, that an investment in horse-flesh with a like infirmity, would have been extremely hazardous without a warrant of soundness. This personage was Timotheus Tuttle; the others were hardy woodsmen whom he had hired for the expedition.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the fatigue's they suffered, the barren tracts they crossed, the bogs through which they floundered, or on Master Tuttle's inability to sleep through fear of catamounts. He had an actual horror of being served up in a raw state for such uninvited guests, and he had imbibed the notion that if the party were attacked, he would certainly be the victim, on account of their predilection for adipose morsels. Those who are curious in such matters will be gratified to learn that the Harpers have now in press our adventurer's journal, entitled "Tribulations of Travel by Timotheus Tuttle."

Fortune for once was kind to him. When nearly worn out and despairing of success, he entered upon the North Easterly corner of Number Six, North Range, containing about five thousand acres apparently well timbered, and which must have been overlooked by previous explorers. Master Tuttle began forthwith to make the requisite memoranda; and having covered no small quantity of paper with his estimates of the quantity of pine and its value in dollars, he prepared to retrace his steps with all possible speed. The sum total in expectancy had a visible effect upon his spirits, so much so that, in the commencement of his homeward journey he moved with such a rapidity of stride that placed him frequently in the van. But, after a few miles' travel, his movements became slower and his halts more frequent. Perhaps this might be attributed to his reflections on the vanity of riches—perhaps to his redundancy of flesh.

It was nearly twilight when the party approached the banks of the Kennebec, at some distance below the forks; and, taking courage as they saw the sign of the "Mug and Poker," where they had left their horses, they soon reached that most excellent inn. Desirable indeed was this resting-place, it being as the sign indicated, a place for flip, in which Major Saunders, the landlord, was without a rival, and to which Master Tuttle had never manifested any decided aversion. Pleasant it was to observe the changes in the countenance of the latter, while the major was preparing this nutritious beverage—at one moment joyous, as the contents of the mug hissed and mantled while embracing the ignited iron; and then mournful, as a portion curled over the sides, and trickling in obedience to the laws of gravitation, was thus inevitably lost. We trust that the friends of temperance will not condemn, if our fat traveler called for a second mug. He was really dry, and the Major was the last of those who prepared that mysterious compound. The march of intellect had banished the poker to that secluded spot, and certain it is that the Tuttelian draughts at other taverns, if less inebriating, were far less palatable.

Master Tuttle was truly in the state called comfortable, his anticipations of profits having increased with the first mug, and his dread of catamounts having vanished with the second. In this enviable mood he was ushered into the parlor, as the landlord was wont to call it, when, to his surprise, he beheld, snugly enshrined in the arm-chair, no less a personage than Deacon Graves. The latter expressed his joy at this unexpected meeting, and so did Master Tuttle; for though at Tabbyville he indulged in a feeling akin to envy at the Deacon's good luck, it entirely subsided on encountering his old neighbor at such a distance.

"Well, Deacon, who would have thought of seeing you up here, and in search of a timber-tract! Why as to property, you have got Benjamin's portion already."

"Timothy Tuttle you wrong me. I have no hankering for earthly treasures. Life is short, and a little suffices."

"Why then," rejoined Tuttle, "what could induce you to come?"

"My old complaint, the asthma. Dr. Snaggs thought that a smell of the woods, and sleeping on cedar-boughs would work wonders."

"I can vouch for that, neighbor Graves—sub tegmine, as I say to my scholars. For the last fortnight I have tried that kind of bed, and I find it a restorative not only for the stomach, but for the pockets."

"What," cried the deacon, "you have been lucky, eh!"

"Beyond calculation!—such a body of timber!—Why the pines were so thick, that I was fairly squeezed in passing between them."

"My dear Timotheus, where is it located? point it out—point it out!"

"Mum's the word, deacon, quies, quietis, quieti, as I say to my scholars. 'There is a land of pure delight,' tol de rol de ri do!"

"Master Tuttle! such levity is shameful! Why, sir, you are in the last stages of—"

"Last stages! no I ain't; I'm in the rudiments—in the prima via, as I say to my scholars."

"Well, sir, I shall feel it my duty to report your situation to the committee."

"What, deacon! report a little exuberance? a mere oozing of the grosser fluids, whereby—"

"Be sober then, and don't trifle with a neighbor who is so anxious for your welfare. Haven't I told you that I regard this world as dross?"

"True, neighbor, true—verus, vera, verum, as I say to my scholars. Well then, just gladden your eyes with those estimates taken on the spot. Five thousand acres, number six, ninth range, north-easterly corner! Ten thousand of clear pine to the acre, besides lots of spruce, and hackmatack that would furnish knees for the whole of Uncle Sam's navy."

"Wonderful! Master Tuttle; but haven't you overrated?"

"Fallen short!—short by two thousand—mille, millia, millifarum, as I say to my scholars. Now the owner must be ignorant of its value, and I shall get a bond of it at two dollars per acre. For that purpose, I start to-morrow—curro, currere, as I—"

"To-morrow!" cried Deacon Graves; "no, not to-morrow. What would be the effect upon the youth at Tabbyville, were it known that Master Tuttle rode on the Sabbath? Your usefulness would be at an end. Wait till Monday, and we will return together. In the meanwhile, our time may be profitably spent in the reading of moral tracts of which, fortunately, I have a large supply."

This was by no means agreeable to Master Tuttle, but he dared not risk the loss of his school till he had secured the bond, and he was aware that he was in the deacon's power. He, therefore, reluctantly acquiesced, and having called for the major's nightcap, another half mug, he retired to lose in sleep, all memory of his troubles.

He had been in a horizontal position some thirty minutes when a voice in the entry was heard to exclaim, "In what number is Master Tuttle?"

"Number six, ninth range!" was the response within, from one who was evidently in the state called dreamy. Thus directed, the inquirer, who was Deacon Graves, opened the door and approached Tuttle.

After several shakes, he was sufficiently aroused to comprehend the object of this visit. The deacon informed him that he had just ascertained there would be preaching on the Sabbath, in the little village below. In that case he had felt it to be his duty to attend the meeting, and, as it was contrary to his practice to ride on that day, he had concluded to proceed without delay. "I shall there wait for you," said the deacon; "and, as it is a case of necessity, perhaps you had better drop down about nightfall."

Master Tuttle expressed his surprise at this alteration in the arrangement so far as to open one eye. But it closed again ere the form of his neighbor had fairly receded.

It may well be supposed that Sunday was a day of weariness to the impatient Tuttle, and we are compelled to acknowledge that he was less interested in the moral tracts than in the major's poker. In the afternoon he became somewhat more reconciled to his situation, having noticed, among the jugs and bottles that adorned the bar, a copy of the "Village Harmony." This led to inquiries which resulted in the discovery that the major himself was no stranger to that great work, so far as regarded the soprano, and that Eben Slocumb, then in the bar-room, was the most powerful alto in that section. The voices of this worthy trio were soon in full cry, nor did they cease till the major's call for a candle admonished the choicest that it was time to commence his journey.

It was late in the evening when Tuttle arrived at the village where he expected to join the deacon; but to his surprise he found only a note from him, in which he regretted his inability to wait, as intelligence from home required his immediate departure. This was a great disappointment. He had no fondness for traveling in the dark without a companion; but he had already lost a day in the perusal of Graves's "Tracts," and the vacation had drawn to a close. The result of his deliberations was to refresh man and beast, and pursue his solitary route.

At the close of the second day, he had the satisfaction of reaching the town where the envied owner of number six, ninth range, resided. Though worn down with fatigue, he recollected that delays were dangerous, and proceeded at once to the proprietor's mansion. On gaining admittance he was considerably agitated. It might be that he was even now too late, and yet if he manifested any anxiety about this favorite lot, it would serve only to enhance the price of it. Instead, therefore, of an immediate assault upon the citadel, he approached gradually, and made what might be called his first parallel by some remarks upon the weather. In the second he advanced to pine trees.

"I understand," says Tuttle, "that you generally bond at two dollars per acre."

"Yes, that has been my practice; but for some of those townships it is really too great a sacrifice."

"Why, as to that, it is about six of some and half a dozen of the others. I found more stones than trees—arbores arborum, as I say to my scholars. But on the whole I have concluded to venture a little."

"Well, Mr. Tuttle, you can have your choice."

"So I thought; and I rather guess, all things considered, I'll take a bond of five thousand acres in number six, ninth range."

"In that number you can have five, ten, or fifteen thousand."

"Or twenty, I suppose, if I wanted them," rejoined Tuttle, endeavoring to appear calm, but filled with emotions that might truly be called pleasurable.

"Not exactly," rejoined the proprietor. "The northeasterly quarter of that township has just been purchased by a Mr. Graves."

Had the point of a needle at that moment penetrated his epidermis, the leap of Tuttle would not have been less violent than it was at this intelligence. A cold sweat covered his forehead, the jugular became enlarged, and, although certain guttural sounds were emitted, not a word was intelligible. "Pardon me," cried Tuttle, when he had partially recovered himself, "pardon me, but that deacon, that hypocrite, that beech-nut, that earth-worm, that mammon of unrighteousness, has blasted all my hopes." Upon this he flung open the door, discharging in his retreat, such a volley

of epithets as convinced the proprietor that his vocabulary must be large.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of our explorer, as he entered reluctantly the domestic circle, nor, lest we injure the cause of Hymen, will we lift the veil from certain scenes that followed. If he hummed a tune about that time, and he had that habit, it probably was not "Sweet Home." That Mrs. Tuttle poured out the vials of her wrath is certain; and it is equally so, that a few of the drops fell on her husband for being so easily duped. But the iniquity of Deacon Graves caused most of the contents to fall upon his own head, and such was her indignation, that it might be said the vials followed.

Mrs. Tuttle was not one of those who could submit in silence to what she considered a gross wrong. The story began to circulate with the usual addenda at each repetition, and soon became the engrossing topic of Tabbyville. The brethren of the West Parish now found it necessary to come forward and call the deacon to account. Several meetings were held, and the charges fully sustained; and yet adjournments were moved and carried without coming to any definite result. Such a course served only to increase the popular clamor, and gave rise to the remark, that the wealth of Deacon Graves would prove a sufficient shield, and that iniquity in high places could be practised with impunity. Parson Briggs, who was imbued with the very spirit of that religion which, for a long period, he had endeavored to make acceptable to others, was resolved that his church should no longer be obnoxious to such a charge. On the next Sabbath he gave a powerful discourse from these words—"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." He demonstrated that the cause of Christianity would cease to advance, unless there was something like purity in the conduct of its professors—that the higher their standing in society, the greater the mischief when they violated its precepts, and the greater the necessity that the offending member be removed. This was urged with an earnestness that went home to the heart; and when, at the close of the service, he requested the male members to stop, it was considered that the Deacon was standing on slippery ground. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and the crowd, instead of going directly home, lingered upon the steps and filled the entry. In the latter place there was a momentary scuffle, and notwithstanding the exertions of the sexton, the three Tarbell boys maintained their post at the key-hole. At the solicitation of Mrs. Martin, 'Slah Byles also mounted a block, and, clinging to the window sill, endeavored to secure the advantage afforded by a broken pane. But he had hardly obtained the desired position, ere the sexton removed the prop, and Byles descended with a momentum that effectually checked all desire to renew his efforts. After nearly an hour of painful anxiety passed by those without, the meeting was dissolved. But the members, as they passed along, preserved a mysterious silence, and answered inquiries by a shake of the head only, as grave as it was equivocal. The result of their doings leaked out, however, sooner than they expected. Sam Johnson had hid in the gallery.

The sentence was, and it passed unanimously, that Mr. Graves should pay to Master Tuttle, five hundred dollars, he having admitted that he could clear five thousand by the purchase—that he should no longer be called deacon, and should be suspended till he had made the above payment, asked forgiveness of the church, and satisfied them of his repentance.

This verdict was very acceptable to the community, and added greatly to the popularity and influence of Parson Briggs. It was remarked that the Sunday following the meeting-house was unusually full; and the number since then has so much increased, that an addition of fifteen feet, by sawing through the centre, is seriously talked of.

The last time the writer was at Tabbyville, a great change had occurred. The land-fever had subsided, and the description of number six, as given by Tuttle, was so far at variance with all other accounts, that it was evident he had entered another lot. Mr. Graves was then endeavoring to compromise with his creditor by giving up his purchase—losing his first payment,

and, with a conveyance of a moiety of the homestead, to liquidate the balance. The bellows-top chaise with green body, was long ago sold at auction.

It was now owned by Mrs. Tuttle; but in justice to that lady we must add, that she caused it to be painted brown, out of regard to the feelings of Mrs. Graves, and that the latter is to be seen on her left, when she rides to the West Parish. Master Tuttle is now too unwieldy to gain admission. Nevertheless, he contrives to reach the gallery in season for the first tune, and still sustains his reputation on the viol. Deacon Graves, for he is again a deacon, is an altered man, and a prominent member of the Tabbyville Association for Moral Reform.

In a speech at a recent meeting, he urged the necessity of circulating tracts, and would have succeeded in his motion, had it not been seconded by Master Tuttle. The latter remarked that he could speak from experience on that subject, having derived no little benefit from them, by only one day's reading, while at the "Mug and Poker." This speech, while it flushed the countenance of Deacon Graves, disturbed in no small measure the gravity of the audience. Even Parson Briggs found it difficult to cry "order," the corners of his mouth having a strong tendency upward, in spite of his efforts to pull them down.

Portland, Maine.

THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

A dark and stormy evening in February is not a time when any one, who has freedom of choice, will leave a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets. But with the worthy man whom we are about to introduce to our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy Patterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburgh, who maintained his little family by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labor, which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy February night in question, betokened depressed and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed thee, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about his shoulders, and prepared to encounter the blast without; "Heaven speed ye! or else we'll be harried and ruined creatures the morn. What a night too, to gang o' doors in! Hap yourself up, Sandy, and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat off your back. But the trial maun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his gray and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and, after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much inured to exposure at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleep rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the causeway side, toward the centre of the city. Few passengers were in the streets that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in their parlors. Poor Sandy Patterson walked on, scarcely conscious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience. He reached at last one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of those around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sound of music and mirth were audible even in the street. Sandy Patterson was the least envious of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within. Sandy pulled again, and with a very little additional energy. A man-servant, in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "what do you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry to give you

trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been once or twice of late about the bit account for the milk that the family has forgotten; and though its an untimely hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the night. I wad has been laith to trouble ye, but I am in sair want o't." The servant, who had been listening to this speech, with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy, with many scrubblings of his feet, did as he was required, and took a chair pointed out to him. Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man, having gone up stairs, returned in a minute or two with the answer—"It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in quest of money; he must call again in a day or two—on Saturday, perhaps, or Monday.

The answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to more than between four and five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest consequence to him. He had already called for payment pretty nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned only "once or twice," and sad necessity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cattle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow by legal execution, and brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of matters; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his look the frustration of their hopes. "So they hae just served you as usual, Sandy," said the wife at last.

"Just the old story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now, Nanny," continued the poor man, rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor; "what is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. Not even the means left to us o' winning our morsel o' meat. And you too, Peggy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head; this disgrace may gar some folks slight you, and that would be sair, for you to bide."

"Nae fears o' that, father," said the daughter, "if William—if anybody," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes that we couldna help, their scorn wouldna vex me, sair. Who can blame you for hauding out a helping hand to your ain brother? He's may be not to blame neither, puir man;—but if a faut can be laid at any body's door it's to his, and no to yours, father; and the creditors that may tak a' you have the morn, are his, and no yours."

"Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's nae disgrace in't at least, and that's ae great consolation."

The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs. Twenty pounds was the sum for which their stock was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night, arose from a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time, if fifteen pounds were paid. In this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them, it is to be feared, enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson and his family knelt down as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time strength to submit to His will. The performance of this act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on this earth, there was One whose protection man could not deprive them of.

We now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the doors of that house once more opened, not to admit duns, but to admit the gay and fashionable to pass out after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter the room now emptied of its visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion—Mr. Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawing-room, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by general impulses. The income which he derived from his profession was ample, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and among other circumstances to which he alluded, was that ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Herrtz's quadrilles. At this allusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and, with a tear in her eye, said, "Ah! but papa, the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was crossing the lobby. Poor man, he cried, as he went away."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the conscience stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not even know his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson, "and find him out myself;" and in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and accompanied by a servant, set out through the dark and rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search, but in so populous a district, with so imperfect a knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, it is not wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length, from an old woman who kept a small shop, in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man, however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he was, that Mr. Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed. Mrs. Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the incident we have related made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed fortunately to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Patterson's humble abode; they refused his request for "a little time," in consequence of his inability to produce the fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be to all appearance, houseless; one of the cows was already brought out from its stall, and stood lowing at the door, amid a crowd of intended purchasers. Already was the poor cow "put up," when Mr. Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself to be in some measure the cause of all their distress, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claims. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was no less an era in this honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr. Davidson. This night's experience taught him the lesson, that the whole hopes of a family may be dependant on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence

is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family, ever after this period, took in the Pattersons, when we mention, that the little girl to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby, the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents no long time afterward, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed, at an early part of this *True Story*.

Original.

ISADORE.

Devotion's child is Isadore,
With sunny curl and placid eye;
A worshipper beneath the sky
To-day, henceforth, and evermore.

O, I would love to kneel with her,
To bow before the pleasant shrine
Where she has plead with love divine,
That sweet and holy worshipper.

No stain of earth upon her brow,
The trusting, meek, and gentle one;
No deed her hand has ever done
Which asks for her repentance now.

For love alone she fondly kneels,
And lifts to Heaven those quiet eyes,
That blend their azure with the skies
As night around her forehead steals.

Oh, when there comes a sad o'er
This grieved and aching heart of mine,
I'll turn to thee, sweet child divine,
And kneel, and pray with Isadore.

New York, July, 1843.

C. D. STUART.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

My daughter, cherish that guilelessness, and purity of feeling, which is now thy greatest charm. May the time never come, when thy cheek shall be tinged with the blush of shame, or thy eye be averted with the consciousness of insincerity. Youthful purity is like a mirror, that a breath may tarnish, like the down upon the peach, which the rude hand may brush away. Ever mayest thou shrink from the imputation of evil, and recoil from the breath of suspicion. When the shadows of age shall gather about thee, and the commingling of physical infirmities shall make, in the beautiful metaphor of scripture, even "the grasshopper a burden;" and thou shalt be compelled to say in weariness and loneliness of heart, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" then, may that period never be embittered by the consciousness of concealed errors, and the remorse of a stricken conscience.

Let me tell thee of one, of personal beauty and mental endowment, that might have made her pre-eminent, even among the most gifted of her sex; and yet, she passed away with a shadow upon her name, and the remembrance of her early glory made her final ruin more appalling.

I remember the youth of Mary G——, how she looked when she first appeared in the gay saloon. Her brilliant face glowed with animation, and she drank in the idolatry of gazing eyes, and the murmurs of admiration, that followed in her foot-steps. She looked the impersonation of youth and happiness. Her very limbs seemed to partake of the innocent buoyancy of a fresh and guileless spirit—to be almost airy with a delicious sensation of dream-like pleasure. The learned paused at her side, to partake of her easy and graceful nonsense, to listen to her beautiful sentimentality, and hear her talk of the great world, that to her fresh and innocent spirit looked another Eden. She had lived in retirement, and her knowledge of the multitudes of fellow-beings with whom she was now to as-

sociate, was collected from the perusal of her favorite authors, and having passed the alembic of her own pure and ideal intellect, had come forth elevated and purified. The gay and the fashionable gathered about her, to listen to the thrilling melody of her voice, and look upon her beaming face.

She talked with that freedom and eloquence which a woman of strong mind and ready knowledge will exhibit when conscious of her powers, and full of the unsuspecting confidence of early life. The votary of fashion looked upon her as a being of a higher order, a creature of intellect and beauty, with a heart, innocent and loving, and even child-like in its ever gushing-up tenderness.

I cannot describe her eyes—there was an almost thrilling brilliancy about them, together with a beaming lovingness, a half-veiled tenderness in their expression, that made it dangerous to look upon them. Were the spirit prone to idolatry, Mary G—— seemed the very one to lure the soul to the unhallowed worship.

Thus did she move from one brilliant circle to another, the wonder, the admiration of all. Even her own sex, perhaps slow to award the meed to loveliness, caressed and courted the smiles of one, who apparently bore her honors so meekly. Even Mary was deceived by the speciousness of her own appearance, nor thought of looking scrutinizingly into her own heart. So she clasped her arms upon her breast, unconscious that she held within a volcano of passion—of woman's pride—of woman's weakness—and woman's fearful and unutterable love. All these were slumbering within, undisciplined, un subdued, and ready to start into fearful energy, when circumstances should rouse them from their sleeping. Yes, her's was the case of conscious loveliness, and amiability, resulting not from mental discipline, but from a mind untouched by care, and a spirit gratified in its unbounded pride. She smiled because the hidden mysteries of her own heart had never been revealed to her, or the fountain of human passion stirred up. But the time came when she was to know the depth, the fearfulness, and devotion of woman's love. When her very existence was to be swallowed up in that of another's, when her smiles and tears were no longer to obey her own will, but to come and go at the bidding of another.

Who shall teach the young heart to bound its affections—or say to the tide of early love, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? Mary loved with the fervor of girlhood—she yielded up all the energies of her soul to the dangerous passion. And in one of her high intellectual character and ardent temperament, the passion is exhibited in all its fearfulness and all its fascinations. It absorbed everything. Her lover became an object of idolatry—she invested him with all the glorious attributes of a creature of romance. She overlooked the realities of life, and the hopes of futurity became blended with the felicity of the present moment: time and space were as nothing to her lofty imagination, and she and her lover were the pure and happy inmates of a glorious star, far off in the wilderness of worlds, dwelling in perpetual quietude, and rejoicing forever and ever in the happiness of beings, who like themselves were created for holiness and love. With her, religion was rather a feeling than a principle, and her lover became associated with all the lofty and beautiful ideas of heaven-like grandeur and protecting love. Though absent, she believed his spirit might commune with her's and she loved to dwell upon the mysterious sympathy between congenial spirits. Indeed, her religious sentiments seemed to have become deepened by the awakening of this new passion, similar in its nature, though dissimilar in its object, to religious fervor. She knew nothing of the great world, where the lofty and holy aspirations of the human soul—those that assimilate us most to the glorious image of our Creator, must be forever locked in the human breast, like a magnificent treasure to be looked upon only in secrecy and solitude, when every eye is withdrawn, and none present except Him, who has thus endowed the spirit. He has made, and poured into it a part of his own divine essence. She spake of religion, as she would upon any subject that called into exercise the exalted sentiments of her mind, as unhesitatingly

among the brilliant and the gay, as others would discuss the changes of the weather, or the attractions of a belle.

There was a gay party assembled at my friend Mr. —. Mary was there, the one particular star that attracted all eyes. She stood beside a vase filled with flowers of rare and delicate hue. She selected an amaranth from the blossoms about her, and her mind in its native loveliness failed not to associate the idea of the undecaying hue of the amaranth with the perpetuity and indestructible nature of mind. She raised her dark, brilliant, soul-like eyes, and spake of the spirit, its powers, its capabilities; its longing for something hollower, and more enduring than the things of earth; its capacity for assimilation to the Deity. Then she spake of earth, as being only the great thoroughfare to eternity—how beauty and splendor are scattered in our pathway, not to bind us to earth, but to cheer us on our pilgrimage, and give us a foretaste of better things to come. There was an enthusiasm and simplicity in her words and manners, that disarmed criticism and won all hearts. At length with a blushing cheek, and a voice thrillingly low and distinct in its intonations, she spake of love, which, as it is the most absorbing of all the passions, so when unadulterated it becomes the most holy, the most in accordance with the spirit of the Deity. In the spirit true to itself she likened it to the amaranth, which may be rent asunder, and trodden under foot; yet its beautiful hue will gleam up in the midst of its desolation, crushed but not destroyed.

Her lover looked what language could never express. Mary raised her beautiful loving eyes, with all the trustingness of her young heart, and smiled and blushed, and then, with a playful turn, at once graceful and happy—such as only a woman of sentiment and talent is capable of—turned the conversation upon another subject.

Time passed away, and the brilliancy and bloom of Mary were no more. Let me pass over the details of devotion, of trustingness, child-like and innocent—pass over the history of perfidy and art, the insidious wiles, and heartless hypocrisy, that finally triumphed over innocence and virtue. Let us turn from all these, and leave the betrayer to his conscience and his God. Let woman ever look with compassion upon the frailties of her sex, and humbly bless Him who has hedged her pathway so that evil may not enter.

The high-souled, the intellectual and beautiful Mary was no more seen in the gay saloon. The heartless crowd triumphed and derided. They told me the reproaches and unkindness of the haughty mother had driven the daughter to the very verge of insanity. Mrs. G. had gloried in the intellectual supremacy of her daughter, in her beauty and brilliancy and had thus cultivated the head, while the passions were left to their own blind will; had made her the idol of the crowd, a creature of sentiment and impulse, with no fixed and determinate principle of action; and now, that the consequences of her own ill-judged course of education had recoiled upon herself, in humiliation and shame, the fountain of maternal love, powerful only as it administered to her own pride, became dry and embittered, and she returned harsh and upbraiding replies to the deprecating and remorseful words of her suffering daughter. Poor Mary! her former brilliancy was now exhibited only in the fitful and uncertain energy of the Maniac: and the fearful language of a ruined mind revealed what pride and wealth would have given worlds to conceal.

I resolved to visit her, and see if the kindness of friendship might not bind up the wounds of a broken spirit. When I entered the chamber, Mary was reclining upon the couch near the open window. Her face was turned from me, and I noted the fearful change, which a few months had wrought in her appearance. Her limbs were thrown forward with a listlessness, that indicated a total self-abandonment, and the languid clasping of her little hands showed an entire prostration of physical strength. Her hair was parted simply upon her forehead, that now shone with a clearness and transparency resembling a surface into which one might look. Her dark melancholy eyes were turned listlessly to the window.

The haughty mother seemed to suppress with difficulty the unfeeling words that struggled for utterance. Her cold imperious demeanor would probably have compelled almost any one except myself to retire; but I would have suffered anything in my own feelings, ere I would relinquish my determination to say something comforting to poor Mary. She seemed so absorbed in her own melancholy thoughts, that she took no notice of the conversation that passed between me and her mother.

"I beg of you," said Mrs. G., "don't speak to Mary, I hate to hear her rave."

"Mother, dear mother," cried Mary, turning suddenly toward us, her fine eyes strained with a heart-rending expression of anguish, "mother, do you think it was the drug? My heart aches, dear mother; it yearns for the —."

"Peace!"—cried she, springing with rage from her chair—"I will send you to the hospital, where nobody will care for your ravings."

Mary relapsed silently into her former listlessness, and I perceived with horror her features gradually settling into an idiotic immobility. All fear of her mother's displeasure—all thought of what Mary had been, vanished—I saw only the friend of my girlhood—the loving and much-loved friend of my early years, when the heart is so prodigal of its treasures—when we never doubt that the friend we so tenderly love to-day will be equally beloved to-morrow. I threw my arms about her neck, and burst into a passion of tears. Poor Mary! she clung to me and wept, and sobbed like an infant fearful of being torn from the arms of its nurse.

"Dear, dear Mary," I said, "can you not pray? it will comfort your heart, Mary; it will ease your troubled spirit. Remember—(my religious feelings, rising in energy as I dwelt upon the subject,) remember, that 'when father and mother forsake you the Lord will take you up.' Our Father in heaven is more kind than earthly friends. He knoweth our weakness, he remembereth we are but dust." Mary sobbed convulsively. Her mother attempted to tear her arms from my neck. "Don't! don't!" we both cried, beseechingly. But suddenly Mary started from my arms.

"Mother!"—and she raised her slight form to its proudest height—her little hand was raised, not with a menacing, but a determined air, her pale lips were compressed—and her dark, glorious eyes were almost fearful in their haughty brilliancy—"Mother, you may incarcerate me in a prison, you may bind fetters upon my limbs, and proclaim me a maniac, any thing to conceal my humiliation,"—and for a moment her head dropped, and a crimson flush overspread her face—"but mother, pride may conceal, but it cannot destroy the canker at the heart—there, it will be forever gnawing, the worm that never dies. Nay, stop me not!"—she added in a deep, firm tone, as her mother attempted to approach her; "I must speak; there are things never designed to be locked in the human breast—things that cry in vain for the rocks to cover them. Mother, mother, I am a murderer—but the guilt be upon your own head. What I am, you have made me—my ungovernable passions, my pride, my recklessness are all your own. You have trained me, year by year, to be what you behold me—and now, you loathe the work of your own hands"—and the laugh and scorn of the maniac rang through the apartment.

She started at the sound of her own voice, and for a moment pressed her little hand upon her forehead.

"Yes, yes, you tore me from the purity and sanctity of my own thoughts, to glitter in the whirlpool of fashion. You taught me to debase the aspirations of a mind that would have gloried in its assimilation to the Deity, to the unholy purpose of bowing down hearts, that should be consecrated to God, to the unhallowed worship of one of his creatures. What I at first loathed, at length became necessary to my very existence; who can stay the bounds of female vanity? Mother, mother, you gloried in all this; daily and hourly did you help me to make me what I am. Had you but cautioned me—had you sought to guide me in the path, in which I gladly would have trod—but no—you pushed me to the brink of the precipice, and—yes, mother, behold in me your own handy work"—and again that fearful laugh rang in our ears.

Her mother stamped with rage. I implored almost on my knees that I might visit her the next day, and took my leave. When I called the ensuing day, Mary was seated in a little recess, where the light, struggling through the ample folds of the fringed curtain, fell softened and flickering about her, and gave an indistinctness to the elegant contour of her figure, as she sat with her head reclined, and her luxuriant hair shading one side of her neck and bosom; and one might have imagined her some beautiful creation of the chisel—a Magdalene shrinking from observation, and weeping over remembered frailties.

As I seated myself beside her, she languidly shook back the rich folds of her hair, that had escaped from their confinement and swept in waving masses to her lap. As she raised her eyes to my face, I perceived they were red with weeping. I took her attenuated fingers in mine, and we sat long and silently together. What could I say to comfort the weary, the desolate, the broken-hearted? I wept silently by her side. Poor Mary! the tears dropped one after another from her eyes, as if, in the language of the weeping prophet of old, her head had become waters. So noiseless was her sorrow, that not a finger was moved—her hand lay utterly motionless in mine, and not a sigh told of the hopelessness of her grief. The tears dropped passively from her eyes, as if she had lost all recollection of her real situation, and retained only a vague, indistinct sensation of utter wretchedness. I put my arm about her waist, and rested her head upon my bosom, and with my fingers gently parted the masses of beautiful hair from her brow.

"Don't weep," she said, looking compassionately in my face, "it will make your heart dry and aching, and the bright and glorious sun will seem forever enveloped in a pall—and no one will smile upon you."

"Then why do you weep, Mary?" I said, pressing my hand to her cheek; "I weep to see you weep."

She laid her hand upon her forehead—"Do you really weep because I weep? Did you never love—and trust?—and—"

"No, Mary; I have never sorrowed as you have. But tell me, love, what can I do to comfort you?"

"O, lay your hand upon my heart, love, dear, and sing to me—sing to me; I am weary—wear—wear. Methinks could I lay my head upon my mother's bosom, as I used to do, when a weary child, and she would speak softly to me, and kiss my cheek, I might be happy once more; or might lay down my head and die—and sweet, sweet would be the rest of the cold grave. But do you really love me? O, what it is to love!" and she dropped the hand she had raised to my cheek, and settled into my arms, overpowered by some sudden recollection. Her tears ceased to flow, and she lay utterly passive in my arms. Her weight seemed scarcely that of an infant's, so emaciated had she become.

"Mary," I said, breaking the oppressive silence, "do you ever pray?" and I pressed her fervently to my bosom, even as a mother would caress a sick infant. She gasped for utterance.

"I have tried, tried; but it cannot be; I am a—that drug!" and she turned wildly round, and pressed her clasped hands upon her forehead. "That drug—she compelled me to take it—she held it to my lips, and then not to afford me one glance—methinks one glance, even if it must die, would have been forever like a balm to my heart; would have been forever in my memory like a perpetual pleading for mercy for me, for me—it's murderer. O, the fire that consumes this aching brain. Pray—O, I have pressed my lips to the earth, have bowed till my limbs refused to sustain me, and then sunk prostrate to the earth; but not a word could I utter. O, had the crime of the penitent on the cross been like mine, mercy would have shuddered at the presumptuous cry for pardon."

While she gave utterance to these passionate expressions of remorse, she had risen from my arms, and stood before me, with her hands clasped in the agony of despair. I dared not interrupt her.

"O that I could pray! but when I make the attempt, a vision rises before me that seems to say, 'Dare the murderer pray? What I might have been, had it not been for thy pride, and thy crime, eternity alone can

disclose. Yes, when I would kneel, and weep, and pray, an infant with snowy robes and radiant wings, appears before me, and its pale, melancholy face seems to say, 'There is no hope for thee.' But once, once, it smiled, and it was an angel's smile, soothing, compassionate; this morning it sat with pitying look upon me, but it did not smile!"

Tears came to her relief, and I placed her beside me. Her mother entered. She spoke kindly, and even looked tenderly upon her daughter; she proposed a ride. Mary looked earnestly in her mother's haughty face, but she could read nothing there, except the unwonted expression of affection. She quietly permitted her mother to bind up her beautiful hair, and arrange her shawl and hat. When all was finished, she cast a hurried and mournful glance around the apartment, threw her arms about my neck, and, as she kissed my cheek, whispered, "I shall never see you again."

Poor Mary! it was indeed the last time. Many were the conjectures as to her ultimate fate. At length that curiosity, that contemns mystery of every kind, discovered her in a lunatic asylum. Though I might have questioned her insanity, I dared not vouch for the sanity of her mind; I should have relied upon time, kindness and religion to work their gradual ministering to a mind diseased.

But the miserable mother, who had thus recklessly sacrificed all the kindly and holy affections of nature upon the altar of her pride, wretched indeed were the days and the years of her pilgrimage. She spurned all human sympathy, and cased in a triple armor of pride, thought to conceal the wounds of a stricken spirit, and the gnawings of a conscience that would not slumber. She gradually forsook that society which no longer welcomed her with its blandishments, and in the solitude of home, among her own dependents, indulged in that haughtiness and tyranny, that could no longer be tolerated abroad. As sickness, and finally palsy, laid its trembling hand upon her, the few friends that had still adhered to her, weary with her incessant repinings, left her to the care of servants; and, it is to be feared, she often lacked those attentions and kindnesses, which wealth can never purchase, but which must be the spontaneous offering of love. She was found one morning by the servants, dead in her bed, cold and distorted, as if the last struggle had been one of fearful agony.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

THE Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D. and F. R. S., an eminent clergyman of Boston, in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled "Magnalia Christi Americana," in which he has exhibited, not only his own, but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been, in the language of that period, exposed to "war from the invisible world," during which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons, and so wrought upon by spectres, as to pine, languish, and die under excruciating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another; and the object of the learned and reverend Doctor's book is to authenticate the very tragical instances in which they infested the houses and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. "Flashy people," says he, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in the country, where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true, nothing but the absurd and forward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing, that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena." And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New-England, during the time of Dr. Mather. We have accounts of trials conducted with all the forms and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communication with demons; and we have, what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in league with the

devil." So far, therefore, as the records and archives of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things which Dr. Mather has set forth, are not only true as historical events, but also naturally incident, however rarely, to the condition and fortunes of men. It is not for us, however, to argue this matter, but many of the Doctor's stories are really striking, reviewing them merely as creations of fancy, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witnesses to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms, and in countries far remote from New-England. The prodigy of the Cross, which Constantine and his army beheld in the air, is of this description; and the apocalypse vouchsafed to Godfrey, in the Crusade, is of the same character. Dr. Mather describes noise and hustlings heard in the air, a short time prior to the Indian war of 1675, accompanied with the beating of drums, as in a battle. But without entering into any particular disquisition concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparition, only promising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he has related:

A ship, called "Noah's Dove," was preparing to sail from the port of Salem for "Old England," when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged births for himself and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintance in the town; but until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless, and their appearance was highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious appearance of the demons which afflicted the country and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons intending to visit their friends in the old country, took passages also in the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their two questionable-fellow passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel, from paying the slightest attention to them. This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen in Salem; and, moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the Captain was not such a godly man as the mariners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves to see their relations embark, all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last, the ship hoisted the signal for sailing, and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that the flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the hand of the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight, was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relation to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fated vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment, (the ship being cast loose from her moorings,) made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The crowd, however, remained anxiously watching her progress until she was out of sight. They then returned to their respective houses; and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening, was saddened with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night, the breeze freshened into a gale, which before the morning was heightened to a tempest. The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wrack of clouds that careered in the heavens, was

scarcely less tumultuous than the angry waves in the ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced, that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights, the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase; for although it was then midsummer, dreadful showers of hail mingled with fire, and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man could doubt the fate of Noah's Dove. Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be within the sweep and phrenzy of the winds and waves, could not survive the vehemence of their destruction.

The sun, on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendor—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows from raging surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt, convinced the pious inhabitants of Salem that the doom of the vessel was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them with any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamation and hurry accompanied by movements, arose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of the rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some one cried that a vessel was in sight. The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown into commotion, and fluctuated to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was, however, long before she came distinctly in sight, for any wind which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel; insomuch, that an old grey-headed sailor among the spectators, declared that it was impossible she could work into the harbor that night. But, to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yards squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen. It was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time the twilight was much faded, but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question; for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noon-day, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebbin, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparent ship was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behoved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm, which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

While the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air; the ship at the same time came straight on into the harbor, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them with joy, but there was something dismal and strange in their appearance, which awed them to remain silent. The strange young man and his bride were seen tenderly embracing each other, but no noise or voice was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing, convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirit. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of, and it was believed that in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

"Count me not," says the Rev. Dr. Mather, at the conclusion of his narration, "struck with the Livian superstition, in reporting prodigies for which I have such incontestible proofs."

SIR PATRICK HUME;

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF MARCHMONT.

FROM TALES OF THE BORDERS,

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

SIR PATRICK HUME, of Polwarth, was elected representative of the county of Berwick, in the year 1665, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was a lover of freedom, a lover of his country, and a stanch Presbyterian. The tyrant Charles, whom some falsely call the Merry Monarch, was then attempting to rule the empire with a rod of iron. You have all heard of his Long Parliament, and of his afterward governing the country, like an absolute tyrant, without a Parliament at all. Fettered and servile as Parliaments then were, young Hume had boldly stood forward as the advocate of civil and religious liberty; and, when the arbitrary monarch sent down a mandate to Scotland for a levy of men and of money, that he might carry his plans of despotism the more effectually into execution, Sir Patrick resisted the slavishness with which it was about to be obeyed.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are we mere instruments in the hands of the king—creatures appointed to minister to his pleasure? Are we not representatives of the people of Scotland—the representatives of their wants and their wishes, and the defenders of their rights?—and shall we, as such, at the mere nod of a monarch, drag them from following their plough in the valley, or attending their herds on the hill?—shall we do these things, and lay contributions on their cattle, on their corn, and on their coffers, merely because his majesty wills it? Pause, my countrymen. The king has no authority to compel such a measure, and it can only be rendered legal by the concurrence of the assembled representatives of the people."

"Treason!" vociferated the duke of Lauderdale, who was the arch-minion of Charles, "before the Parliament of Scotland, I denounce Sir Patrick Hume as a dangerous man—as a plotter against the life and dignity of our sovereign lord the king!"

"What!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, indignantly fixing his eyes upon Lauderdale, "though there may be among us a slave who would sell his country for a royal smile, I still hope that this is a free Parliament, and it concerns all the members to be free in what concerns the nation."

From that day Sir Patrick Hume became a suspected man, and the eyes of the king's creatures were upon him; and when, two years afterward, Charles endeavored to put down the people with the sword, and establish garrisons throughout the country, again the laird of Polwarth stood foremost in the ranks of opposition, and resisted his power. The king accordingly ordered his privy council to crush so dangerous a spirit, and Sir Patrick was confined in Sterling castle, where, with the exception of a short interval, he was imprisoned two years.

Britain had long been distracted with the pretended discovery of the fabulous or ridiculous plots against the royal family; and the perjury of paid miscreants, like the infamous Titus Oates, was causing the scaffolds to run with blood. But tyranny being glutted with Catholic blood, and the extinguishing of what were called Popish plots, the myrmidons of Charles (who lived a libertine, and died a Papist) professed that they had discovered a Protestant plot against his royal person. In this plot were included the incorruptible Algernon Sidney, Lord Russell, Mr. Baille of Jerviswoode, and Sir Patrick Hume. They beheld their common country withering and wasting beneath the grasp of a tyrant; and true it is they had united together to restore it to freedom, but they were innocent of designs against

his life, or even of a wish to dethrone him. They did not, however, act sufficiently in concert, and were unable to bring their plans into operation. A price was set upon their heads—some fled into exile, and others sought refuge on the mountain and in the wilderness, while the amiable Russell died upon the scaffold.

It was near night-fall, in the month of September, 1684, when Jamie Winter, who was joiner on the estate of Polwarth, ran breathless up to Redbraes castle, and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by John Allan, the land steward, who, perceiving his agitation, inquired:

"In the name o' goodness, Jamie, what's happened, or what do ye want?"

"Dinna ask, Maister Allan," replied Jamie, "but, for Heaven's sake, tell me—is Sir Patrick at hame?—and let me speak to him presently, as ye value his life."

"Follow me then, Jamie," said the other, "and come in quietly, that the servants mayna observe onything extraordinary—for we live in times when a man canna trust his ain brither."

The honest joiner was ushered into a room where Sir Patrick sat in the midst of his family, acting at once as their school-master and their playmate.

"Weel, James," said the laird, "I understand ye have been at Berwick the day—ye've got early back—what uncos heard ye there?"

"I watna, Sir Patrick," replied the other; "nowadays, I think there's naething unco that can happen. Satan seems to have been let loose on our poor misgoverned country. But I wish to speak to your honor very particularly, and in private, if you please."

"You may speak on, James," said the laird; "I am private in the midst of my own family."

"Wi' your guid leave, sir," returned the cautious servant, "I wad rather the bairns were oot o' the way, for what I hae to say is no proper for them to hear, and the sooner ye are acquainted wi' it the better."

Sir Patrick led his younger children out of the room, but requested Lady Polwarth and their eldest daughter, Grizel, a lovely dark-haired girl, about twelve years of age, to remain.

"You are the bearer of evil tidings, James," said he, as he returned, "but you may tell them now—it is meet that my wife should hear them, if they concern me; and," added he, taking Grizel's hand in his, "I keep no secrets from my little secretary."

"God bless her!" said James, "she's an auld-farrant bairn, as wise as she's bonny, I ken that. But, your honor, I am, indeed, the bearer of evil tidings. A party o' troopers arrived at Berwick this morning, and it was nae secret there that they would be baith at Jerviswoode and Redbraes before midnight. I heard them talk o' the premium that was set upon your life, and slipped out o' the town immediately, without performing a single transaction, or speaking a word to a living creature. How I've got along the road is mair than I can tell, for I was literally sick, blind and desperate wi' grief. I've this minute arrived, and whatever can be done to save you, maun be done instantly."

Lady Polwarth burst into tears. Sir Patrick grasped the hand of his faithful servant. Little Grizel gazed in her father's face with a look of silent despair, but neither spoke nor wept.

"Oh, fly fly instantly, my dear husband!" cried Lady Polwarth, "and Heaven direct you."

"Be composed, my love," said Sir Patrick; "I fear that flight is impossible; but some means of evading them may perhaps be devised."

"O my leddy," said Jamie Winter, "to flee is out o' the question a' thegither. Government has its spies; t every turn o' the road—in every house in the county—even in this house. Our only hope is to conceal Sir Patrick; but how or where is ayont my comprehension."

Many were the schemes devised by the anxious wife—many the suggestions of her husband, and honest Jamie proposed numerous plans—but each was, in its turn, rejected as being unsafe. More than an hour had passed in these anxious deliberations; within three hours more, and the king's troops would be at his gate. Grizel had, till now, remained silent, and dashing away the first tear that rolled down her cheek, she flung her

arms around her father's neck, and exclaimed, in an eager and breathless whisper:

"I ken a place, father—I ken a place that the king's troopers and his spies will never find out; and I'll stop beside ye, to bear ye company."

"Bless my bairn!" said Sir Patrick, pressing her to his bosom; "and where's the place, dearest?"

"The aisle below Polwarth kirk, father," returned Grizel—"nae trooper will find out such a hiding place; for the mouth's a bit wee hole, and the long grass, and the docks, and the nettles grow over it, and I could slip out and in without trampling them down; and naebody would think o' seeking ye there, father."

Lady Polwarth shuddered, and Sir Patrick pressed the cheek of his lovely daughter to his lips.

"Save us a', bairn," said Jamie, "there's surely something no earthly about yer leddyship, for ye hae mair sense than us a' put together. The aisle is the very place. I'll steal awa, an' hae a kind o' bed put up in it, and tak other two or three bits o' necessary things; and, Sir Patrick, ye'll slip out o' the house an' meet me there as soon as possible."

Within an hour, Sir Patrick had joined Jamie Winter in the dark and dismal aisle. The humble bed was soon and silently fitted up, and the faithful servant, wishing his master farewell, left him alone in his dreary prison-house. Slow and heavily the hours of darkness moved on. He heard the trampling of the troopers' horses galloping in quest of him. The oaths and imprecations of the riders fell distinctly on his ears. Amid such sounds he heard them mention his name. But his heart failed not. He knelt down upon the cold damp floor of his hiding-place—upon the bones of his fathers—and there, in soundless but earnest prayer, supplicated his fathers' God to protect his family—to save his country—to forgive his persecutors, and to do with him as seemed good in His sight. He arose; and, laying himself upon his cold and comfortless bed, slept calmly. He awoke shivering and benumbed. Faint streaks of light stole into the place through its narrow aperture, dimly revealing the ghastly sights of the charnel-house, and the slow reptiles that crawled along the floor. Again night came on, and the shadows of light, if I may use the expression, which revealed his cell, died away. A second morning had come, and a second time the feeble rays had been lost in utter darkness. It was near midnight, and the slender stock of provisions which he had brought with him were nigh exhausted. He started from his lowly couch—he heard a rustling among the weeds at the mouth of the aisle—he heard some one endeavoring to remove the fragment of an old grave-stone that covered it.

"Faither!" whispered an eager voice—"faither—it is me—yer ain Grizel!"

"My own devoted, matchless child!" said Sir Patrick, stretching his hands toward the aperture, and receiving her in his arms.

She sat down beside him on the bed—she detailed the search of the troopers—she stated that they were watched in their own house—that a spy was set over the very victuals that came from their table, lest he should be concealed near, and fed by his family.

"But what of that?" continued the light-hearted and heroic girl; "while my plate is supplied, my father's shall not be empty; and here," added she, laughing, "here is a flask of wine, cakes, and a sheep's head. But I will tell you a story about the sheep's head. It was placed on a plate before me at dinner-time. The servant was out o' the room, naebody was looking, and I whupped it into my apron. Little Sandy wanted a piece, and, turning round for it, and missing the head—'Ah! mother!' he cried, 'our Grizy has swallowed a sheep's head, bones and a' in a moment!' 'Wheest, laddie!' said mother; 'eat ye next ane then.' 'Oh, ye greedy Grizy!' shaking his little nieve in my face; 'I'll mind ye for this.' 'I'm sure Sandy will ne'er forget me,' said I, and slipped away out to hide the sheep's head in my own room; and as soon as I thought naebody was astir, I creeped out quietly by the window, and get down here behind the hedges—and I'll come every night, father. But last night the troopers were still about the house."

In spite of his misery, Sir Patrick laughed at the in-

genuity of his beloved and heroic daughter; then wept and laughed again, and pressed her to his bosom.

He had passed many weeks in this cheerless dungeon, with no companion during the day, save a volume of Buchanan's Psalms, but every night he was visited by his intrepid daughter, who at once supplied him with food, and beguiled the hours of his solitude. He was sitting in the gloomy cell, conning over his favorite volume—the stone at the aperture had been pushed aside a few inches to admit the light more freely, and the weeds at the entrance were now bowed down and withered by the frost—a few boys were playing in the church-yard, and tossing a ball against the kirk. Being driven from the hand of an unskilful player, it suddenly bounded into the aisle. Sir Patrick started, and the book dropped from his hand. Immediately the aperture was surrounded by the boys, and the stone removed. They stood debating who should enter, but none had sufficient courage. At length, one more bold than the rest volunteered to enter, if another would follow him. The laird gave himself up as lost, for he knew that even the tale of a school-boy would effect his ruin. He was aware he could disperse them with a single groan; but even that, when told to his enemies, might betray him. At length three agreed to enter, and the feet of the first already protruded into the aisle. Sir Patrick crept silently to its farthest corner, when the gruff voice of the old grave-digger reached his ears, shouting:

"The mischief's in the callants, an' nae guid; what are ye doing there? Do ye want the ghaists o' the auld Humes about yer lugs?"

The boys fled amain, and the old man came growling to the mouth of the aisle.

"The devil's in the bairns o' Polwarth," said he, "for they would disturb the very dead in their graves. I'll declare they've the stane frae the mouth o' the aisle!"

He stooped down, and Sir Patrick saw his grim visage through the aperture, and heard him thus continue his soliloquy, as he replaced the stone:

"Sorrow tak the hands that moved the stane!—ye're hardly worth the covering up again, for ye're a profitless hole to me; and I fancy that him I should lay in ye next, be he where he likes, will gang the gate that his friend, Bailie, gaed yesterday on a scaffold. A grave-digger's a pair business, I am sorry to say, in our king's reign; an' the fiest a nee thrives but the common executioner."

So saying, he enveloped Sir Patrick in utter darkness. That night Grizel and her father left the aisle together, and from her he learned the particulars of what he had heard muttered by the grave-digger, that his friend, Mr. Bailie of Jerviswoode, had been executed the day previous.

Disguised, and in the character of a surgeon, he, by by-ways, reached London, and from thence fled to France. On the death of Charles, and when the bigot James ascended the throne, Sir Patrick was one of the leaders of the band of patriots who drew their swords in behalf of Protestant succession.

That enterprize was unsuccessful; and, after contending, almost single-handed, against the enemies of his religion, and his country, he and his family sought refuge in a foreign land. He assumed the name of Dr. Peter Wallace, and they took up their abode in Utrecht. There, poverty and privations sought and found the exiles. They had parted with every domestic, and the lovely Grizel was the sole servant and helper of her mother, and, when their work was done, the assistant of her father in the education of the younger children; for he had no longer the means of providing them a tutor. Yet theirs was a family of love—a family of happiness—and poverty purified their affections. But their remittances from Scotland were not only scanty, but uncertain. Till now, Sir Patrick had borne his misfortunes with resignation and even cheerfulness; he cared not that he was stripped of attendants, and of every luxury of life; yet, at times, the secret and unbidden tears would start into his eyes, as he beheld his wife and his fair daughter performing, without a murmur, the most menial offices. But the measure of his trials was not yet full—luxuries were

not only denied him, but he was without food to set before his children. The father wept, and his spirit heaved with anguish. Grizel beheld his tears, and she knew the cause. She spoke not; but, hastening to her little cabinet, she took from it a pair of jeweled bracelets, and, wrapping herself up in a cloak, she took a basket under her arm, and hurried to the street. The gentle being glided along the streets of Utrecht, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and shunning the glance of the passers, as if each knew her errand. She stood before a shop in which all manner of merchandize was exposed, and three golden balls were suspended over the door. She cast a timid glance into the shop—thrice she passed and repassed it, and repeated the timid glance. She entered—she placed the bracelets upon the counter.

"How much?" was the laconic question of the shopman. Grizel burst into tears. He handed her a sum of money across the counter, and deposited the bracelets in his desk. She bounded from the shop with a heart and a step light as a young bird in its first pride of plumage. She hastened home with her basket well filled. She placed it upon the table. Lady Polwarth wept, and fell upon her daughter's neck.

"Where have you been, Grizel?" faltered her father. "Purchasing provisions for a bauble," said she; and the smile and the tear were seen on her cheek together.

But many were the visits which the gentle Grizel had to pay to the Golden Balls, while one piece of plate was pledged after another, that her father, and her mother, and her brethren, might eat and not die; and even then, the table of Sir Patrick, humble as it was, and uncertainly provided for, was open to the needy of his countrymen.

Thus three years passed—the memorable 1668 arrived. Sir Patrick was the friend, the counsellor, and supporter of King William—he arrived with him in England—he shared in his triumph. He was created Lord Polwarth, and appointed sheriff of Berwickshire; and, in 1696, though not a lawyer, but an upright man, he was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and created earl of Marchmont, and lord of Polwarth, Redbraes, and Greenlaw. He was one of the most ardent promoters of the Union, and with it ceased his political career. In 1710, when the Tories came into power, the earl being the staunchest whig in Scotland, he was deprived of the office of sheriff of Berwickshire, but was re-instated in 1715. His lady being dead, he came to take up his residence in Berwick-upon-Tweed; and there, when the heroic Grizel, who was now a wife and a mother, (being married to the son of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Ballis of Jerviswoode,) came with her children and friends to visit him for the last time, as they danced in the hall, though unable to walk, he desired to be carried into the midst of them, and beating time with his foot, "See, Grizel!" exclaimed the old patriot, "though your father is unable to dance, he can still beat time with his foot."

Shortly after this, he died in Berwick, on the 1st of August, 1724, in the eighty-third year of his age, leaving behind him an example of piety, courage, and patriotism, worthy the imitation of posterity.

FIRST MINISTER FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The following narrative will be interesting to those of our readers who have not met with it. The introduction of the first minister from the *rebel colonies* to the court of the mother country was a scene worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness.

In June, 1785, John Adams, the first Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the court of London, had his introductory audience with King George the Third. An event so extraordinary with circumstances so novel to us in America, led Mr. Adams to narrate the particulars, in a letter to an intimate friend, which was kept private till after his death. It was thus:

"At one o'clock on Wednesday, 1st of June, the

master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the secretary of state's office, in Cleaveland row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness.

After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the ante-chamber, the master of the ceremonies introduced him and attended me while the secretary of state went to take the commands of the king. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room was very full of ministers of state, bishops and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the king's bed-chamber. You may well suppose I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me and entertained me with a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the king's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences; one at the door; another about half way, and another before the presence—according to the usage established at this, and all the northern courts of Europe—and then I addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

"Sire: The United States have appointed me Minister Plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your family.

"The appointment of a Minister from the United States to your majesty's court, will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or, in better words, "the old good nature and the good old humor, between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been instructed by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

"The king listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with apparent emotion. Whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said:

"Sir: The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but that I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said as I now

say, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say—let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect.

"I dare not say that these were the king's precise words; and it is even possible that I may have, in some particulars, mistaken his meaning, for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between members of the same period. He was, indeed, much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words, or sense; and think that all which he said to me should, at present, be kept secret in America, except his majesty or his secretary of state should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

"The king then asked me whether I came last from France, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, "There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France." I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on the one hand, nor lead him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other. I throw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety, and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, "That opinion, sir, is not mistaken, I must avow to your majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country." The king replied as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other."

"The king then said a word or two to the secretary of state, which being between them I did not hear, and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backward, as is the etiquette; and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went away. The master of the ceremonies joined me at the moment of my coming out of the king's closet and accompanied me through all the apartments down to my carriage."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

On the 31st of August, 1778, says Baron Grim, at nine in the evening, a ship for Rochelle, carrying a crew of eight men, with two passengers, approached the head of the pier at Dieppe. The wind was so impetuous, that a coasting pilot endeavored in vain four times, to go out, and direct its entrance into the port. Bousard, another pilot, perceiving that a pilot of the ship made a manœuvre, which placed it in great danger, endeavored to guide it, by means of the speaking trumpet, and by signals, but the darkness of the night, the roaring of the winds, the noise of the waves, and the great agitating of the sea, prevented the captain's hearing or seeing anything, and the vessel, running upon a rock, was wrecked about thirty fathoms above the pier. Bousard, hearing the cries of the unfortunate crew, who were in the utmost danger of perishing, in spite of all the representations made to him of the impossibility of giving them assistance, resolved to make an effort to save them, and ordered his wife and children, who tried to prevent him, to be carried away. He tied one end of a rope fast to the pier, and girding the other around his waist, threw himself into the midst of the furious waves, to carry the rope to the vessel, by means of which, the people might be towed on shore. He approached the ship, but was thrown back again to the shore, by the mighty force of the waters. Many times was he thus repulsed, and rolled with violence along the shore, while he was surrounded by broken relics of the ship, which was going to pieces very fast. His ardor was not diminished; a wave carried him under

the wreck, and he was concluded to be lost; but he soon re-appeared, bearing in his arms a sailor who had been thrown from the ship: he brought him on shore motionless and almost lifeless. At length, after a great number of vain attempts, he succeeded in conveying the rope to the vessel, and those of the crew who had strength enough remaining, tying it round them, they were dragged on shore. Bousard thought he had saved every soul on board. Exhausted with fatigue, bruised and battered with the blows and shocks he had received, he reached his home with difficulty, and there fell down in a swoon. He was just brought to himself, having discharged a vast quantity of sea-water, and was recovering his spirits, when he was told that a groaning was still heard on board the wreck.

The moment he learned this, he seemed inspired with new strength, and breaking away from those who were about him, ran to the shore, got on board, and was fortunate enough to save one of the passengers, who, from weakness, had not been able to avail himself of the assistance given to his companions. Of ten men who had been in the ship, only two perished, and their bodies were found next day. On this occasion, the following letter was written by M. Necker to Bousard, agreeably to the order of Louis XVI:

"BRAVE MAN!—I did not know, till yesterday, by means of the Intendant, the courageous action you performed upon the thirty-first of August. I gave an account of it to the king, who has ordered me to express his high satisfaction, and to announce to you on his part, that he makes you a present of a thousand livres. I write with orders to this effect to the Intendant. Continue to succor others when you can, and put up prayers for your king, who loves brave men, and delights to reward them!"

(Signed.)
"NECKER, Director General of the Finances.

The courageous pilot received the letter, and the reward which accompanied it, with the utmost gratitude, only expressing surprise, that his action of the thirty-first of August should have made so much noise, since he had shown the same zeal on many other occasions, without ever thinking of any reward, or receiving any. After paying his debts, and buying new clothes for his wife and children, (a thing which he had rarely been able to do before,) he asked permission of the intendant to go to Paris, and thank M. Necker, and see, if possible, the young king who "loved brave men, and delighted to reward them." He went to Paris in the sailor's dress which he had formerly bought for his wedding. Some one having asked him what could have inspired him with an intrepidity so rare, he answered in these remarkable words: "Humanity, and the death of my father. He was drowned: I was not in the way to save him, and I swore from that moment to devote myself to the rescue of all whom I might behold in danger at sea." Was ever a more pure, a more sublime homage, offered to filial piety?

JEWISH SUPERSTITION.

WHEN a man dies, they believe that the devil stands in ambush before the house in order to get possession of the corpse on its way to its last abode. As the rabbi, however, surround it all the way to interment, his infernal majesty is cowed by their presence; but still he follows the procession, in hopes of finding some favorable opportunity, or of slipping into the grave along with the defunct. When the body, therefore, is near the opened grave, the bearers suddenly retreat with it to a certain distance, and a rabbi attending them throws some gold pieces as far as he can in different directions. The devil, who is by this time either in the grave or near it, is tempted by his avarice to go and pick up the money; and while he is thus employed, the corpse is hurried back to the tomb and earth thrown over it. One day that I had talked about this custom to a Moor, who has a bigoted hatred to the poor Israelites, I asked him if it was not unlike a Jew to throw away his money? "Ah, yes," said he: "but it is very like a Jew to cheat the devil." In the burials of females this scattering of money is never practiced: Satan, it is alleged, has troubles enough upon his hands to wish quitting hold of a woman.

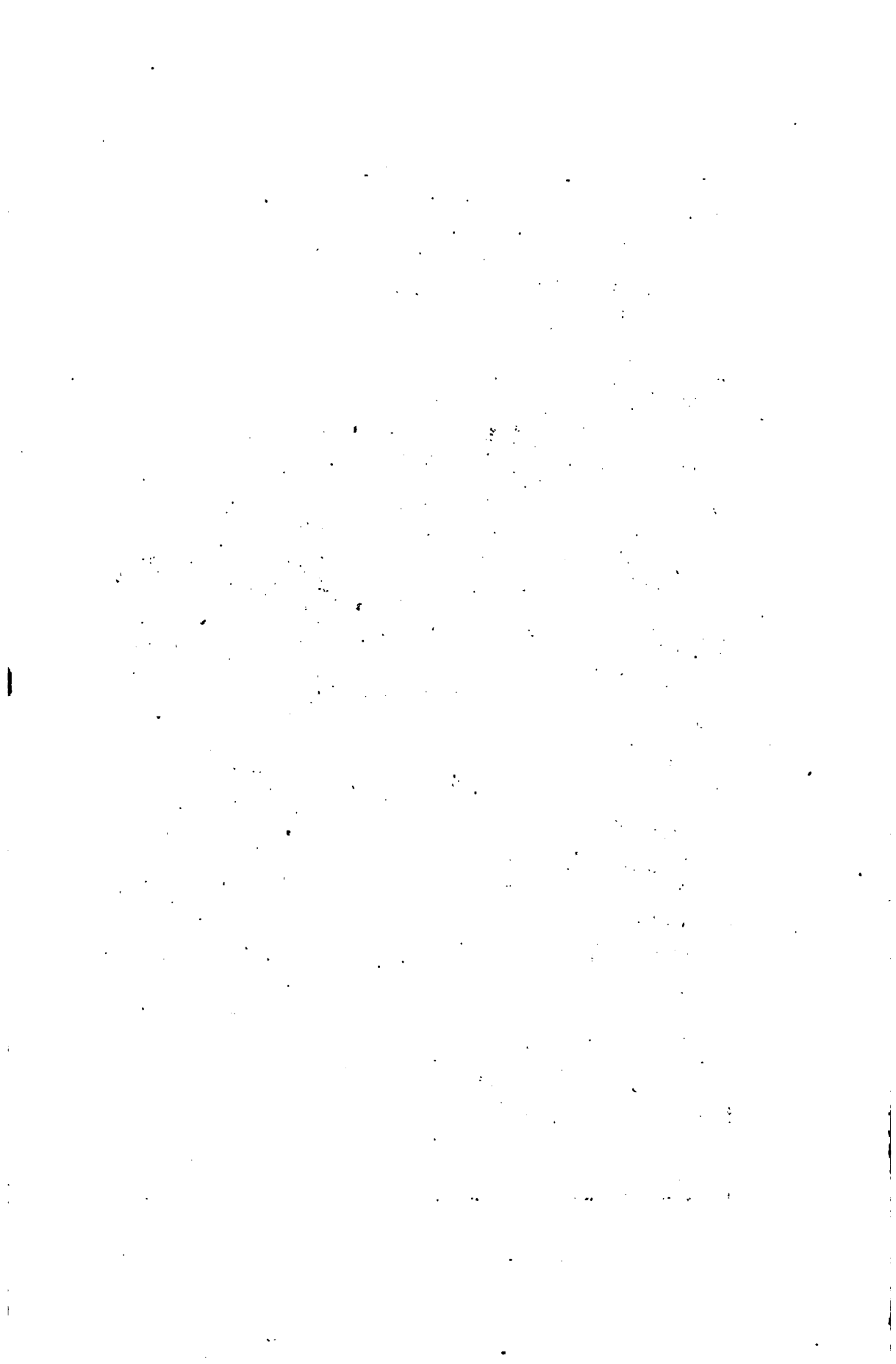




Engraved by H. Cooper after a drawing by the artist

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THE COVER



T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

In our plate to-day we present another rich view of *American Scenery*, which makes the third of the series promised in the *ROVER* a few weeks ago. The series will be continued from time to time, as fast as good subjects, well engraved, can be procured.

The falls of Montmorency form one of the most remarkable and picturesque views of the kind, not only in this country, but probably the wide earth over—remarkable, not for the great body of water, but the perpendicular height, and the wildness of the surrounding scenery. About nine miles from Quebec, where the majestic St. Lawrence glides quietly along its rugged banks, a graceful tributary daughter from the far off wilderness, comes winding its way through forest and plain, like a bright creature instinct with life, seeking to embrace a kindred spirit. She comes to the very verge of the mother of waters, she can hail her from the hill-tops, but a high and rude barrier suddenly stops her progress. Stays that bright creature long in her bondage? It cannot be; a river, like love, "will find out its way;" and she, the beautiful stream, that has been so gentle and quiet, with magic power, cuts her way through the rough mountain pass, and leaps joyfully down the precipice, *two hundred and forty feet*, and rests on the quiet bosom of the kindred spirit below. Nor does the similitude of life here stop; for how naturally does the imagination follow them, and behold them mingling their fortunes and pursuing their course together till lost in the broad and boundless ocean.

The following lines on the falls of Lodore, by Southey, have such a happy adaptation to our present subject, and are, besides, so beautifully descriptive, that we think they cannot fail to be read with much interest.

Through moss and through break,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in its rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,

Eddying and whirling,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twisting,
And rattling and bawling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dining and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and staying and playing and straying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and splashing and flashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Original.

LIFE ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

BY E. K.

SKETCH I.—THE COMMISSION MERCHANT.

"MAMMA, give me a ribbon, give me a ribbon," exclaimed my black-eyed one, as she bounded into the room, "here comes Lorenzo with the Patgaud."

"Give us all one to tie round its neck," was the request of the eldest of my little flock, "and let us write our names upon them; the ladies do so, and why should not we?" "Well my dears, and where is Lorenzo?"

"Here he is mamma, and pray give us some handsome pieces of ribbon."

Lorenzo, albeit as unsightly an object as could well be selected, was no unimportant character in the Spanish town of Pensacola. Imagine to yourself a negro lad of seventeen or eighteen, small in size, but muscular; with a visage, but one degree removed from absolute ugliness; protruding lips, which, when he smiled, (and this was almost continually, for it was part of his trade,) rolled themselves back to their extreme limits, exhibiting an irregular row of Ivories, one in front entirely wanting, lost probably in a fight; (he was an eminent pugilist, added to his other accomplishments;) eyes, that enjoyed the same pastime as his lips, that of rolling about to the extreme of their orbits, but which, when engaged in his profession, displayed great intelligence. Lorenzo was an itinerant merchant, not a pedlar, by any manner of means, but a regular commission merchant, Madam G—— his principal.

Within a day or two after an arrival from our Southern Metropolis, the most conspicuous object in town, was Lorenzo, attired, as to nether garments, as usual, that is to say, a pair of coarse linen, or old cloth trousers, cotton shirt, suspenders or not, as it happened; bare-foot, but not, as on ordinary days, bare headed. Nature had covered his cranium, not with wool, but knots, or burra, resolutely determined to have their way, as well as lips and eyes, and therefore to be peculiar and perverse, instead of growing with his growth, had strengthened with his strength, (and this was no trifle,) into the aforesaid knots; Gordian knots, one might call them, for no human card, nor comb, would ever disentangle them. Well, upon these tufts, rested a cushion of twisted straw, wrapped round with any old cloth, that came handiest, as he was about to start on his mercantile tour; and upon this, (shriek not, patronesses of Stewart's and Paton's) an old drawer, or an old basket, whichever, as I before said, came handiest, filled, piled up, so high with goods, that a covering was necessary, tucked in at the sides, to prevent the upper tiers from falling off.

Look at Lorenzo, with this immense height on his head, untouched by his hands however, for in one, he flourishes a yard stick, no, not a yard stick either, but a French-ell measure, and in the other, an apple, an orange, or perhaps holds it ready doubled up, to cuff the first urchin, black or white, who may venture to crack a joke at his top-heavy appearance.

See now, the contents of his basket displayed, not on a counter, but upon the bare cloth before mentioned, which he has spread upon the floor or carpet, of the house just entered; fine linens, splendid French embroideries, silk and the finest of thread stockings, silks, satins, laces, jewelery, rouge, pearl-powder, pins, needles, and numberless other articles, all of the finest and best; occasionally a band-box containing a perfect French hat.

And now the bargain and sale—before leaving home, his mistress has fixed her prices, which he never varies, for upon these, he has his commission. Lorenzo knows well the taste of every lady in town and their means of paying—he never credits, if he did, he would lose his per. centage; but he rarely leaves a house without selling something.

Day after day, he traverses the streets, for he is never in a hurry, and gradually the pile of goods diminishes, to be renewed upon every fresh arrival.

This commission business is Lorenzo's profession, but like his brotherhood, he dips in other things; he is the Mercury of the town; many a note is exchanged,

besides bank notes, and of course our hero pockets the postage, like many of his brotherhood in this department again, for take him all in all, Lorenzo is quite a man of the world—an accomplished man of the world.

He is a regular member of the town-band, performing either on the drum, violin, triangle, or tamborine, as occasion might offer; upon these occasions, a clean cotton shirt and trousers, render his appearance rather more seemly.

With a huge bunch of palmetto leaves, attached to the end of a rope, rendered sufficiently heavy, by having an old iron pot, or fragment of stone bound firmly to it, our hero might be seen at odd times, astide of a chimney, cleaning the different flues, by dropping down this burden, and hauling it up again, cheering himself meanwhile, with a song, or a word to the passers by.

Upon extraordinary occasions, like the one which ushered our hero to the acquaintance of our northern readers, Lorenzo was invariably called upon, for the best of all reasons; he knew every individual in town, where the greatest abundance of ribbons were to be found (the *sine qua non*, upon the occasion to which we refer,) the belles who would be most conspicuous, and those who were sure to be so, whether they would or not. All were expected to be contributors, for this was no bargain and sale affair, but the preparative to a scene of pleasure, peculiar to the buoyant and blessed air and sunshine of the old Spanish town from which this sketch is drawn.

SKETCH II.—THE PATGAUD.

For years after the first settlement of our country, pastimes and festivals familiar to the emigrant in the land of his nativity, were still continued in the land of his adoption; these time-honored pleasures are now entirely unknown in our northern and eastern states, and but a faint remnant can be found at the far south; preserved there probably from an inherent love of pleasure; our southern brethren preferring to gather roses on the pathway of life; the thorns thrust themselves into notice. One of these festivals, we purpose sketching for the amusement of our readers.

The Patgaud itself is the figure of a bird carved out of a cypress knot, a wood of almost impenetrable hardness, selected on this very account as will be seen hereafter; after being painted a dark color, the bird is fastened on the top of a pole fifteen or twenty feet high. It is then entrusted to the care of some one well known in town, who goes from house to house soliciting a ribbon from every lady to tie round its neck. The bird soon assumes a gay appearance, flaunting in all the colors of the rainbow. A day is next appointed for shooting the Patgaud, a spot selected, the pole fixed firmly in the ground, and the gorgeous bird on its extremity is for the time the "cynosure of every eye." The town is nearly deserted, every vehicle is put in requisition until the multitude gather at the appointed spot: the male part of the assembly draws lots, and according to their order take aim, and fire at our figure head. Almost every shot brings down a ribbon; this is received with shouts of applause, and the lady whose name is written on it, is the partner of the successful marksman for the first dance; occasionally upon a part of the bird falling, the band strikes up a joyous air—the firing is continued until the last remnant of the bird is brought down; a triumphant shout rings through the forest, a march is played by the village band, and the victor seated in a chair, is borne in procession round the circle of ladies, in order that he may select

one to share his honors. The victor and the lady of his choice, are now declared king and queen of the Patgaud, the dance commences, and the sovereigns of the house, lead the graceful measure.

We will now imagine it the morning of the festival; with the dawn's first light, bright eyes are watching for indications of a bright and glorious day, in this instance dreading no rivalry; the deeper the blushes of Aurora, the more joyously is she hailed by the happy heart waiting her appearance. From the grandmother to the infant at the breast, all are in a state of preparation; gay dresses are donned, the neat slipper is fitted to the foot, the mantilla gracefully arranged, and fan in hand the Spanish lady's toilette is complete.

After an early breakfast, the vehicles make their appearance; before one or two doors, might be seen a barouche, (a regular "carriage" our town could not boast;) a stage coach perambulated slowly from door to door, until its inmates veto further admission; but the majority of the ladies and children were conveyed to the Oaks, (the sacred grove of the Patgaud,) in the three horse drays of the country. This mode of harnessing three horses to a dray, is another peculiarity of Pensacola, the odd fellow is hitched to one side; we presume for the purpose of encouraging his partners to pull; to all intents and purposes he is the silent partner of the concern, for work he does not. After sweeping out these carts, a crumb-cloth, or a quilt is spread, and the female portion of the community seat themselves the males are expected to go on foot, or ride double, as it happens.

Long before the multitude assemble, the preparations at the Oaks have been completed—tables spread, fires kindled at convenient spots for cooking, wines and liquors immersed in tubs of cold spring water, the cooks with clean aprons, and sleeves rolled up to the shoulder making demonstration of what is to follow.

Mine host of the Pensacola Hotel superintending all things; and at these things he is *au fait*, for he is a Creole, and pride spurs him on to action.

Would our limits permit, almost every individual in this sketch could be filled out into a character, as it is, we will but touch lightly.

It is the 4th of July, and the thunder of cannon, from the ships of war in port—announce the anniversary of a nation's birth; flags are flying from every mast-head, and every thing animate and inanimate seems beside itself with joy.

Wend we on our way; "drive ahead of those drays, the dust will suffocate us;" "Missus, I does beat the old mules, and um wont go any faster;" "Ladies pray dismount, and take a seat in my carriage, you will avoid the dust, and be at your journey's end in half the time."

Here we are, how delightful the shade beneath these live oaks, and how gay the scene—the firing has already commenced, and by the shouts and music a large knot of ribbons must have fallen. Pistol, gun, and rifle, are fired in quick succession; "this ribbon binds you to be my partner for the first dance, fair lady," said a son of the ocean to a dark-eyed Creole who, nothing loth, assisted in tying it in his button hole—"and this makes you mine for a few brief moments, scornful Isadora," said another of Neptune's sons to the loveliest of that bevy of lovely ones—unwillingly was the hand given, but the rules of the festival were peremptory. Anxiously is that striped blue and white ribbon watched by Miss Spry, the would be young lady; time had spiced her too highly with pepper and salt, for the iron-gray would

appear, in spite of the Indian dye lavishly poured over her locks—maliciously floated the blue and white ribbon in the air, more coy than its owner, not a shot would touch it—I am wrong, it is down, and Esculapius has won it, horror and dismay are depicted on his countenance, for Miss Spry is his abomination. Courage Dr., the dance will soon be over—with a diabolical grimace the hand is offered, and not accepted, but seized; the hated ribbon tied into *such* a knot on his breast, and the Dr. and Miss Spry are ready for the coming events.

"It is your turn now Judge;" a dignified and most benevolent looking man steps forth, fires, and the last remnant of the Patgaud is at his feet. A triumphant march peals forth, and our friend, seated in a chair, is elevated on the shoulders of his courtiers for the time; a splendid bouquet is handed him to be presented to his queen elect; quickly is the circle formed, and three times round it, is borne the victor, he glights, the fragrant offering is made, and amid smiles and blushes, the queen of the revel is led to the dance. A temporary flooring has been laid, the carvass roof decked with garlands and flowers, completing the rustic appearance of the ball room—dinner is soon announced, and the revel is now at its height; lavishly as the board is spread, the demands upon it are as great; behind the ladies who are seated at the table, officiate their attentive partners; and behind these again are dodging about the sable nurses of the younger children—well filled plates are disappearing in the numerous tents scattered through the trees, and the laughter and merriment give demonstration of the satisfaction reigning within. The day wanes, matrons take their departure, the light-hearted and happy still trip it "on light fantastic toe;" but with the setting sun, a farewell is sighed to the brave old oaks, left towering aloft in the gathering twilight.

Why steal these feelings of disquietude over us? Is it that fast coming events cast their shadows before? is it that the king of terrors, has stretched his arm over us, and that although invisible, his presence is felt? In one month, what gloom and desolation has darkened our firmament; on a bright and glorious Sabbath morning a short space after the festival of the Patgaud, the mail from Charleston arrived—letters are opened, but why this horror and dismay? The good, the excellent, the beloved of all hearts, (although comparatively a stranger among us,) is no more. He, whom so lately we beheld in the midst of his mimic court, crowned with the love and respect of every individual of the community, is now before the tribunal of the King of kings. "The steamer Pulaski is lost, and Judge R— is drowned," was the announcement, that for many a day saddened the hearts, and checked the hopes of the inhabitants of Pensacola.

THE IRISH REAPER.

FROM TALES OF THE BORDERS.

BY JAMES MACKAY WILSON.

SOME years ago, I was proceeding from Runcom to Manchester, in one of the passage-boats which ply upon the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. There could not be less than a hundred passengers, and they were of as motley a description as the imagination of man could conceive even in a dream. The boats exactly resemble a long, low, flat-roofed wooden house; but sufficiently lofty for a middle-sized person to stand erect between the floor and the roof, or rather the deck. At one end sat about a dozen primitive Methodists, alter-

nately reading passages of scripture, or bursting forth, at the extreme pitch of their voice, into a squall of music, singing hymn upon hymn, until my very ears ached, and the timbers of the boat might have started. Near them sat a number of young, rosey-cheeked Welsh women, staring at the vocalists with a look of wondering vacancy, that the goats on their own mountains could not have surpassed. There were, also, manufacturers' wives and children returning from a seven days' visit to Runcorn, for the benefit of a salt-water dip in the Mersey; and six or eight prim, sober, sleek, silent, well-dressed Quakers; with a more than sprinkling of the boys of the Emerald Isle. The loud laugh of one of them was ever and anon heard above the shrill music of the ranters. He was about five feet seven inches high, and exceedingly strong and well made. He wore an old greatcoat, of a yellowish, blanket color, and a hat, the crown of which had fallen in with service, and its brim was equally turned up before and behind, and on both sides. His feet were thrust into a pair of brogues of true Irish manufacture, which, with a pair of coarse blue worsted stockings and corduroy inexpressibles, completed his outward man. He carried an apparently empty sack under his arm, and was surrounded by about a dozen of his countrymen, who seemed to regard him as an oracle, heartily echoing back his boisterous laughter, and exclaiming—"Well done, Mister M'Carthy!—faith and it's you that's your mother's own son, at iny rate."

O'Connell had sailed from Liverpool on the previous day, and his countrymen were discussing his political merits.

"Why, bad luck to ye," exclaimed our hero with the greatcoat, in answer to one who had held forth in praise of the counsellor; "and is it you, Mick Behan, that says every man in Ireland should pay the O'Connell rint?—but I'll tell you a bit of a parable, as father O'Shee says, and a parable, too, of my own natural mother's making. 'Larry,' says she to me, 'Larry M'Carthy, don't be after planting those big potatoes for seed; for they've a hole in their heart a little Christian might slip in!'"

"You're no better than a Sassenach, Larry," interrupted the aforesaid Mick; "can't you spake your maneing like a man, if you have any maneing at all, at all."

This was like to have ended in an Irish row in reality—though the majority evidently sided with Mister Larry M'Carthy, not because they agreed with him in opinion, but because, as afterward appeared, he was their master or employer. The disputants paused for a moment, and a loud groan, as if from one in great bodily pain, mingled with the wallings of a woman, was heard from the farther corner of the boat. Larry turned round, to use his own expression, "like a flash of lightning," and the next moment he stood by the side of the sufferer, who was a tall, bony-looking figure; but, save the skin that covered them, there was little of his mortal man but the bones left. It was only necessary to look on his features, wasted as they were, to tell that he, too, was an Irishman. A young wife sat beside him, whose countenance resembled beauty personifying sorrow; she had a child at her breast, and two others, the eldest not more than five years of age, stood by her knee. Larry looked upon the group, and his heart was touched.

"Och! and what may be ailing ye, countryman?" said he; "sure and ye wouldnt be after dying among friends, would ye?"

"Ohon! and is it a friend that would be asking after my own Patrick?" replied the poor wife; "sure, then, and he is ill, and we're all ill togidder; and it is six blessed months since he earned the brith of tinpinny. Oh! blackness on the day that the rheumatis came on him!"

"Sure now and is that all," interrupted Larry; and, belike, the doctors have been chating you; for, I tell you, honey, and you, too, Patrick, those natomy chaps know no more about the rheumatis than holy Solomon knew about stameboats. But, belike, I'm the man that dis'nt know neither; but, maybe, your chating yourself if ye think so. I'll tell ye what it is; the rheumatis is a wandering wind between the flesh and the bone; and, more than that, there is no way to cure it, but to squeeze it out at the ends of the fingers or toes."

"Oh! my childer's sorrow on it, this!" replied the suffering man's wife; "but, more and above the rheumatis, Patrick got his leg broke last February!"

"Ay, splintered, honey," added the husband; "and the doctors, bad luck be wid them, can't make nothing on't; and I am now going to the great Salford bone doctor."

"And, maybe, he won't be curing the bit bone without the money," said Larry, with an expression of sympathy.

The sufferer shook his head, and was silent; his wife burst into tears.

"I will work, I will beg, I will die for my Patrick," she exclaimed, and pressed the child closer to her breast.

"You had better be barring the dying, honey," returned Larry; and wouldnt a raffle, think ye, among friends, be more gintale than begging among strangers?"

"Ohon! and is it friends you say?" replied she.

"Yes, sure, and it is friends that I say," answered Larry; "and a raffle is what no gentleman need be ashamed on."

The boat at this moment stopped opposite an inn at the side of the canal; Larry borrowed a quart measure from the skipper, and sprang ashore. In a few minutes he returned with a quantity of rum, and, handing it first to the wife, and then to her lame husband, said, "Come, warm up thy ould bones with a drop of the cratur." He called the rest of his countrymen around him, and handed the liquor to each. When gathered together, there might be about sixteen or eighteen of them.

"Arrah, now, and these are all my men," said Mister Larry M'Carthy, with a look of comical consequence, to his infirm countryman; "and where would you be finding better? We are gone up to a bit of work in Lancaashire; for the English are no better than born childer at our work; and," raising the liquor to his head, he added, "here's the toly Virgin be with us, countryman, and better luck to your bad leg; and, should it ever be mended at all—though you maynt be good for much at hood-work iny more, you have still a stout bone for a barrow—and you won't be forgetting to ask for Larry M'Carthy. And, now, boys," continued he, turning to his workmen, "here is this poor man, and, more than this, I'm saying, our own lawful countryman, with the rheumatis and a broken leg, and his wife, too, as you see, and those three little cherubims, all starving, to be sure, and he going to the doctor's without a penny! Sure you won't disguise ould Ireland—just look at the childer—and I say that a raffle is the gintale way of doing the thing."

So saying, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a small canvass bag well filled with silver, and tied round the mouth with a strong cord. He took off his indescribable brown hat; he threw in a piece or two of silver, and went round, shaking it among his countrymen. Each took out a bag similar to Larry's, and threw his mite into the hat. He then, without counting them, emptied its contents into the lap of the poor woman; and I should think, from their appearances, they must have amounted to thirty or forty shillings. She burst into tears. The lame man grasped his hand, and endeavored to thank him.

"Don't be after spakeing," said Larry; "did you think we warn't Christians?"

Such was the Irish raffle. Larry instantly resumed his jokes, his jests, and his arguments; but I could do nothing during the rest of the passage, but think of the good Samaritan, and admire Mister Larry M'Carthy.

In the September of 1834, I was wandering by the side of a country churchyard, situated near the banks of the Tyne. The sun had gone down, and the twilight was falling gray upon the graves. I saw a poor looking man, whose garments fluttered in tatters with the evening breeze, and who, by his appearance, seemed to be an Irish reaper, rise from among the tombs. He repeatedly drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, and I could hear him sobbing heavily, as though his heart would burst. As we approached each other, I discovered that he was my old canal boat companion, and then merry and kind-hearted Larry M'Carthy; but no more like the Larry I had then seen him, than a funeral to a bridal.

His frame was wasted to a skeleton, and hunger and misery glistened in his eyes together.

"Ha!" said I, accosting him, "is it possible that sorrow can have laid its heavy hand upon the light heart of Larry M'Carthy?"

"Sure," said he, drying away the tears that ran down his wan and want-worn cheeks, "and it is true, and too true, and heavy is the hand, sure enough; but not so heavy as it should be, or it would be weighing me into that grave." "But how do you know me, sir—and who tould ye my name—as I don't know yours?"—for, sure, and mine is Larry M'Carthy, as my father and mother, and his rivrence, wid my natral sponsors, to boot, all, every one of them, say and affirm."

I reminded him of the canal boat and the raffle, and inquired the cause of his distress, and his visit to the grave.

"Arrah, master," said he, "and you touch a sore place when you ask me to tell it. Perhaps you don't know—for how should you—that, not long after the time you spake of in the canal boat, I came down to what ye call the Borders here, to a bit of navigating work that was to be a long job. I lodged with a widow, a decent ould woman, that had a daughter they called Mary—and, och! you may be thinking that ever Mary had an equal, but it's wrong that ye are if ye think so. Her eyes were like drops of dew upon the shamrock; and, although she was not Irish but Scotch, it was all one; for, ye know the Scotch and Irish are one man's childer. But, at iny rate, she had a true Irish heart; and, but for the sea or the channel, as they call it, she would have been Irish as well as me. The more I saw of Mary, I loved her the more—better than a bird loves the green tree. She loved me, too; and we were married. The ould woman died a few weeks before Mary presented me with two little Larrys. I might have called them both Larry; for they were as like each other as your two eyes, and both of them as like me, too, as any two stars in the blessed firmament are like each other, where nobody can see a difference.

"Mary made the best wife in Christendom; and, when our little cherubs began to run about our knees, and to lisp and spake to us, a thousand times have I clasped Mary to my breast, and blessed her as though my heart would burst with joy. 'Sure,' I used to say, 'what would my own mother have said, had her ould eyes been witness to the happiness of her son, Larry M'Carthy?'"

"But, often the thought came staleing over me, that my happiness was too like a drame to last long; and sure and it was a drame, and a short one, too. A cruel, mortal fever came to the village, and who should it seize upon but my little darlints. It was hard to see them dying together, and my Mary wept her bright eyes blind over them. But bad luck was upon me. The 'pothecary told us how our lovely childer would die; and, on the very day that he said so, the wife that was dearer to me than ould Ireland to Saint Patrick, lay down on the bed beside them—and, och, sir! before another sun looked in at our window, a dying mother lay between her dead childer. I wished that I might die too; and, within three days, I followed my wife and my little ones together to the same grave. It was this arm that lowered them into the cold earth—into the narrow house—and, sure, it has been weak as a child's since. My strength is buried in their grave. I have wrought but little since; for I cannot. I have no home now; and I take a light job anywhere when it comes in my way. Every year, at reaping time, I visit their grave, and bring with me a bit of shamrock to place over it, and that it may be a mark where to bury me, should I die here, as I hope I will."

Within ten days after this, I beheld the body of the once lively and generous-hearted Larry M'Carthy consigned to the grave, by the side of his wife and children.

HUMAN LIFE is a fluctuating affair; but after all there is much much pleasure attached to it. Tears and smiles, it is true, make up its routine; but there is a soul-unburdening joy even in tears.

THE earth covers physician's faults, and money rich men's.

BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

A PASSAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

EVERY incident connected with the early history of our country, in which the valor of our forefathers was signally displayed, comes down to us with all the interest of self-love, and all the freshness of romance. We love to dwell, for reasons better felt than explained, on the deeds of our sires, and the times that tried their souls. There is something hallowed in the associations which gather around us, while reflecting on those instances of devotedness and chivalrous patriotism which distinguished their acts—a feeling almost of devotion. Too many of those deeds have gone down to oblivion "unhonored and unsung;" and when a fragment of the past is snatched from the grasp of time, it excites in us sentiments the more sacred from the lapse of years.

But there was a period in our country's story, beyond that in which our forefathers struggled to make us a free and happy people—a time whose history is but faintly chronicled—when the sufferings of our pioneer ancestors were unwept and unrequited. That epoch would seem to have been swallowed up in the interest of the events which followed; yet those earlier periods afford us examples of unparalleled sufferance and unmatched heroism.

It was a gloomy era, when the fair face of our country was everywhere a dark wilderness, when our pilgrim fathers were at all times surrounded by the beasts and the savages of the forest—and when all was rude and cheerless. In the progress of scenes, from that time forward, many and dangerous were the vicissitudes by which they were marked. The eternal solitude which gave place to the busy hand of the settler, and the umbrageous darkness that disappeared from around his humble domicile, were yet the stilly haunts of the Indian. As the plane, in time, was made to yield support for the new comer, and the cabins of the white men began to thicken along the valley, the red man reluctantly retired to the mountain. His pleasant places on the uplands, beside the rivers, stocked with the scaly tribes yielding to him sustenance, had become occupied. The level patches where he raised his corn, with the beautiful hills where his tribe loved to congregate, were in the possession of the stranger. His near hunting grounds were disturbed, and his game began to disappear. Thus dispossessed of his inheritance, and disquieted in his neighboring solitudes, the primitive and rightful lord of the soil deeply fostered a secret hate against the cause of his grievance. As he gathered around his council-fire, and reflected on the stranger's encroachments, or listened to the complaints of his brethren, and the exciting eloquence of his chiefs, his soul began to kindle within him, and his bosom to swell with rage. Already had the numbers of the pale faces become alarming, and their bold hardihood inspired a spirit of dread. The fearful missiles which the stranger so dexterously used, above all, excited his fears, and deterred him from manifesting his resentment. Continued irritation, however, overcomes apparent impossibilities, and gradually wears away the most obstinate objections. The cunning of the savage was deemed a match for his enemy; his fleetness, his distant retreats, and his poisoned arrows, were presented by the orators to force up his courage to the determined point. Nor was it long before the Indian's festering hate broke forth. The war-song now resounded along the mountain side. The fearful yell is heard in the distance, and each settler prepares himself for the worst. And now it was that the direful note of death ran along the Connecticut valley, and deeds of blood began to desolate the land.

For many years was this pleasant valley the scene of heroic struggles—of suffering, and of death. Long did the hardy white man sustain himself against the superior numbers and the wily arts of the savage; but sadly did he pay the cost of his attachment to the land of his choice, and the endearing associations of home. Frequent and deadly were the conflicts in which he engaged with his implacable enemy. Deep and lasting was the mutual hate of the combatants, and as deep and as artful were their schemes of destruction. Victory often crowned the untiring efforts of the foe, when painful captivity or indiscriminate slaughter en-

sued. To tell of the many murderous deeds and the deep agonies which marked the triumphs of the embittered savage, would long employ the pen, and harrow up the feelings of the soul. To the cruel perseverance of the Indian, in this war of extermination, were added the secret promptings of base cupidity. The Canadian Frenchmen now urged on the brutal force of the not less barbarous foe, by their liberal reward and legalized bounties for captives and for scalps. Still more powerful motives actuated the red men, while large numbers of the reckless whites joined them in the execution of their most desperate deeds; and it was said that the cruelty and brutality of the Frenchman far exceeded those of the savage wild man.

It was thus with our forefathers, when an attack was anticipated from combined forces of the Indians on the little nucleus of farm-houses at the present beautiful village of Deerfield, in Massachusetts. A little army had collected at Hadley, composed of the hardy peasantry of the valley, determined on decisive and desperate efforts against the common enemy. The produce which had been gathered and housed at Deerfield, was necessary for the support of this band of determined yeomanry, and for the affrighted families who had there congregated; nor was it desirable that so much valuable substance should fall into the hands of the Indians, the more effectually to enable them to continue their bloody warfare. It was therefore resolved, that one hundred choice young men, justly denominated "the flower of the country," should be selected to go with teams in the face of danger, and transport the rich products of the soil from Deerfield to Hadley. The expedition was cheerfully undertaken by the requisite number of brave youths. Already were their teams loaded and on their way to the place of destination. The watchful enemy had, however, obtained intelligence of the expedition, and, with the greatest secrecy and celerity, collected in fearful numbers on a neighboring hill, shut out from view by the dense forest with which it was crowned.

Here their eloquent chiefs encouraged them, by every effort of language and of gesture, to deeds of bravery and desperation. Their plans were matured, and every means devised, which power and strategy could suggest, to destroy the devoted band, and to capture the treasure in their charge. And now their royal leader, with all the force and enthusiasm which had characterized the most potent warrior and consummate general that the history of savage life had ever revealed, broke forth, and thus revealed his great and impassioned mind: * "Warriors! see you the treasures of the pale faces—the richest stores of the long knives? See you the young men, few and feeble, that yonder carelessly stroll in the valley? See you our numbers, and the brave warriors that stand around you, and feel not your hearts strong? And who is he that goes before you? Who will direct you in the ambush and the fight? Is it not he who never knew fear?—whose heart is like the mountain, and his arm like the forest oak?—the great chief of the Narragansett, whose people are like the leaves, and whose warriors are the terror of the pale faces? Follow him, and all is yours! Each hatchet give a fatal aim—shnk deep these knives!—these arrows drink their blood! Away! to death!—our fathers and our homes!"

The wild spirit of the proud and lofty Phillip ran like electricity through the savage horde. Each burned for the affray, and quickly sprang into the trail of his captain. Silently he glided from the mountain, and covered along the meadow land that lay in a vale by the road side.

Here, deeply immersed in the luxuriant wild grass, shrink one thousand warriors, fiend-like exulting in the anticipated victory and slaughter. Now came the train of teams, cautiously guarded, as they had been

* History makes no mention of King Phillip being in this part of the country, either at this or any other time; but, from a tradition among the Indians themselves, I am enabled to state, with confidence, that this great sachem both contrived and led on this attack. Added to this, is the historical fact that he was absent from his seat at Mount Hope about this time, no doubt for the purpose of enlisting other tribes in a warfare against the English; and he probably took advantage of the occasion to dislay to the tribes hereabout his success in planning, and his prowess in battle.

thus far, by the chosen corps, and descended the small hill which conducted them into the green vale traversed by the road, and near which lay concealed the foe, ready to dart to their prey. Tradition says that here the noble youths, dreaming little of danger from the enemy, rested for the moment, and gathered grapes from the clustering vines that hung thick with their rich fruit by the road. When, "sudden as the spark from smitten steel," the thousand savage forms sprang from their ambush, and with hideous yells rushed to the onslaught. The vigorous youths, unterrified by the sudden assault, the yells, or the fearful numbers of the enemy, instantly rallied, and as quickly brought their rifles to their shoulders. They had received the cloud of arrows, as the savages approached within bow-shot of their victims, but now, in turn, the fatal lead from a still more deadly weapon made many a warrior bite the ground. The certain aim of the young band had told death to as many of the savage clan. Still onward they pressed, over their dead, and thickly hurled their missiles. Again, with deadly aim, the fire of the little and determined group of whites brought down the foremost of the desperate foe, and threw confusion into their ranks. A gleam of hope broke through the fearful prospect, and for a moment relieved the doubts which the overwhelming numbers and fierce desperation of the savages had inspired. But quickly in front was heard the animating voice of their valiant chieftain, and as quickly did they rally and return their destructive fire. The noble youths, though with half their numbers slain, resolved to sell their lives at a fatal cost. Nor was a nerve thrilled with fear, or a heart disposed to falter, as their ultimate fate now became too plainly apparent. Still onward, with brutal force, wrought to madness by the example and the thundering voice of the gigantic Phillip, pressed the exulting foe.

To utmost deeds brave *Lathrop* now inspired the daring band, as each had caught from him the thrilling cry: "Our God!—our homes!—our country, and our sires!" But in an instant, pierced with many arrows, he falls among the slain. The heroic captain, the "bravest of the brave," now fallen, the enemy express their fiendish joy in loud and terrific yells. The fight thickens, and man conflicts with man. The dying groans of the Christian nerves each youthful arm, which still deeper returns successive blows.

Impelled with fury at the destruction which was yet making in the ranks by the almost superhuman efforts of the brave whites, they strove, with all the brutality of fiends, to complete their deadly work. At length the number of the valiant youths was reduced to a solitary few; when the foremost of these, on turning to animate his comrades, saw himself supported by seven only of his associates. These, finding all efforts at victory hopeless, and that longer warfare would but add to the scalps of the victors, dashed their weapons in the face of the foe and attempted to escape. The two who stood last in this unequal contest—the most athletic of the chivalrous corps—bounding over the slain, took a direction toward the Deerfield river, followed by two hundred Indians, hurling with almost deadly precision their arrows and hatchets. The whizzing of these missiles urged the powerful remnant to their utmost speed. One of these, plunging into the stream, vainly attempted to reach its opposite bank; pierced by the arrows of the savage, he sank lifeless to the bottom, while the other, running along the shore, screened by the underbrush on its banks, silently sank into the water. Here, amid a thick and dark cluster of weeds and bushes, he supported himself by the trunk of an old tree lying on the edge of the stream, with his face sufficiently elevated to admit of respiration, until the Indians had relinquished their search for him, continually hearing, near him, their hasty stamp and fearful yells of disappointment. When all was still, and during the darkness of the night, he swam across the river; and, stiff and cold, began his march for Hadley, where he arrived on the following day, the last and only living witness, as tradition says, of the battle of Bloody Brook. Reader, this youth was the writer's grandfather!

Returning to the spot which history has so justly designated as "Bloody Brook," the barbarous enemy,

on completing their destruction of life, began that of the dead. The busy scalping knife was doing its frightful office, and the naked heads, severed from the lifeless trunks, were dancing high in air on the points of poles. The sickening sight made the less savage foe revolt. Death had not done its last kind duties, when this infernal sport commenced. The convulsive throes still showed the struggle between life and death. The spouting blood, still warm with life, was seen to gush forth from the gaping wounds and trickling along the greensward find a repository in the gurgling brook near by. The gory rills were fast purpling the little stream, and transporting the red tide down to oblivion—the richest tide that ever rivulet bore. All around was horror, torture and death; when suddenly appeared on the crown of the hill, a large company of white men, who had come from Greenfield with all possible haste, to the succor of their brethren. But, alas! it was too late! The scene we have described was presented instead. Filled with rage and madness, this furious band rushed down the hill upon the brutal force, yet gloating in blood, and falling like lions among them, made terrible havoc. Alarmed at this furious and unexpected assault, the savages sprang, with fear and desperate fleetness, from the scene, striving only to escape the death which their barbarity so justly merited. But full many a warrior fell by the strong arm of the vengeful white man. Flight alone saved the few remaining enemy.

A sad duty now devolved on the final victors. They dug on the spot the rude sepulchre which to this day contains the commingling dust of their youthful brethren, and over its mouth is to be seen a smooth flat stone, the only humble testimonial of posterity. Yes, there by the side of the road leading from the pretty villages we have mentioned, and near the little brook destined to give immortality to the event, may the curious traveler, as he passes through the green fields of the Connecticut valley, see the mound which designates the place where fought and sleep the un-honored brave. Peace to thy manes, heroic youths! Thy country's history shall preserve thy memory!

It is not a little curious, among the phenomena of mind, to mark the effect of external objects in recalling long-lost impressions. While standing on the spot thus hallowed by deeds of bravery, and while dwelling on the scenes which the imagination was picturing before me, I was all at once overwhelmed, as if by a sudden rush of light from the darkness of the past. Circumstances, localities—the realities, in all the vividness with which they were related to me, when but eight years of age, by my grandsire—started fresh into life. More than thirty years have elapsed since memory recalled one of those impressions, and yet every word that was dropped from the lips of that venerated man—his actions—his very look, while relating to me the affray at "Bloody Brook," came back upon me more freshly than a dream of yester-night. Every incident of that sanguinary fight, than which none in the history of our country was more fatally decisive, came up from the abyss of time, with all the vigor and clearness of present vision. He was then but eighteen years of age—of powerful mould, and great muscular activity. The thrilling particulars which he described in his venerable age, thus presented themselves to my mind, a short time since, on the consecrated spot, to which neither history nor tradition has yet done justice. C.

THE BROWN MUG.

BY SEBA SMITH.

RETURNING from a pedestrian excursion to the Notch of the White Hills, that wonderful gorge which makes the traveler, the first time he approaches it, stop and hold his breath, and look up to the mountains on the right hand and on the left, and down the deep valley that sweeps away below him, and feel, if he never did before, an overpowering sense of the might and majesty of the eternal—we had wandered down the valley of the clear, sweetly-flowing Saco; had tarried a few hours at the beautiful village of Fryeburg; had been into the little museum attached to the academy, and

tried to hold at arm's length the long gun that shot the Indian Chief Paugus. The sight of this gun gave us a strong desire to behold the scene of that memorable and tragical conflict, where the brave Lovewell and his devoted followers, in the heart of the wilderness, fifty miles from any white inhabitants, fought through the long summer day with Paugus and his warriors, till but few on either side were left to tell the news of the encounter. The place was scarcely a mile distant, and, taking a guide, we repaired to the spot. How could we do otherwise, when we called to mind the ballad, that has embalmed the memory of the unfortunate, but heroic little band.

"With footsteps slow shall travelers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight."

So says the old ballad. The name of the bard is lost, but he was a true prophet; travelers do go and visit Lovewell's pond, and we went among the rest. We stood on its quiet margin and had the various scenes of battle pointed out to us; the place of ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's edge, and the very spot where Chamberlain is supposed to have stood when he leveled his fowling piece and brought Paugus down. As saith again the old ballad—

"'Twas Paugus led the Pequot tribe;
As runs the fox, would Paugus run,
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on.
But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water's side,
And shot him dead upon that day."

We stood and mused awhile upon the melancholy fate of Lovewell, and Wyman, and Frye, and their brave companions in arms, and then turned silently away and pursued our rambles down the valley of the Saco.

We had been upon our excursion about a week, sometimes camping out in the woods, and sometimes emerging into an opening and stopping at some farm house to pass the night, when we found ourselves, one afternoon, approaching a small but tidy looking dwelling not many miles from Saco village. The place looked inviting, and our stock of provisions was low.

"Come Joe," said I, "let us try our luck here for something to eat."

"Agreed," said Joe, "for I begin to feel hungry as a bear."

The house stood a few rods from the road, and as we turned up the lane that led to it, we were suddenly challenged by a little sandy-colored dog, which came running toward us, growling and barking furiously, showing his teeth and bristling the hair on his shoulders like a young wolf.

"Let us shoot him," said Joe, "and go about our business." And he actually made a motion to that effect, for he had a little touch of the harum-scarum about him; but I forbade it at once, and told him to put up his rifle. At that moment an old lady appeared and called Jowler stoutly away, who readily obeyed her and retreated behind the house.

"Good woman," said I, as we came up to the door, "will you allow us to rest a half hour in your cottage?"

"Oh, certainly, an hour and a half if you've a mind," said the old lady, looking at us sharply through her spectacles. "Come, come in; my door is never closed against a civil caller."

With that we followed the old lady into her little parlor, which was furnished in the most simple and plain mode of country life, but exhibited, in a marked degree, an air of neatness and comfort. The chairs she handed us were of round, straight posts, with high backs, and the seats woven from the bark of the elm, finely stippled and twisted. The uncarpeted floor looked white and clean enough for a table. A few ordinary pictures hung round the room, which bore such decided marks of age, that I at once inferred that they were relics of generations that had gone by. A single oaken chair, of antique appearance, somewhat elaborately carved, stood against the wall between the two front windows, and over it hung a small looking-glass, in an oaken

frame, that looked as though it might have reflected the faces of several successive generations.

A modest-looking, fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with sewing work in her hands as we entered. She rose and courtesied to us, with evident diffidence, and resumed her work.

"Good woman," said I, "would it be convenient for you to furnish us with a bit of a lunch? Anything at hand—no matter what—we have been in the woods all day, and have not yet dined."

"To be sure," said the old lady, "such as we have shall be at your service in a few minutes. We have nothing very dainty or very nice; but if you have a real appetite for a plain dish, perhaps Sally can pick up something that will answer the purpose. Come, Sally," continued the old lady, addressing the young girl with the sewing work, "set out the table, and see if you can't get a mouthful or two of something for the gentlemen to eat."

As Sally left the room, the eyes of the old lady followed her with doating fondness.

"That's my granddaughter," said she, as the door closed; "she has lived with me ever since she was four years old; and though I say it myself, there isn't a nicer gal in the whole State of Maine, always ready and willing—and so kind, and always at work. She can get a meal of vituals as well as ever I could in my life, and better than I can now, in my old age. There's nothing about the house but what she knows how to do."

"She has been fortunate," said I, "to be brought up by such a grandmother."

"Well, I don't know," said the old lady; "it seems as if some children take to goodness naturally. I never had the least trouble with her—nothing but to tell her what to do, and she always did it."

"But she is not all your family?" said I.

"Yes," said the old lady, with a sigh, "she and I have lived alone here now going on three years; ever since my poor husband died—Heaven rest his soul! his body rests under that willow you see from the window yonder, in the corner of the lot. For the last two years of his life he suffered a painful lingering illness. And to see how that child waited upon him for two whole years, almost, as it were, day and night, was enough to melt the heart of Pharoah. An angel from Heaven could not have done more than she did!"

By this time Sally came in again, and began to spread the table. The day was warm, and I asked for a glass of water.

"May be," said the old lady, "you might like a glass of our small-beer, made of sarsaparilla and a few greens we get in the woods?"

I thanked her, and she told Sally to bring some.

"Sally, my child," said the old lady, as her granddaughter was going out of the door.

Sally turned round. The old lady pointed to a little cupboard door in the corner of the room. Sally, who seemed readily to understand the signal, went to the cupboard, opened the door, took down a large brown earthen mug, and went out. Instantly she returned, and placed the mug full of beer upon the table, with a couple of tumblers. We filled the tumblers, and drank some of the most delightful beverage we ever tasted. We could not help draining it, upon which the old lady urged us to take some more, adding that we need not be afraid to drink what we liked of it, for it was not only harmless, but very wholesome. We renewed our draught; and in lifting and setting down the mug, I was struck with the peculiar appearance, and took it up and began to examine it. On glancing at the old lady, I perceived an expression of pleasure on her countenance.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "but I think you have a choice article in this mug."

"It is a choice article," said the old lady; "it's a mug that we set a great deal by, in our family. We don't make much common use of it; but when we have company come in, and particularly strangers, I like to set it before them, for it is in some degree a record of our family history."

I still held the mug in my hand; and had discovered a crowned head stamped upon it, and the name of King William.

"Ah! then this is an ancient affair, is it?" said I; "but it can't be as old as King Will—can it, though?"

"Yes, I believe it is," said the old lady; "it has been in our family about a hundred and fifty years."

"Is it possible?" said I; "then it must have witnessed some interesting scenes in its day."

"It has, indeed," said the old lady; "sit down a few minutes, while Sally is bringing in your lunch, and I'll give you a short account of its history."

I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.

"That mug, which we commonly call King William," said the old lady, "because it bears King William's image and name, a hundred and fifty years ago belonged to my great-grandfather, whose name was Humphrey Scamman. His youngest son, Samuel, was my grandfather; and when I was a child, I have many and many a time sat on his knee, and heard him tell the story of the brown mug, and about being carried away by the Indians. In those days—that is, when my grandfather was a little boy, there but a few white inhabitants in this part of the county, and they lived in constant fear of being killed or carried off by the Indians. A few families were settled round the Saco falls, and a few scattered about in other places. They had built a strong fort on the south side of the river, a little below where the village now stands, to which the inhabitants in the vicinity, on any alarm of the approach of Indians, fled for security; and those who were so fortunate as to reach it, escaped without injury. Mr. Humphrey Scamman, my great-grandfather, lived on the north side of the river, a mile or two below the fort, toward the river's mouth. One day he was out at work with his oldest son, upon a piece of marsh, some ways from the house. Samuel, my grandfather, was then about ten years old, and remained at the house with his mother. Samuel's mother called him, and told him his poor father and brother were at work hard in the field, and the day was hot, and she wished they had a good mug of her new beer. Samuel at once said he would go and carry some to them; and his mother took that same brown mug—that same King William mug, standing there now on that table, and filled it with beer, and sent Samuel away with it to the field. He had been gone but a very few minutes, when he came running, breathless with terror, into the house, and crying out, 'Mother! mother! the Indians are coming! I see them coming down the hill in the edge of the woods, and they are coming right this way!' In all his fright, he still held the mug of beer in his hands, which he now placed on a shelf in the back part of the room.

"Oh, mother, let us fasten the doors," said Samuel, "or they'll come in and kill us."

"No, child," said his mother, "if we fasten the doors so they can't open them, they'll set fire to the house, and burn us up in it. The only way is, to let them come in, and take our chance."

"In a moment more, a dozen savages were at the door and came grimly stalking into the house with their weapons of war in their hands. After reaching the house, and helping themselves to such things as they liked, and emptying a couple of feather beds and tacking the ticks for bags to carry away their booty, they demanded of the woman where her husband was. She refused to inform them. They then told her, they would kill her and the boy at once; but if she would tell them where her husband was, they would not hurt any of them. This induced her to tell where her husband and other son were at work in the field. The Indians took Mrs. Scamman and Samuel with them, and started for the field which had been pointed out to them. Here they succeeded also in making prisoners of Mr. Humphrey Scamman and his son James. Another party of Indians at this time came up, and the whole proceeded up the river, intending to capture all the whites they could find, and carry them prisoners to Canada, where they would receive a reward from the French—France at that time being at war with England.

"They would probably have succeeded in taking more prisoners than they did, and perhaps would have taken the fort itself, had not a fortunate circumstance given seasonable alarm at the falls. A boy by the name of Robinson was passing with a team near the marsh

where Mr. Scamman was captured, and discovered the Indians in time to make his escape. He mounted the horse that was attached to his team, taking his garters for a bridle, and rode with full speed up the river, till he came to Gray's point a little below the present village, and swam his horse across to Cow Island. Here he left his horse, plunged into the river and swam the remaining channel himself, flew to the point as fast as possible, and immediately fired the alarm gun.

"Most of the men of the settlement were away in the fields at work, and many of them at a considerable distance. The women and children, with the feeble old men, fled into the fort as fast as they could, where they had waited but a short time before the Indians made their appearance on the side of the river, and seemed to be preparing to come across to attack the fort. In this emergency the women arrayed themselves in men's clothing, put on men's hats, and with muskets in their hands paraded themselves about in different parts of the fort where they could best be seen by the enemy. The Indians, deceived by this formidable array of forces, concluded the men of the settlement were all in the fort, and well armed, and that it would be useless to attempt an attack. They accordingly in a short time retired, carrying with them the family of Mr. Scamman, and a few other prisoners they had taken among the scattering settlements.

"It isn't worth while to stop to tell now, how much the prisoners suffered in their long and tedious journey through the woods to Canada; how they slept on the ground at night with hemlock boughs for their beds, and often traveled all day on foot without a mouthful of food.

"A year passed away, and nothing had been heard of Humphrey Scamman or his family; and the people on the Saco had given them up for dead. The Indians occasionally continued their hostile invasions through the year, so that the inhabitants on the river dared not venture far from the fort, and when they found it necessary to labor in the field they kept loaded arms by their sides. But this year, on account of peace taking place between France and England, many of the prisoners in Canada, who had been captured in the English colonies by the Indians, obtained their liberty and returned home. And one day the people on the Saco were greatly surprised and rejoiced at seeing Mr. Scamman and his family, with several others who had been supposed to be lost, make their appearance among them. After stopping at the fort long enough to partake of refreshments, and relate in a hurried manner the principal events of the year, Mr. Scamman was in haste to go and ascertain the condition of his homestead. None of the inhabitants could give him much information respecting it, for not one had visited it since the capture of the family; a fact showing in a striking manner how closely they had been confined to certain limits through fear of the Indians. One of the neighbors indeed told him that he had been down the river about a month before, so far that he could see the house, and that it was still standing and looked very much as it used to. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for 'that dear hut, their home,' followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them.

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scamman turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion. The sight once more of home, that dear home where she had passed so many happy days, bringing up at once its thousand heartfelt recollections, now mingled and shaded with the trials and sufferings of the past year, went at once to the inmost fountain of her heart, and her feelings gushed forth with all the truth and freedom of childhood. The boys too wept and laughed in the same breath. Theirs were the tears of joy, for the trials of life had not yet left the rust of sorrow upon their hearts. Mr. Scamman was a hardy, iron-nerved man, but even his chin quivered, as he said, 'come, wife, let

us go to the house and see, if there is anybody there to let us in.'

"The party proceeded on, and approached the door of the dwelling. Everything about it was noiseless and motionless as the abode of the dead. Mr. Scamman lifted the latch and they all went in. Almost the first thing that met their eyes was the old house-cat, seated upon the window-stool at the back part of the house and looking out of the window.

"Gray tabby had lived with them four or five years; and the idea that she had stuck by the home-stead and kept house alone during the whole long year of their absence, at once affected them very sensibly. At first tabby looked wild and sat out to run away; but when Mrs. Scamman called her, the creature instantly recognized her voice, and turned round and ran toward her. She stopped a moment and looked up in her mistress's face; and when Mrs. Scamman patted her on the head, she cried almost like a young child; licked her hand, pressed round and round her feet, leaped upon her clothes and purred, and showed such signs of joy and affection, that it brought tears to the eyes of most of the company.

"They now looked about the house. There were the heaps of feathers which the Indians had emptied out of the beds upon the floor, and there were broken articles of furniture which they had thrown here and there, all lying as they had been left on that fearful day. Presently Samuel stepped along to the shelves in the corner of the room, where he suddenly clapped his hands, and called out with great glee, 'Oh, mother, here is the very mug of beer that I was carrying out to father that day when the Indians came.' They all ran and looked, and there it was sure enough. They tasted of the beer; it was rather stale, it is true; but there it was, and the mug was more than half full, notwithstanding all the hot days and all the cold days that it had been standing there through the whole year. Mr. Scamman took the mug and looked at it, and said he,

"Samuel, now this mug shall be yours, and do you keep it as long as you live, to remember the Indians by.'

"And grandfather did keep it as long as he lived, and when he died he left it to my father, and when father died he left it to me. And that's the story of the King William mug that stands on the table, there, before you," said the old lady; "so now set up and take your lunch, for Sally's got it all ready."

"And pray, good woman," said I, "what do you intend to do with the mug when you have done with it?"

"I?" said the old lady; "when my time comes, and it won't be long, I shall leave the mug to Sally."

We seated ourselves at table.

"I don't know," said the old lady, "as you will find much of anything that you can eat."

"I never knew a more groundless fear in my life," said I glancing round the table, for indeed a more inviting lunch I never sat down to. There were delicious slices of cold beef's tongue, a rich dish of filed ham and eggs, bread of the very best quality, soft milk biscuit, with the freshest and sweetest butter I ever tasted; cup custards, and a perfect gem of an apple pie, with rich old cheese. Then there was the brown mug full of excellent beer, and the way the whole was served up was the most perfect pattern of taste and neatness I ever beheld. In short, we ate a very hearty dinner. During the operation of eating, I observed that Joe's eyes wandered very often across the room and rested on Sally, who had again taken her sewing and was seated by the window. Having finished our repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to make the old lady except of money for the trouble we had caused her, but she seemed hurt, and utterly refused. We gave them a parting blessing, and went on our way. We walked side by side, Joe and I, I think nearly a mile, without speaking a word. At last said I,

"Joe, you seem to be wrapped up very close in some sort of deep cogitation or other; what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking," said Joe, "if ever I get married, I mean my oldest son shall inherit the Brown Mug."

NOTE.—The story of the Brown Mug, with most of the other incidents in this sketch, is no fiction, but the simple truth.

THE ATTACKED ESCORT.

A SPANISH SCENE.

IN 1810 I was in the French service, and ordered with my regiment to Bayonne. Frequent convoys were sent forward into Spain, sufficiently numerous to keep off the guerillas; and to one of those I was attached on its way to Andalusia. Our convoy was strong: a corps of infantry, dragoons, and artillery, escorting a long train of wagons with stores. Our march was through a fine part of the country, and in the finest season of the year—the close of spring. We proceeded slowly, and had full leisure to enjoy the landscape. The Spanish spring realizes all those ideas of beauty, those skies of cloudless blue and splendid sunshine, those blossomed fields, and light and delicious airs, that in other lands are scarcely more than the language of poetry.

The convoy moved with the usual military precautions, though it was too strong to be liable to a guerilla attack. We could not, however, prevent desultory skirmishes in the defiles, by which we lost some men. Even this, in some degree, added to the interest of our march. On the first report of a musket, the column closed; our mountain voltigeurs and light infantry were sent up the hills, to turn the flank of the Spaniards; and, apart from the loss of lives, the scene was often in the highest degree striking and picturesque.

In this mode we passed on till we reached the Sierra Morena. There the badness of the roads, which had been neglected from the commencement of the war, broke a considerable number of our wagons; and as we had now reached a country completely in the power of our troops, the officer in command thought it better to move forward with the main body, than linger for their repair. Some hundred men were left behind to escort them, with orders to follow to a town three marches off, which was to be the head quarters of the convoy. I had been taken ill, and remained with the wagons; the delay, however, was trifling; and in twenty-four hours we were on the road again. Unluckily the commandant of the escort, in order to make up for our lost time, took it into his head to move by a narrow forest-road, instead of that through the open country, which made a circuit of some extent. I observed to him the hazard of this route; he gave me civilly to understand, that I was not then at the head of my regiment; I said no more, and we plunged into the forest. For some time all went on well; but the forest grew thicker, the road narrower and more broken, and at last a grove of oaks brought us almost to a stop. We here found our advanced dragoons, who waited for the column, that they might not be entangled alone in the grove. We had scarcely worked ourselves a dozen yards among the trunks and copse, when an advanced sharp-shooter fired, and in a moment after we saw men with muskets in their hands running round us. Their numbers increased rapidly, and we soon had them in every direction—front, flanks, and rear. Our commandant had now found out his mistake, and had nothing to do but to get out of it as well as he could. The column had halted at once. The infantry were posted at its head and in the rear of the wagons; the sharp-shooters formed line on each side from front to rear; and the dragoons were pushed into the wood, on both sides of the road, at twenty paces off, to act as skirmishers.

The fire had already begun, and the enemy had all the advantage—he might single us out as he pleased, while we might take our revenge by firing at the trees. We saw some of our dragoons tumbled from their horses, while others galloped back to us wounded. Platoons of infantry were advanced to support them, and they soon began to feel the effects of the fire. Our next experiment was to send thirty dragoons to cut down everything before them. They charged gallantly, but they could not cut down oaks and elms of a hundred years' growth; and in a few minutes we saw about one-half of the troop gallop back again, followed by a shout and a shower of balls.

We were now situated awkwardly enough, and in fact had nothing for it but fighting. The commandant was a good officer, though he had entered the wood; and the soldiers fired desperately. We made our way, losing men continually; still we got on, until

we came to an *abatis* of trees, in the very heart of the forest. Here we fought for life and death: the enemy, though only peasants, were bold and capital shots; and it was not till after an hour of despair and carnage that we broke through the barrier, wound our way through the forest, and saw the light of heaven. This cost us nearly all our wagons, two-thirds of our escort, the commandant a severe wound in the knee, and me a ball in the shoulder.

This was an unlucky affair, and it left us all in ill humor. We moved on, determined to try no more short cuts; and about half a league further saw another grove. We all shrank at the sight; but, above the trees we saw, at a turning of the road, the chimneys of a chateau. This, of course, would afford quarters for the officers, an hospital for the wounded, and plunder for the rest. I now remonstrated on the necessity of losing no more time; but the commandant's wound had made him outrageous, and the sight of Spanish property was not easily resisted among our troops at that period. So, it was determined to try what was inside of the chateau.

We left the few carriages that remained to us in the road, and sent our sharp-shooters up the grand avenue—a stately range of oaks. There was not a soul to be seen in the house: the windows were closed; and, but that the dogs barked fiercely, we should have thought that the whole had been visited by the plague. The soldiers hammered the great door with the butt-ends of their muskets, flung stones at the windows, and at last began to fire at the shutters. All was useless. At length, as we were beginning to lay faggots against the door, a small window was opened, and a man's voice inquired—"what we wanted?"

One of our officers, who had served in Spain, answered, that we wanted to get in and have some refreshment and rest. The voice replied, and bade us go to a farm-house in sight, where we should find provisions. "No," said the officer, "that is not enough; open the door, or we will get in in spite of you."

"You shall not get in," said the voice. "We have force enough to defend ourselves; retire at your peril."

This defiance put the troops in a rage. They looked on it as an insolent challenge; and while some of them prepared to scale the windows, others ran off to bring up our guns to burst open the door. The commandant, however, would not allow them to be used, in the fear of bringing the guerillas upon him again. At length they broke open the door with the levers of the guns. As it fell in, a line of fifty men drawn up in the court within fired a volley, that knocked down one half of those in front. The rest fell back for a moment; but the whole corps now rushed on, and filled the court before the Spaniards had time to reload. A few of them were killed on the spot; but the greater part made good their retreat into the chateau, and from that into the grounds; where our soldiers, as soon as they saw the rich furniture of the rooms, did not think it worth their while to follow them.

I was extremely grieved at this whole affair; and indignant and pained as I was at so much unnecessary evil, I was led, partly by curiosity and partly by a wish to be of what service I could to the unfortunate people of the house, to enter the court, and see what was going forward. At this time the first attack was over, and the soldiers had gained possession of the apartments above; but there was still a scene going on that I shall never forget. Some of the Spaniards had either been unable, or disdained, to retreat; and at the further end of the court, against the wall of a chapel, stood six or seven men who seemed determined to die. They had made a little breastwork of some loose wood, and from behind this they kept up a regular discharge. I remarked among them a very noble-looking man in an embroidered cloak, who appeared to be their master, and beside him a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who cried out continually, "Kill, kill the French!" This lasted a few minutes, and we lost some men at every discharge, till, at last, our soldiers, infuriated at this defence by a handful of servants, rushed forward; seven or eight took aim together at the master, and fired. I saw the boy fall at the moment; the master staggered a few paces back, and then advancing, flung himself beside the body. The servants at this sight lost cour-

age, threw away their arms, and, springing upon the pieces of wood, climbed over the wall, and made their escape through the gardens; our soldiers offering them no interruption, as the resistance was fairly at an end, and they were anxious only to share the plunder with their comrades in the chateau. My servant and I were now the only persons in the court; and I was so much shocked and disgusted with the whole scene of rapine and cruelty, that I did not know whether to advance or retire. I saw the court covered with dead, and felt the natural shudder of every man, not altogether hardened, at beholding death in such a shape, while the ear was filled with the shoutings a riot of plunder above. But as I gave a last look to the spot where those gallant and unfortunate Spaniards had made their last stand, I thought I saw a hand waved from among the corpses. I immediately went up to them. The first face that I saw was the boy's. I was turned upward; and pale as it was, I think I never saw one so handsome. It still retained a slight expression of disdain, which gave a kind of loftiness to its extreme beauty, and reminded me, even in that moment, of the Belvedere Apollo. But he was totally dead. It was natural to feel something at such a sight. I continued almost involuntarily gazing on the face, till I was roused by seeing the figure at his side raise itself slowly from the ground, and sitting up, look me in the face, saying in a low tone: "Barbarians! is not this enough?" I absolutely felt as if an apparition had risen before me. The hollow voice, the large eyes nearly glazed, and yet haughty and threatening, absolutely checked my breath. However, I made some steps toward the wounded man, in the idea of offering him assistance. He evidently misconceived me; and turning himself round with pain, clasped his arms over the boy, kissed his lips two or three times, and then looking up at me, seemed to await the mortal blow.

I was doubly shocked at this, and I believe a tear stole into my eye. I told him in Spanish, that he was wrong in taking me for one of his murderers; that I was deeply grieved at all I saw; and that if I could not help those round him, I might be of some service, at least, to himself.

He fixed his eyes on me, and said: "You are a Frenchman, and yet can feel!" It was no time to enter into explanation; I merely replied: "I wished to take him from that place, and desired to know where my servant and I should carry him to shelter?"

"It is too late—I am dying. If it were otherwise, I should not"—and he looked at his son's corpse—"at this moment be so calm."

"I still entreated him. "Well, then," said he, "if you will do me this last kindness, have me carried into the chapel, where my place has long been prepared."

I raised him by the knees, my servant put his hands under his head; and in this way we carried him gently toward the chapel. It was then that I first saw that he was mortally wounded.

The door of the chapel was open, and there we laid down our melancholy burden. Under all the depression of the moment, I could not help being struck with admiration as I glanced round. The altar, columns, steps, were all of the finest marble, and the most exquisite sculpture. But the most striking object was a monument of Carrara marble in the centre. It was a dome on four pillars, under which was a female figure lying on its side, with the head resting on the arm, as in deep sleep: the face and form were of exquisite loveliness. At the four corners of the monument were four large wax tapers burning; and a large black pall, which appeared to have been covering the figure, lay beside it on the ground.

The wounded gentleman was evidently exhausted by his last effort. I spoke to him, but he was unable to answer. As his oval countenance gradually assumed the calmness of death, I never saw any thing nobler. He could not be more than between forty and fifty. The large black eye, the arched brow, the cheek slightly tinged with emotion, the mouth, moved with a faint smile which seemed to say that all human efforts were hopeless, and that yet he thanked me; all made up such a face as we see in the pictures of Titian or Da Vinci. It was the Spanish countenance in all its grandeur and all its melancholy.

I gave him some wine and water from my servant's canteen, and, after an effort, he said, in a dying tone, "Sir, I had once a wife, an admirable creature! Heaven took her from me in the most unfortunate and painful manner. She was worthy of heaven. She died five years ago; I built this tomb for us both: lay me beside her."

I could not speak. He pressed my hand, and said again, "Sir, I thank you for your feelings. If you will let me make one more request, it shall be my last. Bring the body of my boy, that I may look upon him once more and die with him beside me."

I shrank at this. The place was now entirely silent. The soldiers had either gone away or were busy in the remote parts of the chateau. There was nothing round me but graves and death. I felt an involuntary horror at going into the court, where I should see but bleeding bodies. I will own that I felt a dimness come over my eyes, and shook like a woman.

The noble Spaniard would urge me no farther; he sat up, lifted his clasped hands, and fixed his eyes on heaven, and after a struggle obviously of inward prayer, sank back on the ground with a sigh which made me think that all was over. This awoke me; I went out, and with my servant, whom I found at the door, brought in the body of the boy, and placed it by his father's side.

While I was gazing on them as they lay together in their sad beauty, I saw the curtain of the altar rise slowly, and from under it peep an old man, who looked round him in great terror. I called to him to come forward, and promised him secrecy. He was an old servant of the family: and on seeing the bodies, he was in an agony of grief, flung himself on them, tore his white hair, and cursed, as well he might, their murderers. As he clasped his master's hand I saw the eyes open; they were turned upon the boy's countenance, then on me. I heard the lips whisper, "God bless the hand that brought us together!" then laying his arm round the boy's neck, and pressing his lips to his cheek, the spirit departed with a deep sigh.

The old servant and I knelt beside them, and, I believe, wept together.

After a while we heard the soldiers returning: we rose and covered the bodies with the pall from the tomb. The chapel was now nearly dark, and the soldiers came in with lighted torches. They asked what was under the pall; and on being told, turned away with looks and gestures of genuine regret. They did not even look at the servant, who stood close to me, expecting to be put to death, notwithstanding my assurances of safety.

The drums now beat, the plunder was gathered into the court, cars and waggons from the stables were loaded with the rich moveables of the mansion; I waited until all were on the march, then giving some money to the old man, and bidding him call the fugitive domestics to do the last honors to his masters, I walked, with a melancholy heart, through the deserted court, and followed the troops.

From the first rising ground I looked back upon the chateau—the moon was touching its towers; and when I thought of what was below, I formed my fixed resolution of being a soldier no more.

AMERICAN GENERALS.—Washington was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. Knox was a book binder and stationer. Morgan, (he of the Cow-pens,) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Green was a blacksmith, and withal a Quaker, albeit through all his southern campaigns, and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold—(I ask pardon for naming him) was a grocer and provision store keeper in New Haven. Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not march through the United States with 6000 men, was a regular built soldier, but after the revolution a farmer. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician. Marion, the "old Fox" of the South, was a cowboy. Sumpter the "fighting cock" of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel—a glass—
A bubble—a plaything—a rose;
'Tis the sun, dew, or air; 'tis so many things rare,
That 'tis nothing one well may suppose.

'Tis a jewel, love's token; glass easily broken;
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything that boys cast away when it cloy;
A rose quickly faded and strewn.

Like the air it is felt; like snow it will melt;
It refresheth the earth like the dew;
And as nothing can vie with a brilliant blue eye,
'Tis like nothing, sweet lady, but you.

"T'OTHER EEND OF THE GUN."

CHANGE FOR AMERICAN NOTES, Harpers. SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND, Wm. H. Colyer.

THESE two very clever pamphlets ought to have been published by the same house, and bound up together, either of them being a capital commentary upon, and complement to, the other. It is really curious to observe how nearly the broad humor of Judge Heli-burton and the biting wit of "the American lady" are exercised upon the same points of English peculiarity, and how, in the main, the colonial high tory and the spirited republican woman arrive at the same results in their views of life in England. The dreary monotony of manners, the melancholy homage to wealth, the utter absence of nature and elasticity, with the almost universal prevalence of sullen prejudice and absurd cant, excite equally the caustic merriment of both of the these *cis-atlantic*, while both at the same time do ample justice to the industry, the energy and manifold virtuous though homely traits of these brave, mechanical, whimsical and world-formidable islanders.

John Bull, who holds such an *ishmaelitic* pen against all other nations, of course makes many wry faces at having the chalice commended to his own lips which he has so often drugged for others, and Mr. Slick, with his female accomplice in mixing the posset, must not expect to come off more easily than did General Pillet, Prince Puckler Muskau, Baron de Haussez, Sildell McKenzie, Fennimore Cooper, and others who called out the most rabid fury against them in England for the home-truths they ventured to tell. It is really remarkable that a great and powerful nation should be so sensitive when strangers, for their own good, point out those unhappy defects in their manners which make the English so unpopular all over Christendom, while at the same time the whole world, with one consent, unite in doing justice to their brilliant and extraordinary career as a nation. Their insular position and their exclusion from social intercourse with the rest of Europe during the wars of Napoleon, must account for much of this childish feeling—a feeling, indeed, which even the incessant contact of our countrymen with foreigners from every clime, has not prevented them from partially sharing; though the incessant wave of immigration which dashes on these favored shores, polishes away our corners, and makes us more completely citizens of the world. We subjoin some extracts from these racy volumes.

"It is rather hard talkin', that," said he; "I like its patronisin' tone. There is somethin' goodish in a colonist patronisin' a Britisher. It's turnin' the tables on 'em; it's sarvin' 'em out in their own way. Lord, I think I see old Bull put his eye-glass up and look at you with a dead aim, and hear him say: 'Come, this is cuttin' it rather fat.' Or, as the feller said to his second wife, when she tapped him on the shoulder, 'Marm, my first wife was a *Pursy*, and she never pre-

sumed to take that liberty.' Yes, that's good, 'squire. Go it, my shirt-tails! you'll win if you get in fast, see if you don't. Patronisin' a Britisher!!! A critter that has Lucifer's pride, Arkwright's wealth, and Bedlam's sense, aint it rich?"

SAM'S OPINION OF DICKENS.

"What is the temper" he replied, with much warmth, "that they visit us in? Cuss 'em! Look at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of, except Lafay-ette? And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman that is a friend to us, not a native that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name, is still an American by birth, six of one and half a dozen of t'other, and, therefore, a kind of half-breed brother. No! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is was, a British author; and yet, because he was a genius, because genius has the 'arnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and bean't a citizen of this state or that state, but a native of the univarse, why, we welcomed him, and feasted him, and leveed him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honored him; did he honor us? What did he say of us when he returned? Read his book.

"No, don't read his book, for it ain't worth readin'." Has he said one word of all that reception in his book? that book that will be read, translated, and read again all over Europe—has he said one word of that reception? Answer me that, will you? Darned the word—his memory was bad; he lost it over the tafraill when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of gals imprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes, and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory; it was noted down, and printed."

ENGLISH CIVILITY.

"There's plenty of civility here in England, if you pay for it; you can buy as much in five minits as will make you sick for a week; but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold as presbyterian charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They haint set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore, and no mistake; it's all pay, pay, pay; parquise, parquise, parquise; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastingly a cringin', fawnin', and coaxin', or snarin', grumblin', or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tide-waiter, and porter, and custom-er, and truck-man as soon as you land; and the sarvant-man, and chamber-gal, and boots, and porter agin to the inn. And then on the road, there is trunk-lifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach-door, that they calls a water man, cause he is infarnal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a smart o' snakes; their name is legion, and there ain't no eend to 'em.

"The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatiz and scorny airs. If you could buy an Englishman at what he was worth, and sell him at his own valuation, he would realise as much as a nigger, and would be worth tradin' in, that's a fact; but as he ain't worth nothin', there's no market for such critters; no one would buy him at no price. A Scotchman is wus, for he is prouder and meaner. Pat ain't no better nother; he ain't proud, cause he has a hole in his breeches and another in his elbow, and he thinks pride won't patch 'em; and he ain't mean cause he haint got nothin' to be mean with. Whether it takes nine tailors to make a man I can't exactly say, but this I will say, and take my davy of it too, that it would take three such goneys to make a pattern for one of our real genuwins free and enlightened citizens, and then I wouldn't swap without large boot, I tell you. Guess I'll go and pack up my fixins, and have 'em ready to land."

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

"There he is, as big as life, five feet nothin', with his shoes on. Now, examine that monument, and tell me if the English don't know how to brag as well as some other folks, and whether they don't brag, too, some-

times, when they haint got no right to. There is four figures there, representin' the four quarters of the globe in chains, and down them America a crouchin' down and a beggin' for life, like a mean Indgin. Well, jist do the civil now, and tell me when that little braggin' feller ever whipped us, will you? Jist tell me the day of the year he was ever able to do it, since his mammy cut the apron-string, and let him run to seek his forl'n'. Heavens and airh, we'd a chawed him right up!

"No, there never was an officer among you that had anything to brag of about us but one, and he was'n't a Britisher—he was a displeasable Blue-nose colonist-boy of Halifax. When his captain was took below wounded, he was leftenant, so he jist ups and takes command o' the Shannon, and fit like a tiger, and took our splendid frigate Chesapeake, and that was somethin' to brag on. And what did he get for it? Why, colony sarce, half-pay, and leave to make room for Englishers to go over his head; and here is a lyin', false monument erected to this man that never even see'd one of our national ships, much less smelt thunder and lightning out of one, that, English like, has got this for what he did'n't do."

NATUR.

"You are in the wrong pew, here, squire, said he, you are, upon my soul. If you think to sketch the English in a way any one will stop to look at, you have missed a figur', that's all. You can't do it nohow you can fix it. There is no contrasts here, no variations of colors, no light and shade, no nothin'. What sort of a pictur' would straight lines of anything make? Take a parcel of sodgers, officers and all, and stetch 'em out in a row, and paint 'em, and then engrave 'em, and put it into one of our annuals, and see how folks would larf, and ask, 'What boardin'-school gal did that? who pulled her out of standin' corn, and sot her up on eend for an artist?' they'd say.

"There is much of elegance, and more of comfort, in England. It is a great and good country, Mr. Poker; but there is no natur' in it.

"It is true as Gospel, I'm tellin' you no lie. It's a fact. If you expect to paint them English, as you have the Blue-noses and us, you'll pull your line up without a fish oftener than you are a thinkin' on; that's the reason all our folks have failed. Rush's book is jist molasses and water, not quite so sweet as 'lasses, and not quite so good as water; but a spillin' of both. And why? His pictur' was of polished life, where there is no natur'. Washington Irving's book is like a Dutch paintin'; it is good, because it is faithful; the mop has the right number of yarns, and each yarn has the right number of twists, (although he mistook the mop of the grandfather for the mop of the man of the present day,) and the pewter plates are on the kitchen dresser, and the other little notions are all there. He has done the most that could be done for them; but the painter deserves more praise than the subject.

"Why is it every man's sketch of America takes? Do you suppose it is the sketches? No. Do you reckon it is the interest we create? No. Is it our grand experiments? No. They don't care a brass button for us, or our country, or experiments nother. What is it, then? It is because they are sketches of natur'. Natur' in every grade and every variety of form; from the silver plate and fork, to the finger and huntin' knife. Our artiffishal Britishers laugh at that—they are bad copies, that's a fact; I give them up. Let them laugh and be darned; but I stick to my natur', and I stump them to produce the like.

"They are considerable large print are the Bull family, said he; you can read them by moonlight. Indeed their faces ain't onlike the moon in a general way; only one has got a man in it, and the other hante always. It tante a bright face; you can look into it without winkin'. It's a cloudy one here, too, especially in November; and most all the time makes you rather sad and solemnly. Yes, John is a moony man, that's a fact, and at the full a little queer sometimes.

"England is a stupid country compared to our'n. There is no variety where there is no natur'. You have class variety here, but no individuality. They are insipid, and call it perlitte. The men dress alike, talk alike, and look as much alike as Providence will let 'em. The club-houses and the tailors have done a good

deal toward this, and so has whigism and dissent; for they have destroyed distinctions.

"But this is too deep for me. Ask minister, he will tell you the cause; I only tell you the fact.

"Dinlin' out here is both heavy work and light feedin'. It's monstrous stupid. One dinner, like one rainy day, (it's rained ever since I been here a'most,) is like another; one drawin'-room like another drawin'-room; one peer's entertainment, in a general way, is like another peer's. The same powdered, liveried, lazy, idle, good-for-nothin', do-little, stand-in-the-way-of-each-other, useless sarvants. Same pictur, same plate, same fixin's, same don't-know-what-to-do-with-your-self-kinder-o'-lookin'-master. Great folks are like great folks, marchants like marchants, and so on. It's a pictur', it looks like life, but it tante. The animal is tamed here; he is fatter than the wild one, but he hante the sprit."

STRAY TOUCHES.

"Lord, how extremes meet sometimes, as Minister says. Here, now, fashion is the top of the pot, and that pot hangs on the highest hook on the crane. In America natur' can't go farther; it's the rael thing. Look at the woman-kind, now. An Indgin gal, down south, goes most naked. Well, a splendidferous company gal, here, when she is full dressed, is only half covered, and neither of 'em attract you one might or morsel. We dine at two and sup at seven; here they lunch at two, and dine at seven. The words are different, but they are identical the same."

"Oh, of course, it isn't true, he said, and every Englishman will swear it's a falsehood. But you must not expect us to disbelieve it, nevertheless; for your travelers who come to America, pick up here and there some absurd untruth or another; or, if they are all picked up already, invent one; and, although every man, woman, and child is ready to take their bible oaths it is a bam, yet the English believe this one false witness in preference to the whole nation."

"I ain't a vain man, and never was. You know, squire, I hante a mossel of it in my composition; no, if you were to look at me with a shlp's glass you would'n't see a grease spot of it in me. I don't think any of us Yankees is vain people; it's a thing don't grow in our diggins. We have too much sense in a general way for that; indeed, if we wanted any, we could'n't get none for love nor money, for John Bull has a monopoly of it. He won't open the trade. It's a home market he looks to, and the best of it is, he thinks he hante none to spare."

The racy character of Judge Haliburton's last and best work is sufficiently shown by the above extracts. We hope it is a pardonable egotism to record how much we have been both pleased and pained to observe how often the scene of his best stories, told in illustration of his theme, is laid in MAINE! We were "pleased" at this unconscous acknowledgment of the original Jack Downing source whence the first fruit of these admirable and deservedly popular writings was drawn, and "pained" that our own careless "thunder" was more completely lost to us than ever when fashioned into full-formed bolts by a hand so capable to wield them.

Yet such is often the fate of the literateur. His mind, like the stream which unconsciously runs over the golden mine, disengages at times the rich oar below, and bears it careless onward till it meets some more fortunate eye, some more favored hand—some really gifted mortal who has both the leisure to trace and the skill to work the wealth-bestowing vein which another has disclosed to him.

But it is time for us to turn to "the change for American notes," which will be found to ring almost as hard as the generous coin which our friend, Mr. Slick, scatters so profusely. We may observe, before leaving the subject, that we are perfectly aware that some, who may peruse this article, will lift up their hands in holy horror at the extracts we have already

made, and those we are about to begin; exclaiming the while against what, in lady-like phrase, is called "the bad taste of this spirit of reconciliation." *Reconciliation*, quotha?—we reject the phrase! Does the Bedouin "reconcileate" with the assassin who thrusts a knife into his vitals, even while partaking of his *sall*? How bitter—how persecutingly bitter and unsparing has been the obliquy of this people, the best of whose writers knew only to enter our houses, to sit at our board, to drink of our cup, to be feasted and fostered by us like our brethren, only to return home and hold us up to the scorn and contempt of the rest of the civilized world. "Yes, but we should pass over these things with the disdain that becomes a great people." Out upon such wretched cant! Is "disdain" then the fitting punishment for *crime*?—for *CRIME*, we say, and say it unhesitatingly. For next to that wickedness which robs the soul of its belief in a hereafter, is the social outrage upon feeling which teaches the heart that hospitality to the stranger is a weakness—that we must doubt the honesty of our fellow man who comes to us from a foreign shore, and open our doors to him at the peril of our character.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

"The English contend that there is not in the United States a refinement of manners equal to their own—there may not be the parade of it. The English bow and walk differently (they say, more gracefully,) they sipper and small-talk more; and though they may flatter ladies more, they do not prize them so much, while the treatment of our sex is the best touchstone of real refinement and civilization. I cannot conceive anything more absurd, or bolder in its absurdity, than for travelers to assert, while they admitted the irreproachable character of American ladies, that they exercised little influence upon society! As well say there was much sunshine in the State of Georgia, but it had little effect upon the produce of the earth. I confess I have very considerable doubts of this refinement of manners in English gentlemen, and for this plain reason—it is not rooted in them; it is not manifested when they are not under conventional restraint. They *must* be polite and forbearing in ladies' society; but see the same gentlemen strolling along the fashionable streets, and which of them will refrain from staring audaciously at every stranger lady he meets, no matter who she may be; did *any one* of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court venture to walk out unattended, she would be subjected to this vulgar persecution. This is one reason why the use of carriages of all kinds is so very frequent—ladies *cannot* walk forth alone.

I have heard it stated, 'O these are chiefly the manners of young gentlemen; they may learn better as they grow older.' Is it not rather a novelty to advance youth as an excuse for arrogant impropriety? Where an American gentleman would quietly step aside to allow a lady of any condition in life to pass without annoyance, an English gentleman will loiter to stare pertinaciously, and to his full satisfaction—*her* dissatisfaction is nothing cared about. Which is the best mannered? To say that they are not English *gentlemen* who act thus, is equivalent to saying there is hardly an English gentleman in the streets of London—even in the streets where, from the number of clubhouses or other causes, they most do congregate. Drawing-room manners seem to be accounted all-sufficient for a London gentleman; he is emancipated from the thralldom when he exchanges the wax-light for the open air.

Another doctrine (if I may call it so) passes for orthodox, that a royal court and a titled aristocracy tend to the refinement of *all* classes, down to the lowest; that their refinement influences all manner of men. This, I think, is one of the many dogmas here,

'Whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth.'

At any rate, there seems but the horn of a dilemma for those who have faith in this English credence. The

lowest classes in this kingdom are coarse, brutal, and stupid beyond those of the United States, so that either it is not in the nature of things that this vaunted refinement should duly reach the poorest plebeians, or (more probably) that it exists not in vigor enough to do so. I think, therefore, that this much-attolled attribute of British aristocracy is but conventional gentility, a mere surface of elegance; because consistent refinement is *not* shown in the gentlemen's manners, while their favorite place of amusement is often remarkable for the opposite of true refinement—it yields but a *vulgar joy*."

MEDDLESOME DISPOSITION.

"Of the fondness of the English for foreign grievances one should not speak too severely; it may be but the sort of feeling honest Rip Van Winkle had, for Rip was fond of attending to anybody's business rather than his own. To be sure, one cannot but wonder that so little is thought of the cry throughout the kingdom for more churches, schools, and hospitals; and so much of the wants of rather dubious people, who dwell or roam by the Nile or Niger; it may be thought strange, I say, that they who wish to instruct the natives of Nubia, may not care to teach the dwellers in Lancashire; but it may be contended, also, that Nubia is, or should be, the better for them, and Lancashire can be none the worse. The Americans have their foreign schools and missions, but they care, and amply, for home instruction first. I would not be thought anxious to censure too freely the sometimes rather theatrical displays in Exeter Hall touching these foreign matters. Mr. N. accounts for them by saying that there is here (so with us) a large class of young ladies who conscientiously abjure as sinful the pleasures of the ball-room or the theatre; and as it really appears a necessity of our nature to have *some* enjoyment or excitement, Exeter Hall serves occasionally for an assembly-room and a stage. We must not searchingly inquire, 'What's in a name?'"

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"I do not think that abstract love of country flourishes in England; and it may be true that were any great demand made upon the virtue, the patriotism, the *self-denial* of the people, the utmost danger to the state might be apprehended: for, instead of these qualities, there might be found in the ranks of the prosperous the curse of prosperity, heartlessness; in the mass of the middle classes, deep-rooted and most robust selfishness; and in the poor, ignorance, and its constant comrade, recklessness. But this is to put a very extreme case."

CLEANLINESS.

"There is nothing in London at all comparable to the Croton Aqueduct. The London waterworks are no doubt very surprising; but there is nothing to be seen; the water sinks into the city, as it were, in a surreptitious manner. Public fountains are almost unknown: the few there are being so paltry that a Frenchman pitied the water degraded to their use! He was probably fresh from Versailles. In some districts there are complaints of the badness of the water, that it is unfit for any purposes but those of cooking or washing; this might have been remedied long ago did not so many believe that water *could* be wanted for no other purposes."

GUMPTION.

"I was once remarking how free England was from destructive beasts. 'Yes,' said a lady present, 'and England is free from another thing—slaves!' At least, thought I, for I very rarely argue, unless by post, they do not call them by that name in this country. I have heard silly remarks about slavery from London ladies, and on both sides of the question. Mrs. Trollope, in a fit of unaccustomed candor, has penned this passage:

"I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly (if I except the every-where privileged class of very young ladies)."

"It is true the novelist labors hard afterward, by narrating foolish talk, to prove the reverse of her own assertion, still she ought to have all honor for this admission, whether made through thoughtlessness or inadvertency, or not. I cannot conscientiously say so much of English conversations, even with the ex-

ception made. I was asked the other day by Mrs. —, a lady of what Mrs. T. would call high standing, 'If the United States were as well wooded as England? Her two eldest daughters,' she added, 'had a little debate on the subject, and as the younger children's governess was absent, she could not be referred to.'

REPUDIATION.

"I have heard of one of those schoolmasters, who did not expose his scholars, or, rather, the boys committed to his care (for there was small scholarship in the case,) to any ill that flesh may be heir to from over-feeding, but nevertheless attributed all their ailments, bodily or mental, to their gluttony; colds or fevers, dulness or impudence, it still was gluttony. One day a poor boy broke his leg out of doors, and was carried to the master: 'Ay, lad,' he exclaimed, 'I always told you this; a broken leg—all owing to your gluttony.' And so all the evils of England or America are charged by the shortsighted in both countries upon the devoted heads of aristocracy and democracy—gluttons both, if we believe such scribes, in their appetite for wrong.

"How is the evil to be attributed to these antagonistic causes, if it be the same on both sides the Atlantic? 'Repudiation,' for instance? The bank of England, in the recollection of many not very old people, 'repudiated,' cash payments; and this, I heard, was by direct order from the government issued on a Sabbath-day! To be sure I also heard this corrected to 'the Lord's Day,' which certainly mends the matter. The Governor and Company of the Bank of England promised, in very intelligible print, to pay a pound, or so many pounds, on demand, for value received. When the demand was made how was it complied with? Not by payment in specie, for the acknowledged receipt of value; but by another promise to pay, on cleaner and uncrumpled paper. Perhaps this was not exactly what is now called 'repudiation;' it seems to me, moreover, that when the British rulers, by an arbitrary act, reduced the rate of interest from five to three and a half per cent., they 'repudiated' a part of the engagement to which public faith was pledged, and this in addition to the refusal to pay in specie. I am sorry the Rev. Sydney Smith had occasion to write his letter on the subject of the non-payment of interest due on the money borrowed from this country by the State of Pennsylvania. The *Britannia*, a pleasant and clever paper generally, attributed this 'repudiation,' as it is too commonly called, to democracy! In former years, when the interest was regularly paid, to what was that to be attributed? Pennsylvania was as democratic then. The ancient monarchies of Spain and Portugal do not pay their debts, principal or interest, to this country—democracy again, I suppose. Other states of the American Union are punctual in their payments: are not they democratic?"

GEOGRAPHY.

"I told you before how ignorant were very many of the English about America. Mr. Wilderton and his family, confident in my *Englishism*, sometimes sportively turn the conversation to Yankee topics when any one is present who does not know I am a native of America. The other day a young lady, with voice and complexion alike raised, told us how she had been reading some missionary tracts, and then exclaimed against the cruelties practised by the American government upon the poor heathen—the benighted Indians. We soon found that she had ingeniously gathered all Indians (and it is so very vague and general a term) into one grand aggregate, and imputed the sufferings and wrongs of the natives of Hindostan, Australia, and North and South America, all to our government! By what mental process she had arrived at this conclusion I do not know, but it appears there is sometimes an ingenuity even in ignorance. This young lady was very pious, truly so I may not doubt, but her piety was too obtrusive, too much in the style we heard a negro call 'talkee religion.' Mr. Wilderton, very gently and kindly, that she might not be again so preposterous, pointed out to her the little mistake into which her deficiency in geographical science had led her, when she fervently thanked God her knowledge was not 'of this world.' Assuredly it is not.

"Another young lady thought a country without a

king or queen must be so *dull*—all princes are so witty that dulness is unknown within their circle; and when she found America had not always been a republic, she asked who got the crown jewels the kings must have had in the old times!"

"Even intelligent persons in England appear to believe that a system of harshness, rapacity, and injustice is pursued toward the aboriginal Indians by the authorities and the people of the United States. The contrary I believe to be the case. Few here appear to know that the amount paid annually by our government to each Indian within the territories of the Republic, is greater than the average amount of all taxes paid to the state by a subject of Prussia; that is, each Indian receives more from our government than each Prussian pays to his; this appears from an estimate prepared from official reports for a Prussian periodical. Another thing appears clear enough to me, that the English do not like to be undeceived in their erroneous estimates of American wrong-doings."

THE MAINE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

"Their boundaries are the same. One old lady, who is prouder of her horses than of her wealth, her high birth, her fair daughters, or her jewels, (indeed her horses, matchless though well matched, are the immediate jewels of her soul,) expressed to me great satisfaction "that the Boundary Question was settled at last, for it must have been so unpleasant when traveling to find your coachman trespassing on a wrong or disputed road, and having to turn back, perhaps—so trying to the horses!" The good lady would find it trying enough to her horses were they on the frontiers of Maine!" * * * "Many of the English are so apt to look upon this Boundary dispute as upon a debatable line (debatable enough it has been, to be sure) between two of their own counties or parishes: they are so generally a people who travel not out of themselves, and judge all matters by their preconceived notions of familiar things. If the territory west of the Rocky Mountains be mentioned, they seem to have a vague notion of a transatlantic Wales. Not that the many oracles of this uninformed, unlettered class will scruple judgment upon American questions—far from it; they will even declare they can prove their opinions upon Yankee topics to be correct. This it rather like what the engravers call 'a proof before letters.'" * * * "One can no more help noticing it (ignorance) than a person bent on a pleasant pedestrian excursion can avoid being watchful of the weather." * * *

"A lady once expressed to me her commiseration that I was returning to a city so pestered with—what think you? Rats? No! Moschetoes? No—Alligators!"

LOVE.

"The scandal-monger, man, accuses English ladies of being inveterate husband hunters; but the same is commonly said of the ladies of other countries, though the unique gallantry of the French forms an honorable exception. In my opinion, any young lady here, no matter how plain, may readily win an English husband, if she can and will, adroitly and continuously, flatter his self love. He cannot resist such evidence of sound judgment, acute observation, and power of discourse; he lends his pleased ear, and then offers his most precious self. I can hardly conceive a true wealthy Englishman in love, that is, honestly, disinterestedly and passionately. An Englishman in love! Was a monumental statue ever in a fever?"

CONDITION OF WOMEN.

"In no country in the world, so wretchedly as in England, can a young woman, reared so as to be unfitted for domestic service, support herself safely or honorably; if she have not accomplishments, many and showy enough to obtain her the situation of governess, I do not know what she can do to earn bread and water. The English profess to regret this, and 'selon leurs regles,' see no means of altering it, and so pronounce it impossible; they make not a single effort to amend the matter, and cry 'Impossible,' 'impossible!' An Englishman would pronounce it 'impossible' to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—'Impossible!' How is it known to be 'impossible?' Gaslights and

steam vessels were at first pronounced 'impossible.' Nay, the establishment of Christianity itself was declared 'impossible' by the misbelievers, the evil-doers, the credulous, in many gods and goddesses of old. Impossible! How English adjectives are misused!"

LOVE OF MONEY.

"I cannot conceive how a man of Mr. Dicken's acuteness could be led to think, as from the spirit rather than the letter of his work, one must conclude he does think, that Mammon is as much a god in America as in Britain. 'The golden calf they worship at Boston,' says he, 'is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts of that vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic; he might have added, and less than a *babe-pigmy* compared with that before which London bows the knee—bows the knee? It is far more than that, it is a prostration of the entire man. 'Mammon' is the 'Love' of the English, and to his worship in this his capital, Campbell's lines may be truly applied:

'Here is the empire of his perfect bliss,
And here he is a God indeed divine.'

The mere possession of unusual and useless money calls forth the adoration of the Englishman: I am grieved to add, too often of the Englishwoman. Even very young ladies will prefer a rich husband, be he fool or braggart, to an amiable and intelligent one with little more than a competency. How often have I heard it said, 'Miss — is a fortunate girl: she's going to be married to Mr. —, and he is very rich, while her fortune is a small one.' 'Yes, but is he not a passionate, quarrelsome sot, and more than twice her age?' 'All that may be, but then—thirty thousand pounds.' There is nothing more to be said."

EGOTISM.

"You think, if the English knew the strictures passed upon them by foreigners, by quick-witted Frenchmen, especially, they would be surprised and hurt; 'not a jot, not a jot'; they would attribute all blame to envy or malice; all praise they would consider becoming, but faint; and let a general character of an Englishman be never so true, not one would cry, 'That was levelled at me.' They smart at satire! They amend because of friendly rebuke! How little do you know what self-conceit really is. Many of their own countrymen, poets or preachers, tell them of their faults full freely, and not one becomes less a thing of narrowness or assumption of self. The way in which children spell the first personal pronoun is the very motto of a southern Briton: 'I, by itself, I.'"

GENEROSITY OF FEELING.

"The English laugh at the Americans for being sensitive to satire, or, as it is sometimes elegantly worded, 'so thin-skinned'; and if it were so, does it not show a kindly, filial love of country, unknown to the phlegmatic Englishman? A generous people would respect rather than wish to irritate the patriot's feeling, which felt wounded, when

'Scornful jeer,
Misprised the land he loved so dear.'

But the nationality of the Americans, the Spaniards, and the Scotch are alike censured by a people who care too much for themselves individually to care for their country or their kind

It is a Scottish man, and a poet, who asks,

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own native land.'

How the London people who have read the lay, must have smiled at the simplicity of the minstrel!"

CONCEIT.

"Truly one ought to have a temper as imperturbable as Franklin's to hear patiently the absurd remarks the British, make upon the United States. I could not have believed such ignorance existed: it must be that well-informed men are generally less common in this country than at home. Here are hundreds of thousands, with ample means and leisure, whose reading is confined to the newspapers; but let me correct the broad assertion, I ought to have said to certain portions of certain newspapers. Yet one of this class will deliver his judgment upon America in a manner which shows

he considers that what he says is decisive; there is, or should be, no appeal: he has spoken.

"Self-conceit is more meat and drink to these Englishmen than 'to see a clown' was to Touchstone; they have a vague notion about America, and Indians, and General Washington, and there being neither king nor lords, and the storming of Quebec, and the burning of the Caroline, and the loss of the President! But as to the vast resources of our country, the nature of her laws and institutions, of her cities rising amid primeval forests, of the capabilities of her rivers and bays, of the love of freedom in her children (which love, men say, is the parent of all the best virtues that can adorn a state)—of these things they know nothing.

"Talk to one of these persons about the cotton grown in the Southern States, and he will immediately speak of Manchester, where he has a cousin worth a hundred thousand pounds (not dollars, mind,) a manufacturer driving a roaring trade; (roaring enough, if the clatter of a thousand wheels can effect it;) mention one of those matchless prairies in the Far West, (a noble sight, though Boz was disappointed,) and my gentleman, as soon as he is made to understand what a prairie is, turns the conversation to Salisbury Plain, or the moors of Scotland!"

RANK.

"Robespierre described himself as 'l'esclave de la liberte'; and I know one American, at least, whom the designation suits, (the Frenchman should have said 'le tyran,' not 'l'esclave'.) Your thriving Englishman is the slave to aristocratic distinctions; and sometimes at these charity dinners he is nodded to by 'his Grace'; perhaps 'my Lord' condescends to take wine with him, and he at once sees the excellence of having a class privileged because rocked in coroneted cradles, and learns to despise the simplicity of a republic. I believe, however, that the real aristocracy in their select circles amuse themselves no little at the expense of these *bourgeois gentilhomme*—as supple where rank is concerned, if not as simple, as Mons. Jourdain, when that worthy worshipper of the great believed that he was marrying his daughter to the son of the Grand Turk."

AMIABILITY.

"The English rarely open their mouths for any purpose but to eat and drink while they travel. I found this the case, not only in this short trip, but in my journey to the North, and elsewhere; they are as fond of taciturnity as the Americans are of tobacco; and, for my single self, I cannot see the good of either. Many an American will sit 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy' with his weed, but he never forgets the attentions due to the other sex; while an Englishman sits 'wrapped in dismal thinkings,' forgetful or neglectful of everything but himself.

'And with each breath he draws, he seems 't inhale
Gloom thence disstill'd.'

but he dispenses with the potent weed. I care not to dwell upon this subject; but it really appears that the main discovery which clever men have crossed the Atlantic to make, and which ladies have carefully recorded in their diaries, is, that the Americans—I must use the vernacular—speak. Were I asked a national characteristic of Englishmen, I should say they—sulk."

"I am told the English mean (more good intentions, more masses of pavement) to testify as respectful a regard as the Americans; if it be so, certainly their way of doing it is full of oddness and originality. Better the Yankee inquisitiveness, of which travelers complain, than utter and contemptuous silence; better 'an imbodied inquiry,' an animated note of interrogation with the twist in the mind, than the surly masculine selfishness I have so often met with here. I am inclined to think Englishmen consider their repulsiveness a becoming, and even national attribute—a sort of birth-right. Esau's example has not been followed; this personal property is rarely disposed of, but is handed down intact from father to son. The English appear to regard the '*petite soie*,' the attention ladies are taught to expect in society as a tax upon their time and speech, and like a tax they pay it—that is, grudgingly, or not at all if they can help it. When do you see gratuitous politeness extended to age—when to poverty?"





The French Court

FIG. 100. (See page 100 for the title.)

THE ROVER.

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It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl sur-

her fingers, "and so you have brought your valor back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! Is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray, did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for a third time, do not be inquisitive;



Figura 1. Espinillo de la zona.

THE ROVER.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

Original.

LAUS DEO.

BY LAWRENCE LARREN.

ALMIGHTY Father! Universal God!

At whose command creation sprang to light,
How can we cast our mortal eyes abroad,
And view *THY* marvelous majesty and might,
Nor feel our hearts expand with holy love
Toward him who formed the lion and the dove.

When erst this globe was but a shapeless ball,
Void, without form, and darkness covered all,
Thou from his throne the dusky Chaos hurried,
And light celestial beamed o'er all the world.

Father! to thee, when shades are on the earth,
And hush'd each sound of revelry and mirth,
Man's fervent prayer ascends: *THOU* know'st his heart—
The temple whence his holiest feelings start,
And *THOU* disdainest not his prayers to hear,
If they but rise devoted and sincere.
Even Nature joins her voice, and helps to raise
The song of universal love and praise;
The feathered warbler from the leafy tree,
Fours forth its richest melody to *THEE*;
Th' impetuous torrent joins the swelling throng,
And adds its thunder to the anthem-song;
Majestic Ocean "shakes his frothy mane,"
Catches the echo and repeats again,
Till all creation swells the choir to sing
The everlasting praise of Heaven's King!
Thus unto *THEE*, O God! great praise is given
By all on earth, and all the hosts of Heaven.

Our Heavenly Father! when man steps astray,
Guide *THOU* his feet—direct anew his way,
Nor let him wander far in Error's maze,
A slave to Folly and her luresome ways.
Implant within his heart a passion meek,
To love Religion, and her paths to seek;
That, when his end shall come, his soul may fly
To hold communion with the just on high.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl. She was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanor than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl sur-

mised that they were vastly impertinent, and, by no means worth satisfying.

There was a small grotto by the lake that would before the old arched windows of the hall: a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the king-fisher, who plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen; and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favorite hiding place. It was in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little paler and more slender, she continued for three whole years.

On the third anniversary of her resolution—she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Child of Whiffl, chose for his departure to the wars—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time, but, not as on other days; the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a hindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back, again and again, at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water-lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox-hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banqueting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

"Sibyl!—dear Sibyl!" it exclaimed, "wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?"

Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and, with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat into execution. He was a light, well made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine Frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assailed a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valor back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray, did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for a third time, do not be inquisitive;

and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days."

"I will, as you desire, take both your hands, and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome; and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in tolling to be worthy such a mighty lady."

Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes.

"Dear Sibyl!" he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years? And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same—excepting far more lovely—the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature, half given, half stolen, at our last parting; it has been my shield in a dozen fights, has healed, with its smile, as many wounds; it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit—if these were the lips to speak it—if these were the eyes—as I live, they are weeping even now!"

She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to take such minute observations. "I, too, have had my comforter," she said, drawing the fellow miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes; "it has been my shield against a dozen follies; it has warned me to benefit by sad experience; it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register anything good; if these were the lips to speak it; if these were the eyes—as I live, they are concealed even now!"

"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

"Did you ever try him?"

"O, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now? No, I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger, and must be indulged) I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it to him for his head; not for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him—nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

"And will you never counterfeit a headache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Duncce, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

"No, never, Sibyl."

"And will you never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterward to see how I bear it?"

"Never, while I live."

"Why, then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please; make it appear that, now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself into an accomplished squire; and then—and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

It was not long afterward that Childe Wilful, to the great surprise of Sibyl, arrived at the hall, in hot haste, from foreign parts! He had always been a favorite for his liveliness, and was, indeed, almost as much liked as abused. The old lord took him by the hand, with a

comical expression of countenance which seemed to enquire how much mischief he had done; and the old ladies thought him vastly improved by travel, and awfully like a great warrior. The only persons to whom his presence was not likely to be sitkily agreeable, were a few round shouldered sultans of Sibyl, who in common with country squires in general, were largely gifted with the blessings of fleet horses and tardy wits. Among these stood pre-eminent, Sir Lutin of the Golden Dell. He was a tall man, with not a bad figure, and really a handsome face: though the dangerous tendency of the first was somewhat marred by peculiar ideas of the Graces, and the latter was perfectly innocuous from an undue economy of expression. Altogether, Sir Lubin was a very fine camel; he was a man of much dignity, always preserving a haughty silence when he did not exactly know what to say, and very properly despising those whom he could not hope to outshine. Thus it was that the meeting between Sir Lubin and Childe Wilful was very similar to that between Ulysses and the ghost of Ajax.

Had this been all the mortification which the Childe was doomed to undergo, he might, perhaps, have continued to bear it with fortitude; but Sibyl had subjected him to the task of obtaining a good character, and his trials were insupportable.

In the first place he had to tell stories of sacked cities and distressed virgins, at the tea table, till he became popular enough with the maiden aunts to be three parts out of his mind; for Sibyl was all the time compelled to endure the homage of her other lovers. It is true that her keen wit could no more enter their double blocked skulls than the point of her needle could have penetrated the Macedonian phalanx; but then each villain fixed his eyes upon her, with all the abstracted expression of the bull's eye in a target, and seemed so abominably happy, that the sight was excruciating. Sometimes, too, Sir Lubin would muster brains to perceive that he was giving pain, and would not do his best to increase it, by whispering in her ear, with a confidential smile, some terrible nothing, for which he deserved to be exterminated; while, to mend the matter, the old ladies would remark upon the elegance of his manner, and hint that Sibyl was evidently flattered by his attention, because she seemed too happy to be scornful, and had lost all her taste and solitude. They would undoubtedly make a very handsome couple; and the Childe was appealed to whether he did not think that they would have a very fine family.

In the second place, his opinion of ploughs and politics, on which love had taught him to discourse but too successfully, made him a fixture at the punch bowl; while Sir Lutin and his tribe profaned Sibyl's hand in country dances as long as they had breath for a plunge. It, moreover, left them ample opportunity to negotiate with the aunts upon the arrangement of her plans for the next day, when he was still condemned to admire some new farm, or ride ten miles to rejoice with his host over a wonderful prize bullock. Sometimes, too, the old lord would apologize for taking him away, by observing, that it was better to leave Sibyl to her lovers, for it was time that she should take up with some one of them, and the presence of third parties might abash her.

In the third place, when he retired to bed to sum up all the pleasures of the day, it was never quite clear to him that Sibyl did not expose him to more disquietude than was absolutely necessary. It might, indeed, be proper that her attachment to him should not be too apparent till he was firmly established in grace, seeing that all his merit was the only thing that could be put in the scale against the finest glebe in the country; but then could she not appear sufficiently careless about him without being so unusually complainant to such a set of louts? If his presence made her happy, there was no necessity to give them licence to presume to be happy likewise; and, besides, she might surely find some moments for revisiting her grotto, instead of uniformly turning from his hasty whispers, with—"it is better not." It was not so formerly, and it was very reasonable to suppose that her three years' constancy had been sustained by some ideal picture of what he might turn out, in which she was now disappointed. He could not sleep. His restless fancy continually

held her bright eyes looking tenderness upon the wooden face of Sir Lubin. He turned to the other side, and was haunted by a legion of young Lubins, who smiled upon him with Sibyl's looks till he almost groaned aloud. In the morning he came down with a hag ridden countenance, which made people wonder what was the matter with him; and Sibyl asked him with her look of ineffable archness, whether he was experiencing a return of his headaches.

Time rolled on very disagreeably. The Childe grew every day paler and more popular; the old ladies gave him more advice, and the old lord gave him more wine, and Sibyl grew mortified at his distrust, and Sir Lubin grew afraid of his frown, and one half of the hall could not help being sorry, and the other half were obliged to be civil. Ajax and Ulysses had stepped into each other's shoes, and Sibyl, to keep the peace, was obliged to attend to an interview in her little boudoir.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoo. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice among the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for everything to be sweet and harmonious—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently until he had done.

"My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill! Heaven and earth! Have I not labored to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh, yes; and hind side before as well, for it is anything but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl!" he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition is likely to have told very much in your favor."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time—so many more of your smiles—than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?—oh! is it possible to mete our attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use toward the rest of the world? Would nothing, do you think—no tell-tale countenance—no treacherous accent, betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me, even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time—let us seek happiness by the readiest means, and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea; her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then Sibyl, you do not love me."
"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.
"It is possible I may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence, for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now"—

Her anger never had been more than a flash; she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of rallery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for your boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is anything to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my own dressing case; I pray you stand still now while I read over the wondrous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him, Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said; "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture among your cast-off ornaments."

This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present; if you ask me for it to-morrow, I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant—his rejoinder was a little more provoking—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Childe's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not among my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserve to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul; but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honor! Was he to endure the possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?

Sibyl made her appearance in the drawing room soon after him, in her riding dress. Her manner was cold and distant, and she heard him feign business at home without condescending to notice it, only that there was a fever on her cheek which spoke an unwonted tumult of feeling. Her horse was at the door, and Sir Lubin was ready to escort her down. As she took leave of her cousin they were both haughty, and both their hands trembled. In a minute she was seen winding through the old avenue. Sir Lubin, who was observed poking his head from his shoulders with all the grace of a goose in a basket, was evidently saying tender things, and, altogether, looking cruelly like a dangerous rival. The Childe drew his breath through his teeth as though they had been set on edge, and moved from the window like a spirit turned out of Paradise.

Sir Lubin did not find his ride very satisfactory. He discovered that it was a fine evening—made a clever simile about Lady Sibyl's cheek and a poppy, and another about her cruelty and a bramble; but they had little or no effect. She answered "no," when she ought to have said "yes," looked bewildered when he asked her opinion, and, in fact, as he poetically expressed it, was extracting honey from the flowers of her imagination.

"Will he indeed have the heart to leave me thus?" said Sibyl to herself. "Unkind—ungrateful—to take my little treasure from me; the sole companion of my bosom—the witness of all the tears I have shed for him—the comforter of all my doubts of his fidelity; it is gone forever; I can never stoop to receive it back—I never will forgive him—no, never—that is, if he is really gone."

And really, when she returned, he was gone. Sibyl, however, would not persuade herself that it was not his intention to return; and every night had to take her pride to task for having looked out upon the road all the day. Perhaps he would write; and she stole away, as heretofore alone, to meet the tardy post a mile off. There were letters for my lord—for Sir Lubin—for the Lady Jamima.

"No—no!—I want not them. For the Lady Sibyl!—what for the Lady Sibyl?"

The letters were turned over and over, and still the same deadening sound fell like a knell upon her heart—"Nothing for the Lady Sibyl."

She returned unwillingly to her company, and retired at the first opportunity, to wonder if her cousin was really in earnest—if he had really deserted her, and whether she had ever given him cause so to do. Her pride would seldom suffer her to weep, and the tears seemed swelling at her heart till each throb was a throb of pain. Sometimes she would bewilder herself with suggesting other reasons than want of inclination for his absence, and for his silence. Might he not wish to return, and be prevented by his family, who had not seen him for so long, and would naturally be importunate? Might he not be fearful of writing, lest the letter should fall into the hands for which it was not intended, and betray the secret which she had desired him to keep? It surely might be her own overweening caution that was afflicting her, and he might be as impatient as herself. Her imagination would begin to

occupy itself in scenes, until she forgot those which had really occurred, and her hand would rise fondly to her bosom to draw forth the semblance of her suffering cavalier. Alas! it was then that the poor Sibyl's deceptive dreams were dispersed. The picture was gone—was even now, perhaps the bosom companion of another, who pitied her with smiles, and gaily upbraided him for his falsehood. Then again would the flush of shame rush over her cheek, her maiden indignation determine to forget him, and her bewildered wits bury themselves upon plans of teaching him that she had done so.

In the mean time Sir Lubin began to congratulate himself that he made an impression. Sibyl had lost the spirit to repel his advances as she had done before, and the little which she afforded him of her company, was clearly a pretty stratagem to bring him to an explanation. He had a great mind to be cruel in his turn, and lead her heart the dance as he expressed it, which she had led his—but then she was very pale, and might have a fit of illness. On the evening when he resolved to make her happy, Sibyl indeed received a letter, but it was from her lover's sister. It was full of the gay rattle which usually characterized the correspondence of hearts which have never known sorrow, but it was other news that Sibyl looked for. She toiled through lively descriptions of fetes and finery, and flirtations, scarcely knowing what she read, till at last her eyes glanced upon the name she sought. She stopped to breathe ere she proceeded, and then Childe Willul was gone to —, and was paying violent attentions to Lady Blanche.

She tore the letter calmly into little strips; her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered—she knew not what.

It was not long after that that the Childe was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful—but oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated while it awed—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished: but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by Heaven; her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported around him—wild, exquisite and mysterious, which were the same whether wasted on the desert, or waiting delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. Oh, but Sibyl was false! and oh, again, it was just possible he might be mistaken. He was sadly bewildered, had another bad headache, and was strongly of opinion that it was not the way to forget Sibyl to put her in competition with other people. He hardly liked to confess it to himself, but he was not quite sure that, if he had any excuse which would not compromise his dignity, he would turn his horse's head toward the hall, and suffer the fiends which were tormenting him to drive him at their own pace.

It happened that such excuse was not far distant. He had no sooner alighted at home than he was presented with a hasty note which had been some days awaiting him, from Sibyl's mother, inviting him—a film came over his eyes, and the pulsation of his heart was paralysed—inviting him to what he knew would give him great pleasure—Sibyl's wedding! Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter, he would consider it on his way. He gave his steed the spur, as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow

stride, which was accompanied by a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Child felt that he was too late. He enquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down on the hilt of his sword—he was still in time for vengeance—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph—to disappoint the anticipations of—spliffs of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes' vigor into his fainting steed. The steed tumbled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master; troops of peasant girls, dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side the road—soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking among the bride's maids, intense as a planet amid its satellites, and were all in ecstasies, that if possible increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the Mayday multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the country. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party were all standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said some one in a low voice; "she is going to faint again."

Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated—

"Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?"

Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly; her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not. It was pronounced a third time—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysterical scream.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all the sufferings—to dissipate all the resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this!"

"By my word!" added the lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

"By mine honor!" responded the lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

"By my word and honor too," continued the lady, something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

"And by my gray beard," concluded the old lord, "I wish I had done so too!" Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride's man still; though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childs Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable hems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword as he turned, between his legs, and strode,

or rather rode out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom on such occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously, and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old lord; "will nobody be married?"

Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin was handed the Chevalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.

THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.

A CAMPAIGNER'S STORY.

FIVE and twenty years ago I was just five and twenty years of age; I was thus neither young nor old: in addition, I was neither handsome nor ugly, neither rich nor poor, neither active nor indolent, neither a Socrates nor a simpleton. More ordinary men than I had been married for love, poorer men had got credit and rolled on their carriage wheels till it was out, and greater fools had been cabinet counsellors.

Yet all this did not satisfy me. Years had swept along, and I was exactly the same in point of publicity at five and twenty that I had been at fifteen. Let no man say that the passion for being something or other in the world's eye is an improbable thing. Show me that man, and I will show him my Lord A. driving a mail coach, the Earl of B. betting at a boxing-match, the Marquis of C. the rival of his own grooms, and the Duke of D. a director of the opera. My antagonist has only to look and be convinced; for what could throw those patricians into the very jaws of public jest, but the passion for publicity?

I pondered long upon this, and my resolution to do something was at length fixed. But the grand difficulty remained—what was the thing to be done? what was the *grand chemin d'honneur*, the longest stride to the temple of fame, the royal road to making a figure in one's generation? The step was too momentous to be rashly taken, and I took time enough, for I took a year. On my six and twentieth birthday I discovered that I was as wise and as public as on my birthday before, and a year older besides!

While I was in this state of fluctuation my honored uncle arrived in town and called upon me. Let me introduce this most excellent and most mutilated man. He had commenced his career in the American war, a bold, brave, blooming ensign; what he was now I shall not describe. But he had taken the earliest opportunity of glory, and at Bunker's Hill had lost an eye. He was nothing the worse as a mark for an American rifle; and at Brandywine he had the honor of seeing La Fayette run away before him, and pay only a right leg as his tribute to the victory. My uncle followed on the road to glory, gaining a new leaf of laurel and losing an additional fragment of himself in every new battle, till with Burgoyne he left his nose in the swamps of Saratoga; whence having had the good fortune to make his escape, he distinguished himself at the siege of York Town, under Cornwallis, and left only an arm in the ditch of the rampart. He had returned a major, and after lying on his back for two years in the military hospital, was set at liberty to walk the world on a pair of crutches and be called colonel.

I explained my difficulty to this venerable remnant of soldiership. "Difficulty!" cried he, starting up on his residuary leg, "I see none whatever. You are young, healthy, and have the use of all your limbs—the very thing for the army!" I glanced involuntarily at his own contributions to the field. He perceived it, and retorted: "Sir, I know the difference between us, as well as if I were the field-surgeon. I should never

have advised you to march if you had not limbs enough for the purpose; but you have your complement." "And therefore can afford to lose them, my good uncle," said I. "Nephew," was the reply, "sneering is no argument, except among civilians. But if a man wants to climb at once to a name, let him try the army. Have you no estate? why, the regiment is your freehold: have you no education? why, the color of your coat will stand you in place of it with three-fourths of the men and all the women: have you no brains? why, their absence will never be missed at the mess: and as for the field, not half a dozen in an army ever exhibit any pretensions of the kind."

This was too flattering a prospect to be overlooked. I took the advice; in a week was gazetted into a marching regiment, and in another week was on board his majesty's transport, No. 10, with a wing of the gallant thirty—regiment, tacking out to Portsmouth, on our way to Gibraltar.

Military men have it, that there are three bad passages—the slow, the quick, and the neither quick nor slow; pronouncing the two former detestable, the latter——! the storm making a man sick of the sea, the calm making him sick of himself, a much worse thing; and the alternation of calm and storm bringing both sickness into one. My first passage was distinguished by being of the third order.

I found my fellow subalterns a knot of good-humored beings, the boys with the habit of men, the men with the tricks of boys, all full impressed with the honor of the epaulette, and thinking the man who wore two instead of one the most favored of all things under the sun.

We at length came in sight of the famous Rock. It loomed magnificently from the sea; and every glass was to the eye as the lines and batteries, that looked like teeth in its old white head, rose grimly out of the waters. The veterans of the corps were in high delight, and enumerated with the vigor of grateful recollection the cheapness of the wines, the snugness of the quarters, and the general laudable and illaudable pleasantries of the place. The younger listened with the respect due to experience, and for that evening, an old red-nosed lieutenant, of whom no man had ever thought but as a lieutenant before, became the centre of a circle, a *be blue-stocking*, surrounded with obsequious listeners, by virtue of his pre-eminent knowledge of every wine-house in the garrison. Such is the advantage of situation!—nine tenths of mankind, till they are placed on the spot of display, what are they but red-nosed lieutenants?

While we stood on the deck of our tall ship, quietly surging along into the worst of all possible bays, the wind fell, and the sun plunged into the Atlantic like a ball of iron red-hot from the furnace. The garrison flag fell down with it; the evening gun fired; and we prepared for supper, whilst, and our final bottle of port on board. In three minutes all this was a dream: our men were priming, loading, and firing; our sails torn to rags, our masts shot through; our ship was rolling away on the current to Algeziras; the garrison lights were sinking behind us; and the whole ship, captain, sailors, officers, and soldiers, a scene of roaring, confusion, blue lights, and musketry. We were in action; but with what, no living eye could discern. Between the smoke of our own fire and the sudden darkness of the night, we could see nothing beyond an occasional flash, that seemed to come out of the very bottom of the sea. It was before us and behind, above us and below; but the rattle of the balls against our sides and rigging, and now and then a shot taking effect on our company, told us that we had the usual enemy of the garrison reinforcements in full exercise upon us. In fact, the Spanish gun-boats, which never missed their opportunity, were out; and never was good ship or gallant crew more piteously pelted. Let our romances talk of Spanish indolence; those fellows let nothing pass: from a cabbage-boat to a three-decker they had a trial of their long guns on it; and if they could have made the night but half an hour longer, the left wing of the gallant thirty—regiment would have closed their campaign in the dominions of his Catholic majesty.

But morning broke; and the gun-boats of which

there were at least a dozen, seeing the frigate bearing down, which had left us to make the most of our own valor during the night, swept off with their oars to Algeziras, where two of the convoy were seen already lying. To do us justice, we had fired away at a prodigious rate, though we might as well have fired at the moon: there was not a cartridge left among us by daylight, nor a man who was not ready to pledge himself that he had done mortal execution. This foretaste of war was not quite to our liking; but we had gained the victory, such as it was, and conquerors are always easily reconciled to their escape. The gun-boats had left the field, the Rock was again in full view, shining out in the morning sun: the boats of the frigate hauled us along, for we had neither boat nor oar, nor rope nor sail; and with something of the pleasant expectation of being congratulated on our prowess, we floated into the harbor.

This expectation, however, was not exactly fulfilled. As we moved slowly up toward the admiral's ship that lay like a huge bastion under the batteries, my eye accidentally fell on the red-nosed lieutenant. I saw him turning toward the cabin steps, and set this down for a disastrous omen. The ports and rigging of the flag-ship were crowded with men, and our hands were already at our caps to return the imaginary cheers—we were received with roars of laughter! Volleys of sea wit were poured out upon us; we were burlesqued and gibed in all the naval jargon of the place: asked whether "we liked Spanish pickles for supper"—"if the garabansas (Spanish peas) were handsomely shelled"—whether "we had any cigars to sell," &c.; and a boat followed us, with the crew peeling out, "See, the conquering hero comes!" The same roars met us from every ship of the fleet; and from our sluggish movements we had the whole in perfection. At the sallopport, when we landed, the laughter of the mob was, if not quite so ostentatious, at least as general; and the same genius of the place followed us till we were lodged in our quarters out of the town.

The burlesque of a transport's fighting had amused the regular proficients; our ragged and dismantled state was calculated only to add to the joke: in short, the old rivalry of sailor and soldier was never less on an equality. This was the first lesson to our pride, and upon whomever else it might have been lost, it was not lost upon me.

The garrison life amused me at first view; its routine, its inspidity, its formality, have wearied many a man; I must leave it to others to tell how all this became more repulsive by the slavish obsequiousness demanded by the higher powers. Talk of courts or prisons, there is not more servility in the one, nor more restraint in the other; talk of the Sublime Porte or the Dey of Algiers, they are but outlines of the picture of governors, military secretaries, and town majors. Some time or other I shall fill them up from the life.

A week tires your regular *militaire* of every thing but the bottle; half the time tired me of the place, the people, and the pompous deputies of the deputy governor. The governor was a statesman, and a lover of turtle and venison—two things not to be had in perfection out of England. In England, therefore, the governor remained, adding by his uniform to the monthly splendor of the commander-in-chief's levees, and by his half-yearly speeches to the hereditary slumbers of the house of lords. The gallant thirty—were in the same predicament with myself. We scoffed at the mongrel population, Jew, Moor, Italian, Spanish, Negro, Mulatto, the *olla podrida* of nations. We hated the aides-de-camp, and laughed at the infinite humility of their bows to their lords and masters; their tame squiring of the generals' wives, aunts, mothers, cousins, and daughters; and the exquisite insolence that repaid those hours of office. As for everything else, we had plenty of parades, sour wine, condemned cigars, and useless time on our hands. Even the old red-nosed lieutenant gave signs of discontent, and swore that the place was changed to all intents and purposes. The rest of us were like Thiebault in Frederick's paradise at Potsdam—we conjugated from morning till night the verb "*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie*," through all its persons, tenses, and moods. But all things have an end. We received an order to

join the expedition to Egypt. Never was regiment so delighted. We supped together upon the news, and drank farewell to Gibraltar and confusion to—in bumpers without measure.

In the very height of our carousal, my eye dropped upon my old friend's red nose. It served me as a kind of thermometer. I observed it diminished of its usual crimson. "The spirit has fallen," thought I; "there is ill luck in the wind." I took him aside; but he was then too far gone for regular council: he only clasped my hand with the fervor of a fellow-drinker, and muttered out, lifting his glass with a shaking wrist, "Nothing but confoundedly bad brandy in Egypt for love or money."

We sailed, cleared the Straits, rushed on the back of the current for half a dozen hours, till we left the Rock like the fragment of a cloud; congratulated each other on a speedy passage; and before the bottle in which we drank to it had gone round, found ourselves fixed in a dead calm. This is the temptation of the blue Mediterranean to all sins of omission and commission in all who spread sail upon its surface. An album of the oaths, prayers, invectives, and ejaculations, begotten and born of its calms, from the lips of Turk, Genoese, Venetian, Greek, Corsican, Sicilian, Maltese, Sardinian, would be the rarest treasure to a traveler that was ever given to Europe since the reign of albums and the confusion of Babel. The wrath of the Englishman is loud and sufficiently expressive; but it wants, and will for ever want, the exquisite pungency, variety, and vigor, the intense virulence, and steam-engine volubility of the regular Mediterranean tongue.

In this calm we remained for a mortal fortnight. The calm of the ocean is a whirlpool to such things in the loveliest of all seas. There is no tide to comfort you with the dream that you are in motion without feeling it; there is no wave to solace you with the faintest chance that the breeze will ever come: if the ship were screwed to the bottom of the sea, it could not give fewer symptoms of escape; if the sea were a field of ice, and the voyagers looking out for the north pole, their labor could not be more uselessly employed. There stood our good ship, like the king on a chess board, never to move among the chequers of red and blue, yellow and green, that inlaid the smooth and mighty expanse colored under the burning sun. We were scorched like so many locusts, were brown as Arabs, and as sick of our lives as Englishmen.

"So," thought I, "this is the army! Glory and scarlet may be showy appendages; a good mess and a new name on the regimental colors are all well enough in their vocation: but where is the honor of being broiled alive?"

The worst had not arrived yet. A Jew had come on board as we weighed anchor: he brought us pumpkins, pantaloons, and the yellow fever! We now began to be aware of the full benefits of his visit—three-fourths of our crew were seized. The officers had their turn. The temperate men went off first—so much for science and the course of things. My old red-nosed acquaintance stood it out bravely; kept aloof from friend and enemy; and fought the evil at arm's length, bottle in hand. We had now lost three subalterns, and the rest were making up their minds to follow them, when my Mentor came into the cabin where I was stretched, frying like Guatimozin or St. Lawrence, without the patience of either, in my shirt on the bare boards.

I glanced at his thermometer, and never crimson on the lip of Syren or Sultana more exhilarated me than its intense purple. "There is a wind coming," I saw, in its first blush. The inquiry was scarcely made, when I was flung off the floor into a cot; the trunks, bottles, and benches were hurled about the cabin, and the ship was tumbled on her beam-ends. The wind had come with a vengeance! My peep through the cabin-window, the moment before the dead lights were up, showed me a sea that looked like the bottom of a castrout: foam, black billows, bulging clouds, and absolute columns of rain. The whole firmament was up in arms; the wind roared louder than all the speaking-trumpets of the deck, which were all in requisition at once; the thunders rattled like volleys of artillery; and away went our ship, stripped in a moment of every sail and rope, rotten with the heat and dews, up the Mediter-

anean, like an arrow from the bow. At this rate we flew on, rushing over shoal, and by rock, and craggy island, every one of which we approached with instant apprehension of finishing our mortal glories there. They were all, however, classic shores, and our names would perhaps have not been unhonored, if we had laid our bodies under their birne: we might have been mentioned in the newspapers, and even have had an elegy in a magazine. But glory slipped from us on all sides. Wet, weary, half-starved, and frightened to death, we darted through every nook and channel that had ever figured in the history of the Cyclades: left Olympus on the one hand, and Ida on the other; caught glimpses of Cos and Scio, Rhodes and Hydra, and peering through fog and cloud, and lashed by sheets of billow and foam. I wished them all ten thousand fathom under water.

Nothing could stop us; we seemed like the Indian pilot in the tale, who was to sail round the world till the day of its ending. At length, one evening the clouds in front took a more sullen hue; the sea rose in wilder surges; and the tempest tore out our remaining mast. Never were crew less indebted to the art of navigation for their progress. At midnight we struck on the coast of Asia Minor. How we escaped with life is beyond all my knowledge. I recollect nothing but having been thrown by a surge against my friend of the red nose, who was sitting singing, either mad or drunk, by the capstan. A mountain of water lifted us up together—and, further, I have no remembrance.

My first returning sensation was that of being tossed about and scorched sick and stiffened. I opened my eyes, and the first sight that I saw was the lieutenant; he was pouring his favorite brandy down my throat, and superintending half a dozen rough, long-bearded fellows, in sheep-skin jackets, who were stripping and rubbing me under the most scorching sun that ever parched the human cuticle.

As I rose, I perceived the same operation going on with others. We had lost no officer, and but a few of our rank and file. The ship had been thrown in upon a wild shore, but so close to land, that escape was easy to all who had not lost their senses; the insensible were saved the trouble of the effort by the waves; and the lieutenant and I had been rolled on the sand with our arms round each other's necks, in the most amatory style possible. The ship was a wreck: the storm, when it scooped the crew out of her like a kernel, had made no scruple of doing its will by the shell, and had toyed with it until not a fragment the length of a sword was left—she was absolutely ground to powder.

As the day advanced, hunger compelled us to think of our commissariat; but to speak a syllable which our new friends of the shore could understand was beyond all our literature. How little I should have dreamed three months before of being starved for not speaking Karamanian! However, there is a language which was made before the alphabet, and of this we availed ourselves with great vigor. We pointed to our mouths and our haversacks which were equally unemployed; and the benevolent savages, every soul of them robbers by regular profession, from father to son, since the days of Pompey the Great, intimidated, in the same language, that we should soon be better provided for. With some of us there arose the not irrational doubt, whether this was to be accomplished by feeding us, or making us feed them.

Soldiers are no great geographers; the line leave that business to the staff, the staff to the artillery, the artillery to the engineers, and the engineers to Providence. At our council, which was held on a row of knapsacks, and with one pair of trowsers among its seven sages, it was asserted, with equal show of reason, that we were in Africa, in Arabia, in Turkey, and in the Black Sea. However, our sheep-skin friends were urgent for our departure, and pointed toward some of their fellows who were making gestures of all kinds up the mountain. We began to climb; the rocks were sharp, slippery with sea weeds, and almost perpendicular. When we had scrambled up about half way, I looked round, and the crowd of climbers clinging to this huge wall of rock, in their red jackets, looked like a flight of flamingoes. I was more fortunate than the rest; after infinite fatigue, and the coming into my head of some of those "toys of desperation" which

prompt men on precipices to finish their trouble and their lives together, I had scrambled into a large fissure of the cliff, from which the way to the summit was comparatively easy. On that summit stood a colossal savage telegraphing his countrymen as they ascended, and apparently exchanging signals with a party on the opposite side of the ridge. I will confess that the thought occurred with renewed force to me, that on that spot our necks were to be broken. The man was almost a giant; he was naked to the waist; and his magnificent muscular figure, and bust-like head and countenance, might have served for the model of a classic hero. But I was never less charmed by the picturesque in the human form, and involuntarily looked round to see in what corner of the rock I could best make battle.

The Karamanian, observing my reluctance, plunged down, caught me in his arms like a child, and in a moment sprang with me to the summit of the precipice. The ridge was not the breadth of a horse's back; he seated me on it astride, and fixed me in astonishment indescribable. The sight below was like magic. I sat on the edge of a circle of mighty precipices, surrounding a vast and lovely bay. Never was the richest bowl of porcelain more strangely figured and richly stained than the sides of this magnificent cup; never was molten silver more shining than the waters within its round. Upon these waters lay—a fleet, and upon their shore were moving columns and masses of troops, that looked in the depth like huge beds of crimson and blue flowers! I was five thousand feet above this splendid spectacle. The fleet were the British fleet, and the troops the British army! We had been cast on shore close to the finest bay in all Asia, the bay of Marmarice.

We finally sailed for Egypt; found the French building fortifications on the shore; and, like a generous enemy, landed just where they had provided for our reception. But the world knows all this already, and I disdain to tell what every body knows: but the world does not know that we had three councils of war to settle whether the troops should land in gaiters or trousers; and whether they should or should not carry three days' pipe-clay and blacking in their knapsacks. The most valuable facts are, we see, often lost for want of our being a little behind the curtain.

The famous landing was the noisiest thing conceivable. The world at a distance called it the most gallant thing; and I have no inclination to stand up against universal opinion. But whether we were fighting against the sand hills, or the French, or the sun in his strength; whether we were going to the right, or left, or the rear; whether we were beating or beaten, no living man could have told in two minutes after the first shot. It was all clamor, confusion, bursting of shells, dashing of water, splitting of boats, and screams of the wounded; the whole passing under a coverlet of smoke as fuliginous as ever rushed from furnace: under this "blanket of the dark" we pulled on, landed, fought, and conquered; and for our triumph had every man his length of excellent sand for the night, the canopy of heaven for his tent, and the profoundest curses of the commissariat for his supper.

On we went, day after day, fighting the French, starving, and scorching, till we found them in our camp before daybreak on the memorable 21st of March. We fought them there as men fight in the pit of a theatre, every one for himself; the French, who are great tacticians, and never fight but for science's sake, grew tired before John Bull, who fights for the love of the thing. The Frenchman fights but to manœuvre, the Englishman manœuvres but to fight. So, as manœuvring was out of the question, we carried the affair all after our own hearts.

But this victory had its price; for it cost the army its brave old general, and it cost me my old red-nosed lieutenant. We were standing within half a foot of each other, in front of the little ruin where the French Invincibles made a last struggle; they fired a volley before they threw themselves on their knees, according to the national custom of earning their lives, when I saw my unlucky friend tumbled head over heels, and unretched between my legs. There was no time for thinking of him then; the French were hunted out

la bayonette dans le cul; we followed—the battle of Alexandria was won, and our part of the success was, to be marched ten miles off, to look after some of their fragments of baggage. We found nothing, of course; for neither in defeat nor in victory does the Frenchman ever forget himself. In our bivouac the thought of the lieutenant came over me; in the heat of the march I could not have thought of any thing mortal but my own parched throat and crippled limbs. Absurd as the old subaltern was, I "could have better spared a better man;" we had been thrown together in some strange ways; and, as the result of my meditations, I determined to return and see what become of the man with the red nose.

Leave was easily obtained; for there was something of the odd feeling for him that a regiment has for one of those harmless madmen who sometimes follow its drums in a ragged uniform and formidable hat and feather. It was lucky for the lieutenant that I rode hard, for I found him as near a premature exit as ever hero was. A working party had already made his last bed in the sand; and he was about to take that possession which no ejection will disturb, when I felt some throbbing about his heart. The soldiers insisted, that as they were ordered out for the purpose of inhuming, they should go through with their work. But if they were sullen, I was resolute; and I prevailed to have the subject deferred to the hospital. After an infinity of doubt, I saw my old friend set on his legs again. But my labor seemed in vain; life was going out; the doctors prohibited the bottle; and the lieutenant felt, like Shylock, that his life was taken away, when that was taken "by which he did live." He resigned himself to die with the composure of an ancient philosopher. The night before I marched for Carlo, I sat an hour with him. He was a changed man, talked more rationally than I had believed within the possibility of brains so many years adust with port; expressed some rough gratitude for my trouble about him, and finally gave me a letter to some of his relatives in England. The regiment was on its march at daybreak; we made our way to Carlo, took possession, wondered at its filth, admired its grand mosque, execrated its water, its provisions, its population; were marched back to storm Alexandria (where I made all possible search for the lieutenant, but in vain); were saved the trouble by the capitulation of the French; were embarked, landed at Portsmouth just one year from our leaving it, and, as it pleased the wisdom of Napoleon and the folly of our ministry, were disbanded.

I had no reason to complain; for though I had been shipwrecked and starved, sick and wounded, I had left neither my life nor my legs behind. Others had been less lucky; and from the losses in the regiment I was now a captain.

One day, in looking over the reliques of my baggage, a letter fell out; it was the red-nosed lieutenant's. My conscience reproached me, and I believe for the moment my face was as red as his nose. I delivered the letter; it was received by a matron at the head of three of the prettiest maidens in all Lancashire, the country of beauty, a blonde, a brunette, and a younger one who was neither and yet seemed alternately both. I liked the blonde and the brunette infinitely: but the third I did not like, for I fell in love with her, which is a very different thing. The lieutenant was her uncle; and, regretted as his habits were, this family circle had much to say for his generosity. Mary's hazel eye made a fool of me, and I asked her hand that they might make a fool of no one else.

The colonel without the nose was of course invited to the wedding, and he was in such exultation, that either the blonde or the brunette might have been my aunt if she pleased. But they exhibited no tendency to this gay military Torso, and the colonel was forced to content himself with the experience of his substantial nephew.

The wedding day came; the three sisters looked prettier than ever in their vestal white. The colonel gave the bride away, and in their tears and congratulations of this most melancholy of all happy ceremonies Mary chose her fate.

We returned to dinner, and were seated, all smiles,

when the door opened, and in walked—the red-nosed lieutenant!

Had I seen, like Brutus, 'the immortal Julius' ghost,' I could not have been more amazed. But nature was less doubting; the matron threw herself into his arms; the blonde and the brunette clasped each a hand; and my bright-eyed wife forgot her conjugal duties, and seemed to forget that I was in the world. There was indeed some reason for doubt; the man before us was fat and florid enough, but the essential distinction of his physiognomy had lost its regal hue. All this, however, was explained by degrees. After my departure for Cairo, he had been given over by the doctors; and, sick of taking physic, and determining to die in his own way, he had himself carried up the Nile. The change of air did something for him—the absence of the doctors perhaps more. He domesticated himself among the peasants above the cataracts, drank camel's milk, ate rice, wore a halck, and rode a buffalo. Port was inaccessible, and date brandy was not to his taste. Health forced itself on him; and the sheik of the district began to conceive so good an opinion of the stranger, that he offered him his daughter, with a handsome portion of buffaloes, in marriage. The offer was declined: but African offence is a formidable thing, and, after having had a carbine-load of balls discharged one night through his door, he thought it advisable to leave the neighborhood of his intended father-in-law.

I am not about to astonish the world, and throw unbelief on my true story, by saying that the lieutenant has since drunk nothing but the limpid spring. Whatever were his Mussulman habits, he resumed his native tastes with the force of nature. Port still had temptations for him; but prudence, in the shape of the matron sister and the pretty nieces, was at hand, and, like Sancho's physician, the danger and the glass vanished at a sign from those gentle magicians. Our chief anxiety arose from the good fellowship of the colonel. He had settled within a field of us, and his evenings were spent by our fire-side. He had been, by the chances of service, once on campaign with the lieutenant; and all campaigners know, that there is no freemason sign of friendship equal to that of standing to be shot together. But there was an unexpected preservative in this hazardous society. The colonel was incapable of exhibiting in the centre of his countenance that living splendor which made Falstaff raise Bardolph to the honor of his admiral; he could "carry no lantern in his poop." If envy could have invaded his generous soul, it would have arisen at the old, restored distinction of his comrade. He watched over his regiment; kept him to the most judicious allowance of claret; and the red nose of the lieutenant never flamed again.

Original.

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"You can often get over the difficulty, when you can't get over the river," said my friend, John Van Ben Schoten.

"Why don't you begin your name with a Sam?" said I; "it would give it more fullness and roundness; a more musical sound. I do like a full, harmonious name, I don't care what nation it belongs to. Only see how much better it would sound—Sam John Van Ben Schoten—I would make that little addition, if I was you."

"Why that is my boy's name," said my friend John Van Ben Schoten. "You Yankees are always one generation ahead of us Hollanders. Wait till my boy grows up, and he'll be just what you want. But don't let us be disputing about names——"

Our disputes were always of the good natured sort, and generally confined to the relative advantages of Yankee enterprise and Dutch perseverance.

"Don't let us be disputing about names," said he, "when you ought to be planning how to pay that note

to-morrow. You say, your draft has come back protested, and you have no other means of raising the money."

This was too true; I had been in a perfect fever all the morning; the return of the draft was most unexpected; those, of whom I had been accustomed to receive accommodations, were out of town, and the note in question would do me much injury by lying over. As a last resort I had applied to my friend John Van Ben Schoten for advice in the matter.

"I tell you," said John Van Ben Schoten, "you can often get over the difficulty, when you can't get over the river."

"Yes," said I, "but how? You can do most any thing if you only know how."

"Well," said he, "go into my counting room and sit down a minute, and I'll tell you how."

We went in, and I took a seat, in the shadiest corner, near the window. John, before sitting down, reached up over his desk and took down his long pipe. He then opened a little drawer and filled his pipe with fine dry tobacco, and pulling a lens out of his pocket he stepped into the sunshine to light it.

"You don't need that glass," said I, "you just hold your pipe in the sun, and if it don't light in half a minute without the glass, I'll engage to eat it."

"There, 'tis again," said John Van Ben Schoten; "you are always showing the Yankee. Our fathers always lit their pipes with sun glasses, and now you want to contrive some other way to do it. If I knew I could light it in half the time without the glass, still I would use the glass, out of respect to my ancestors."

"Well, come," said I, "this isn't telling me how to get over the difficulty."

"Wait till I get my little steam engine agoing," said John, still holding the glass in the sun.

"But haven't you any loco foco matches?" said I, growing somewhat impatient.

"No," said John, "I never allow those new-fangled dangerous things to come into my counting room."

"But how do you get a fire when the sun don't shine?" said I.

"I use a flint and steel," said he, "the safest and surest way in the world."

At last, his pipe began to burn, and John with the utmost complacency sat down in his large arm chair and began to smoke.

"Well, now," said I, "I suppose you are ready to open your mind upon this matter, and tell me if you can contrive any plan to help me over this difficulty."

"Why, yes," said John, "You can oftentimes get over the difficulty, when you can't get over the river. Did you ever know how Peter Van Horn got married?"

"No," said I.

"Well, I'll tell you," said John, taking the pipe from his mouth and puffing out a cloud of smoke that almost concealed his head from my view.

"Oh, now, don't stop for any of your long yarns," said I; "it is getting toward the close of business hours, and it's very important that this business of mine should be attended to."

"You Yankees are always too impatient," said John; "there's never any thing lost by taking time to consider a matter. It is driving the steamboat too fast, and trying to go ahead of somebody else, that makes her burst her boiler."

At that he put his pipe in his mouth and went to smoking again.

"Well, come," said I, "the sooner you begin to tell how Peter Van Horn got married, the sooner you'll get through with it."

"I know it," said he, "and if you wont interrupt me, I'll go on."

"Yes," says I, "a Dutchman must always have his own way; go ahead."

"Well, then," said John Van Ben Schoten, throwing himself back in his chair, and leisurely blowing the smoke in a long, steady, quiet roll from his mouth; "about a hundred years ago, Peter Van Horn lived at Schenectady, or near where Schenectady now is, for it was a kind of a wilderness place then. You've been at Schenectady, haven't you?"

"No," said I, "I never have."

"Well, it is about fifteen or twenty miles from Albany; you've been at Albany of course."

"No, I haven't," said I.

"Not been at Albany?" said John, staring at me with rather an incredulous look; "then you haven't seen much of the world yet."

"Why, no," said I, "perhaps not a great deal on this side of it; though I have seen something of the other side of it, and a little of both ends."

John laughed, and went on with his story.

"Peter Van Horn lived near Schenectady, on one of the little streams that empty into the Mohawk. His father was one of the first settlers in that region; and the old gentleman brought up a nice family, a fine set of hardy, industrious fellows; every one of them as steady as a mill horse; no wild oats—they were men before they were boys. The consequence was, they picked up the money and always had a comfortable share of this world's goods.

"Well, Peter, he grew up to be a smart young man, and at last he got it into his head, that he wanted to be married. You know how 'tis; young men now-a-days are apt to get such notions into their heads, and it was just so in old times. I don't know as Peter was to blame for that; for there was living a little ways up the hill, above his father's, Betsy Van Heyden, a round, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed girl, as neat as a new pin, and as smart as a steel-trap. Every time Peter saw her his feelings became more interested in her. Somehow, he could not seem to keep his mind off of her. Sometimes when he was hoeing corn in the field, the first thing he would know, his father would call out to him, 'Peter, what do you stand there, leaning over your hoe-handle for?' And then he would start, and color up to the eyes, and go to work. He knew he had been thinking of Betsy Van Heyden, but how long he had been standing still he couldn't tell.

"At last things grew worse and worse, and he found he couldn't live without Betsy Van Heyden no how; so he went and popped the question to her; and Betsy said she was willing if mother was—gals in them days were remarkably well brought up, in comparison of what they are now a days—so after a while Peter mused up courage enough to go and ask the old folks, and the old folks, after taking two days to consider of it, said yes; for, why shouldn't they? Peter was one of the most industrious young men in the whole valley of the Mohawk.

"And now that the road was all open and plain before him, Peter was for hurrying ahead; he didn't see any use at all in waiting. Betsy was for putting it off two months, till she could get another web out of the loom; but Peter said no, he didn't care a snap about another web; they'd be married first and make the

cloth afterward. Betsy at last yielded the point; she said she did want to make up a few articles before they were married, but she supposed they might get along without them. So they finally fixed on Thursday of the following week for the wedding. The work of preparation was soon commenced, and carried out in a liberal style. Everything requisite for a grand feast was collected, cooked, and arranged in apple-pie order. The guests were all invited, and parson Van Brunt was engaged to be there precisely at three o'clock, in order that they might get through the business, and have supper out of the way in season for all to get home before dark.

"Thus far, up to the evening before the wedding day, everything looked fair and promising. Peter retired to bed early, in the hope of getting a good night's rest; but somehow or other he never was so restless in his life. He shut his eyes with all his might, and tried to think of sheep jumping over a wall; but do all he could, sleep wouldn't come. Before midnight the doors and windows began to rattle with a heavy wind. Peter got up and looked out; it was dark and cloudy. Presently flashes of lightning were seen, and heavy thunder came rolling from the clouds and echoing among the hills. In half an hour more a heavy torrent of rain was beating upon the house. "It will soon be over," thought Peter, "and the air will be beautiful to-morrow, as sweet as a rose; what a fine day we shall have."

"Hour after hour passed away, and the rain still came down in a flood. Peter could not sleep a wink all night. He got up, and walked the floor till daylight, and when he looked out upon the roads and the fields the water was standing in every hollow and running down the hill sides in rivulets. Nine, ten, and eleven o'clock passed, and still it rained. Peter had been up to Mr. Van Heyden's twice through the rain to see how affairs went on there; the family looked rather sad, but Betsy said she had faith to believe that it would hold up before three o'clock; and sure enough about twelve o'clock, while the families were at dinner, it did hold up, and the clouds began to clear away.

"About two o'clock the wedding guests began to assemble at Mr. Van Heyden's, and the faces of all began to grow shorter and brighter. All this time it had not entered Peter's head, or the heads of any of the rest of the company, that there might be any difficulty in the way of parson Van Brunt's coming to their aid in completing the marriage ceremony. They had all this time forgotten that they were on one side of the Tomhenick stream and parson Van Brunt on the other; that there was no bridge over the stream, and that it was now so swollen by the flood, and the current was so rapid, that it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to cross it at the usual fording place, or swim it on horseback.

"At last, about half past two o'clock, parson Van Brunt, true to his promise, was seen riding down the hill on the opposite side of the river and approaching the ford.

"There he is," said old Mrs. Van Heyden, who had been upon the look out for the last half hour, "there's the dear good man; now let us all take our seats and be quiet before he comes in."

"While they were still lingering at the doors and windows, and watching the parson as he came slowly down the hill, he reached the bank of the river and stopped. He sat upon his horse some minutes, looking first up stream and then down stream, and then he rode his horse a few rods up and down the bank, and returned again to the ford.

"What can he be waiting there for?" said Peter; "sure he has seen the river often enough before, that he needn't stand there so long to look at it."

"I can tell you what the difficulty is," said old Mr. Van Heyden, "the river is so high he can't get across."

"The truth now fell like a flash upon the minds of the whole company.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Van Horn.

"I know so," said Mr. Van Heyden; "you can see from here, the water is up the bank two rods farther than it commonly is, and must be as much as ten feet deep over the ford now."

"What shall we do?" said old Mrs. Van Heyden; "the things will all be spoilt if we don't have the wedding to day."

"Betsy began to turn a little pale. Peter took his hat and started off upon a quick walk toward the river; and presently all the men folks followed him. The women folks waited a little while, and seeing parson Van Brunt still sitting on his horse upon the other side of the river without any attempt to cross, they all put on their bonnets and followed the men. When they got to the bank, the reason of the parson's delay was as clear as preaching. The little river was swollen to a mighty torrent, and was rushing along its banks with the force and rapidity of a cataract. The water had never been so high before since the neighborhood had been settled, and it was still rising. To ford the river was impossible, and to attempt to swim it on horseback was highly dangerous.

"What shall we do?" said Peter, calling to the parson across the river.

"Well I think you will have to put it off two or three days, till the river goes down," said parson Van Brunt.

"Tell him we can't put it off," said old Mrs. Van Heyden, touching Peter by the elbow; "for the pies and cakes and things will all be spoilt."

"Ask him if he don't think his horse can swim over," said Betsy in a half whisper, standing the other side of Peter.

"Peter again called to the parson; told him what a disappointment it would be if he didn't get over, and that it was the general opinion his horse could swim over with him if he would only try. Parson Van Brunt was devoted to the duties of his profession, and ready to do any thing, even at the risk of his life, for the good of his flock. So he reined up his horse tightly, gave him the whip, and plunged into the stream. The current was too rapid and powerful for the animal, and horse and rider were carried down stream with fearful speed for about a dozen rods, when they made out to land again on the same side from which they started. All were now satisfied that the parson could not get over the river. The experiment already made was attended with such fearful hazard as to preclude all thought of its repetition.

"Oh dear, what shall we do?" said Mrs. Van Heyden; "was there ever any thing so unlucky?"

"Betsy sighed, and Peter bit his lips with vexation. Peter's mother all this while had not uttered a syllable. She was a woman that never talked, but she did up a great deal of deep thinking. At last, very much to the surprise of the whole company, she spoke out loud, and said:

"It seems to me, if parson Van Brunt can't get over the river, he might get over difficulty somehow or other."

"Well, how in the world can he do it?" said Peter.

"Why, you just take hold of Betsy's hand," said his

mother, "and stand up here, and let the parson marry you across the river."

"This idea struck them all very favorably; they didn't see why it couldn't be done. Peter again called to parson Van Brunt and stated to him the proposition, and asked him if he thought there was anything in the law or in the bible that could go against the match if it was done in that way. Parson Van Brunt sat in a deep study about five minutes, and then said he couldn't see anything in the way, and told them they might stand up and take hold of hands. When they had taken their proper positions, and old Mrs. Van Heyden had put her handkerchief to her face to hide the tears that began to start from her eyes, the parson read over, in a loud and solemn tone, the marriage ceremony, and pronounced them man and wife.

"Peter then threw a couple of silver dollars across the river, which parson Van Brunt gathered up and put in his pocket, and then mounted his horse and started for home, while the company upon the other side of the river returned to the house of Mr. Van Heyden to enjoy the wedding feast."

By this time John Van Ben Schoten's pipe had gone out, and he started to the window again with his lens to re-light it.

"Well," said I, "I understand now how Peter Van Horn got over his difficulty; but I'll be hanged if I can see any clearer how I am going to get over mine."

"None so blind as them that won't see," said John, turning to his desk and pulling out his old rusty yellow pocket-book. He opened it, and counted out the sum of money which I lacked.

"There," said he, "go and pay your note, and remember you can sometimes get over the difficulty, when you can't get over the river."

TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER WITH A PIRATE.

SPEAKING of a formidable pirate, said to have been lately seen in the West Indies, the Richmond Star takes occasion to give the following particulars of an encounter with free-booters, several years ago, in the same latitude, which have never before appeared in print, but which are nevertheless true:

The general facts of the case are these. Captain Robinson—now a wealthy and much respected citizen of New York—while in command of a ship many years ago, at a time when several of the European powers were at war, discovered one day, just as night was setting in, a suspicious looking sail under his lee, but as the stranger made no movement toward him, he concluded that she was probably one of the many privateers which then swarmed the ocean. The next morning he discovered the stranger sail nearer to him, and very soon became satisfied that she was not only hostile but a pirate. He had one gun, and an abundance of small arms and ammunition on board, and fortunately a good number of passengers, mostly men. When satisfied that he had no alternative but to fight or surrender, he assembled the passengers in the cabin and told them that they must decide whether they would surrender and be themselves murdered, and give their wives and daughters to the brutality of the fiends then pursuing them, or stand upon their defence like men. If they choose the latter alternative, he gave them a fair warning, that it must be a desperate conflict, and that boarding the pirate was probably their only chance of success.

Most of the passengers responded promptly that they would fight to the last, if fight they must. Although to the windward, it was found that the superior sailing of the pirate was more than a match in a long chase for his advantage, and Robinson resolved at once to meet the crisis and decide the matter while his position gave him the choice of commencing the engagement. He steered at once to meet the foe, thus giving him to un-

derstand that he was prepared for him. As he neared him, the pirate gave him a broadside from the guns, three in number, that crippled him badly, killed two of his best seamen and one passenger. Still he kept on, receiving another broadside, that injured him some, but not as badly as the first. In a few moments, he was near the pirate, and by a skilful manœuvre, got a raking position, and taking good aim, he for the first time discharged his gun, loaded heavily with cannister and grape. The effect was tremendous, the vessel being much cut up and the slaughter among the pirate crew prodigious. This created confusion among them, and enabled Robinson to plant his bow against the pirate, just where he preferred.

In an instant, the bowsprit was crowded with the devils, looking like very fiends, who dashed upon the forward deck in large force. A bloody struggle then ensued, hand to hand, in which the ship's defenders were driven back by the overwhelming force, and the prospect for an instant was that they would be annihilated, beyond the chance of hope. At this moment, some of the passengers shouted in English to their friends to "clear the way—stand back for the gun!" The Spaniards raised a yell of triumph, as they saw their foes, who had met them so sturdily, rush back, and were in the act of springing forward, as the murderous charge of the gun met them with sweeping carnage—leaving but a few alive, and covering the deck with the mangled remains of more than a score of the wretches. But a fresh force supplied their place, and for several times, the good gun cleared the deck of the blood-thirsty villains. As they went leaping back the fourth time, Robinson shouted to his men to "board," and in a moment, the strife was upon the pirate's own deck.

The force of the pirate had been terribly cut down in the previous contest, and after a short but desperate struggle—in which Capt. Robinson received a shocking wound from a cutlass, passing from his forehead, between his eyes across the cheek and down to the back of the neck—yet he killed the man who wounded him and two others after receiving the slash—the pirates were driven below and there secured. The cabin was then cleared of everything valuable, the vessel scuttled, and in a short time she sunk, carrying with her every soul left on board, with the wounded, dying and dead. Capt. Robinson was wounded in many places, besides the last shocking wound across his face, the scar of which he yet bears, and many of his force had fallen or were desperately wounded; but he carried his ship safe through her voyage, and was able to tell one of the most gallant and desperate actions, of which we ever heard, or which history can show.

FRIENDSHIP OF A PANTHER:

OR, A SOLDIER IN THE DESERT.

We know not the author of the following beautiful tale, which we are sure no one can read without intense interest. It has been in our possession, in newspaper form, something more than a dozen years, but bearing no indication of its origin. Poor Mignonne! she cannot but enlist the sympathies of every reader.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by General Dessaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was by them carried into the desert, beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates, and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimitar, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged the already wearied horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart, from a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor; for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around, filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and glancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire—they met at the horizon in a line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness! God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted, to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance; but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side, a sort of natural grotto formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortifications during that day. Toward evening, the mighty tree he had been cutting, fell to the ground, with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air. But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and the extreme warmth of climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he distinctly heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze, but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger or a crocodile; but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening in the grotto, its beam lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! This Mon of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes which had

opened from time to time were now closed. Her face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw that there was not room enough for that: the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her, nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of her heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction, and fall in the attempt would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

"She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awake in hunger."

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around her paws; her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head rested on nervous outstretched paws from which her long white smellers spread out, like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone, and in her power, it was a very different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rise with increasing danger; but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he watched the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes—stretched out her paws and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and as rough as a file. She then shook herself and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaiety and courage returning—"She does her toilet very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—"Come, let us wish each other good morning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head toward him suddenly, and fixed a surprized and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble—especially when the mighty beast moved toward him. With great boldness and presence of mind, he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head, and smooth her fur. Her eyes gradually softened—she began to wag her tail—and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she soon came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against his legs, like an affectionate kitten. "She requires a great deal of attention," said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat; and perceiving she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble, lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the Desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that to kill her with one blow he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose; but at that moment she crouched down gently at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange

mixture of affectionate and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree eating some dates, and casting his eye anxiously round the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with some nuts and dates; but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible to his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

"Will it be so when she gets hungry?" thought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She seemed like Nero drunk. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him, as a dog does his master; and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself by her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, and roked her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it in her throat, but he was still held by the fear that he should not succeed, and that the animal would tear him to pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness, graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face, when he called "Mignonne."

When the sun went down she uttered a deep melancholy cry. "She is well educated," exclaimed the gay soldier. "She had learned to say her evening prayers."

He was rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

"That is right my pretty little blonde," said he—"You had better go to sleep first."

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a loud sharp cry.

"Of a truth," said he, "her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love." Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him safe to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

"My dear Mignonne!" exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm; "our friendship is for life and death."

He retraced his steps. Now, he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance clearing the

desert, with those long high bounds, peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving his carresses, she purred aloud, and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal; "Ah, ah, Miss! you have been eating some of the Maugrabins. Ain't you ashamed? Never mind—they are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you woult have me to love you any more."

This singular animal was so fond of carresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paw in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy; she became used to all the inflections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expression of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded; she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail, to count the splendid black and white rings, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, the glossy smoothness of her neck, and the majestic carriage of her head. But she delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully with head erect as the Frenchman called "Mignonne."

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over their heads. In the desert, any thing that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the Panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes the Sultana of the Desert began to growl. "She is certainly jealous," thought the soldier as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other—and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

"The creature must have a soul!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animals in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued the narrator, "what I had done to displease Mignonne so much—or whether the creature was merely in sport—but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence—but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours afterward weeping by the side of her dead body.

"Ah, well," said he, after a mournful silence, "I have been in the wars in Germany, Spain, Prussia and France—but I never have seen any thing that produced such sensations as the desert, oh, how beautiful it was!"

"What feelings did it excite?" asked I.

"Feelings that are not to be spoken," replied the soldier solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad; in the desert there is every thing and there is nothing.

"What do you mean by that?" said I.

"I cannot tell," said he impatiently—after a pause he added, "God is there without man!"

RABELAIS tells a story of one Phillippol Plact, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which, perhaps, causes many not to pay their's for fear of a like accident.

Original.

BLANNERHASSET, THE LORD OF THE ISLE.

BY T. B. READ.

WHAT ship comes so gallantly over the sea,
With wide-spreading pinions and streamer full free,
And making for harbor the while?
It comes from a country where tyranny reigns;
It comes from a country all laden with chains;
Alas! for the emerald isle!

Who walks so majestic the deck of that ship,
A tear in his eye, yet a smile on his lip,
His bonny bride by him the while?
A freeman in spirit, a freeman by blood;
The kind Blannerhasset, the gentle and good,
A son of the emerald isle.

The bark is in harbor, her sails are all fur'd,
The exile, erect, walks the new western world,
And a prayer breathes to Heaven the while.
Now far to the west, over mountain, through wood,
He seeks a retreat in the deep solitude—
This son of the emerald isle.

What green isle is yonder, that seemeth to lie
On Ohio's fair breast, like a star in the sky,
Where Nature in gladness doth smile?
Who dwells in yon mansion, all shaded by wood?
The exile of Erin, the gentle and good,
And this Blannerhasset's own isle.

Oh, this is an Eden, a Paradise, where
Sweet flowerets are blooming, and on the bliss'd air
Are breathing their fragrance the while.
The birds from the branches their melody pour,
And bright waters murmur along the green shore,
And cheer the sad lord of the isle.

Years now have rolled by since that mansion was reared,
And long has the exile by all been revered,
A man of pure heart without guile;
The Indian, the hunter, all these were regaled;
By him were made welcome—by them he was hailed
The kind hearted lord of the isle.

What stranger is this who has stepped to the land,
Who gallantly carries an air of command,
Whose features are lit with a smile?
'Tis one whom the virtuous should dread to come nigh;
Though sweet is his tongue, yet there's death in his eye—
Alas! for the lord of the isle!

Though bland is his bearing, his heart is of stone—
Ambition has marked him full well for her own;
His passions are vilest of vile;
'Tis he who has sought out this sweet solitude,
To sere with his burning heart of the good,
And too trusting lord of the isle.

Ah, little they reck the extent of his reach,
So gentle his manners, so kind is his speech,
So noble, so winning the while—
Too sure is the art, too sure is the snare,
Alas! now the lord, and his lady so fair,
Must leave, and forever, the isle.

That island so lovely is dreary, alas!
I cannot but sigh for its lord as I pass,
A tear is half starting the while.
The flowers all have faded; the sweet singing birds,
And ripples, alone seem to echo the words,
"Alas! for the lord of the isle!"

THE trial of Col. Burr for treason occurred thirty six years ago; more than the average time allowed for one generation of men to pass away. The circumstances of the case therefore cannot be supposed to be very familiar to a majority of readers now on the stage. All, however, who know any thing of the matter, either from recollection or from history, are aware of the

strong sympathy excited in the public mind for the unfortunate Blannerhasset, who was implicated with Burr, and whether sharing in his guilt or not, suffered the withering effects of the transaction, and was ultimately ruined. Whatever may have been the real connection of Blannerhasset with the affair, and whatever the true measure of his guilt or innocence, the glowing eloquence of Mr. Wirt at the trial has thrown a charm over his memory that will touch the hearts of his adopted countrymen for many generations to come.

Well do we remember with what emotions our own bosom was filled, when in our schoolboy days we committed to memory for declamation the extract of Wirt's speech relating to Blannerhasset. We give it below, as explanatory of the ballad from our friend Read.

AARON BURR, the contriver of the whole conspiracy, to every body concerned in it was as the sun to the planets which surround him. Did he not bind them in their respective orbits and give them their light, their heat and their motion? Yet he is to be considered an accessory, and Blannerhasset is to be the principal!

Let us put the case between Burr and Blannerhasset. Let us compare the two men and settle this question of precedence between them.

Who Aaron Burr is we have seen in part already. I will add, that beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the main spring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Perceiving the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is indeed quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1805, he goes forth for the last time to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blannerhasset.

Who is Blannerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhasset's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquility, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monkey shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. In-

troduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; and ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more, he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

We cannot fail to observe, as we advance in life, how vividly our earliest recollections recur to us, and this consciousness is accompanied by a melancholy pleasure, when we are deprived of those who are most tenderly associated with such remembrances, because they bring the beloved dead "before our mind's eye;" and beguile the loneliness of the present hour, by visions of the past. In such visions I now often love to indulge, and in one of them, a journey to Y— was recently brought before me, in which my ever indulgent father permitted me to accompany him, when I was yet but a child.

As we drove through C—r, a village within three miles of Y—, he directed my attention to a remarkable rising, or central mound of earth on the top of the tower of C—r church. He then kindly explained

the cause of this singular, and *distinguishing* appearance, and told me the traditional anecdote connected with it; which now, in my own words, I am going to communicate to my readers.

I know nothing of her birth, and parentage, nor am I acquainted even with her name—but I shall call her Birtha—the story goes, that she lived at C—r, a village three miles from Y—in N—, and was betrothed to the mate of a trading vessel, with the expectation of marrying him, when he had gained money sufficient, by repeated voyages, to make their union consistent with prudence.

In the meanwhile, there is reason to believe that Birtha was not idle, but contrived to earn money herself, in order to expedite the hour of her marriage; and at length, her lover (whom I shall call William) thought that there was no reason for him to continue his sea-faring life, but at the end of one voyage more, he should be able to marry the woman of his choice, and engage in some less dangerous employment, in his native village.

Accordingly, the next time that he bade farewell to Birtha, the sorrow of their parting hour was soothed by William's declaring, that, as the next voyage would be his last, he should expect, when he returned, to find everything ready for their marriage.

This was a pleasant expectation, and Birtha eagerly prepared to fulfil it.

By the time that Birtha was beginning to believe that William was on his voyage home, her neighbors would often help her to count the days which would probably elapse before the ship could arrive; but when they were not in her presence, some of the experienced among the men used to express a *hope*, the result of *fear*, that William would return time enough to avoid certain winds, which made one part of the navigation on that coast particularly dangerous.

Birtha herself, had, no doubt, her *fears*, as well as her *hopes*; but there are some fears which the lip of affection dare not utter, and this was one of them.

Birtha dreaded to have her inquiries respecting that dangerous passage, answered by "Yes, we know that it is a difficult navigation;" she also dreaded to be told by some kind, but ill-judging friends, to "trust in Providence;" as, by such advice, the reality of the danger would be still more powerfully confirmed to her. This recommendation would to her have been needless, as well as alarming; for she had, doubtless, always relied on Him who is alone able to save, and she knew that the same 'Almighty arm was underneath' her lover still, which had hitherto preserved him in the time of need.

Well—time went on, and we will imagine the little garden before the door of the house which Birtha had hired, new graveled, fresh flowers sown and planted there; the curtains ready to be put up; the shelves bright with polished utensils; table linen, white as the driven snow, enclosed in a newly-purchased chest of drawers; and the neat, well chosen wedding clothes ready for the approaching occasion: we will also picture to ourselves, the trembling joy of Birtha, when her eager and sympathizing neighbors rushed into her cottage, disturbing her early breakfast, with the glad tidings, that William's ship had been seen approaching the dangerous passage with a fair wind, and there was no doubt but that he would get over it safe, and in daylight!

But Birtha's joy was still mingled with anxiety, and she probably passed that day in alternate restlessness and prayer.

Toward night the wind rose high, blowing from a quarter unfavorable to the safety of the ship, and it still continued to blow in this direction when night and darkness had closed on all around.

Darkness at that moment seemed to close also upon the prospects of Birtha! for she knew that there was no beacon, no landmark to warn the vessel of its danger, and inform the pilot what coast they were approaching, and what perils they were to avoid; and, it is probable, that the almost despairing girl was, with her anxious friends, that livelong night a wanderer on the nearest shore.

With the return of morning came the awful confirmation of their worst fears!

There was no remaining vestige of William's vessel,

save the top of the mast, which showed where it had sunk beneath the waves, and proved that the hearts which in the morning had throbb'd high with tender hopes and joyful expectations, were then cold and still "beneath the mighty waters!" How different now was the scene in Birtha's cottage, to that which it exhibited during the preceding morning.

That changed dwelling was not indeed deserted, for sympathizing neighbors came to it as before; but though many may be admitted with readiness when it is time for congratulation, it is only the few who can be welcome in a season of sorrow; and Birtha's sorrow, though quiet was deep—while neither her nearest relative, nor dearest friend, could do any thing to assist her, save, by removing from her sight the new furniture, or the new dresses, which had been prepared for those happy hours that now could never be hers.

At length, however, Birtha, who had always appeared calm and resigned, seemed cheerful also! still she remained pale, as in the first moments of her trial, save when a feverish flush occasionally increased the brightness of her eyes; but she grew thinner, and her impeded breath made her affectionate friends suspect that she was going into a rapid decline.

Medical aid was immediately called in, and Birtha's pained conviction that her end was near, was soon, though reluctantly confirmed to her, at her own request.

But it was not alone the wish "to die and be with Christ," nor the sweet expectations of being united in another world to him whom she had lost, that was the cause of Birtha's increasing cheerfulness, as the hour of her dissolution drew nigh. No:

Her generous heart was rejoicing in a project which she had conceived, and which would, if realized, be the source of benefit to numbers yet unborn. She knew from authority which she could not doubt, that had there been a *proper land-mark* on the shore, her lover and his ship would not, in all human probability, have perished.

"Then," said Birtha, "henceforth there shall be a land-mark on this coast! and I will furnish it! Here at least, no fond and faithful girl shall again have to lament over her blighted prospects, and pine, and suffer as I have done."

She sent immediately for the clergyman of the parish, made her will, and had a clause inserted to the following effect: "I desire that I may be buried on the top of the tower of C—r church! and that my grave may be made very high, and pointed, in order to render it a perpetual land-mark to all ships approaching that dangerous navigation where he whom I loved was wrecked. I am assured, that, had there been a land-mark on the tower of C—r church, his ship might have escaped; and I humbly trust, that my grave will always be kept up according to my will, to prevent affectionate hearts, in future, from being afflicted as mine has been; and I leave a portion of my little property in the hands of trustees, for ever, to pay for the preservation of the above-mentioned grave, in all its usefulness!"

Before she died, the judicious and benevolent sufferer had the satisfaction of being assured, that her intentions would be carried into effect.

Her last moments were therefore cheered by the belief, that she would be graciously permitted to be, even after death, a benefit to others, and that her grave might be the means of preserving some of her fellow-creatures from shipwreck and affliction.

Nor was her belief a delusive one—the conical grave in question gives so remarkable an appearance to the tower of C—r church, when it is seen at sea, even at a distance, that if once observed it can never be forgotten, even by those to whom the anecdote connected with it is unknown—therefore, as soon as it appears in night, pilots know that they are approaching a dangerous coast, and take measures to avoid its perils.

But if the navigation on that coast is no longer as perilous as it was, when the heroine of this story was buried, and the tower of C—r church is no longer a necessary land-mark, still her grave remains a pleasing memorial of one, whose active benevolence rose superior to the selfishness both of sorrow and of sickness; and enabled her, even on the bed of death, to contrive and will for the benefit of posterity.





La donna che si lava

Manfred

T H E R O V E R .

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When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone ;

pressed with its powerful and thrilling language; and at this moment it would be difficult to call to mind many productions of modern days that will bear reading so often. Those of our readers, we think, who study our engraving, cannot but admire the boldness and vigor of the artist's conception, and its truthfulness to the awful subject which it illustrates. How seriously are we led to reflect upon what the mighty genius of Byron could have effected had his moral faculties not been blighted in the bright spring-time of his youth!



Handwritten text, possibly a name or signature.

T H E R O V E R.

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

MANFRED.

In this dramatic poem of Byron's, one of the most powerful and remarkable productions of his singularly gifted mind, the fearful power of conscience is wonderfully portrayed. The omnipotence of the "secret monitor" is perhaps no where exhibited in stronger light, except in some of the inspired writings, where it is said "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

How lamentable that such an intellect as Byron's, should have been so perverted; that with such astonishing powers to spread an influence over other minds, so much of that influence should have been of a baneful character. True, there are many palliating circumstances in his life that call upon us to throw the veil of charity, in some degree, over the obliquities of his character, but this does not render the effect of a large portion of his writings any the less lamentable.

The leading idea that runs through Manfred is the terrible writhings of an outraged conscience. Count Manfred, a being of high intellect and indomitable will, has been guilty of some monstrous but not very clearly defined crime, and wanders about the earth in the most awful agony seeking for oblivion. He calls upon the spirits of the unbounded universe, all but the great Supreme, and invokes them to bestow upon him forgetfulness, but none of them can aid him. They tell him he may die, but that will not bring forgetfulness; for they are immortal and do not forget. In some of his last agonies, demons assail him, but he defies their power—his language to them is, "I bear, within, a torture that could nothing gain from thine. The mind, which is immortal, makes itself requital for its good or evil thoughts—and is absorbed in sufferance or in joy, born from the knowledge of its own desert."

The point of the poem, which is illustrated in the engraving, is where he has invoked and commanded spirits to appear to him, till at last one appears in the shape of a beautiful female figure. Manfred exclaims, "Oh, God! if it be thus, and thou art not a madness and a mockery, I yet might be most happy—I will clasp thee, and we again will be —" here the figure vanishes, and Manfred falls senseless. A voice is then heard to utter the following incantation, which for thrilling power and vigor of thought is hardly surpassed by anything in Shakspeare.

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;

Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing, that though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art,
Which passed for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the dankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

The next scene presents to us Manfred alone upon the cliffs of the mountains of Jungfrau, complaining that the spirits which he has raised abandon him, and the spells which he has studied baffles him. The entire scene which follows, is one of terrific grandeur and beauty. We dare say that no person who has ever read this wonderful poem, has failed to be deeply impressed with its powerful and thrilling language; and at this moment it would be difficult to call to mind many productions of modern days that will bear reading so often. Those of our readers, we think, who study our engraving, cannot but admire the boldness and vigor of the artist's conception, and its truthfulness to the awful subject which it illustrates. How seriously are we led to reflect upon what the mighty genius of Byron could have effected had his moral faculties not been blighted in the bright spring-time of his youth!

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

"The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armor nam'd and sable helm
Whose unbar'd visor mortal never saw."

THE storm still raged with unabated violence, and the wind as it howled around him, dashed to and fro the waving plumes upon the helmet of the knight; but he heeded it not, and continued to urge his coal-black steed toward the dark and gloomy forest. The wind staid its fury for a space, and the moon broke suddenly between two warring clouds, as if she would have calmed with her soft holy light, the furious tempest that was raging around.

That momentary light gave to view the knight upon his coal-black steed entering the precincts of the forest. As darkness again closed, the sound of approaching steeds was heard, and a deep hoarse voice exclaimed, "Curses on the storm,—is there no place of shelter nearer than your father's castle, lady?"

"Swear not," replied a soft female voice, "Swear not, Count Gondibert, lest you bring down Heaven's vengeance on our heads. There is no place of shelter save this forest, and I will not enter it."

"Why fear you this, fair lady?" replied the other, "am I not here to guard and to protect you? Can you fear the straggling bandits who infest it?"

"It is no human power I fear, my lord," replied the soft voice, "It is a shuddering dread of another kind. Hast thou forgotten the legend of the forest, how a brave knight was basely murdered there returning to his young and lovely bride, by a revengeful and disappointed rival? I cannot enter it, my lord; I'll rather brave the fury of the storm. Hark! hark! the sound of horses' feet is beating in the forest."

Count Gondibert listened, but before he had time to prepare for defence, there was a rush from its dark boom, and in a moment they were surrounded by horsemen. The lady Bertha shrieked. Count Gondibert drew his sword, and called on his attendants to defend themselves. They quickly drew forth their fire-arms, but fear or the darkness prevented their making a vigorous defence against their assailants, and they began to give way. One of the robbers laid his hand upon the bridle of the lady Bertha's palfrey, while Count Gondibert in vain endeavored to defend and to release her; but it was done by another hand. One blow from a stranger-sword severed the arm from the body, and the lady Bertha's steed was released. On all sides the bandit felt the power of a strong arm, but darkness prevented them from distinctly seeing the form which dealt these strokes of death. Unprepared for this attack, from the feeble resistance which had at first been made, terror seized the bandit, and they fled before that arm of power.

The moon again shone forth. It was the knight on his coal-black steed.

"It is the knight of the forest!" shrieked Bertha, and hid her face with her trembling hands.

Count Gondibert shuddered, and laid his hand on the lady's bridle to lead her away; but the knight also laid his hand upon it, and it fell from that of the count. Count Gondibert spoke not, the Lady Bertha trembled with affright, and the knight in silence led the palfrey toward the castle of her father, Baron Adelbret von Edelstein. They arrived at the castle gates, and paused, for the horn of warning hung on the side where the Black Knight rode, and no one dared to approach it. For a moment they were immovable, but at last the knight raised the horn to his lips.

The tones pierced Lady Bertha's heart. They seemed mysteriously to awaken remembrances of past scenes—feelings of mingled pleasure and of pain. She felt as if the spirits of those she had once loved were hovering around her, to guard her from the evils of a turbulent world, from which her pure spirit would gladly have fled forever.

These feelings overpowered her already agitated mind, and when the gates were opened, she was taken in an almost insensible state from her saddle. The knight on his coal-black steed slowly retraced his way toward the forest, and Baron Adelbret receiving his fainting daughter in his arms, eagerly inquired the cause of the situation in which he beheld her.

Count Gondibert related the adventure. The baron looked disturbed, and asked whether the knight wore sable armour, and rode a black horse.

"He did," replied Count Gondibert.

"Didst thou remember to utter a prayer?" asked the baron solemnly.

Count Gondibert started.

"Beware of that knight, Count Gondibert. Canst thou forget the tradition, that the fate of thy house depends on such a form? Shouldst thou meet him three times, and forget to utter a prayer, thou art lost."

The count remained in gloomy silence.

The baron now dismissed Bertha, who had revived, to her chamber, and turning with a smile toward the count, he inquired what progress he had made in Bertha's affections during the time of their residence together at the castle of her uncle, whence they had just returned. Count Gondibert contracted his brows, and a dark fire flashed from under them, as he answered in a haughty tone, that the lady Bertha had peremptorily refused to listen to his suit, and he feared he must aspire to no more than her friendship; "Her love," added he with a bitter smile, "still appears to be buried in the grave of the page."

The baron frowned, but smoothing his features, he said, "it is nearly a year, Count Gondibert, since the mysterious death of Albert, and Bertha may surely now be won to think of a lover more befitting her than an unknown boy. She speaks not of him, she seems to lament him not." The baron was here interrupted by the soft sound of a lute, and Bertha's voice was heard singing, in tones of deep feeling, the following song:

This mournful heart can dream of nought but thee,
As with slow steps among these shades I move,
And hear the nightingale from tree to tree
Sighing, I love! I love!

This mournful heart wakes to one thought alone,
That still our fatal parting will renew:
To hear that bird, when spring's last eve is gone,
Sighing, adieu! adieu!

The baron said no more, and the conference was broken up.

The following morning Count Gondibert sought an interview with the lady Bertha, and renewed his suit; but she repulsed him with indignation and displeasure, at his thus breaking through the solemn promise he had made her, never to resume the hated subject. The count sprung on his steed and galloped from the castle, rage and vengeance burning in his breast. Absorbed in dark reflections, he drew near the forest without observing that he did so. "She shall be mine," exclaimed he aloud, "were all the powers of darkness leagued against me!"

"They may assist thee!" said a deep voice beside him. He looked up—the knight on his coal-black steed was there—he shrunk back and muttered a prayer, though prayer was a stranger to his lips. In silence he rode, and the black knight by his side, till he arrived at his own castle gates, when the knight slowly retraced his way to the forest.

A superstitious terror scarcely now permitted Count Gondibert to leave his castle, lest he should again encounter the black knight; but it did not hinder him from laying plans for the accomplishment of his diabolical purpose.

"My mind is sad to-day," said Bertha to her attendant, "and I feel a wish to recline on the banks of the dark-rolling Danube; the deep shade of its trees will be in accordance with the sadness of my soul."

"Ah! my lady," replied Matilda, "I too feel this heaviness upon me, as if some misfortune were impending over us; but I shrink from the thoughts of that sombre spot, which, without increasing our cheerfulness, must lay us open to a thousand dangers. Go not to it, my lady; rather from the secure battlements of your father's castle, let us look out upon the surrounding rich variety of prospect, which cannot fail to cheer and revive our drooping spirits." But Bertha would not listen to Matilda's remonstrances, and turned her steps toward the dark stream.

Scarcely were they within the shade of the forest,

whose sighs waved mournfully in the sighing breeze, when Bertha felt the gloom deepening in her mind, and sad thoughts, which filled her eyes with tears, came crowding fast upon her. "Ah! Matilda," said she, as they proceeded, "how like is this shade to my darkened life! I have left the morning-light of joy behind, and there remains for me but the night of grief!"

At that moment she felt herself enveloped in a close covering, which obscured her sight and stifled her voice; she heard the shriek of Matilda, but she heard no more, for a powerful arm was thrown around her; she was hurried along, placed on a steed before a horseman, and borne swiftly away.

Long did they ride at a rapid pace, but at last the horseman paused, and removing the covering a little, he raised some wine to Bertha's lips,—she turned her head aside and refused to drink it.

"Take it," said the horseman, "it may help to sustain you in what you have yet to undergo."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed she, "for what am I doomed? tell me, tell me, by all your hopes of Heaven, for what am I reserved? Drive me not, I implore thee, to despair!"

"Innocence should never despair!" said the horseman sternly, and again raised the wine to her lips.

His words insensibly infused courage into the bosom of Bertha, and raising her thoughts to heaven in prayer, she took the offered beverage, to renew her fast falling strength. At length they stopped and she was taken from the steed by the horseman. A horn was sounded low, and she heard the clanking of the chains of a draw-bridge letting down. She shuddered, but remembering the words of the horseman, *Innocence should never despair*, she made no resistance, and suffered herself to be led across the bridge, into what she imagined to be the court-yard of a castle. A door was opened, and her conductor led her down a flight of steps. "Oh, Heaven!" thought she, "is it to a dungeon I am to be taken?" but she spoke not. After descending some steps, they kept upon level ground, then ascended a long staircase; and her guide put a key into a door which seemed to bar their further progress. He opened it, and drawing Bertha within, said, "You may remove the bandage;" but before she could do so, he had retreated and locked the door behind him.

In place of a dungeon, she now found herself in a magnificent apartment. She gazed around her in astonishment, but something like the truth flashing upon her mind, she exclaimed, "Rather to a dungeon!" She now threw herself upon a couch, and endeavored to strengthen her mind for what she expected would soon follow; but she was interrupted in her reflections by the opening of a door at the other end of the apartment. A female entered and approached Bertha, who knew not in what light to consider her, as she appeared to be too elegantly attired for an attendant.

"Why am I here?" asked Bertha, rising with some haughtiness in her air; "and who dares thus to treat a daughter of the Baron von Edelstein?"

The female made no reply to her question, but surveyed Bertha with a scrutinizing glance, and the result of her observations was not evidently pleasure. There was something about this female which made Bertha shrink, and turn away from her gaze. The dark foreign look, the large black eye of fire, the compressed lip, for a moment alarmed Bertha; but the dignity of innocence could not forsake her, and offended at the insolent survey, she turned her clear but dove-like eyes upon her. The bold eye sunk under that calm look.

"For what purpose am I here?" repeated Bertha. "I am appointed to attend you," replied the female, "not to answer your questions. Supper waits, will it please you to partake of it?"

Bertha only waved her hand in silence, and again sunk upon the sofa in tears.

"Here is your apartment when you choose to retire," opening a door near to where Bertha sat.

Bertha made no reply, and with a haughty step the other left the room. On entering the chamber she examined every window and door, but they were all firmly secured—there lay no hope that way; and

throwing herself down on the couch without undressing, her weary spirit was soon calmed in deep sleep. Bertha awoke not until the morning was far advanced, and soon after the female she had seen the preceding evening entered, and inquired how she had rested.

"I rested well," said Bertha.

"What! did terror and despair not keep you from rest?" inquired she with a contemptuous smile.

"Innocence should never despair," said Bertha calmly.

The eyes of the female flashed fire, and she looked steadfastly upon Bertha, whose serene innocent countenance indicating no reproof, she resumed her composure, and showed Bertha into an adjoining room.

For some days she saw no one save this woman, who relaxing little in her insolence of manner, Bertha asked no more questions, and there was an almost total silence observed on both sides. One evening, however, she appeared to be singularly agitated, and paced the room, involuntarily clasping her hands as if bitter thoughts crossed her, and occasionally gazing on Bertha with a bewildered glance, who now began to be alarmed. The female perceived it, and immediately calming her emotion, she took a lute from the table, and commenced tuning it. Her hand trembled as she swept the chords, but it was a hand that knew to touch it well; and she sung the following song with an unsteady voice:—

The wind howls wild in the hollow oak,
Breathing its anthem drear;
The raven pours, with answering croak,
The boding notes of fear;
The shrieks, the sobbings of despair,
Are bursting through the midnight air.

The startled eagle soaring springs
High from his cliffy home;
The screaming sea-fowl flaps her wings
O'er surging billows' foam;
And bursts of woe, and moanings deep,
Are echoing round the beetling steep.

Shrill screams, and low heart-rending moans,
Rise on the troubled gale;
Oh! human anguish swells these tones:
"Tis a love-lorn maiden's wail:
And the heart heaves sick, and the blood runs chill,
As ye list to a wail so wild and shrill.

Sill creaks and moans the hollow oak,
When the storm sweeps through the wood;
And the raven pours his boding croak,
When he scents the smell of blood;
And the prey-birds scream for their dire repast,
When a warrior's form from the rocks is cast.

But the maiden's wail?—'tis silent now;
Her tears?—they are wiped away;
A mantling flush laughs o'er her brow,
And there's joy in her eye's bright ray:
She smiles at the tale that her new lover sighs,
While all forgotten the lost youth lies!

"Albert! Albert!" exclaimed Bertha, wringing her hands, and rushing up to the singer. "Woman," she continued, "who has persuaded thee to torture a heart already almost broken with grief? Who dares say that Albert is forgotten?"

The female appeared awed for a moment. Then fixing her eyes upon Bertha, "Swear to me," she cried, "that he is still remembered—swear to me that you will resist Count Gondibert even unto death, and a way for escape may yet be found!"

Indignation sparkled for a moment in Bertha's eye, as if she would have said, "Wretch! thou knowest not the pure constancy of a virtuous woman's love;" but repressing her feelings, she replied, "My constancy is firm unto death—I never will be Count Gondibert's bride."

A tear for the first time appeared in those large black eyes. "Then I shall be your friend—resist and fear not," saying which she arose precipitately, and left the apartment.

Bertha threw herself upon a sofa, and wept; but she was soon roused by a heavy footstep in the chamber. She started up, and Count Gondibert stood before her. He forcibly seized her hand, which she in vain attempted to withdraw.

"I have cursed the moments that have kept me from thee," said he; "but now that I am with thee, nothing shall tear us asunder till thou art mine, thou loved though scornful one."

"Base, unmanly villain!" exclaimed Bertha, dashing him from her, "I command thee to restore me to my father—darest thou, in thy dastard soul, ever to hope for my consent? Away, traitor! nor dare to lay thy coward hand upon me!"

"Resistance is in vain," cried the count, enraged at her contempt; "this night sees you my bride—nothing can rescue you from my power. In three hours everything will be ready—prepare to submit in silence to your inevitable fate."

"Monster! no power shall make me thine—Heaven will protect me."

"Trust in Heaven then," replied he, with a scornful laugh, "for no earthly aid can reach you;" saying which he left the apartment, and Bertha trembled at the fate which seemed to await her.

Two hours passed away in dreadful agitation, and Bertha began to fear that the promised assistance of the female attendant was in vain, when at last she hastily entered the apartment. Motioning Bertha to keep silence, she proceeded to array her in bridal garments, and threw a long white veil over her. She had scarcely completed these arrangements, when the door was opened, and Count Gondibert appeared.

"All is ready," said the count; "I come to lead my bride to the altar."

"Villain! I will not," said Bertha, grasping the sofa.

"Approach me not, at thy peril!"

"Carry the lady into the hall," said the count, turning to his attendants. They approached the terrified Bertha, and amid her struggles and cries to Heaven for succor, they bore her into the hall.

The hall was hung with tapestry, and but dimly lighted. A large mirror was on one side, before which stood the priest who was to perform the ceremony.

"If thou art a true minister of our religion," cried Bertha, "I charge thee in the name of Heaven from aiding in this most unholy design."

"Peace!" exclaimed the count, stamping violently. "Proceed!" added he, addressing the priest, who now opened the book.

"Stop, I command you!" again cried Bertha—"Oh, aid me, Heaven!"

As she uttered these words she raised her eyes, and the figure of an armed warrior met them, reflected in the opposite mirror. It was that of the Black Knight; and Bertha, uttering a heart-piercing shriek, fell lifeless on the floor. The count grasped his sword; but the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the deep tones of a well-remembered voice near him, made his blood run cold—"Where is thy prayer, Gondibert?" it inquired; "another time, and thy fate is sealed."

Lights were soon brought by some of the terrified attendants. All remained apparently undisturbed in the hall, save the unhappy victim, who, closely enveloped in her veil, lay extended on a sofa.

"Ha!" exclaimed the count on observing her, "Bertha still here! then I defy the powers of light and darkness—she shall yet be mine. Proceed—the ceremony shall now be completed."

Motionless she was raised from the sofa, and apparently having no power to resist, the priest performed his office.

The count approached, and raised the veil.

"Damnation!" burst from his lips, he struck the frail form to the ground, and rushed from the hall. It was the mysterious female whom we have formerly noticed. Bertha was gone.

When Bertha recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, she found herself in her father's castle, supported by him, and surrounded by her anxious attendants.

"Heaven be praised!" said the baron, "my child revives."

Bertha slowly raised her eyes, and looked bewildered around.

"Where am I?" cried she. Then perceiving her father, she threw her arms round him and wept on his bosom. "Who has restored me to thee, my dear father? who has saved your child from so horrid a fate?"

"What fate, my child?"

"You know it not then? but," she added wildly, "who brought me here?"

"The Black Knight brought you to the castle gate, and blew a fearful blast. He spoke not, and on his coal-black steed he slowly retraced his way to the forest."

"The Black Knight of the forest!" shuddered Bertha.

She then related to the baron Count Gondibert's cowardly baseness, and the dreadful fate which had been averted.

The baron's proud eye flashed fire.

"Gondibert shall rue this deed—but tell me all, my child."

Bertha began her relation, but on reaching that part where the female attendant had sung, her voice faltered. Again assuming courage, she exclaimed with much emotion, "Oh, my father, my heart is in Albert's grave. Since his disappearance from the castle, and the dreadful death he is said to have met with, I have known no happiness, no peace, no rest—I can never love another."

The baron's brows contracted, and his indignation rose. "Shame on thee, Bertha! A page! an unknown low-born boy! Shame, shame on thee to confess it!"

"Father," said she, raising herself proudly, "he was no low-born boy." She paused—her voice again faltered. "Why should I now conceal it, since he is no more?—he was the son of Berthold, thy deadliest foe."

The baron started from his seat—his eye flashed on the pale-cheeked maiden, who bent like a lily at the threatening blast. "My deadliest foe!—and my daughter loved him! Where was the noble blood that should have risen to revenge thy father's wrongs? I cast thee from me—thou lovest not thy father, or thou would have hated his bitterest enemy."

"Oh, my father," cried Bertha, clasping her hands, "Albert was not thy enemy. He knew his father injured thee, and he lamented it. He came to thy castle as a deserted youth to seek thy kind protection, and by services of love to make thee reparation for a father's faults. He saw, and loved me. Father, forgive us! I am restored to thee as by a miracle—Oh! cast me not from thy bosom—from thy protecting arms!"

The baron sought to subdue his emotion, but casting a glance of displeasure on Bertha, he hastily left the apartment, without replying to her appeal.

Exasperated at the villainous conduct of Count Gondibert, the baron determined to attack him in his castle, and punish his unmanly attempt; but the count having heard that Bertha was restored, and conjecturing what would be the consequences when the baron was informed of his conduct, he resolved not to await the result. One night, therefore, when all in the castle of the baron were buried in sleep, with a strong force he attempted to surprise it, and to carry off the lady Bertha. The alarm was given. All flew to arms, but they were taken unprepared, and their numbers being greatly inferior, they gave way before their assailants, who had already forced the gates.

"To the tower! to the tower!" shouted Gondibert; "seize the Lady Bertha!" and he rushed to the staircase, which the baron bravely defended.

Young and powerful, and instigated by double motives of love and revenge, Gondibert bore down all opposition; and having cut his way to the baron, he had just aimed a thrust at his breast, when his arm was struck down with violence, and the Black Knight stood before him.

"Again!" exclaimed the count. "May all the powers of vengeance seize thee!" aiming a blow in desperation at the sable figure.

"Thy fate is sealed," said a deep voice; and one stroke from a powerful arm laid Gondibert bleeding on the ground.

"Confess thy sins before thy treacherous soul takes its eternal flight," said the Black Knight, as he bent over his victim. "Make reparation for thy misdeeds."

The Lady Bertha rushed from the tower—"My father! my father!" she cried, "I will die with thee!" but on beholding the scene, she stood rivetted to the ground.

The knight's sword still hung suspended over the fallen Gondibert—"Confess!" again said his deep-toned voice.

Gondibert half raised himself, "Lady, I would make thee reparation. Albert died not—he is in the dungeons of my castle."

"Albert is here!" said the Black Knight, as he raised his helmet.

Gondibert's spirit fled—Bertha shrieked, and fell into her father's arms.

The baron's breast heaved convulsively. He stood irresolute. Albert advanced toward him and sunk on his knee.

"My father injured thee—in the duty and faithfulness of a son, permit me to atone for those injuries. Thrice I have saved the Lady Bertha from worse than death—let the good deeds I may have done thee, and my constancy and sufferings, be repaid by her hand. Baron Adelbret von Edelstein, dost thou grant my suit?"

The baron's struggles were past—he put the Lady Bertha's hand in that of the youthful warrior, and turned aside to hide a starting tear.

THE HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE.

THE mail coach has just set me down at the entrance to a dreary and unweeded avenue. There was a double row of dark elms, interspersed with beech, neither very bowery nor very umbrageous, though as I passed, they saluted me with a rich shower of wet leaves, and shook their bare arms, growling as the loud sough of the wind went through their decayed branches. The old house was before me. Its numerous and irregularly contrived compartments in front were streaked in black and white zig-zags—vandyked, I think the fairest jewels of the creation call this chaste and elegant ornament. It was near the close of a dark autumnal day, and a mass of gable-ends stood sharp and erect against the wild and lowering sky. Each of these pinnacles could once boast of its admired and appropriate ornament—a little weathercock; but they had cast off their gilded plumage for ever, and fallen from their high estate, like the once neatly trimmed mansion which I was now visiting. A magpie was perched upon a huge stack of chimneys: his black and white plumage seemed perfectly in character with the mottled edifice at his feet. Perhaps he was the wraith, the departing vision of the decaying fabric; an apparition, unsubstantial as the honors and dignities of the ancient and revered house of Ethingerton.

I looked eagerly at the long, low casements: a faint glimmer was visible. It proceeded only from the wan reflection of a sickly sunbeam behind me, struggling through the cleft of a dark hail-cloud. It was the window where in my boyhood I had often peeped at the village clock through my little telescope. It was the nursery chamber, and no wonder that it was regarded with feelings of the deepest interest. Here the first dawns of reason broke in upon my soul; the first faint gleams of intelligence awakened me from a state of infantine unconsciousness. It was here that I first drank eagerly of the fresh rills of knowledge; here my imagination, ardent and unrepressed, first plumed its wings for flight, and I stepped forth over its threshold, into a world long since tried, and found as unsatisfying and unreal as the false glimmer that now mocked me from the hall of my fathers.

A truce to sentiment! I came hither, it may be, for a different purpose. A temporary gush will occasionally spring up from the first well-head of our affections. However homely and seemingly ill adapted, in outward show and character, for giving birth to those feelings generally designated by the epithet romantic, the place where we first breathed, where our ideas were first moulded, formed and assimilated, as it were, to the condition of the surrounding atmosphere, (their very shape and color determined by the medium in which they first sprung) the casual recurrence of a scene like this—forming part and parcel of our very existence, and incorporated with the very fabric of our thoughts—must, in spite of all subsequent impressions, revive those feelings, however long they may have been dormant, with

a force and vividness which the bare recollection can never excite.

The garden-gate stood open. The initials of my name, still legible, appeared rudely carved on the posts—a boyish propensity which most of us have indulged; and I well remember ministering to its gratification wherever I durst hazard the experiment, when first initiated into the mystery of hewing out these important letters with a rusty penknife.

Not a creature was stirring; and the nature of the present occupants, whether sylphs, gnomes, or genii, was a question not at all, as it yet appeared, in a train for solution. The front door was closed, but as I knew every turn and corner about the house, I made doubt of soon finding out its inmates, if any of them were in the neighborhood. I worked my way through the garden, knee-deep and rank with weed, for the purpose of reconnoitring the back-offices. I steered pretty cautiously past what memory, that great dealer in hyperbole, had hitherto pretty generally contrived to picture as a huge lake—now, to my astonishment, dwindled into a duck-pond—but not without danger from its slippery margin. It still reposed under the shadow of the cherry-tree, once the harbinger of delight, as the returning season gave intimation of another bountiful supply of fruit. Its gnarled stump, now stunted and decaying, had scarcely one token of life upon its scattered branches. Following a narrow walk, nearly obliterated, I entered a paved court. The first tramp awoke a train of echoes, that seemed as though they had slumbered since my departure, and now started from their sleep, to greet or to admonish the returning truant. Grass in luxuriant tufts, capriciously disposed, grew about in large patches. The breeze passed heavily by, rustling the dark swaths, and murmuring fitfully as it departed. Desolation seemed to have marked the spot for her own—the grim abode of solitude and despair. During twenty years' sojourn in a strange land, memory had still, with untiring delight, painted the old mansion in all its primeval primness and simplicity—fresh as I had left it, full of buoyancy and delight, to take possession of the paradise which imagination had created. I had indeed been informed, that at my father's death it became the habitation of a stranger; but no intelligence as to its present condition had ever reached me. Being at L—, and only some fifty miles distant, I could not resist the temptation of once more gazing on the old manor-house, and of comparing its present aspect with that but too faithfully engrafted on my recollections. To all appearance the house was tenanted. I tried the door of a side-kitchen or scullery: it was fastened, but the rusty bolts yielded to no very forcible pressure; and I once more penetrated into the kitchen, that exhaustless magazine, which had furnished ham and eggs, greens and bacon, with other sundry and necessary condiments thereto appertaining to the progenitors of our race for at least two centuries. A marvelous change!—to me it appeared as if wrought in a moment, so recently had memory reinstated the scenes of my youth in all their pristine splendor. Now no smoke rolled lazily away from the heavy billet; no blaze greeted my sight; no savory steam regaled the sense. Dark, cheerless, cold, the long bars emitted no radiance; the hearth unswept, on which Growler once panted with health and fatness.

Though night was fast approaching, I could not resist the temptation of once more exploring the deserted chamber, the scene of many a youthful frolic. I sprang with reckless facility up the vast staircase. The shallow steps were not sufficiently accommodating to my impatience, and I leaped rather than ran, with the intention of paying my first visit to that cockaigne of childhood, that paradise of little fools—the nursery. How small, dwindled almost into a span, appeared that once mighty and almost boundless apartment, every nook of which was a separate territory, every drawer and cupboard the boundary of another kingdom! Three or four strides brought me to the window; the village steeple still rose abruptly from the dark fir-trees, peacefully reposing in the dim and heavy twilight. The clock was chiming: what a host of recollections were awakened at the sound! Days and hours long forgotten seemed to rise up at its voice, like the spirits of the departed sweeping by, awful and indistinct. These

impressions soon became more vivid; they rushed on with greater rapidity: I turned from the window, and was startled at the sudden moving of a shadow. It was a faint long drawn figure of myself on the floor and opposite wall. Ashamed of my fears, I was preparing to quit the apartment, when my attention was arrested by a drawing which I had once scrawled, and struck against the wall with all the ardor of a first achievement. It owed its preservation to an unlucky but effectual contrivance of mine for securing its perpetuity: a paste-brush, purloined from the kitchen, had made all fast; and the piece, impregnable to all attacks, withstood every effort for its removal. In fact, this could not be accomplished without at the same time tearing off a portion from the dingy papering of the room, and leaving a disagreeable void, instead of my sprawling performance. With the less evil it appeared each succeeding occupant had been contented; and the drawing stood its ground in spite of dust and dilapidation. I felt wishful for the possession of so valuable a memorial of past exploits. I examined it again and again, but not a single corner betrayed symptoms of lesion: it stuck bolt upright; and the dun squat figures portrayed on it appeared to leer at me most provokingly. Not a slip or tear presented itself as vantage-ground for the projected attack; and I had no other resource left of gaining possession than what may be denominated the *Cæsarean* mode. I accordingly took out my knife, and commenced operations by cutting out at the same time a portion of the ornamental papering from the wall, commensurate with the picture. I looked upon it with a sort of superstitious reverence; and I have always thought, that the strong and eager impulse I felt for the possession of this hideous daub proceeded from a far different source than mere fondness for the memorials of childhood. Be that as it may, I am a firm believer in a special Providence, and that too, as discovered in the most trivial as well as the most important concerns of life. It was while cutting down upon what seemed like wainscoting, over which the room had been papered, that my knife glanced on something much harder than the rest. Turning aside my spoils, I saw what through the dusk appeared very like the hinge of a concealed door. My curiosity was roused, and I made a hasty pull, which at once drew down a mighty fragment from the wall, consisting of plaster, paper, and rotten canvas; and some minutes elapsed ere the subsiding cloud of dust enabled me to discern the *terra incognita* I had just uncovered. Sure enough there was a door, and as surely did the spirit of enterprise prompt me to open it. With difficulty I accomplished my purpose; it yielded at length to my efforts; but the noise of the half-corroded hinges, grating and shrieking on their rusty pivots, may be conceived as sufficiently dismal and appalling. I know not if once at least I did not draw back, or let go my hold incontinently as the din "grew long and loud." I own, without hesitation, that I turned away my head from the opening, as it became wider and wider at every pull; and it required a considerable effort before I could summon the requisite courage to look into the gap. My head seemed as difficult to move as the door. I cannot say that I was absolutely afraid of ghosts, but I was afraid of a peep from behind the door—afraid of being frightened! At length, with desperate boldness, I thrust my head plump into the chasm!

Now, reader, what was it, thinkest thou, that I beheld? Thy speculation on this subject will, of course, depend entirely upon thy nerves and constitution, likewise upon thy course of education and habits of study. If, as in all probability thou art, of the gender feminine, and a little addicted to romance, poetry, and the like, then wilt thou tickle thine imagination with delightful guesses about a white lady, a lamp, and a dagger. If thy brain hath been steeped in the savory brine of novel-reading and sentimentality, then will thy thoughts be of gloomy rooms, prisoners immured by unfeeling relatives, &c. Shouldst thou happen to be cast in a more matter-of-fact mould, strongly addicted to cry "Fudge!" at every display of trickery and folly, then mayest thou opine, what any man with three grains of sense would have guessed long since, that it was nothing but a cupboard! I might thus frame solutions proper to every character and temperament. "As the

fool thinks," &c. is a trite proverb; but, suffice it to say, not one of these fancies and speculations, I take upon myself to affirm, is correct. As before mentioned, I trust my head suddenly into the chasm, more startled at the noise produce by the celerity of my own motions than I could possibly be at anything that was visible. As far as the darkness would permit I explored the interior, which, after all, was neither more nor less than a small closet. From what cause it had been shut out from the apartment to which it belonged, it were vain to conjecture. All that was really cognizant to the senses presented itself in the shape of a shallow closet, some four feet by two, utterly unfurnished, save with some inches of accumulated dust and rubbish, that made it a work of great peril to grope out the fact of its otherwise absolute emptiness. This discovery, like many other notable enterprizes, seemed to lead to nothing. I stepped out of my den, reeking with spoils which I had much rather left undisturbed in their dark recesses.

Preparing for my departure and a visit to my relation in the village, who as yet had no other intimation of my arrival than a hasty note, to apprize him that I had once more set foot on English ground and intended to visit him before my return, I stepped again to the window. Darkness was fast gathering about me: a heavy scud was driven rapidly across the heavens, and the wind wailed in short and mournful gusts past the chamber. The avenue was just visible from the spot where I stood; and looking down, I thought I could discern more than one dark object moving apparently toward the house. It may be readily conceived that I gazed with more than ordinary interest as they approached; and it was not long ere two beings, in human habiliments, were distinctly seen at a short distance from the gate by which I had entered. Feeling myself an intruder, and not being very satisfactorily prepared to account for my forcible entry into the premises, and the injury I had committed on the property of a stranger, I drew hastily aside, determined to effect a retreat whenever and wherever it might be in my power. Door and window alternately presented themselves for the accomplishment of this unpleasant purpose, but before I could satisfy myself as to which was the more eligible offer, as doubters generally do contrive it, I lost all chance of availing myself of either. "*Facilis descensus*"—"Easier in than out—" &c., occurred to me and many other classical allusions, much more appropriate than agreeable. I heard voices and footsteps in the hall. The stairs creaked, and it was but too evident they were coming. Surely, thought I, these gentry have noses like the death-hound; and I made no doubt but they would undeviatingly follow them into the very scene of my labours: and what excuse could I make for the havoc I had committed? I stood stupefied, and unable to move. The thoughts of being hauled neck and heels before the next justice, on a charge of housebreaking, mayhap—committed to prison—tried, perhaps, and—the sequel was more than even imagination durst conceive. Recalling in horror from the picture, it was with something like instinctive desperation that I flew to the little closet, and shut myself in, with all the speed and precision my fears would allow. Sure enough the brutes were making the best of their way into the chamber, and every moment I expected they would track their victim to his hiding-place. After a few moments of inconceivable agony, I was relieved at finding from their conversation that no notion was entertained, at present, of any witness to their proceedings.

"I tell thee, Gilbert, these rusty locks can keep nothing safe. It's but some few months since we were here, and thou knowest the doors were all fast. The kitchen door-post is now as rotten as touchwood; no bolt will fasten it."

"Nail it up,—nail 'em all up,' growled Gilbert; "nobody 'll live here now; or else set fire to 't. It 'll make a rare bonfire to burn that ugly old will in."

A bolsterous laugh here broke from the remorseless Gilbert. It fell upon my ear as something with which I had once been disagreeably familiar. The voice of the first speaker, too, seemed to sound like the echoes of childhood. A friendly chink permitted me to gain

the information I sought: there stood my uncle and his trusty familiar. In my youth I had contracted a somewhat unaccountable aversion to the latter personage. I well remembered his downcast gray eye, deprived of its fellow; and the malignant pleasure he took in thwarting and disturbing my childish amusements. This prepossessing Cyclop held a tinder-box, and was preparing to light a match. My uncle's figure I could not mistake: a score of winters had cast their shadows on his brow since we had separated; but he still stood as he was wont—tall, erect, and muscular, though age had slightly drooped his proud forehead; and I could discern his long-lapped waistcoat somewhat less conspicuous in front. He was my mother's brother, and the only surviving relative on whom I had any claim. My fears were set at rest, but curiosity stole into their place. I felt an irrepressible inclination to watch their proceedings, though eaves-dropping was a procedure that I abhorred. I should, I am confident—at least I hope so—have immediately discovered myself, had not a single word which I had overheard prevented me. The "will" to which they alluded might to me, perhaps, be an object of no trivial importance.

"I wish with all my heart it were burnt!" said my uncle.

"The will or the house?" peevishly retorted Gilbert.

"Both!" cried the other, with an emphasis and expression that made me tremble.

"If we burn the house, the papers will not rise out of it, depend on't, master," continued Gilbert; "and that box, in the next closet, will not be like Goody Blake's salamander that she talks about."

I began to feel particularly uncomfortable.

"I wish they had all been burnt long ago," said mine honest uncle. After a pause he went on: "This scapegrace nephew of mine will be here shortly. For fear of accidents—accidents, I say, Gilbert—it were better to have all safe. Who knows what may be lurking in the old house, to rise up some day as a witness against us! I intend either to pull it down or set fire to it. But we'll make sure of the will first."

"A rambling jackanapes of a nephew!" said Gilbert; "I hoped the fishes had been at supper on him before now. We never thought, master, he could be alive, as he sent no word about his being either alive or dead. But I guess," continued this amiable servant, "he might ha' staid longer an' you wouldn't ha' fretted for his company."

Listeners hear no good of themselves, but I determined to reward the old villain very shortly for his good wishes.

"Gilbert, when there's work to do, thou art always readier with thy tongue than with thy fingers. Look! the match has gone out twice—leave off puffing, and fetch the box—I'll manage the candle."

I began to feel a strange sensation rambling about me. Gilbert left the room, however, and I applied myself with redoubled diligence to the crevice. My dishonest relation proceeded to revive the expiring sparks: the light shone full upon his hard features. It might be fancy, but guilt, broad, legible, remorseless guilt, seemed to mark every inflection of his visage: his brow contracted—his eye turned cautiously and fearfully round the apartment, and more than once it rested upon the gap I had made. I saw him strike his hand upon his puckered brow, and a stifled groan escaped him; but as if ashamed of his better feelings he clenched it in an attitude of defiance, and listened eagerly for the return of his servant. The slow footsteps of Gilbert soon announced his approach, and apparently with some heavy burden. He threw it on the floor, and I heard a key applied and the rusty wards answering to the touch. The business in which they were now engaged was out of my limited sphere of vision.

"I think, master, the damps will soon ding down the old house: look at the wall; the paper hangs for all the world like the clerk's wig—ha, ha!—If we should burn the whole biggin, we'd rid it o' the ghosts. Would they stand fire, think you, or be off to cooler quarters?"

"Hush, Gilbert; thou art wicked enough to bring a whole legion about us, if they be within hearing. I always seemed to treat these stories with contempt,

but I never could very well account for the noises that old Dobbins and his wife heard. Thou knowest he was driven out of the house by them. People wondered that I did not come and live here, instead of letting it run to ruin. It's pretty generally thought that I fear neither man nor devil, but—oh! here it is; here is the will. I care nothing for the rest, provided this be cancelled."

"Ay, master, they said the ghost never left off scratching as long as anybody was in the room. Which room was it I wonder? I never thought on't to inquire; but—I don't like this a bit. It runs in my head it is the very place, and behind that wall, too, where it took up its quarters; like as it might be just a-back of the paper there. Think you, master, the old tyke has pull'd it down wi' scratching?"

"Gilbert," said my uncle solemnly, "I don't like these jests of thine. Save them, I prithee, for fitter subjects. The will is what we came for. Let us dispose of that quietly, and I promise thee I'll never set foot here again."

As he spoke, he approached the candle—it was just within my view—and opened the will, that it might yield more readily to the blaze. I watched him evidently preparing to consume a document which which I felt convinced my welfare and interests were intimately connected. There was not a moment to be lost; but how to get possession was no easy contrivance. If I sallied forth to its rescue they might murder me, or at least prevent its falling into my hands. This plan could only prolong its existence a few moments, and would to a certainty ensure its eventual destruction. Gilbert's dissertation on the occupations and amusements of the ghost came very opportunely to my aid, and immediately I put into execution what now appeared my only hope of its safety. Just as a corner of the paper was entering the flame, I gave a pretty loud scratch, at the same time anxiously observing the effect it might produce. I was overjoyed to find the enemy intimidated at least by the first fire. Another volley, and another succeeded, until even the sceptical Gilbert was dismayed. My uncle seemed riveted to the spot, his hands widely departed, so that the flame and its destined prey were now pretty far asunder. Neither of the culprits spoke, and I hoped that little more would be necessary to rout them fairly from the field. As yet they did not seem disposed to move; and I was afraid of a rally, should reason get the better of their fears.

"Rats! rats!" shouted Gilbert. "We'll singe their tails for them." The scratching ceased. Again the paper was approaching to its dreaded catastrophe.

"Beware!" I cried, in a deep and apocalyptic tone, that startled even the utterer. What effect it had produced on my auditory I was left alone to conjecture. The candle dropped from the incendiary's grasp, and the spoil was left a prey to the bugbear that possessed their imaginations. With feelings of unmixed delight, I heard them clear the stairs at a few leaps, run through the hall, and soon afterward a terrific bellow from Gilbert announced their descent into the avenue.

Luckily the light was not extinct, and I lost no time in taking possession of the document which I considered of the most importance. A number of loose papers, the contents of a huge trunk, were scattered about; but my attention was more particularly directed to the paper which had been the object of my uncle's visit to Etherington-house. To my great joy, this was neither less nor more than my father's will, witnessed and sealed in due form, wherein the possessions of my ancestors were conveyed, absolutely and unconditionally, without entail, unencumbered and unembarrassed, to me and my assigns. I thought it most likely that the papers in and about the trunk might be of use, either as corroborative evidence, in case my uncle should choose to litigate the point and brand the original document as a forgery, or as a direct testimony to the validity of my claim. I was rather puzzled in what manner to convey them from the place so as not to excite suspicion, should the two worthies return. I was pretty certain they would not leave matters as they now stood when their fears were allayed, and daylight would probably impart sufficient courage to induce them to repeat their visit. On finding the pa-

pers removed, the nature of this night's ghostly admonition would immediately be guessed, and measures taken to thwart any proceedings which it might be in my power to adopt. To prevent discovery I hit upon the following expedient. I sorted out the waste paper, a considerable quantity of which served as envelopes to the rest, setting fire to it in such a manner that the contents of the trunk might appear to have been destroyed by the falling of the candle. I succeeded very much to my own satisfaction. Disturbed and agonized as my feelings had been during the discovery, the idea of having defeated the plan of my iniquitous relative gave a zest to my acquisitions almost as great as if I had already taken possession of my paternal inheritance.

Before I left the apartment, I poured out my heart in thanksgivings to that unseen power whose hand, I am firmly convinced, brought me thither at so critical a moment, to frustrate the schemes and machinations of the enemy.

Bundling up the papers, my knowledge of the vicinity enabled me to reach a small tavern in the neighborhood, without the risk of being recognized. Here I continued two or three days, examining the documents, with the assistance of an honest limb of the law from W——. He entertained considerable doubts as to the issue of a trial, feeling convinced that a forged will would be prepared, if not already in existence, and that my relative would not relinquish his fraudulent claim, should the law be openly appealed to. Mr. Latit strongly recommended that proceedings of a different nature should be first tried, in hopes of enclosing the villain in his own toils; and these, if successful, would save the uncertain and expensive process of a suit. I felt unwilling to adopt any mode of attack but that of open warfare, and urged, that possession of the real will would be sufficient to reinstate me as the lawful heir. The man of law smiled. He inquired how I should be able to prove, that the forgery which my uncle would in all probability produce was not the genuine testament: and as the date would inevitably be subsequent to the one I held, it would annul any former bequest. As to my tale about burning the will, that might or might not be treated as a story trumped up for the occasion. I had no witnesses to prove the fact; and though appearances were certainly in my favor, yet the case could only be decided according to evidence. With great reluctance I consented to take a part in the scheme he chalked out for my guidance, and on the third day from my arrival, I walked a few miles from the village, returning by the mail, that it might appear as if I had only just arrived. On being set down at my uncle's, I had the satisfaction to find, as far as could be gathered from his manner, that he had no idea of my recent sojourn in the neighborhood. Of course the conversation turned on the death of my revered parents and the way in which their property had been disposed of.

"I can only repeat," continued he, "what I, as the only executor under your father's will, was commissioned to inform you at his decease. The property was heavily mortgaged before your departure; and its continued depression in value, arising from causes that could not have been foreseen, left the executor no other alternative but that of giving the creditors possession. The will is here," said he, taking out a paper, neatly folded and mounted with red tape, from a bureau. "It is necessarily brief, and merely enumerates the names of the mortgagees and amounts owing. I was unfortunately the principal creditor, having been a considerable loser from my wish to preserve the property inviolate. For the credit of the family I paid off the remaining incumbrances, and the estate has lapsed to me as the lawful possessor."

He placed the document in my hands. I read in it a very technical tribute of testamentary gratitude to Matthew Somerville, Esq. styled therein "beloved brother;" and a slight mention of my name, but no bequest, save that of recommending me to the kindness of my relative, in case it should please Heaven to send me once more to my native shores. I was aware he would be on the watch; guarded therefore against any expression of my feelings, I eagerly perused the deed, and with a sigh, which he would naturally attribute to any cause but the real one, I returned it into his hands.

"I find," said he, "from your letter received on the 23d current, that you are not making a long stay in this neighborhood. It is better, perhaps, that you should not. The old house is sadly out of repair. Three years ago next May, David Dobbins, the tenant under lease from me, left it, and I have not yet been able to meet with another occupant fully to my satisfaction; indeed I have some intention of pulling down the house and disposing of the materials."

"Pulling it down!" I exclaimed, with indignation. "Yes; that is, it is so untenable—so—what shall I call it?—that nobody cares to live there."

"I hope it is not haunted?"

"Haunted!" exclaimed he, surveying me with a severe and scrutinizing glance. "What should have put that into your head?"

I was afraid I had said too much; and anxious to allay the suspicion I saw gathering in his countenance, "Nay, uncle," I quickly rejoined: but you seemed so afraid of speaking out upon the matter, that I thought there must needs be a ghost at the bottom of it."

"As for that," said he carelessly, "the foolish farmer and his wife did hint something of the sort; but it is well known that I pay no attention to such tales. The long and the short of it, I fancy, was, that they were tired of their bargain and wanted me to take it off their hands."

Here honest Gilbert entered, to say that Mr. Latit would be glad to have a walk with his master.

"Tell Mr. Latit to walk in. We have no secrets here. Excuse me, nephew; this man is one of our lawyers from W——. He has nothing to communicate but what you may hear, I dare say. If he should have any private business, you can step into the next room."

The attorney entering, I was introduced as nephew to Mr. Somerville, just arrived from the Indies, and so forth. Standing, Mr. Latit performed due obeisance.

"Sit down; sit down, Mr. Latit," cried my uncle. "You need not be bowing there for a job. Poor fellow, he has not much left to grease the paws of a lawyer. Well, sir, your errand?"

"I came, Mr. Somerville, respecting the manor-house. Perhaps you would not have any objections to a tenant?"

"I cannot say just now. I have had some thoughts of pulling it down."

"Sir! you would not demolish a building, the growth of centuries—a family mansion—been in the descent since James's time. It would be barbarous. The antiques would be about your ears."

"I care nothing for the antiquities; and, moreover, I do not choose to let the house. Any further business with me this morning, sir?"

"Nothing of consequence; I only came about the house."

"Pray, Mr. Latit," said I, "what sort of a tenant have you in view—one you could recommend? I think my uncle has more regard for the old mansion-house of the Etheringtons than comports with the outrage he threatens. The will says, if I read aright, that the house and property may be sold, should the executor see fit; but as to pulling it down, I am sure my father never meant any thing so deplorable. Allow me another glance at that paper."

"Please to observe, nephew, that the will makes it mine, and as such I have a right to dispose of the whole in such manner as I may deem best. If you have any doubts, I refer you to Mr. Latit, who sits smiling at your unlaywer-like opinions."

"Pray allow me one moment," said the curious Mr. Latit. He looked at the signature, and that of the parties witnessing.

"Martha Somerville—your late sister, I presume?" My uncle nodded assent.

"Gilbert Buntwise—your servant?"

"The same. To what purpose, sir, are these questions?" angrily inquired my uncle.

"Merely matters of form—a habit we lawyers cannot easily throw aside whenever we get sight of musty parchments. I hope you will pardon my freedom?"

"Oh! as for that, you are welcome to ask as many questions as you think proper; they will be easily answered, I take it."

"Doubtless," said the persevering man of words. "Whenever I take up a deed, for instance—it is just the habit of the thing, Mr. Somerville—I always look at it as a banker looks at a note. He could not, for the life of him, gather one up without first ascertaining that it was genuine."

"Genuine!" exclaimed my uncle, thrown off his guard. "You do not suspect that I have forged it?"

"Forged it! why how could that enter your head Mr. Somerville? I should as soon suspect you of forging a bank-note, or coining a guinea. Ringing a guinea, Mr. Somerville, does not at all imply that the payee suspects the payer to be an adept in that ingenious and much abused art. We should be prodigiously surprised, Mr. Somerville, if the payer was to start up in a tantrum, and say, 'Do you suspect me, sir, of having coined it?'"

"Mr. Latitat, if you came hither for the purpose of insulting me—"

"I came here on no such business, Mr. Somerville; but as you seem disposed to be captious, I will make free to say, and it would be the opinion of ninety-nine hundredths of the profession, that it might possibly have been a little more satisfactory to the heir-apparent, had the witnesses to this the most solemn and important act of a man's life been any other than, firstly, a defunct sister to the party claiming the whole residue, and, secondly, Mr. Gilbert Buntwisle, his servant. Nay, Mr. Somerville," said the pertinacious lawyer, rising, "I do not wish to use more circumlocution than is necessary; I have stated my suspicions, and if you are an honest man, you can have no objections, at least, to satisfy your nephew on the subject, who seems, to say the truth, much astonished at our accidental parley."

"And pray, who made you a ruler and a judge between us?"

"I have no business with it, I own: but as you seemed rather angry, I made bold to give an opinion on the little technicalities aforesaid. If Mr. Etherington chooses," addressing himself to me, "the matter is now at rest."

"Of course," I replied, "Mr. Somerville will be ready to give every satisfaction that may be required, as regards the validity of the witnesses. I request, uncle, that you will not lose one moment in rebutting these insinuations. For your own sake and mine, it is not proper that your conduct should go forth to the world in the shape in which this gentleman may think fit to represent it."

"If he dare speak one word—"

"Nay, uncle, that is not the way to stop folks' mouths now-a-days. Nothing but the actual gag, or a line of conduct that courts no favor and requires no concealment, will pass current with the world. I request, sir," addressing myself to Latitat, "that you will not leave the house until you have given Mr. Somerville the opportunity of clearing himself from any blame in this transaction."

"As matters have assumed this posture," said Mr. Latitat, "I should be deficient in respect to the profession of which I have the honor to be a member, did I not justify my conduct in the best manner I am able. Have I liberty to proceed?"

"Proceed as you like, you will not prove the testament to be a forgery. The signing and witnessing were done in my presence," said Mr. Somerville. He rose from his chair, instinctively locked up his bureau; and, if such stern features could assume an aspect of still greater asperity, it was when the interrogator thus continued:—"You were, as you observe, Mr. Somerville, a witness to the due subscription of this deed. If I am to clear myself from the imputation of unjustifiable curiosity, I must beg leave to examine yourself and the surviving witness apart, merely as to the minutæ of the circumstances under which it was finally completed: for instance, was the late Mr. Etherington in bed, or was he sick, or well, when the deed was executed?"

A cadaverous hue stole over the dark features of the culprit; their aspect varying and distorted, in which fear and deadly anger painfully strove for pre-eminence.

"And wherefore apart?" said he, with a hideous grin. He stamped suddenly on the floor.

"If that summons be for your servant, you might have saved yourself the trouble, Mr. Somerville," said Latitat, with great coolness and intrepidity. "Gilbert is at my office, whither I sent him on an errand, thinking he would be best out of the way for a while. I find, however, that we shall have need of him. It is as well, nevertheless, that he is out of the reach of signals."

"A base conspiracy!" roared the infuriated villain. "Nephew, how is this? And in my own house—bullied—baited! But I will be revenged—I will—"

Here he became exhausted with rage, and sat down. On Mr. Latitat attempting to speak, he cried out—"I will answer no questions, and I defy you. Gilbert may say what he likes; but he cannot contradict my words. I'll speak none."

"These would be strange words, indeed, Mr. Somerville, from an innocent man. Know you that will?" said the lawyer, in a voice of thunder, and at the same time exhibiting the real instrument so miraculously preserved from destruction. I shall never forget his first look of horror and astonishment. Had a spectre risen up, arrayed in all the terrors of the prison-house, he could not have exhibited more appalling symptoms of unmitigated despair. He shuddered audibly. It was the very crisis of his agony. A portentous silence ensued. Some minutes elapsed before it was interrupted. Mr. Latitat was the first to break so disagreeable a pause.

"Mr. Somerville, it is useless to carry on this scene of duplicity; neither party would be benefited by it. *You have forged that deed!* We have sufficient evidence of your attempt to destroy this document I now hold, in the very mansion which your unhallowed hands would, but for the direct interposition of Providence, have levelled with the dust. On one condition, and on one only, your conduct shall be concealed from the knowledge of your fellow-men. The eye of Providence alone has hitherto tracked the tortuous course of your villany. On one condition, I say, the past is for ever concealed from the eye of the world." Another pause. My uncle groaned in the agony of his spirit. Had his heart's blood been at stake, he could not have evinced a greater reluctance than he now showed at the thoughts of relinquishing his ill-gotten wealth.

"What is it?"

"Destroy with your own hands that forged testimony of your guilt. Your nephew does not wish to bring an old man's gray hairs to an ignominious grave."

He took the deed and, turning aside his head, committed it to the flames. He appeared to breathe more freely when it was consumed; but the struggle had been too severe even for his unyielding frame, iron-bound though it seemed. As he turned trembling from the hearth, he sunk into his chair, threw his hands over his face, and groaned deeply. The next moment he fixed his eyes steadily on me. A glassy brightness suddenly shot over them; a dimness followed like the shadows of death. He held out his hand; his head bowed; and he bade adieu to the world and its interests for ever!

THE FIRST AND LAST ROBBERY.

"I will not, I cannot endure the scene any longer!" said Robert Dawson to himself, as his four children—he had a fifth, but it was at the breast—one day clung around him, imploring something wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. "I cannot endure it longer: I must, by some means or other, get bread for the poor things!"

There was not a man within the confines of Banffshire of more strict integrity than Robert Dawson. Though never affluent, he had from his youth up until now been in comfortable circumstances. His late reverse of fortune involved no compromise of principle. It was produced by causes over which he had no control. He had embarked his all in a speculation which every body thought would prove a profitable one. The issue showed how erroneous human calculations sometimes are. He was all at once reduced to extreme poverty, and himself, his wife, and family, subjected to all its attendant wants and woes.

deaths occurred on board, but the eyes of our people seemed blinded to the truth. It was a solemn sight, the procession of boats from the ships—the broad stripes and bright stars of his country's flag, enfolding the coffin of the humblest sailor, and appealing to the hearts of his countrymen, in that far off land, for the sympathy he had relinquished at his own hearth for their sakes.

Several families were watching with anxiety their different members succumbing to the disease, which, as yet, had received no name; no death had followed those in Jose's family, and imagination had a powerful influence, in unnerving those who were attacked at a later period.

Dr. McLeod, an assistant surgeon in the navy, was at this time invaliding at the Navy Yard, and it being known that the town was without a physician, he applied for permission to volunteer his services; this, at first, was refused, and but reluctantly granted, upon the reiterated petition of our citizens.

My husband was now attacked, and became so violently ill, that apprehensions were entertained of his recovery. Dr. McLeod's attentions, however, were unremitting, and in the end successful. The sickness was now so general, and the Dr.'s health still so feeble, that it was necessary for him to ride from house to house; a horse was, therefore, kept saddled day and night; and lonely and terrible was the sound, as that solitary horseman galloped through the streets at the midnight hour—for his speed was sometimes for life or death.

In an old Spanish house, was now lying the corpse of the school master, and when the friends assembled to bury it, (which was in a few hours after death,) great was the difficulty as to the manner of bringing out the coffin—the stair case was so narrow and steep, and the turnings so abrupt, it was impossible to descend it—a strong rope was, therefore, procured, and bound firmly round the coffin, a plank was then placed against the front gallery, and down this it was carefully lowered to the ground. The bells of the Episcopal church tolled forth its solemn requiem—with the first sound my husband sprang from his bed, and in spite of all remonstrances, dressed himself, and putting on his overcoat, staggered into the street, to ascertain, as he said, whether he were alive or dead. It was God's mercy that he was not also borne out to the place of the dead.

The terrible words were this day proclaimed, Yellow Fever was among us! So long as no name had been given, the disease, with one or two exceptions, yielded to medicine—but now, a visible destroyer could not have struck down more rapidly his victims. The tolling of the bells had so injurious an effect, that they were prohibited, so that when they again sounded for a funeral, it was the signal of deliverance.

In the deep, dark well, bright stars may be seen shining at noon-day—in the dark and trying hour of adversity and affliction, the gems of the human heart shine forth. Miss N—, from adverse circumstances, and through the entreaties of some of our most respectable citizens, had been induced to open a school for young ladies; After a toilsome summer, the vacation had now commenced, and she anticipated several pleasant excursions, in order to recruit her health.

One of her pupils, boarded with her at the house of our pastor; this young girl was taken dangerously ill, and being an orphan, her case excited general sympathy. Extreme illness in the house of her relative, Major W—, prevented them from rendering any assistance; she was, therefore, cast upon the tender mercies of strangers. The clergyman and his wife being recently from the North, were terrified from their propriety by apprehension; and when called upon to pray with poor Fanny, as we supposed in her last extremity, he would not enter her room, but knelt at the door, and she reclined upon a couch, utterly helpless. Not so Miss N—, night and day her hand smoothed the pillow of the sufferer, and her hand administered the soothing draught, or refreshing beverage, to cool the parched lips.

At length the crisis approached—one morning Fanny broke forth into inarticulate muttering, gradually her voice assumed a clear tone, and she told distinctly a

narrative that had interested her. The tears rained down the cheeks of Miss N—, for well she knew what this ray of reason betokened. As the tale drew to a close, Fanny's voice gradually lowered, her limbs were stretched out, her arms laid straight by her side—the eyes closed, the jaws became fixed and rigid; and to all appearance, death had transferred the orphan to her parents.

I was requested to go to the stores and procure whatever was necessary for preparing the body for burial, and the old nurse of Fanny, had gone for assistance to lay out the dead. Mrs. W—, her aunt, came rushing in from the bedside of her own daughter, who was but just emerging into convalescence, to kiss, for the last time, the cold lips of the dying.

At this moment, my husband and a friend who had witnessed much of the yellow fever in New Orleans came in, and after looking attentively at what we supposed the corpse, said, "she is not dead, and she will recover; this is the crisis, let her not be disturbed, and in a few hours she will revive." Strange as it may appear, without moving a muscle, the body gradually assumed an appearance of life, a mirror held over the mouth became clouded, the heart resumed its pulsations, and before midnight, Fanny was able to partake of slight nourishment.

Although feeble herself, Miss N— during this anxious period, had been entirely deprived of her natural rest, and it was only when relieved by some friend that she snatched a few moments' repose. Persuading her for this night to yield her watch to another, she accompanied me home; spreading a pallet for my children, I room arranged their little room for her reception, and a sounder night's rest, I doubt if she ever enjoyed.

Besides many other persons, two ladies of high respectability, were now almost hopelessly ill; troubles of their own, prevented many of their friends from assistance, but in several cases, families resolutely closed their doors, and embargoed themselves completely—these had as yet, escaped sickness. One of these ladies, had for several days, been nursed entirely by her husband, and waiting maid; both of these were exhausted, and Dr. McLeod begged Miss N— for God's sake to go and take her place at the bedside of Mrs. C—, who would die, if not carefully watched—without hesitation she complied, and her time for days, was divided between Mrs. C— and Mrs. W— the aunt of Fanny, who was lying in the last extremity.

One day a request came to me, to know if I would sit up that night with Mrs. W—, Miss N— was worn out, and no help could be procured—accordingly, after seeing my little ones in bed, and placing the infant in its father's arms (our servants were both ill,) I proceeded to the house of Major W—. One look was sufficient to convince me, that the unfortunate sufferer could not possibly survive. Her nephew, Dr. M— and myself, sat silently in the gloomy death-chamber until after midnight; it was necessary then for one to return home, and Miss N— was again called to the performance of her most disinterested duty. Mrs. W— died the next night, leaving a void in the hearts of her numerous friends, that her virtues alone can fill.

No "*Sœur de Charité*," ever devoted herself more unreservedly to the performance of her holy duties, than did Miss N— in this season of pestilence. No living creature in the community had any claim upon her, and had she herself been laid on the bed of suffering, it is hard, to tell, where even she would have found a home, or where a friend, to tender her the hundredth part of the attentions, she had so lavishly bestowed on others. "Verily, many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

At the other extremity of the town, (for the pestilence had now usurped every quarter,) resided two brothers and a nephew; the three were stretched on the bed of sickness; two were taken, and one left. It was necessary to remove the bodies at once from the house; and they were conveyed to the Methodist meeting house, until coffins could be made. (Our town at all events, had one advantage over this great Babylon, its inhabitants were not horrified by the awful display of an undertaker's shop.) The Methodist meeting house stood on a common, not a house near it; as it was impossible

to hire attendance, my husband after assisting at the house of the brothers, took up his solitary watch with the dead! smoking the whole time, in order to dissipate the heavy atmosphere of the building. At twilight the funeral took place—and during this time, a lady, and a stranger died in the house opposite to that in which laid the surviving brother.

This is but a faint sketch of the terrors, and trials of that dismal period; gradually health was restored to our borders. With a few exceptions, females invariably recovered, as did men of temperate habits—the intemperate were cut down speedily and surely.

The disinterested attentions of the Navy surgeons, could not be too highly appreciated—not one would receive compensation for services, which elsewhere, money could scarcely buy. "Our time and our duty are our country's"—was the uniform reply, of these generous and most skillful men.

As soon as practicable, a subscription was opened, for the purchase of a set of surgical instruments, to be presented to Dr. M'Leod; upon their reception from the North, a meeting of the citizens was called, and the thanks of hundreds of grateful hearts, together with the box, were presented to him, who unshrinkingly faced death in its most terrible form, without expectation of honor or reward.

"Honor to whom honor is due," the devoted sister of charity, and the fearless Sons of the Ocean.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"Tis no use talking to me, mother—I will go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it—that's flat. You know as well as I do, that Lieut. N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress!"

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. — says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother!—nonsense, nonsense!"

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night it is, too!—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet, and catch cold, rely on it. Come, now—won't you stop and keep me company to-night?—that's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily—

"Oh, she shall dance, all dressed in white,
So ladylike."—

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak "single-blessedness." A weaker, more frivolous, and conceited creature, never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straightened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her *penchant* for dress, and gadded about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighborhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure—for she both stooped and was skinny—she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of the heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her

mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. —'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J——, humming the song before mentioned, lit her chamber candle by that of her mother, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in the little parlor, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to night!" exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "Oh! it must be because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—'heigho!' She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again enquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask."

She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl; "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bed-room door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss — have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and"—— Betty staggered, horror-struck, to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than too streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, broaches, curling-papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone dead! Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hand hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-

irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned toward the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the “vain show” of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity. She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*”

ESCAPE OF THE DUSTON FAMILY.

The history of no people in the world is fuller of stirring and thrilling incidents, than that of our North American Indians. The following historical account of the remarkable escape of the Duston family, was prepared a few years ago for the American Magazine of Useful Knowledge. The writer, (who he is we know not) indulges in some eloquent denunciations against Mrs. Duston for taking the life of her captors when she was about to flee from her captivity. These denunciations we cannot endorse, except to a very limited extent. The destruction of the Indians was the only possible means of her safety. Had she fled while they were sleeping, she could not have gone far before she would have been overtaken, and at once put to death, and probably with extreme tortures.

It seems more difficult to find an excuse for her destruction of the children, except in the general sentiment which unfortunately prevailed at that day, regarding the savage tribes more as wild beast of prey than as human beings. Whatever opinions may be formed however by those who moralize upon the subject; it is a passage of our early history full of deep and affecting interest.

Goodman Duston and his wife, somewhat less than a century and a half ago, dwelt in Haverhill, at that time a small frontier settlement in the province of Massachusetts Bay. They had already added seven children to the King's liege subjects in America; and Mrs. Duston about a week before the period of our narrative, had blessed her husband with an eighth. One day in March, 1698, when Mr. Duston had gone forth about his ordinary business, there fell out an event, which had nearly left him a childless man, and a widower besides. An Indian war party, after traversing the trackless forest all the way from Canada, broke in upon their remote and defenceless town. Goodman Duston heard the war whoop and alarm,

and, being on horseback, immediately set off full speed to look after the safety of his family. As he dashed along, he beheld dark wreaths of smoke eddying from the roofs of several dwellings near the road side; while the groans of dying men, the shrieks of afflicted women, and the screams of children, pierced his ear, all mingled with the horrid yell of the raging savages. The poor man trembled yet spurred on so much the faster, dreading that he should find his own cottage in a blaze, his wife murdered in her bed, and his little ones tossed into the flames. But, drawing near the door, he saw his seven elder children, of all ages between two years and seventeen, issuing out together, and running down the road to meet him. The father only bade them make the best of their way to the nearest garrison, and, without a moment's pause, flung himself from his horse, and rushed into Mrs. Duston's bedchamber.

The good woman, as we have before hinted, had lately added an eighth to the seven former proofs of her conjugal affection; and she now lay with the infant in her arms, and her nurse, the widow Mary Neff, watching by her bedside. Such was Mrs. Duston's helpless state, when her pale and breathless husband burst into the chamber, bidding her instantly to rise and flee for her life. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Indian yell was heard: and staring wildly out of the window, Goodman Duston saw that the bloodthirsty foe was close at hand. At this terrible instant, it appears that the thought of his children's danger rushed so powerfully upon his heart, that he quite forgot the still more perilous situation of his wife; or, as is not improbable, he had such knowledge of the good lady's character, as afforded him a comfortable hope that she would hold her own, even in a contest with a whole tribe of Indians. However that might be, he seized his gun and rushed out of doors again, meaning to gallop after his seven children, and snatch up one of them in his flight, lest his whole race and generation should be blotted from the earth, in that fatal hour. With this idea, he rode up behind them, swift as the wind. They had, by this time, got about forty rods from the house, all pressing forward in a group; and though the younger children tripped and stumbled, yet the elder ones were not prevailed upon, by fear of death, to take to their heels and leave these poor little souls to perish. Hearing the tramp of hoofs in their rear, they looked round, and espying Goodman Duston, they all suddenly stopped. The little ones stretched out their arms; while the elder boys and girls, as it were resigned their charge into his hands; and all the seven children seemed to say, “Here is our father! Now we are safe!”

But if ever a poor mortal was in trouble, and perplexity, and anguish of spirit, that man was Mr. Duston! He felt his heart yearn toward these seven poor helpless children, as if each were singly possessed of his whole affections; for not one among them all, but had some peculiar claim to their dear father's love. There was his first-born; there, too, the little one who, till within a week past, had been a baby; there was a girl with her mother's features, and a boy, the picture of himself, and another in which the looks of both parents were mingled; there was one child, whom he loved for his mild, quiet, and holy disposition, and another, whom he loved not less for his rough and fearless spirit, and who, could he live to be a man, would do a man's part against these bloody Indians. Goodman Duston looked at the poor things, one by one; and with yearning fondness, he looked at them all, together; he then gazed up to Heaven for a moment, and finally waved his hand, to his seven beloved ones. “Go on, my children,” said he calmly. “We will live or die together!”

He reined in his horse, and caused him to walk behind the children, who, hand in hand, went onward, hushing their sobs and wallings, lest these sounds should bring the savages upon them. Nor was it long, before the fugitives had proof that the red devils had found their track. There was a curl of smoke from behind the huge trunk of a tree—a sudden and sharp report echoed through the woods—and a bullet hissed over Goodman Duston's shoulder, and passed above the children's heads. The father, turning half round

on his horse, took aim and fired at the skulking foe, with such effect as to cause a momentary delay of the pursuit. Another shot—and another—whistled from the covert of the forest; but still the little band pressed on, unharmed; and the stealthy nature of the Indians forbade them to rush boldly forward, in the face of so firm an enemy as Goodman Duston. Thus he and his seven children continued their retreat, creeping along, as Cotton Mather observes, "at the pace of a child of five years old," till the stockades of a little frontier fortress appeared in view, and the savages gave up the chase.

We must not forget Mrs. Duston, in her distress. Scarcely had her husband fled from the house, ere the chamber was thronged with the horrible visages of the wild Indians, bedaubed with paint and beemearched with blood, brandishing their tomahawks in her face, and threatening to add her scalp to those that were already hanging at their girdles. It was, however, their interest to save her alive, if the thing might be, in order to exact a ransom. Our great-great-grandmothers, when taken captive in the old times of Indian warfare, appear, in nine cases out of ten, to have been in pretty much such a delicate situation as Mrs. Duston; notwithstanding which, they were wonderfully sustained through long, rough, and hurried marches, amid toil, weariness, and starvation, such as the Indians themselves could hardly endure. Seeing that there was no help for it, Mrs. Duston rose, and she and the widow Neff, with the infant in her arms, followed their captors out of doors. As they crossed the threshold, the poor babe set up a feeble wail; it was its death cry. In an instant, an Indian seized it by the heels, swung it in the air, dashed out its brains against the trunk of the nearest tree, and threw the little corpse at the mother's feet. Perhaps it was the remembrance of that moment, that hardened Hannah Duston's heart, when her time of vengeance came. But now, nothing could be done, but to stifle her grief and rage within her bosom, and follow the Indians into the dark gloom of the forest, hardly venturing to throw a parting glance at the blazing cottage, where she had dwelt happily with her husband, and had borne him eight children—the seven, of whose fate she knew nothing, and the infant, whom she had just seen murdered.

The first day's march was fifteen miles; and during that, and many succeeding days, Mrs. Duston kept pace with her captors; for, had she lagged behind, a tomahawk would at once have sunk into her brains. More than one terrible warning was given her; more than one of her fellow captives,—of whom there were many,—after tottering feebly, at length sank upon the ground; and the next moment, the death groan was breathed, and the scalp was reeking at an Indian's girdle. The unburied corpse was left in the forest, till the rites of sepulture should be performed by the autumnal gales, strewing the withered leaves upon the whitened bones. When out of danger of immediate pursuit, the prisoners, according to Indian custom, were divided among different parties of the savages, each of whom were to shift for themselves. Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and an English lad, fell to the lot of a family, consisting of two stout warriors, three squaws, and seven children. These Indians, like most with whom the French had held intercourse, were Catholics; and Cotton Mather affirms, on Mrs. Duston's authority, that they prayed at morning, noon, and night, nor ever partook of food without a prayer; nor suffered their children to sleep, till they had prayed to the Christian's God. Mather, like an old hard-hearted, pedantic bigot, as he was, seems trebly to exult in the destruction of these poor wretches, on account of their Popish superstitions. Yet what can be more touching than to think of these wild Indians, in their loneliness and their wanderings, wherever they went among the dark mysterious woods, still keeping up domestic worship, with all the regularity of a household at its peaceful fireside.

They were travelling to a rendezvous of the savages, somewhere in the northeast. One night, being now above a hundred miles from Haverhill, the red men and women, and the little red children, and the three pale faces, Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and

the English lad, made their encampment, and kindled a fire beneath the gloomy old trees, on a small island in Contocook river. The barbarians sat down to what scanty food Providence had sent them, and shared it with their prisoners, as if they had all been the children of one wigwam, and had grown up together on the margin of the same river within the shadow of the forest. Then the Indians said their prayers—the prayers that the Romish priests had taught them—and made the sign of the cross upon their dusky breasts, and composed themselves to rest. But the three prisoners prayed apart; and when their petitions were ended, they likewise lay down, with their feet to the fire. The night wore on; and the light and cautious slumbers of the red men were often broken, by the rush and ripple of the stream, or the groaning and moaning of the forest, as if nature were wailing over her wild children; and sometimes, too, the little red skins cried in sleep, and the Indian mothers awoke to hush them. But, a little before break of day, a deep, dead slumber fell upon the Indians. "See," cries Cotton Mather, triumphantly, "if it prove not so!"

Uprose Mrs. Duston, holding her own breath, to listen to the long, deep breathing of her captors. Then she stirred the widow Neff, whose place was by her own, and likewise the English lad; and all three stood up, with the doubtful gleam of the decaying fire hovering upon their ghastly visages, as they stared round at the fated slumberers. The next instant, each of the three captives held a tomahawk. Hark! that low moan, as one in a troubled dream—it told a warrior's death pang! Another! Another!—and the third half-uttered groan was from a woman's lips. But, oh, the children! Their skins are red: yet spare them, Hannah Duston, spare those seven little ones, for the sake of the seven that have fed at your own breast. "Seven," quoth Mrs. Duston to herself. "Eight children have I borne—and where are the seven, and where is the eighth?" The thought nerved her arm; and the copper colored babes slept the same dead sleep with their Indian mothers. Of all that family, only one woman escaped, dreadfully wounded, and fled shrieking into the wilderness! and a boy, whom, it is said, Mrs. Duston had meant to save alive. But he did well to flee from the raging tigress! There was little safety for a red skin when Hannah Duston's blood was up.

The work being finished, Mrs. Duston laid hold of the long black hair of the warriors, and the women, and the children, and took all their ten scalps, and left the island, which bears her name to this very day. According to our notion, it should be held accursed, for her sake. Would that the bloody old hag had been drowned in crossing Contocook river, or that she had sunk over head and ears in a swamp, and been there buried, till summoned forth to confront her victims at the Day of Judgment; or that she had gone astray and been starved to death in the forest, and nothing ever seen of her again, save her skeleton, with the ten scalps twisted round it for a girdle! But, on the contrary, she and her companions came safe home, and received the bounty on the dead Indians, besides liberal presents from private gentlemen, and fifty pounds from the Governor of Maryland. In her old age, being sunk into decayed circumstances, she claimed, and, we believe, received a pension, as a further price of blood.

This awful woman, and that tender hearted, yet valiant man, her husband, will be remembered as long as the deeds of old times are told round a New England fireside. But how different is her renown from his!

THE FLORENTINE MOTHER.

TERESA BALDUCCI, a lady of a noble Florentine family, had not been long a widow before she beheld her two sons, the inheritors of an ample patrimony, independent of her. To a mother endued with every virtue, and awake to the nicest touches of maternal sensibility, the independence of her sons, exposed by their very opulence to all the varieties of temptation, must have been extremely alarming, even if their dispositions had appeared at their outset to be the most happy and promising. But what must have been her anxiety, what her terrors, when all Florence

soon distinguished them as foremost among the profligate and abandoned? In vain did she repeat the most earnest expostulations; in vain have recourse to entreaties, or give vent to her agony in tears. Her voice was no longer heard, nor did the affecting effusions of maternal grief make the slightest impression. Her eldest son continued at Florence, while the youngest left that city, in order to make the tour of Italy.

One evening this disconsolate mother being alone, now lost in thought, and now weeping at the licentiousness of her sons, she was surprised, on a sudden, with the appearance of a stranger, with a bloody sword in his hand, and paleness, distraction, and terror on his countenance.

Terrified at this unexpected and frightful object, she endeavored to retire. The stranger hastily followed her, and threw himself at her feet.

"Ah?" said he, have pity on an unfortunate man. I am a Roman. I have been in this city two days, and having finished the business which brought me hither, I was going to my inn, in order to prepare for my departure, when a person, passing by me, kicked me with great brutality. On remonstrating with him against this incivility, he added insult to outrage. On resenting this treatment, he grew more abusive than before, and threatened me with such insolence that I could no longer contain myself. I drew my sword, he drew his, and in an instant fell pierced by my first thrust. Heaven can witness my grief at this involuntary murder. Distracted, scarce sensible of what I did, not knowing whither to fly, I have ventured to seek an asylum in your house, the door of which I found accidentally open. Oh, madam! pity an unfortunate man. Permit me to take refuge here till the pursuit is over, and the darkness of the night may allow me to retire with safety."

At this recital, the good Theresa Balducci trembled with horror, and an unaccountable presentiment filled her mind with a thousand cruel apprehensions. Nevertheless, attentive only to the suggestions of compassion and humanity, she conducted the stranger to a closet in which she carefully concealed him.

The forebodings of this unfortunate mother were but too well founded. In a little time she was again struck by a sudden bustle and noise; pale and trembling she hastened to the hall, and there beheld (what a sight for a mother) her eldest son brought before her, pierced by a deep wound in his breast, and weltering in his blood. She uttered a dreadful shriek. Her son, almost lifeless, perceiving himself just expiring, made a last effort, and turning to his mother—

"Alas!" said he, you behold in me an example of the just punishment of Heaven. I have deserved my fate. Let my death serve, at least, as a warning to my brother. If the person who killed me is apprehended, I entreat you to undertake his defence—my mother, he is innocent! I alone am the aggressor."

At these words he expired. The unhappy mother sunk senseless on the body. Her attendants at last forced her from the bloody corpse, uncertain, however, for a long time whether she were yet living. It was with the greatest difficulty she was brought to herself. Her anguish must have been insupportable, but that it found vent at last in a flood of tears. She kept calling every moment for her son; she repeatedly insisted upon seeing him again, and it was not without violence that she was removed from the shocking sight.

What, in the mean time, must have been the grief and consternation of the young stranger, who, from the place of his concealment, heard the whole tragical scene of which he had been the cause! In the distracting idea that he was the author of the calamity of this respectable mother, he regretted that he had not fallen under the sword of his adversary. On the other hand, the fear of being discovered chilled his blood at the least motion, or the slightest noise. He remained in this perplexity till about midnight. All being quiet then, and the first emotions of maternal grief having given place to reflection, Theresa went to the closet; she opened it. The young man prostrated himself at her feet.

"I call Heaven to witness," said he, "that I would give my blood—"

"Rise," said Theresa, "you have made me the most

wretched of mothers, but I know your innocence. My son has charged me to protect you, and it is my duty to do it. A carriage will be here presently, and one of my servants shall conduct you to the frontiers. This purse will supply your wants. May Heaven grant you that peace of which you have deprived me!"

The young Roman, inexpressibly affected by this exalted instance of generosity, felt a deeper impression of grief.

"Alas!" said he, "I can never forgive myself for having involved in misery such a mother, such an excellent woman!"

He poured forth a thousand wishes for her welfare; he kissed again and again her beneficent hand, and he left her in tears, resolved to seize every opportunity which fortune might offer to prove his regret and gratitude. Nor did he long wait for this opportunity.

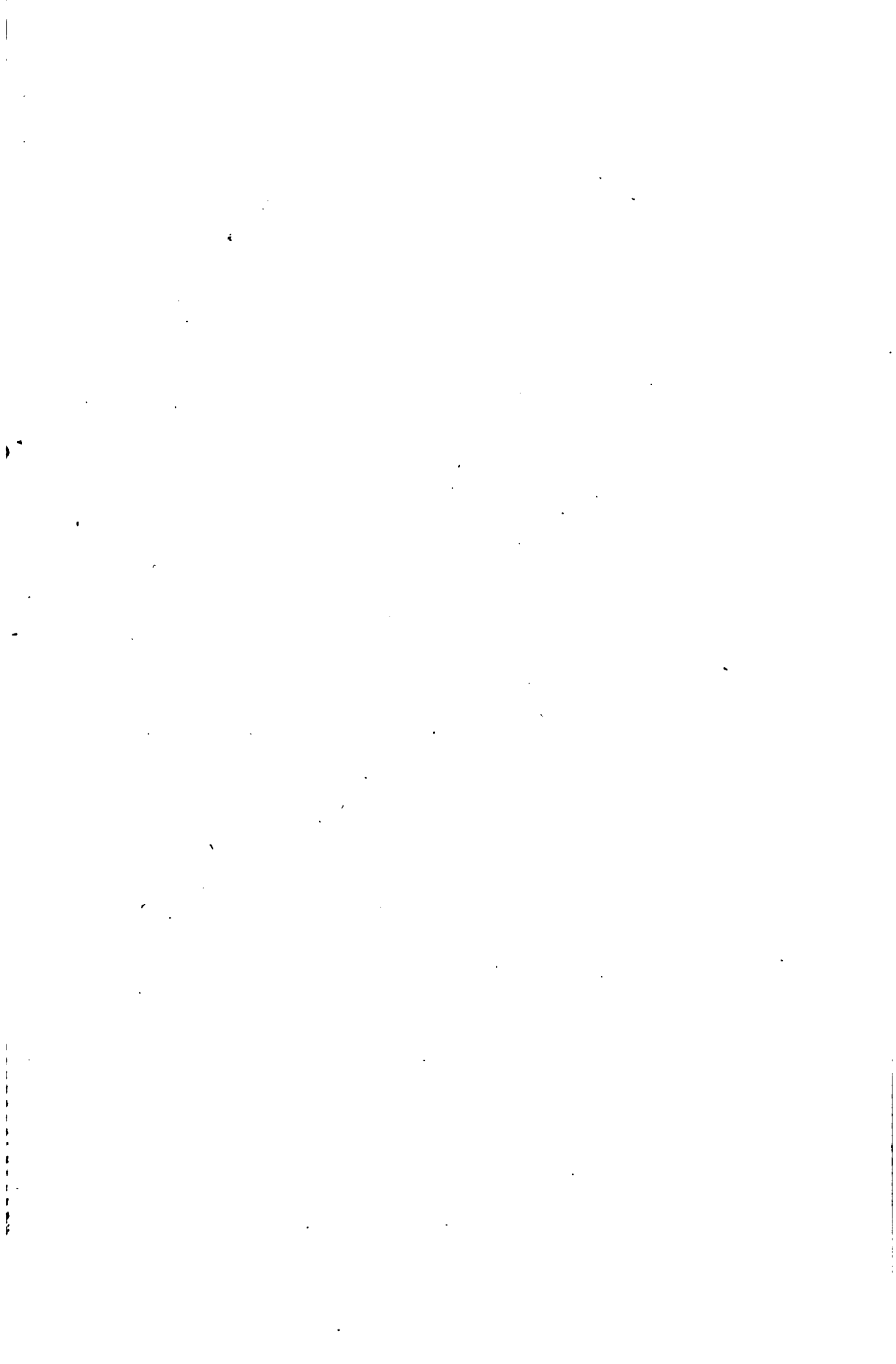
When he had passed Viterbo, he beheld a young man attacked by two robbers, against whom he defended himself with difficulty. He leaped from the carriage, and flew to his assistance. The robbers fled; but the young man was wounded. He took him into his carriage, and returned to Viterbo. Fortunately, the wound was not dangerous—it was soon healed, and a thousand times he thanked his deliverer. But who can describe the consolation and joy which the young Roman felt, when he found that he had saved the brother of the very man whom he had killed at Florence. He embraced him affectionately.

"What thanks," said he, "do I owe to Heaven, which has thus graciously afforded me the means of acknowledging, in some measure, the goodness of your adorable mother. It will be impressed for ever on my heart. Hasten to see her once more; your presence is necessary; she impatiently expects you. Tell her, that the man whose life she preserved, has had the happiness to expose it for you, and that it is still his ardent wish to employ the remainder of it in the service of both."

Arrived at Florence, it was a painful surprise to young Balducci to hear from his mother an account of all that had happened. He could not recollect, in the same person, the destroyer of his brother and his own deliverer, without feeling, the most contradictory emotions. But the proofs which he had of his innocence lessened the horror with which he at first regarded him, and the gratitude he had felt for his own preservation resumed all its force. While he deplored the death of his brother, he was not less assiduous to take every measure to procure the acquittal of the young Roman.

In the meantime, the death of his brother, and his own imminent danger, made a deep impression on young Balducci. He perceived all the perils to which youth is exposed from a rash and inconsiderate conduct. He entirely changed the course of his life; and by a virtuous and exemplary conduct, from that moment, he consoled his mother at last for the great loss she had sustained.

PULPIT INGENUITY.—A preacher in the neighborhood of Blackfriars, London, not undeservedly popular, had just finished an exhortation strongly recommending the support of a certain very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous, and the chapel crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about to be handed round to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the congregation:—"From the sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of; that some of you may be inclined to give too much. Now it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, should always be a prior virtue to generosity: therefore, as you will all be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting any thing into the plate who cannot pay his debts." I need not add that this produced a most overflowing collection.





Engraved expressly for the traveler

THE COAST OF SINGAPORE AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
(From the East.)

THE D O V E



T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY REBA SMITH.

Upro the holy city came
Judea's hapless sons and daughters,
The paralytic, blind, and lame,
To seek Bethesda's healing waters.
An angel o'er the fountain moved
With kindly power from day to day,
And he, that first its virtues proved,
Was heal'd, and forthwith went his way.

Amid the throng that waited there,
Judea's hapless sons and daughters,
A patient Hebrew many a year
Had watch'd the angel-troubled waters.
And often, at the healing hour,
He feebly toward the fountain bore him;
But all too late to feel its power,
For one had always stepp'd before him.

A stranger came and gazed awhile
On him who there in anguish lay;
Then kindly said, with holy smile:
"Hebrew, arise, and go thy way."
As forth into the world that hour,
With footsteps light, the Hebrew trod,
"I've felt," he cried, "the Almighty's power,
I've heard the voice of God."

"Boston? Boston? Seems to me I've heard that name before."

Very likely you have, dear reader; I heard of it years and years ago. It's a very considerable sort of a place, I assure ye.

"Well, it's quite a pretty picture, any how. But isn't Boston a sort of Yankee place?"

Yes, to be sure it is. Boston is to the "universal Yankee nation," what London is to the universal British empire. Boston is the head quarters of Yankee land, and embodies the pure spirit of Yankeeism, the very quintessence, purified, boiled down, refined. There is no place in the world more refined, but it is Yankee refinement; there is no place more learned, but it is Yankee learning, sound, practical, and very diffusive, pervading the whole body politic. There is no place of its age more wealthy; and that is the result of what is commonly called Yankee enterprize.

"Well, now, Mr. Editor, what sort of folks is these Yankees? I've often hearn tell of 'em, but do give us a little insight into their character."

Well, here's a clever chapter by a clever writer, direct to the point; take it and read it at your leisure.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

BY SAMUEL KETTEL.

YANKEE-LAND, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveler who leaves it out of his route can tell little what the Americans are.

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other states there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England the population is homogeneous and native—the emigrant

does not settle there—the country is too full of people, while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber-land; there is no getting half-a-dollar a day for sleeping, in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the West he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toll must never be remitted; and as valor comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry.

While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats; throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while anything remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try anything, if need be; and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

It is remarkable that the descendants of the rigid, and, as we are apt to call them, bigoted puritans, should have become the most tolerant in religion of all the American people. There is a liberty of conscience, it is true, throughout the Union, but religious prejudice is mighty in many parts. In Boston, the severe and strait-laced Calvinism of former times has disappeared. The Unitarians now form the largest sect in the city, and, as is well known, number in their ranks some of the ablest men in the western world. With this sect there is no intolerance; the opposing sects have learned forbearance from their example, and the *odium theologium* has lost its bitterness here. The Yankee is cool, cautious, and calculating; he wants a reason for everything; an old prejudice is no obstacle in his way of improvement; his opinions must rest upon solid, tangible ground. His religion must be a religion of the understanding. He is not credulous; he is not enthusiastic. There are no Catholics in New England, save a few foreigners, and there never will be any. A New Englander is eminently a religious man, but his religion never will be a religion of ceremonies.

In European countries, he that is born a peasant will be a peasant all his life; his chance of forming an exception to the rule is exceedingly small. But, on beholding the most rustical clown of all Yankee-land, it would not be safe to affirm that he would not be numbered, at some future day, among the most eminent men of the country. There is no burying a man of genius here; the humblest birth shuts out no one either from the hopes or the facilities of rising to that station for which his native talent has qualified him. Rare, indeed, is it, to find an individual who cannot read and write; every one has, therefore, that modicum of knowledge placed within his reach, which will enable him to obtain more, should his wishes aspire.

Clowns, properly speaking, there are none among the Yankees; a Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce all the bows, and grimaces, and unmeaning compliments which accompany or constitute that quality among the French; rudeness of manners could be charged against these people only by those who know nothing about them. "Countries," says Goldsmith, "wear very different appearances to persons in different circumstances. A traveler who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and a pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions." Now, sundry people have been whirled from Boston to New York in a mail-coach, and said I know not what about manners. I have traveled over the New England States on foot—over highways and byways; supped in the most

splendid hotels and the most paltry inns; entered every farmer's door that offered as a resting place; and crossed any man's garden, or corn-field, or orchard, that lay in my way, without receiving an uncivil word on my whole route. On one occasion, I lost myself in the woods among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where I imagined there was no living creature to be encountered for miles, except black bears, catamounts, and similar country gentlemen; but on a sudden I emerged from the wood into an open spot where stood a log hut. A little flaxen-headed urchin espied me coming, and began to scramble with all speed—to hide himself, as I supposed; but no—it was to gain the summit of an immense log of wood, which lay by the little pathway, where he greeted me, as I passed, with as profound a bow as I ever received.

In travelling over the kingdom of Naples, and contemplating the wonders of that favored land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable capacities for commerce, and the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars, and its brigands—I have been struck with the whimsical imagination of the scene that might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from his plough tail and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body politic the morning after his coronation. "What's this I see?" says the king. "Where are your overseers of the highways—your school-committees—your selectmen? What idle fellows are these in the streets? What are these bells ringing for every day? What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water's edge of my great city, where I see no piles of merchandize, no trucks nor dray-carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long Wharf in two hours? Come, bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a railroad here and a turnpike there; bridge this river, and canal that; hang the Calabrian robbers; give the monks a rouse; go into the churches and strip me those trumpery shrines; sell the gold and silver jewels with which they are heaped, and the interest of the money will support all the poor in the kingdom, for I'll have no beggars nor idlers while my title is Jonathan the First. People shall mind their business, for I will abolish these *festas*, which come every other day, and are good for nothing but to promote idleness. Henceforth there shall be no *festas* but fast, thanksgiving and independence. Set me up a newspaper in every town; take me the census of the population; fine every district that don't send a representative to the general court. I'll have everything thrashed and sent a-bucking, even to the vernacular speech, for *dolce far niente* shall be routed from the Italian."

THE LITTLE HUNCH-BACKED GIRL.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.*

O mother, said little Ellen, bursting into tears, and throwing her head into her mother's lap, how happy I am, that there is a *Heaven*; and I wish I could go to it now; now, dear mother. Mrs. G—— took the child in her arms, hardly able to speak for tears. She well knew the many trials to which her unoffending daughter was subjected, and she felt for her, as none but mothers similarly situated can feel. What has happened to disturb my dear? Who has spoken harshly to you? No one, no one, mother. And I never mind it much, when the little girls do call me names; they don't mean any hurt. But, O mother, how I might be loved, were I as beautiful as my cousin Mary. Aunt says I am a better child, more gentle and kind, but every body loves cousin Mary the moment they see her; and they smile upon her and often kiss her. This morning Mary and I were playing together, and a lady passed by with a sweet, pleasant face. I loved her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and

*Lit. S. b. S. t. l.

praised Mary's pretty ringlets and bright eyes, and kissed her rosy cheeks. And then she looked pitifully at me and said, "poor child." Then, mother, I could not keep from weeping. And, and, she gave me some money. She *couldn't* love me, and so she gave me money. Ellen, Ellen, said the widow, in the bitterness of feeling, you will break my heart. Mother, will you take the money and buy some clothes for little John, who comes to the door to beg? I shall never bear to think of it. And now, mother, I will read, and not feel unhappy any more.

I am afraid it troubled Mary to see you so much grieved; had you not better go and speak to her, my dear?

Not now, mother; I'm afraid she don't love me so well as I do her. When I turned to come, away she said—What a fool you are to feel so, Ellen; the lady might in welcome, have given you the kisses, had she given me the money, I shouldn't mind having a hunch-back, if people would give me money.

Poor Mary; I'm afraid her beauty will be her ruin. Would you not rather be as you are, dear Ellen, than feel as Mary does? Yes indeed, mother. But I have tried to feel and think, what you say is true; that the good are always loved: but mother you are mistaken, beauty is loved; people hardly ever think of goodness.

My dear, people cannot tell how you think; they regard you as a mere child. I love you because you are a good and dutiful child. When you are older, others will love you, because you will be amiable, useful, and pious. And remember, my dear, that our Father above, can see within you a soul, far more beautiful than the body of your cousin Mary. And in a few years this covering of the body will be dropped and we shall all see each other, not the bodies, but that part which is truly, really ourselves. And then, my dear, goodness will be beauty. Cannot my daughter wait patiently for that time?

Yes, mother, yes, so long as I have you to love. But I cannot stay long, to be loved by none but you, and pitied by all beside. My love, you will think less of the opinion of the world, as you live longer. You will feel that we are placed here to do good to our fellow creatures, and be prepared for a better world. But mother, can I ever stay to be as old as you are? I love the little birds and the green trees and pretty flowers, but still the world looks cold and dark and I want to be away.

My dear, we must wait our Father's time. Though your body is homely and deformed, God has made your spirit perfect, and that you know, will never die, while the most beautiful body will soon crumble to dust. Think, my dear of the great blessings you have received, and do not repine for those that are withholden. I will, mother, and be grateful to God for giving me such a mother, who has taught me to be patient and contented under my trials. I might have been ill-natured, and envied dear cousin Mary for her beauty, had God given me a different mother.

The widow pressed her close and closer to her heart, and the child and mother wept long and bitterly. Ellen, many and many have been the tears I have shed over you in your infancy, for I well knew if your life were spared, all these trials awaited you. But my prayers, that you might be blessed with a spirit to bear them, have been answered. Your good aunt, with her beautiful Mary, is

Ellen.

I will be patient and happy, dear mother, that I may

grieve you no more, said little Ellen, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. Poor Ellen was scarcely eight years old. She had been subjected from her infancy to the thoughtless taunts of her young companions, and even when they forebore their unkind and inconsiderate remarks, they often indirectly and unconsciously wounded her sensitive nature, and helped to break her young and gentle spirits. She was indeed sorely stricken; her body was stunted and deformed, and her face, with the exception of a very sweet and intelligent expression, was remarkably plain. She became thoughtful, affectionate, and contemplative, and dwelt so much on the holiness and happiness of Heaven that she longed to lay her down and die. The widow felt that the desire of the child would be gratified. She saw her little frame wasting away, and a bright unnatural fire gathering in her eye, while her countenance sometimes wore an expression almost of beauty. Her young spirit seemed already disenthralled from every earthly passion and feeling, and glowed with an intensity of love, a stretch of intellect and depth of thought, that seemed almost supernatural. Her sufferings were so slight she was able, almost to the last, to go about the house, and busy herself with her books and flowers. A few moments before her death, she laid herself upon the sofa, saying, mother, I am weary and will sleep. The mother felt it was her last sleep. She kissed her cheek. Ellen opened her eyes, and looked up; Mother, you will be all alone when I am gone, but I shall be so happy you wont wish me back, dear mother. How very good our Father in Heaven is to let me go so soon! She half raised her little arms, as if to embrace her mother; they fell back; little Ellen had left the body. Mrs. G. felt she was indeed a widowed and childless woman, but she scarcely wept. She lived many years like one who felt she was a "stranger and a pilgrim" here, administering to the sick and relieving the wretched, and was at length buried by the side of her beloved husband and Ellen.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a more polished address, into the drawing room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features as Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the most agreeable companion Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the more with less wit and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yea, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other.

She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet neither of the aspirants had declared himself. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that everything he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvements to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decypher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was only fit to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and, under the pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recess of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slightest preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly and as ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was as to the degree of encouragement.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed to no engagement: we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right."

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at a crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they should still hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously in jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation with respect to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly, as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quarter Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the

news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before the break of day, moved forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front while dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troops welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingled in one deafening roar. The smoke cleared away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty earth.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was now resting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently, the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he, tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder and sobbing out the almost inaudible word "read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embracing her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting—as silent, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensibly upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately as she entered the room, the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded, at a farm house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by that miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting and saw that the jewels were worth more than he asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately re-pur-

chased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert.

"Pray sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked grateful at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these rail-eries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after, the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, while the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might but for family pride, been her lover, was even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear: Sir Oliver wrote to him an intelligent letter and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to this charge—spoke on the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless and that he deserved to be so; in a word his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insatiable Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have fallen him in the charge, and, in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned; and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered "the broken miniature," and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was just setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What? fully, truly, and unreservedly," said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course,"

"Offence or no offence," said Albert with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As regarded Matilda, the word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone commenced thus.

"I loved but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer: but my actions, honor bade me control: and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained a miniature of his mistress. Oh, then, then I envied, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and when at last my duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze on the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then.

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and, come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The shower of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued—"While I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh was penetrated, and my blood solled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that inspired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encorimoned painting and sobbed aloud—"Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!"

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, while one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—"A father's heart-felt blessing!"

THE HOUSE OF DISASTER.

In one of the retired corners of Paris there is to be found a house with a very remarkable traditional name, "La Maison de Malheur des Flamands," which, being translated into English, bears the meaning of "The House of Disaster of the Flemings." For centuries the dwelling in question has been familiarly known by this strange appellation. It is now one of the meanest and ugliest structures in the whole of the crowded quarter where it is placed, though it was once one of the finest and richest. The beauties of its elaborately sculptured front of wood, and its oaken doors, have been defaced and removed by the influence of time, chance, and change. Still, the incident which connected the mansion with the Flemish people, and gave to it the title of *their* "House of Disaster," are not yet consigned to oblivion, though they may be known, indeed, to few of those who have the traditional designation most commonly in their mouths.

Michel Watremetz, a native of Flanders, was the

occupant of this mansion some centuries ago. Like many other Flemings, he had come to Paris to exercise his trade or profession, which was that of transcriber or manufacturer of bibles, and he had risen in the course of time to be the most wealthy and famous artisan in that department in the French capital. He had fifteen apprentices or assistants, who labored continually in transcribing copies of the sacred writings, and also in *painting* them, for the majority of bibles in those days were *illuminated*, as it was called, or in other words, illustrated by figures painted on the margins. The copies executed by these assistants were carefully revised by Michel himself, that the text might be preserved in perfect correctness. In this task, Watremetz was always aided by his young and pretty daughter Odette, who, while her father had the new manuscript copy before him, read aloud from an old and standard transcription, that no forgotten words or mutilated passages might remain unnoticed. Yet Odette herself was often the source and origin of such errors, seeing that, when she was present, the young transcribers were apt not only to make ungainly spots upon the vellum, but also to copy incorrectly the words of the work before them. Though idolized by some of these youths, Odette, however, did not expend a thought on them. The cause was, that she had fixed her whole heart and affections on a stranger, a young German who had come to Paris, and requested work from her father as a transcriber of bibles. In making this request, he had stated one condition necessary to be conceded ere he could accept work from Michel Watremetz. This condition was, that Michel should allow him to work at home, at his own lodgings. Michel, knowing the professional skill of the German, agreed to the terms of the stranger, who left in the other's hands a massive gold chain by way of security for the vellum which he of course received to work upon.

Gaspard Hautz, as the young German was named, in place of passing the whole of his daily time in tolling like the rest of Michel's operatives, seemed as if he had little else to do but to walk about and enjoy himself like a gentlemen of fortune. With his handsome person elegantly attired, he strolled much about the city, viewing all its curiosities and wonders. He even came often to the very workshop of Michel Watremetz, and there, seated on the corner of a table, he smiled upon Odette, and murmured in her ear words which were to her a lasting pleasure and a trouble. Every now and then, on making these visits, Gaspard Hautz would carry off some of the apprentices with him to supper, and entertain them gallantly. All this sort of work Master Michel Watremetz noticed, and internally felicitated himself on having in pledge the chain of Gaspard, as the vellum which the latter had got seemed to the Fleming to be most decidedly lost. In this conclusion he was far wrong. Scarcely had one month passed away, when Gaspard Hautz arrived one morning with his bible finished. Never had the characters presented such regularity; never had there been fewer errors in any copy. As he counted out his golden crowns, Michel shook his head and exclaimed, "This bible, young man, was surely never wrought by your hands. A whole year would scarce have sufficed for such labor in the hands of the most experienced workman, and you bring it complete in a month!" "The work is so certainly mine," said Gaspard, "that I will produce another ere fifteen days be over." Michel accepted the offer. In fifteen days the young German produced a second bible, not less perfect than the first.

Old Watremetz had found in the first bible but three errors, and in the second he found the very same. But this did not strike Michel with any great surprise, as he knew how apt the hand is to get into the habit of making fixed slips. At the end of a year Gaspard had furnished to Michel thirty being as much work as thirty other workmen could have executed. On account of this new and every way superior source of supply, Watremetz dismissed several of his ordinary assistants, who in consequence were discontented, and menaced Gaspard with their bitterest vengeance.

After their connection had subsisted for the time mentioned, Michel proposed that Gaspard Hautz

should come and reside at his house. Gaspard yielded to this request the more willingly because he loved Odette tenderly and deeply, and because she had acknowledged an equal affection for him in return. The unsuspecting young German was not aware of the motives of the old Fleming for giving the invitation. Michel had become perfectly assured that Gaspard's bibles were not transcribed by him as they were done by others; he saw that there was a secret—a mystery, and it was to have it in his power to act as a spy on Gaspard, that he brought the latter to stay with him. When that step had been for some time effected, the old Fleming watched Gaspard by night and by day. The young German said always that he wrought while others slept, and, in reality, a lamp was kept continually burning in his chamber. But Watremetz soon discovered this to be a mere feint, by watching at the youth's chamber door. Gaspard was always motionless—in fact, asleep. Not being able to penetrate the mystery notwithstanding all these discoveries, Michel began openly to press the young man for an explanation, till at length Gaspard said, "Well! it is true there is a secret; a secret which may make the fortune of any man, or perhaps of two men. Give me your daughter Odette's hand, and I will tell you my secret, and we may soon become rich enough to require to sell no more bibles."

Gaspard received the old man's promise, and then told him that a wonderful art had been invented in Germany, which enabled any one to produce bibles and other books with inconceivable rapidity, and that the mobility of the stamps or characters employed permitted the easy correction of any blunder. "I have yet thirty bibles thus made," said Gaspard, "in the keeping of a friend; I may have a hundred, whenever I wish them from the same friend who made the others. Not daring to sell the works myself, because they here punish, as magical, all they do not comprehend, I applied to you, and became ostensibly a transcriber." Gaspard at the same time told Michel that the name of the fabricator of the bibles was Schoeffer, and pointed out the means which had been established for carrying on a correspondence with him, and procuring as many bibles as might be required, at such a price as would leave the second venditor a princely profit.

Michel only consented to the immediate marriage of Gaspard and Odette, on receiving a load of bibles which had been sent for from Schoeffer who lived without the bounds of France. Thus satisfied, old Watremetz gave permission for the celebration of the wedding within eight days. But two or three mornings ere the day came, one of Michel's former apprentices entered his house magnificently dressed, and informed the old Fleming that he—the apprentice—had recently got a handsome fortune by the death of a relation, that his father had just been named "Master of the Merchants," and that he himself had come to place his wealth and hand at the disposal of Odette. The dark shade in Watremetz's composition was avarice. He grew pale at the thought of being under the necessity of renouncing an alliance with so rich a family—with the son of the chief of the merchants. Almost audibly he cursed the cause of this, poor Gaspard. "Gaspard!" cried the enriched apprentice, comprehending the truth at once; "what! have I a rival in Gaspard, the miserable wretch who has sold his soul to the devil for the power of multiplying manuscripts? The hand of justice hangs over him, and will crush him soon! You, too, were accused of being his accomplice, Michel; happily, through my father's credit, I got the charge against you suppressed: but as for Gaspard, nothing can save him."

All this, unhappily, proved but too real. Gaspard Hautz was seized and cast into prison, and the charge against him was supported by the former workmen of Watremetz. In vain did the poor young German invoke the testimony of Michel; Michel kept an obstinate silence. In vain did Gaspard wish that his own explanations should be heard. The cry of his judges was "The torture!—confess!" And when subjected to the horrors of the question, poor human nature sank under it, and to ensure a speedy death and the cessation of his agonies, Gaspard Hautz admitted his association with the devil. He was condemned to

death, and also to make an *amende honorable*, before his execution in front of the house of Michel Watremetz, whom he had endeavored, his judges said, to implicate in a manner where the Fleming was perfectly guiltless. All the bibles which had been found in Gaspard's possession were given to the convent of the Benedictines, who exorcised blessed, and then sold them for high sums.

When the day of execution came, Gaspard Hautz was carried to the front of the house of Michel Watremetz, and there the cavalcade stopped. The doomed youth arose from his seat, pale and wasted with his irons rattling still on his limbs. But in place of making the expected *amende*, which the solemnity of the ceremonial had compelled Michel to appear for the purpose of listening to, Gaspard exclaimed, "I am the victim of treachery and ingratitude, and this thou knowest well, Michel Watremetz, who art here to listen to me, and who struggled to appear composed. Glad wouldst thou have been had my judges spared thee this last interview. But I am here to say farewell, and to give thee thanks! Woe upon that house," continued Gaspard, raising his hand and pointing to the dwelling of Michel, "woe upon it! I need not say woe upon thee, Michel Watremetz, for it is come already on thee and thine; but woe upon all thy race who shall enter or dwell beneath that roof, forever and ever! Now, lead on to the funeral pile!"

Three months afterward, Michel Watremetz wept and tore his hair over the tomb of a broken hearted girl, his daughter, his only daughter. Six months afterward, a fire destroyed the dwelling and all the effects of Michel Watremetz. The growing insanity or fatuity of the old Fleming was the cause of the fire, and by the same agency he was soon brought to the streets, where he passed the remainder of his days, a beggar and an idiot. The prediction of Gaspard Hautz was certainly strangely realized by this and other events that signalized the future history of the house of Michel Watremetz. Being a spot where Flemings loved to abide, in the same manner as we find localities taken up by Jews and by other particular races, the dwelling under notice was repeatedly inhabited by Flemings after the occurrence of the events related. *Eleven* Flemings, says the tradition of the neighborhood, came successively to occupy the "Maison de Malheur des Flamands," and of all the eleven not one escaped a sudden and violent end. Some who have paid especial attention to the circumstances, and enumerate the various modes in which the doom fell upon the inhabitants of the House of Woe. One perished by assassination, another by the waters of the Seine, a third was broken on the wheel, a fourth died within the walls of starvation, and so on. One of the last of the unfortunate Flemings who tenanted the House of Disaster, was Jean Paul Labadie, a man whose fate was particularly hard, and who lived so recently that his story could have been authenticated but a short time ago by living persons. He was a flourishing man. A large sum of money which he had brought with him from his native Flanders had been embarked by him in trade, which he carried on in "La Maison de Malheur." He married a most beautiful girl, who commonly received the title of the "belle" of the neighborhood. But soon after his marriage, he was arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. There he lay for *twenty years*, totally ignorant of the crime for which he was thus punished. At length a great person who chanced to visit his cell was seized with pity, and got Jean Paul liberated, when he learned for the first time the cause of his confinement. A court marquis had seen and admired his wife, and had taken the way related of getting the husband disposed of. Subsequently, Jean-Paul had merely lain in prison because the marquis had utterly forgot him.

These stories of misfortune befalling the occupants of the fated house, may be connected or not by our readers, just as they please, with the dying words of Gaspard Hautz. We have our own ideas about the matter, and, no doubt, they will also have theirs. Enough has been said, however, to explain satisfactorily the origin of the name of the Flemings' House of Disaster.

THE FREE ROVER.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

A horseman! a horseman! he travels with speed
The fathomless wave on a marvelous steed;
And the wind as it whistles his raven locks through,
But dashes his cheek with a ruddier hue;
And the rain, storm, and lightning, though fierce they may be,
Are co-mates and play-mates he loveth to see!

The tempest! the tempest! what rocks he its wrath?
O'er mountains storm lifted he holds his path;
Though the heavens are black with the murkiest rack,
And the foam and the spray hiss around on his track,
He calls for a beaker, and fills to the brim,
For danger to others is pastime to him.

A monarch! a monarch! he standeth alone,
The ocean his empire, a good ship his throne;
With rude swarthy vassals that wait his command
To ravage with fire or harry with brand,
Or gather in tribute whence tributes are due,
Of silks from the Indies or gold from Peru.

A vessel! a vessel is cleaving the brine!
An oath swore the rover, and warring'd it with wine:
"Who races with me must be sparing of breath;
The fly, if he fight, he but wrestles with death;
And the white-livered coward despatched with a blow,
But ushers the fate of the sturdier foe!"

A praying, a cursing are borne on the blast—
A moment are heard—in a moment are past;
A surge and a shriek, and the waters roll over
THE FAUL FOOLS WHO DARED TO DISPUTE WITH THE ROVER:
"Ho! ho!" quoth the monarch, in blood to his knee,
"More food for the maw of the ravenous sea!"

THE SISTERS.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

FROM TALES OF THE BORDERS.

BY JAMES MACKAY WILSON.

THERE is not a period of deeper luxury and delight than the season when the nightingale raises its charmed voice to welcome the pleiades, and the glorious spring, like the spirit of life riding upon sunbeams, breathes upon the earth. Yielding to its renewing influence, the feelings, and the fancies of youth rushed back upon our heart, in all their boldness, freshness, and exultation; and we feel ourselves a deathless part of the joyous creation, which is glowing around us in beauty, beneath the smile of his God! Who has seen the foliage of ten thousand trees bursting into leaves, each kissed by a dew drop; who has beheld a hundred flowers of varied hues, expanding into loveliness, stealing their colors from the rainbowed majesty of the morning sun; who has listened to melody from the yellow lute; to music from every bush; heard,

"The birds sing love on every spray,"

and gazed on the blue sky of his own beautiful land, swimming like a singing sea around the sun!—who has seen, who has heard these, and not been ready to kneel upon the soil that gave him birth? Who has not then, as all nature lived and breathed, and shouted their hymns of glory around him, held his breath in quivering delight, and felt the presence of his own immortality, the assurance of his soul's eternal duration, and wondered that sin should exist upon a world so beautiful. But this moralizing keeps us from our narrative. On one of the most lovely mornings of the season we have mentioned, several glad groups were seen tripping lightly toward the cottages of Peggy Johnstone. Peggy was the widow of a border farmer, who died young, but left her, as the phrase runs, well to do in the world. She had two daughters, both in the pride of their young womanhood, and the sun shone not on a lovelier pair; both were graceful as the lilies that bowed their heads to the brook which ran near their cottage door, and both were mild, modest, and retiring, as the wee primrose that peeped forth beside the threshold. Both were that morning, by the consent of their mother, to bestow their hands upon the objects of their young affections. But we will not dwell upon their bridal; only a few short months were passed, when their mother was summoned into the world where the weary are at rest. On her death bed she divided unto

them equal portions, consisting of a few hundreds. Their mourning for her loss, which, for a time, was mingled with bitterness, gradually passed away, and long years of happiness appeared to welcome them, from the bosom of futurity. The husbands of both were in business, and resided in a market-town in Cumberland. The sisters' names were Helen and Margaret; and, if a preference could have been given, Margaret was the most lovely and gentle of the two. But before the tree that sheltered her hopes had time to blossom, the serpent gnawed its roots, and it withered like the gourd of the angry prophet. Her dark eyes lost their lustre, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for ever. She spoke, but there was none to answer her; she sighed, but there was no comforter, save the mournful voice of Echo. Her young husband sat carousing in the midst of his boon companions—where the thought of a wife or of home never enters—and night following night beheld them reel forth into the streets to finish their debauch in a house of shame!

Such were the miserable midnights of Margaret the beautiful and meek, while Helen beheld every day increasing her felicity in the care and affection of her temperate husband. She was the world to him, and he all that that world contained to her. And often as gloaming fell gray around them, still would they

"Sit and look into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy, as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!"

A few years passed over them. But hope visited not the dwelling of poor Margaret. Her husband had sunk into the habitual drunkard; and, not following his business, his business had ceased to follow him, and his substance was become a wreck. And she, so late the fairest of the fair, was now a dejected and broken-hearted mother, herself and her children in rags a prey to filthiness and disease, sitting in a miserable hovel, stipped alike of furniture and the necessaries of life, where the wind and the rain whistled and drifted through the broken windows. To her each day the sun shone upon misery, while her children were crying around her for bread, and quarreling with each other; and she now weeping in the midst of them, and now cursing the wretched man to whom they owed their being. Daily did the drunkard reel from his haunt of debauchery into his den of wretchedness. Then did the stricken children crouch behind their miserable mother for protection, as his red eyes glared upon their famished cheeks. But she now met his rage with her silent scowl of heart-broken and callous defiance, which, tending but to inflame the infuriated madman, then I then burst forth the more than fiendish clamor of domestic war! and then was heard upon the street the children's shriek—the screams and the bitter revilings of the long patient wife—with the cruel imprecations and unnatural blasphemous of the monster, for whom language has no name!—as he rushed forward, (putting *cowardice* to the blush,) and with his clenched hand struck to the ground, amidst the children she bore him, the once gentle and beautiful being he had sworn before God to protect!—she, whom once he would not permit

"The winds of heaven to visit her cheeks too roughly"—she, who would have thought her life cheap to have laid it down in his service, he kicked from him like a disobedient dog! These are the every-day changes of drinking habitually—these are the transformations of temperance.

Turn we now to the fireside of the happier Helen!
—The business of the day is done, and her sober husband returns homeward, and he perceives his fair children eagerly waiting his approach, while delight beams from his eyes, contentment plays upon his lips, and he stretches out his hand to welcome them; while

"The expectin' wee things toddlin' staeher through,
To meet their dad, w' flichteria' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily—
His clean hearth-stane and thrifty wife's smile,
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labor and his toil."

And, while the youngling climbed his knees, "the envied kiss to share," the elder brothers and sisters

through around him, eager to repeat their daily and Sabbath-school tasks, and obtain, as their reward, the fond pressure of a father's hand, and behold exultation and affection sparkling from his eyes; while the happy mother sat by, plying her needle and

"Gauring auld claes look amaise as weel's the new,"

and gazed upon the scene before her with a rapture none but mothers know. Here there was no crying or wailing for food—no quarrelings—no blasphemies; but, the cheerful supper done, the voice of Psalms was heard in solemn sounds—the book of God was opened—the father knelt, and his children bent their knees around him. And could an angel gaze upon a more delightful scene, than an infant kneeling by the side of its mother, gazing in her face, and liping *Amen!* as the words fell from its father's lips! Surely, surely, as he flew to register it in heaven, a prayer-hearing God would respond—So let it be.

Again must we view the opposite picture. The unhappy drunkard, deprived of the means of life in his native town, wandered with his family to Edinburgh. But on him no reformation dawned. And the wretched Margaret, hurried onward by despair, before the smoothness of youth had left the brow of her sister, was overtaken by age, its wrinkles, and infirmities. And all the affections, all the feelings of her once gentle nature, being seared by long years of insult, misery, brutality, and neglect, she herself flew to the bottle, and became tenfold more the victim of depravity than her fallen, abandoned husband. She lived to behold her children break the laws of their country, and to be utterly forsaken by her husband; and, in the depth of her misery, she was seen quarreling with a dog upon the street, for a bare bone that had been cast out with the ashes. Of the extent of her sufferings, or where to find her, her sister knew not; but, in the midst of a severe winter, the once beautiful Margaret Johnston was found a hideous and a frozen corpse in a miserable cellar.

"Last scene of all,
Which ends this strange eventful history:"

Upon Helen and her husband, age descended imperceptibly as the calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away, as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathings of an angel unfolding from his celestial wings the silken curtains of a summer night; and the conscious ear, kissed by the balmy spirit, dreams and smiles, and, smiling, dreams itself into the arms of night and of repose. Fourscore winters passed over them. Their heads became white with the "snow of years." But they became old together. They half forgot the likeness of the face of their youth; but still the heart of youth, with its imperishable affections and esteem, thobbed in either bosom, smiling calmly upon time and its ravages; and still, in the eyes of the happy old man, his silver-haired partner seemed as young, as fair, and as beautiful, as when, in the noontide of her loveliness, she blushed to him her vows. Their children have risen around them, and call them blessed; and they have beheld those children esteemed and honored in society.

ISOLATED AFFECTION.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

"True love, still born of heaven, is blessed with wings,
And tired of earth, it plumes them back again,
And thus we lose it."

DEEP in the bosom of a southern forest, there grew a beautiful flower; the sweetest flower in that lonely region. Its leaves were of the purest white, for the first time unfolding to the world around, and revealing, as they did so, the fine and delicate droppings of violet and purple, which before, like so much hidden wealth, had lain in its bosom. Its odor was fresh and exquisite, and no flower in all that forest, could come near it for sweetness or for beauty. In excellence, as in condition, it was equally alone.

But it was not destined to be alone always. There came to it one morning in May, a golden butterfly—a rover among the flowers—an ancient robber of their sweets. Gayly he plied his flight throughout the forest; now here, and now there, sporting about in a sort of errant unconsciousness. It was not long before he inhaled the odor—it was not long before he saw the pure white leaves, and looked down, with an anxious eye, upon the rich droppings of purple and violet, which nestled in the bosom of the flower.

Flying around in mazy, but still contracting circles, he gazed upon the loveliness of the flower, and grew more and more enamored at each moment of his survey. "Surely," he thought, "this is a flower by itself—love's own flower—dwelling in secret—blooming only, and budding for his eyes, and denied to all beside. It is my good fortune to have found it—I will drink—I will nestle it its bosom—I will enjoy its charms as I have enjoyed a thousand others."

Even with the thought, came the quick resolution, and another moment found him lying—lying close and pressed upon the bosom of the flower. There was a slight effort to escape from the embraces of the intruder—the flower murmured its dissent, but the murmur died away into a sigh, was inhaled, as so much honey, by the preasing lips of the butterfly. He sung to the flower of his love—he, the acknowledged rover—the unlicensed drinker of sweets—the economical winner of affections, with which he did not share his own—he sung to the flower a story of his love—and oh! saddest of all, the young flower believed him.

And day after day he came to the stolen embrace, and day after day, more fondly than ever, the lovely flower looked forth to receive him. She surrendered her very soul to his keeping, and her pure white leaves grew tinged with his golden ringlets, while his kisses stained with yellow, the otherwise delicate loveliness of her lips. But she heeded not this, so long as the embrace was still fervent—the kiss still warm—the return of the butterfly still certain.

But when was love certain?—not often where the lover is a butterfly. There came a change over the habits of the butterfly. He gradually fell off in his attentions. His passion grew cool, and the ease of his conquest led him to undervalue its acquisition. Every day he came later and later, and his stay with the flower grew more and more shortened on each return. Her feeling perceived the estrangement long before her reason had taught her to think upon, or understand it.

At length she murmured her reproaches; and the grievance must be great when love will venture so far. "Wherefore," she said, "Oh, wherefore hast thou lingered so long. Why dost thou not now as before, vie with the sunlight in thy advances? I have looked for thee from the dawning, yet I have looked for thee in vain. The yellow beetle has been all the morning buzzing about me, but I frowned upon his approaches. The green grasshopper had a song under my bush, and told me a dull story of the love which he had for me in his bosom; and, more than once the glittering humming bird has sought my embraces, but I shut my leaves against him. Thou has been slow to seek me—thou whom I have looked to see."

Gayly, then the butterfly replied to these reproaches, nor as he spoke, heeded the increasing paleness of the flower. "Over a thousand forests I've been flying, each as beautiful as this—on a thousand flowers I've been tending, none less lovely to the sight than thou. How couldst thou dream that with a golden ringlet, broad, and free, and beautiful, like mine, in a single spot I still could linger, of the world unknowing aught? No, no, mine is an excursive spirit; for a thousand free affections made; wouldst thou have me, like groping spiders, working still to girdle in myself.

It was a murmuring and sad reply of the now isolated flower, and lived not long after it had made it. "Ah, now I know mine error—having no wings myself to mate with the lover who had. Alas! that I loved so fondly and foolishly; for while thou hast gone over a thousand forests, seeing a thousand flowers, I have only known, only looked, only lived, for a single butterfly."

The false one was soon away, after this, to another forest; for his ear loved no reproaches, and he had sense, if not feeling enough to see that they were uttered justly. The flower noted its departure, and its last sigh was an audible warning to the young bud it left behind it. The wood spirit heard the sigh and the warning—and when the bud began to expand in the pleasant sunshine, he persuaded the black browed spider to spin his web, and frame his nest, in the thick bushes that hung around it; and many were the wanton butterflies, after this, who coming to prey upon her innocent affection, became entangled, and justly perished in the guardian net-work thus raised up to protect it.

THE PIRATES' RETREAT.

BY S. B. BRACKETT.

"There was an old man and a quite man,
And by the fire sat he;
And now, said he, to you I'll tell
Things passing strange that once befell
A ship upon the sea. [MARY HOWITT.

"**THAT** she is Ricardo," said I to my friend, as we reached the end of the pier, in Havana, while the Dart lay about half a mile off the shore, "what think you of her?"

"Beautiful!—a more symmetrical craft never passed the Moro!"

So thought I, and my heart responded with a thrill of pride to the sentiment. How saucy she looked, with her gay streamers abroad upon the winds, and the red striped flag of the Union floating jauntily at the main peak—with her lofty masts tapering away, till relieved against the blue abyss, they were apparently diminished to the size of willow wands, while the slight ropes that supported the upper spars seemed, from the pier, like the fairy tracery of the spider. Although surrounded by ships, xebecs, brigantines, polacres, galleys and galleons from almost every clime in christendom, she stood up conspicuously among them all, an apt representative of the land whence she came! But let us take a nearer view of the beauty. The hull was long, low, and at the bows almost as sharp as the missile after which she was named. From the waist to the stern, she tapered away in the most graceful proportions, and she had as lovely a run as ever slid over the dancing billows. Light and graceful as a sea-bird, she rocked on the undulating water. But her rig!—herein, to my thinking, was her chiefest beauty—everything pertaining to it was so exact, so even and so *tanto*. Besides the sail usually carried by man-of-war schooners, she had the requisite appertenances for a royal and flying kite, or sky-sail, which, now that she was in port, were all rigged up. Not another vessel of her class in the navy could spread so much canvass to the influence of old Boreas as the Dart.

Her armament consisted of one long brass twenty-four pounder, mounted on a revolving carriage midships, and six twelve pound carronades. Add to this a picked crew of ninety men, with the redoubtable Jonathan West as our captain, Mr. Dacre Dacres as first, and your humble servant, Ahasuerus Hackinsack, as second lieutenant, besides a posse of minor officers and middles, and you may form a faint idea of the Dart.

Bidding adieu to my friend, I jumped into the pinnace waiting, and in a few minutes stood on her quarter-deck.

But it will be necessary for me to explain for what purpose the Dart was here. She had been dispatched by government to cruise among the Leeward Islands, and about Cape St. Antonio, in quest of a daring band of pirates, who, trusting to their superior prowess and the fleetness of their vessel, a schooner called the Sea Sprite, had long scourged the merchantmen of the Indian seas with impunity. Cruiser after cruiser had been sent out to attack them in vain. She had invariably escaped, until at length, in reality, they were left for awhile, the undisputed "rulers of the waves," as they vauntingly styled themselves. It was said of the Sea Sprite, that she was as fleet as the winds, and as mysterious in her movements; and her master

spirit, the fierce Juan Piesta, was as wily and fierce a robber, as ever prowled upon the western waters. Indeed, so wonderful and various had been his escapes, that many of the Spaniards, and the lower orders of seamen in general, believed him to be leagued with the Powers of Darkness!

But the Dart had been fitted up for the present cruise expressly on account of her matchless speed; and our captain, generally known in the service by the significant appellation of Old Satan West, was, in a situation where fighting or peril formed any part of the story, a full match for his namesake.

After cruising about the western extremity of Cuba, for nearly a month to no purpose, we bore away for the southern coast of St. Domingo, and at the time my story opens, were off Jacquemel. The morning was heralded onward by troops of clouds of the most brilliant burning hues—deep crimson ridges,—fire fringed volumes of purple, hanging far in the depths of the mild and beautiful heaven—long, rose-tinted and golden plumes, stretching up from the horizon to the zenith, forming altogether a most gorgeous and magnificent spectacle, while, to complete the pageant, the sun, just rising from his ocean lair, shed a flood of glaring light far over the restless expanse toward us, and every rope and spar of our vessel, begemmed with bright dew drops, flashed and twinkled in his beams, like the jewelled robes of a princely blide.

"Fore top there! what's that away in the wake o' the sun?" called out Mr. Dacres.

"A drifting spar, I believe, Sir—but the sun throws such a glare on the water I cannot see plainly."

I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a dark object tumbling about on the fiery swell, like an evil spirit in torment. We altered our course and stood away toward it. It turned out to be a boat apparently empty, but on a nearer inspection we perceived a man lying under its thwarts whose pale lank features and sunken eye bespoke him as suffering the last pangs of starvation.

My surprise can be better imagined than described, on discovering in the unfortunate man a highly loved companion of my boyhood. Frederick Percy! He was transferred from his miserable quarters to a snug berth on board of the Dart, and in a few hours, by the judicious management of our surgeon, was resuscitated, so as to be able to come on deck.

His story may be told in a few words. He had been travelling in England—while there had married a beautiful, but friendless orphan. Soon after this occurrence, he embarked in one of his father's ships for Philadelphia, intending to touch at St. Domingo city, and take in a freight. But, three days before, when within a few hours sail of their destined port, they had fallen in with a piratical schooner, which, after a short struggle, succeeded in capturing them. While protecting his wife from the insults of the buccaners, he received a blow in the temple, which deprived him of his senses; and when he awoke to consciousness it was night, wild and dark, and he was tossing on the lone sea, without provisions, sails or oars, as we had found him. For three days he had not tasted food. Poor fellow! his anxiety as to the fate of his wife almost drove him to distraction.

This circumstance assured us that we were on the right trail of the marauder whom we sought. We continued beating up the coast till noon, when the breeze died away into a dead calm, and we lay rolling on the long glossy swell, about ten leagues from the St. Domingo shore. The sun was intensely powerful, glowing through the hazy atmosphere, directly over our heads, like a red-hot cannon ball; and the far-stretching main was as sultry and arid as the sands of an African desert. To the north, the cloud-topped mountains of St. Domingo obstructed our view, looming through the blue haze to an immense height—presenting to us the aspect of huge, flat, shadowy walls; and one need have taxed his imagination but lightly, to fancy them the boundaries dividing us from a brighter and a better clime. The depths of the ocean were as translucent as an unobscured summer sky, and far beneath us we could distinguish the dolphins and king-fish, roaming leisurely about, or darting hither and thither as some object attracted their pursuit;

while nearer its surface the blue element was alive with myriads of minor nondescripts, iggling, flouncing and lazily moving up and down—probably attracted by the shade of our dark hull.

The men having little else to do, obtained from the captain permission to fish. Directly they had hauled in a dozen or more of the most ill favored, shapeless, unchristian-looking articles I ever clapped eyes on, which, when I came from aft, were dancing their death jigs on the forecastle deck. My attention was called away from this scene, by the voice of the watch in the fore-top, announcing a sail in sight.

A faint indefinable speck could be seen in the quarter designated, fluttering on the bosom of the blue sea like a drift of foam. With the aid of a glass we made it out to be the topsail of a schooner, so distant, that her hull and lower sails were below the brim of the horizon. Her canvas had probably just been unloosened to the breeze, which was directly after seen ruffling the face of the broad, smooth, expanse as it swept down toward us.

"That glass, Mr. Waters—she is standing toward us, and by the gods of war! the cut of her narrow flying royal, looks marvelously like that of our friend, the Sea Sprite!" said the captain, while the blood flashed over his bald forehead, like 'heat lightning' over a summer cloud; "Mr. Hackinsack see that everything is ready for a chase."

The broad sails were unloosened and sheeted close home. Directly the wind was with us, and we were bowling along under a press of canvas.

"Now, quarter-master, look to your sails as closely as you would watch one seeking your life." Another squint through the glass. "Ha! they have suspected us, and are standing in toward the land, jam on the wind; let them look to it sharply; it must be a fleet pair of heels that can keep pace with the Dart, though to say the least of yonder cruiser, she is no laggard!"

After pacing the deck some ten minutes, he again hove short and lifted the glass to his eye.

"By heavens! the little witch still holds her way with us!—Have the sky-sail set, and rig out the top-gallant-studd'n sail!"

Every one on board was now eager in the chase. The orders were obeyed almost as soon as given. Our proud vessel, under the press of sail, absolutely flew over the water, haughtily tossing the rampant surges from her sides, while her bows were buried in a roaring and swirling sheet of foam, and a broad belt of snow stretched far over the dark blue waste astern, showing a wake as straight as an arrow. She was careened down to the breeze, so that her lower studd'n-sail-boom every moment dashed a cloud of spray from the romping billows, and her lee rail was at times under water. Her masts curved and wiffled beneath the immense piles of canvas, like a strung bow.

"She walks the waters bravely," said the captain, casting a glance of exultation at the distended sails and bending spars, and then at our arrowy wake. "But by Jupiter, the chase still almost holds her way with us. We need more sail aft. Bear a hand, my men, and run up the ring-tail."

"That will answer, a dolphin would have a sweat to beat us in this trim?"

"Well, Mr. Percy, is yonder dasher the craft that pillaged your ship, and sent you cruising about the ocean in that bit of a cockle-shell, think you?"

"That is the pirate schooner—I cannot mistake her," replied Percy, who stood with his flashing eyes rivetted on the vessel, and his fingers impatiently working about the hilt of his cutlass, while his brow was darkened with an intense desire of revenge.

Three hours passed, and we had gained within a league of the noble craft. She was heeled down to the breeze, so that owing to the "bagging" of her lower sails, her hull was almost hidden from sight. Like a snowy cloud, she darted along the reveling waters, the sunbeams basking on her wide-spread wings, and the sprightly billows flashing and surging around her bows. Never saw I an object more beautiful.

The land was now fully in sight—a stern and rock-bound coast, against which the breakers dashed with maddening violence, and for half a mile from the shore the water was one conflicting waste of snowy surf and

billow. No signs of inhabitants on either hand, as far as the eye could view, were discernable. The long range of stern, solitary, mountains arose from the waves, and towered away, till lost in the clouds. Their sides, save where some splintered cliff lifted its gray peaks in the day, were clothed with thick forests, among which the tufted palm and wild cinnamon stood up conspicuously like sentinels looking afar over the wide waste of blue. Here and there a torrent could be traced, leaping from crag to cliff, seething, as it blazed in the fierce sun-light, to run liquid fire; and gorgeous masses of wild crocpers and tangled undergrowth hung down over the embattled heights, swaying and flaunting in the gale, like the banners and streamers of an encamped army.

Not the slightest chance for harbor or anchorage could be discovered along the whole iron-bound coast, yet the gallant little Sea Sprite held steadily on her course, steering broad for the base of the mountains.

"Why, in the name of madness, is the fellow driving in among the breakers?" muttered our brave captain; "Thinks he to escape by running into danger? By Mars, and if I mistake not, he shall have peil to his heart's content, ere night-fall?"

"But fate willed that we should be disappointed; for just as everthing had been arranged to treat the buccaneer with a fist full of grape and canister, one of those sudden tempests, so common to the West Indies in the autumn months, was upon us. A vast black, conglomerated volume of vapor swung against the mountain summits and curled heavily down over the cliffs. Brilliant scintillations were darting from its shadowy borders, and the zigzag lightnings were playing about it, and licking its ragged folds like the tongue of an evil spirit! Suddenly it burst asunder, and a burning gleam—a wide conflagration, as if the earth had exploded—flashed over the hills, accompanied with a peal of thunder that made the broad ocean tremble, and our deck quiver under us, like a harpooned grampus in his death grasp! The electric fluid up-heaved and hurled to fragments an immense peak near the summit of the mountains, and huge masses of rock, with thunderous din, and amid clouds of dust, smoke and fire, came bounding and racing down from crag to crag, uprooting the tall cedars; and dashing to splinters the firm iron-wood trees, as though they had been but reeds—sweeping a wide path of ruin through the thick forests, and shivering to atoms and dust the loose rocks that obstructed their career, till, with a whirling bound, they plunged from a beetling cliff into the sea, causing the tortured waters to send up a cloud of mist and spray. All on board were struck aghast at the binding brilliancy of the flash, and its terrible effects.

We were aroused to a sense of our situation, by the clear, sonorous voice of Satan West, whom nothing pertaining to earth could daunt, calling all hands to take in sail.

Instantly the trade-wind ceased, and a fearful, death-like stillness ensued. This was of short duration; hardly were our sails stowed close, when we saw the trees drawn upward, twisted off and rent to pieces, while a dense mass of leaves and broken branches whirled over the land; and a wild, deep wailing sound, as of rushing wings, filled the air, foretelling the onset of the whirlwind.

"The hurricane is upon us!—helm hard aweather!" thundered the captain.

But the Dart was already lying on her beam-ends, heaving, groaning and quivering throughout every timber, in the fierce embrace of the tremendous blast! After its first overpowering shock, however, the gallant craft slowly recovered, and by dint of the strenuous exertions of our men, she was got before the gale. Away she sprang like a frightened thing, over the tormented and whitening surges, completely shrouded in foam and spray. A dense cloud, murky as midnight, spread over the face of the heavens, where a moment before, naught met the gazer's eye, save the fleecy mackerel-clouds, drifting afar through its cerulean halls. The blue lightnings gleamed, the thunder boomed and rattled, the black billows shook their flashing manes, the whole firmament was in an uproar; and amid the wild rout, our little Dart, as a dry leaf in

the autumn winds, was borne about, a very plaything in the eddying whirls of the frantic elements.

The tempest was as short lived as it was sudden, and as the schooner had sustained no material injury, directly after it had abated she was under sail again. When the rain cleared up in shore, every eye sought eagerly for the pirate craft. She had vanished!

Nothing met our view but the tossing and tumbling surges, and the breaker-beaten coast. If ever old Satan West was taken aback, it was then. His brow darkened, and a shadow of unutterable disappointment passed over his countenance.

"Gone!—By all that is mysterious and wonderful—gone!" he muttered to himself—"escaped from my very grasp!" Can there be truth in the wild tales told of her? No, no!—idiot to harbor the thought for a moment—she has foundered!

But this was hardly probable, as not the slightest vestige of her remained about the spot.

Poor Percy, too, was the picture of despair. His hat had been blown away by the hurricane; and his hair tossed rudely in the wind, as he stood in the main chains, gazing with the wildness of a maniac, over the uproarious waters.

"The lovers of the marvelous would here find enough to fatten upon, I ween," said Dacres, composedly helping himself to a quid of tobacco. "What think you is to come next? for I hardly think the play ends with actors and all being split away in a thunder gust!"

I was interrupted in my reply by the energetic exclamations of the captain, who had been gazing seaward, over the quarter-rail.

"Yes, by all the imps in purgatory, it is that devil-leagued plate," burst from his lips; and at the same moment the cry of *Sail O!* was heard from the forward watch.

A long sparred vessel could be seen, relieved against the black bank of clouds, that were crowding down the horizon. Surprise was imaged on every countenance, and when the order was passed to crowd all sail in pursuit, a murmur of disapprobation run through the whole crew. However, such was their respect for the regulations of the service, and so great their dread of old Satan West, that no one dared demur openly. Again the Dart was bounding over the waves in pursuit of the stranger, which confirmed our suspicions as to her character, by hoisting all sail and endeavoring to escape us.

But here likewise we were disappointed. She proved to be a Baltimore clipper, and had endeavored to run away from us, taking us for the same craft we had supposed her to be.

After parting from the Baltimorean, we ran in; and as the evening fell, anchored under the land, sheltered from the waves by a little rocky promontory. It was my turn to take the evening watch. Our wearied crew were soon lost in sleep, and all was hushed into repose, if I except the shrill, rasping voices of the green lizards, the buzzing and humming of the numerous insects on shore, and the occasional, long-drawn creak of the cable, as the schooner swung at her anchor. The moon attended by one bright beautiful planet, was on her wonted round through the heavens, and the far expanse of ocean, reflecting her effulgence, seemed to roll in billows of molten silver beneath the gentle night wind, which swept from the land, fragrant with the breath of wild-flowers and spicy shrubs.

Little Ponto, the royal reefer, lay on a gun carriage near me. This boy, whom, when on a former cruise, I had rescued from a Turkish Trader, was a favorite with all on board. Although in person, effeminate and beautiful as a girl, and possessing the strong affections of the weaker sex, he still was not wanting in that high courage and energy which constitutes the pride of manhood. He was an orphan, and with the exception of a sister and aunt, who were living together in England, there was not, in the wide world, one being with whom he could claim relationship. When very young, he had been entrusted to the charge of the friendly captain of a merchant ship, bound to Smyrna, for the purpose of improving his health. But the vessel never reached the destined port. She was captured by an Algerine rover, and the boy made prisoner. It

was from the worst of slavery that I had rescued him, and ever after the occurrence his gratitude toward me knew no bounds. He appeared to be contented and happy in his present situation, save when his thoughts reverted to his lone sister. Then the tears would spring into his eyes, and he would talk to me of her beauty and goodness, till I was almost in love with the pure being which his glowing descriptions had conjured to my mind. I loved that boy as a brother, and he returned my affections with a fervor, equalling that of a trusting woman.

As I leaned against the companion-way, absorbed in pleasant dreams of my far home, a touch on the shoulder aroused me. I turned and Percy stood by my side. The beauty of the evening had soothed his wild and agitated feelings. He spoke of his wife with touching regret, as if certain that she was lost to him for ever. For nearly an hour he stood gazing on the moon's bright attendant, as if he fancied it her home.

At length he disappeared below, and again Ponto, who seemed to be wrapped in a deep reverie, was my only companion. We had remained several minutes in silence, when suddenly, as if it had dropped from the clouds, a female form appeared far above us, on a precipitous bluff that leaned out over the deep, on which the solitary moonlight slept in unobstructed brightness. The form advanced so near the brink of the fearful crag, that we could even distinguish the color of her drapery as it fluttered in the wind. By the motion of her arms she seemed beckoning us on shore; then, as if despairing to attract our attention, she looked fearfully about, and the next moment a strain of exquisite melody came floating down to us, like a voice from heaven. We remained breathless, and could almost distinguish the words.

The strain terminated in a startling cry, and with a frantic gesture the figure tore a crimson scarf from her neck, and shook it wildly on the winds; at the same moment the dark form of a man leaped on the cliff. There was a short struggle, with reiterated shrieks of "help! help! help!" in a voice of agony, and all disappeared in the deep shadow of another rock.

Ponto, who at the first burst of the song, had started up and grasped my arm with a degree of wild energy I had never witnessed in him before, now suddenly released his hold, and with a single bound plunged into the sea. So lost was I in amazement at the whole scene, that for a moment I remained undecided what course to pursue; then, not wishing to alarm the ship, I ordered Waters, the midshipman of the watch, to jump into the boat with a few of the men, and pull after him.

The head of my little favorite soon became visible in the moonlight. With a vigorous arm he struck out for the shore, and was immediately hid in the deep shadow of its mural cliffs. A moment, and I again saw him on the beeding rocks, whence the female had just disappeared; then he, too, was lost in the darkness.

Waters, after being absent in the boat about half an hour, returned without having discovered the least sign of the fugitive. Hour after hour I awaited the return of my adventurous boy, filled with painful anxiety.

As the night deepened, the clouds, which during the day had slumbered on the mountain battlements, as if held in awe by the majesty of the burning sun, rolled slowly down the steeps, and gradually spread out on the sea, enveloping us in their humid embrace. A denser mist I never saw; my thin clothing was soon wet through and clinging to me like steel to a magnet, and we were completely lost in darkness. As I paced the deck, not willing to go below while my young favorite was in peril, Waters tapped me on the shoulder.

"Did you notice anything then, Mr. Hackinsack? I thought I heard a splash in the water, like the dip of an oar."

"Some fish, I suppose, Waters."

"I think not, sir; besides just now I saw a dark object gliding slowly across our bow in the mist, which I then took for a drifting log."

I walked round the deck and peered into the fog on every side, but could discern nothing. I listened; all was silent save the tweet, tweet, of the lizards and the roar of the surf, as it beat on the rocks astern. Presently old Benjamin Ramrod, the gunner came aft.

"I wish this infernal fog would clear up!" said he, "for the last half hour I have heard strange noises about us! I am much mistaken, or we are surrounded by enemies of some sort or other. When that shining apparition arose from the bluff there, and began to beckon to us, I said to myself, some accident is going to happen before many hours, and you see if my prognostics aren't true. Mind you how, by her sweet voice, she lured that poor boy, Ponto, overboard?—and even I, who may say I've had some experience in such matters, began to feel a queerish sensation, as I harkened to her witchery. Many a poor sailor has lost his life by listening to their lonesome like songs. I remember once when I was on the coast of Africa, in a gold dust and ivory trader, we heard the water-wraiths and mermaids singing to each other all night long, and the very next day our ship was driven upon the rocks in a white squall, and wrecked, and only myself and a Congo nigger escaped alive, out of a crew of twenty-three! It strikes me, too," he continued; after listening a moment, "that we shall have a storm before morning; the fog seems to be brushing by us, and the noise of the breakers on shore grows terribly loud. I would give all the prize money I ever gained to be out of the place, with good sea room, a flowing sheet, and our bows turned toward home—no good ever came of fighting these pirate imps. Heaven help us! what is that?" he exclaimed with a start, as a tall, white form shot up, a few rods under our stern, seen but dimly through the fog.

The fact flashed upon me at once; our cable had been cut; it was the spray of the breakers rebounding from the shore. The best bower anchor was instantly let go, which brought us up; not, however, till we had drifted to within a cable's end of the breakers, which ramped and roared all the night with maddening violence, as if eager to engulf us. The alarm was given, and in a few minutes everything was prepared for any emergency that might occur.

I ordered Ramrod to clap a charge of grape into one of the bow chasers and let drive at the first object that came in sight. As I gave the order the dip of oars could be plainly distinguished, receding from our bows. Benjamin did not wait to see the mauraders, but fired in the direction of the sound. The fog was swept away before the mouth of the gun, to some distance, and I caught a glimpse of a boat filled with men. A deep groan told that the gun had been rightly directed.

There was now no doubt that we were surrounded by enemies. It was only by the foreboding watchfulness of the gunner, that we were prevented from going ashore, where, doubtless, the pirates expected to have obtained an easy victory over us.

About ten minutes after this incident, I was startled by the faint voice of Ponto, hailing me from under the schooner's side. I joyfully lowered the man-ropes, and immediately had the adventurous boy beside me on the quarter deck. He grasped my hand, and I felt him tremble all over with eagerness.

"You heard that song; the voice was that of my own sister! That shrike, too, was hers; do you wonder that I leaped overboard? I scarcely knew how I reached the rock from which she was dragged. I climbed up and up, in the direction I supposed they must have taken, until I gained the very summit of one of the hills. I looked down, and as it were floating in the haze, many feet below me, I saw the face of a rock reddened by the blaze of a fire opposite. I clambered from cliff to cliff, clinging to the branches of the trees, and letting myself down by the mountain creepers that hung like thick drapery over the descent, till all at once I dropped over the very mouth of a deep cavern. A massy vine fell in heavy festoons down over the rugged pillars that formed its portal. Securing a foot hold among its tendrils, concealed by its luxuriant foliage, I bent over and looked in. A large party of fierce looking men, with pistols in their belts and cutlasses lying by them, were seated round a rude table, feasting and making merry over their wine beakers. I paid little attention to them, for against the rough wall was an old woman, and leaning upon her—as I live, it is true—was my own, my beautiful sister, she whom I had left in England! I thought my heart would have

choked me, as I looked upon her pale, sorrowful face, and heard her low sobs. In my tremor, the vine shook; some loose stones were started, and went clattering down into the very mouth of the cavern. Two of the pirates sprang up, and seizing a flaming brand, rushed out. The red blaze flashed over her face as they passed, and I heard them threaten her with a terrible fate, if they were discovered through her means. At the first start of the rock I drew back into the vines, where I remained breathless and still, while they scanned the recesses of the crag. "We were mistaken, Jacopo," at length said one, "it was probably a guana, drawn hither by the fire." Satisfied that no one was near, they returned to their comrades, who ridiculed them for their temerity.

"Again I listened, and heard them plan to cut the cable of the Dart, and run her into the breakers. If they failed in this attempt, they were to haul the Sea Sprite out of her hiding place, and leave the coast, trusting, with the aid of the fresh land breeze, to get beyond pursuit before day-break. The mist had come on, and knowing it impossible to reach the Dart over the rough precipices in time to give you warning, I remained in my concealment, undecided what course to pursue, when I saw a party of the pirates leave the cavern to go to their boats.

"Perceiving beneath me, on the bough of a wild tamarind, sundry articles of clothing, similar to those worn by the buccaneers, a bold thought occurred to me. When they had gone beyond the light from the cave, I cautiously lowered myself down, and drawing on a jacket and one of the caps, jumped with them into the boat, no one in the darkness suspecting me.

"To appearance we were in the very heart of the mountains. I am certain that rocks and foliage were piled up all around. After a short row, we passed through what seemed to be a deep chasm, between two crags, which must have been very high, as the darkness between them was almost palpable, and in a few moments we were riding over the long swell of the open sea. We groped about in the mist for some time, till the position of the Dart was ascertained by the chaffing noise of one of her booms, when gliding softly up, with their sharp knives, they cut her cable, and she began to drift astern. The strictest silence was enjoined upon us all, so that had I moved or made the least noise, as I had intended, my life had been the forfeit. However, I had just made up my mind to run all hazards, when the flame of the gun gleamed through the fog. One of the pirates fell dead in the bottom of the boat, and in the hurried stir which this produced, I contrived to slip into the water.

"Now let me conjure you to take measures for the rescue of my poor sister. How she came into their power is a mystery. But my heart will break if she is not soon freed from these lawless men."

I informed the captain of Ponto's discovery, but he saw at once that it would be madness to attempt anything in our present situation, with sunken rocks around us, the breakers astern, and a thick mist wrapping all in obscurity.

At last, after a night of the most wearisome watching, the day dawned, and the mists returned to their mountain fastnesses. Burning for a brush with the desperadoes, we towed the Dart out of her critical situation and got her under sail. The launch and cutter were ordered out, but here we were at fault. The morning sunlight slept calmly on the forest-clad ridges and gray cliffs, and every irregularity and indentation of the shore were strongly shadowed forth; but not the least sign of harbor or anchorage could be seen, except under the rocky promontory we had just left, and every thing looked as forsaken and solitary as at Creation's birth. However, not doubting that we should be able to sift the mystery, the boats put off, with full and well-armed crews, and on nearing the shore discovered a narrow inlet, that wound in between two lofty cliffs, the one projecting out with a magnificent curve, so as entirely to conceal the channel until we approached within a few rods of the shore.

"We've got on the right scent of the old fox now, I think," said Waters.

"Speak low, gentlemen; if discovered, we may meet with a reception here not altogether so agreeable—I

don't like the appearance of those grave looking fellows yonder," said Dacres, pointing to four cannon mounted on a low parapet, with their muzzles bearing directly toward us.

"Why, the place is as silent as a grave yard," muttered the old cockswain of the cutter.

We advanced softly up the inlet, and found it to branch out into a broad basin. Here was explained the mystery of the Sea Sprite's sudden disappearance; this was the *Pirate's Retreat*, and from their escaping hither and into similar resorts known only to themselves, arose the many wild stories that were abroad respecting their supernatural prowess. Fifty well armed men might have defended the place against five hundred assailants, as there was only one point of the inlet susceptible of an attack. The entrance was not more than thirty feet in width—only sufficient for one vessel to enter at a time; but the water was bold and deep, with a sandy bottom. An enormous cavern yawned at the farther extremity of the basin, which Ponto immediately recognized as that where the pirates held their revel the previous night. But now the place was evidently deserted; the Sea Sprite had made her escape.

The crew of the barge were dispatched on shore to explore the premises, while we, as a *corps-de-reserve*, lay on our oars, with our fire arms loaded, ready for an emergency. While waiting, I had an opportunity of surveying the magnificent scene around me. We lay in the dead shadow of a beetling precipice of such immense altitude, that the snow-white morning clouds, as they floated onward, like messengers from heaven, swept its summit. Thousands of gray sea birds were sailing around their eyries, along its dark craggy sides far above us, while its hollow recesses reverberated their shrill cries, till to our ears they sounded like one continued scream. The cliffs all around were tumbled about in the most chaotic confusion, as if they had been upheaved by some tremendous throes of nature. Stunted forest-trees and brush-wood, with here and there a wild locust or banana, had gained a footing in the seams and fissures of the crags, and thick masses of the luscious mountain creepers, intertwined with wild flowering jessamine and grenadilla, fell in gorgeous festoons down the embattled heights, draping their rough projections in robes of the most magnificent woof.

Nearly opposite was a yawning ravine, filled with myriads of huge, shattered trees, ragged stumps, loose stones and gravel, which probably had been swept from the mountains, by the foaming torrents that rush down to the sea in the rainy months. The desolation of this scene was in a measure relieved by the quick springing vegetation that had found sustenance among the decayed trunks, and in the black earth that still adhered to the matted roots; so that green foliage, and wild flowers of the most brilliant dyes in sumptuous profusions, were waving and nodding over prostrate trees, which perchance a year before, had stood up in the pride of primeval lustihood, on the mountain ridges. Further back, beyond this gorge, the sloping steps were clothed with dark waving forests, stretching up their sides, till they faded into the blue haze resting on the mountain summits. The freshness of early day had not yet been dissipated. Among the undergrowth and brakes, on the tips of the tall sweeping guinea grass, and in the cups of the wild flowers, the pure dews hung in glittering globules, sparkling with brilliant prismatic tints, as they flashed back the glances of the rising sun. Calmness and repose reigned over the unequalled sublimities of the place; and although the billows were madly beating and roaring against the outer base of the crescent-like promontory, within, the water was silent and untroubled by a breath, reflecting in its depths the wild and gorgeous array of rock and verdure around, almost as unwavering as reality itself; and had it not been for the tiny wavelets that rippled up a small sandy beach, adorning the waters edge with a narrow frill of foam, its likeness to a broad sheet of glass had been perfect.

At length, after the premises had been thoroughly reconnoitred, the crew of the cutter were permitted to go on shore. They were soon reveling amidst the costly merchandize and the luxuries, with which the cavern was gorged.

"Holloa, Price!" said Waters to a fellow mid, as he came out of the cave, dragging an old hag of a woman after him, apparently much against her will; "I've found the presiding goddess of the place. Isn't she a Venus?"

"Wenus, indeed!" echoed the old beldame, "take that, young madcap, and larn better how to treat a lady!" administering a thwack on his ear that sent him staggering a rod from her.

Waters gathered himself together, and a general laugh took place at his expense.

"A fair representative of the amorous goddess—quite liberal with her love pats!" said Price in a tantalizing tone.

"Confound the old hag," muttered the discomfited mid, "if it were not a waste of good powder and ball, I'd make a riddle of her in the twinkling of a grog can!"

This female, and one man found wounded and languishing on his pallet, were the only denizens of the place.

"Cræsus! what havn't we here?" exclaimed Price, glancing over the medley of rich merchandize heaped together in one of the apartments of the huge cavern; "boxes of silks and satins, shashes, ribbons, lace, tortois shell!—whew—I say, Waters, what heathens are these pirates to let such a profusion of pretty gew-gaws lie here, which ought to be setting off the fairy forms of the Spanish lasses! Now, there's as handsome a piece of trumpery as one often sees," tying a delicate crimson silk *manta* about him—"as I'm a sinner I'll carry that home to Neil Gray! Ha! Burgundy wine?"

Inspiring—divine
Is the gush of bright wine;
'Tis the life, 'tis the breath of the soul,
'Tis the—the—

"Odds! but I must quicken my memory, and clear my pipes with a can of the critter to get into the spirit of song!"

He drew a beaker from the cask, and took a deep draught.

"Capital, by Jove!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "Try it, Waters, these fellows fare like princes."

"Bear a hand, Mr. Price, and don't set the men a bad example," thundered the first lieutenant, who had stationed himself as a sentinel outside.

In the meantime the men had not been idle. The sight of such a profusion of riches, all at their own mercy, had turned their brains, and the confusion that prevailed among the silks and finery, would have rivaled that of a London milliner's shop on a gala day.

But the voice of the lieutenant, as if by magic, restored them to order, and Waters ordered the most costly of the goods to be carried to the boats.

"An' ain't it Rosy McGran has found a nest o' the shiners," exclaimed a son of Erin, as he emerged, covered with dirt, from a small, deep cavity at the inmost extremity of the cavern, dragging after him a large bag of doubloons. "Ain't them the beauties Mlister Waters?—It's what they're as plenty there as parades in a parson's cellar."

Half a dozen similar bags were brought to light; besides which more than a score of boxes containing six dollars, and a great many parcels of coins of different nations, gold and silver, tied up in old pieces of canvass, were discovered.

"Some sport in sacking such a fortress as this," observed Price, "no blood and plenty of booty! By Jove, though, what a confounded pity it is we havn't a ship of some size, that we may load her with these silken goods? Our share of the prize money would be a fortune to us."

While the men were ransacking the cavern, I had climbed by a narrow foot path to the top of a lofty bluff. A small telescope, found in a hollow that had been worked in a rock, assured me that this served as a look out station. It commanded a wide view of the surrounding ocean, now tenanted only by the sunbeam and solitude, if I except the presence of the Dart, which sat *skimming* on the glittering swell, with her white wings outspread, like a huge sea bird stretching his pinions for flight.

* * * * *
 The boats shoved off, loaded gunwale deep with gold and silver, ivory, tortois-shell, and the most choice of the merchandize found in the cavern, and in fifteen minutes all was safely secured on board the schooner. After a short consultation, it was agreed on to run thence into the Pirates' Retreat, and there await the return of the Sea Sprite, deeming that the buccaneers would scarcely be long absent from the chief depository of their treasures. She was soon safely anchored in the basin. A look-out was stationed at the mouth of the inlet, while Ponto and Percy undertook, with the consent of the captain, the task of watching from the cliff. Waters was then sent with a party of men to explore the cavern more thoroughly, and before noon there was not a chink nor cranny of the place which had not been thrice overhauled. Immense treasures, in gold, silver and jewelry, were brought to light.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon, Percy gave the signal agreed upon for an approaching vessel, and directly after made his appearance on the beach, informing us that they had examined her carefully, and that there could be no mistaking her—it was the Sea Sprite.

"Strange!" said the captain; "I knew that they were brave—fearless to desperation, but I did not expect to see them show such fool-hardiness. However, they shall meet with a welcome reception. Mr. Dacres, see that all the men are on board, and have things put to rights for a brush. If I mistake not, there will be desperate work ere the rascal receives his deserts."

In a few minutes every thing was ready; the boats were got out forward, and the Dart was towed to the mouth of the inlet, remaining concealed.

The Sea Sprite, which could be seen from the outer edge of the rocks, stood gallantly in, driving a drift of snow before her, till within about a mile of the shore; when, as if she had discovered some signs of our presence, she wore round, hoisted her studd'n' sails, and stood away in a south-westerly direction.

"Pull away cheerily," said the captain to the men in the boats, who had lain on their oars in readiness.

Slowly the Dart emerged from her hiding place, the sails were squared round so as to present their broad surface to the wind, and away she darted in swift pursuit, like an eagle in quest of his prey. A stern chase, is proverbially a long one; and so it proved in this instance. The wind was light, and although we hung out every rag of sail, the sun was sinking beyond the sea when we approached within gun shot of the rover. Not a soul could be seen on her decks—she was worked as if by magic.

"Mr. Ramrod," said the captain, "clap a round shot into the long-tom, and let us see if we cannot make them show some signs of life."

Benjamin loaded the gun, and having got in poised to his fancy, applied the match. Away whizzed the iron messenger. The chips flew from the stern of the rover, and a swarm of grizzly heads, belonging to *bona fide* bodies, popped above the bulwarks, and then settled down again, like so many wild sea-fowl disturbed in their nests.

"Well done, Benjamin!—I see you have not lost any of your skill for lack of practice."

The pirate, at length finding it impossible to escape us, shortened sail.

"Now my men," said the captain, "to your duty! let every gun be double shotted—round shot and grape!"

By a well timed manœuvre, we ranged up under her stern. Our men stood with their arms extended, ready to apply their lighted matches.

"Fire!" thundered Satan West.

A storm of flame burst from our side, and the Dart reeled half out of the water under the recoil of the overloaded guns. The iron shower raked the pirate fore and aft, hurling those deadly missiles, the splinters, in every direction, and doing terrible execution on their deck. Two more such broadsides would have sent her to the bottom.

"Heim a-weather—jam hard!" roared the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and we wore round so as to present our other broadside to the enemy.

While this manœuvre was going on, the bows of the

Sea Sprite had fallen off in the wind, so as to bring us *à la* side by side, within half pistol shot. She returned the fire with a vengeance, and several of our brave tars fell wounded or slain to the deck.

"Ready! blaze away!"—but the sound of our captain's voice was lost in the thunder of the heavy ordnance.

The battle now commenced in real earnest. The cannon bellowed, small arms rattled, the combatants yelled, the dying groaned, the iron thunderbolt crashed, riving the vessel's oaken timbers, and a dense sulphur-cloud overspread the scene of furious commotion, so that we fought with an invisible enemy. We could see nothing save the streaming lightning of the cannon, or the fiend-like figures that worked our aftermost guns, begrimed with powder and blood, stripped nearly naked and sweltering in their eager toil.

As the smoke occasionally lifted, however, the battered bulwarks of the enemy, and the glimmering streaks along her black waist showed that our fire had been rightly directed; and the irregularity with which it was returned, told the confusion that prevailed on her decks. Several times we attempted to run her aboard, but they discovered our intentions in time to avoid us.

At length a discharge from the well directed gun of old Benjamin took effect on her fore-top. The top-mast came thundering down with all its rigging over the foresail. Having thus lost the benefit of her head sail, she rounded to, and her jib-boom came in contact with our fore-rigging.

"Now is our time!—into her, boarders!" roared Dacres leaping on the pirate's forecastle deck.

But the order was useless—they were already hard on his track. A close and desperate struggle now took place. Pistols cracked, sabres gleamed, and deadly blows were dealt on either side, till a rampart of slain and wounded was raised high between the furious combatants. Gloomy and dark as an arch fiend, the pirate leader raged among his men, urging them on with threats and curses, in a voice of thunder, and sweeping down all opposition before his dripping blade.

But Dacres, backed by his well-trained boarders, received them on the points of their pikes, with a coolness and bravery that made them recoil upon each other like surges from a rock-ribbed coast. Thus the fight continued with various success, till the attention of the buccaneers was arrested by an unearthly shout in the rear, and the tall figure of Percy was seen, laying about him with whirlwind impetuosity, his long untrimmed hair flying wildly in the commotion of the atmosphere, his features working with the madness that controlled him, and his dilated eyes flashing with a fierce unnatural fire upon his opponents. All quailed before him. Wherever his merciless arm fell there was an instant vacancy. Although a score of cutlasses were glancing, meteor-like around his person, as if by spell he remained uninjured.

At length his eye detected the pirate leader. Dashing aside all before him, with one bound he was at his side. The fierce chief stared in amazement at the sight of him whom he supposed many a league from the spot, if not dead, but quickly recovered his stern and gloomy bearing.

"Monster! where is she?" shouted Percy.

"Ask the sharks!" replied the captain, lunging at him with his sabre.

These were his last words. Percy, quick as thought, drew a pistol from his belt and fired into his face! He fell heavily to the deck, and the combatants closed around him as tempest-waves close over a foundering ship!

The pirates, now that their leader was slain, fought with less spirit, and the victory was soon decided in our favor. Sooth to say, it was dearly earned; and many who sought the battle with a quickened pulse, and eager for the strife, were that evening consigned to the waves. Of all the pirate's crew, consisting of nearly a hundred men, but thirteen remained unharmed, Heavens!—what a ghastly spectacle her decks presented! Fifty stalwart forms lay here, stiffened in death, or writhing in the agony of their deep wounds, severed and mangled in every way imaginable; and so slippery was the main deck that we could hardly cross

it, while the sea all around us was dled with the red waters of life, that gushed in a continuous stream from her scuppers.

On the fore-castle deck, where the last desperate struggle had taken place, I recognized many of our own crew among the lifeless heaps. Poor old Ramrod, the gunner, lay there, with the black blood trickling over his swarthy brow, from a bullet hole in his temple. He had died while the might of the battle was yet upon him—and the fierce scowl which he darted at his foes, still remained on his rigid features. His hand, even in the agonies of death, had not relinquished its firm grasp on his cutlass, and the gigantic form of a swart pirate, with his skull cloven down, close at hand, showed that it had been awayed to some purpose. Poor Benjamin! I could have wept over him. He had been in the service from his earliest days, and the scars of many a sanguinary fight were visible upon his muscular arms, and on his bronzed and powerful chest. My brave boy, Ponto, was there too, hanging pale and wounded over the brith of the bow-gun. He had followed me when we boarded, like a young tiger robbed of its mate. Although faint and helpless with the loss of blood, which belched at every heave of his bosom, from a deep sabre-wound in his shoulder, and which had completely saturated his checked shirt and his duck pantaloons, yet his firmness was unshaken. I ordered one of our men to take charge of him, until he could be looked to by the surgeon. "Not yet," faintly exclaimed the generous child, pointing to Menge, the boatswain, who lay wounded over a coil of the cable, with three or four grim looking buccaneers stretched dead across his chest, the blood from their wounds streaming into his face and neck—"look to him first, he may be suffocated."

"No, no, youngster," murmured the hardy Briton, "I'd do very well till my turn comes, if I had this ugly looking craft cast off from my gun deck and a can of water stowed away in my cable tier!"

After the prisoners were secured, I sought the cabin where I had ordered Ponto to be carried. It was a richly garnished room, with berth hangings of crimson, damask and amber colored silk, a gorgeous carpet from the looms of Brussels, and furniture in keeping. Opposite the companion-way hung a superb picture of the virgin mother and her infant, and over it a golden crucifix, while beneath, on a rosewood table, lay a guitar, implements for sketching, and various articles for female employment and amusement. Indeed, one might have supposed himself entering the boudoir of a delicate Spanish belle, rather than the domicile of a lawless rover. This I remember from the glance of a moment. My attention was drawn to the occupants of the place.

There lay my wounded boy, by the side of a silken sofa-couch, his face buried in the garments of a female stretched lifeless upon it, and over them bent the tall form of Percy gazing upon the group with a fixed, vacant stare, which told that suffering could wring his soul no longer—desolation and madness had come upon him. His attitude, the expression of his features, and the low convulsive sobs and broken murmurs of the boy at once explained the scene. The one had found a wife, the other a sister, in that inanimate form. I advanced nearer, in hopes that life might not be altogether extinct. The pale, dead face, upon which the mellow radiance of sunset streamed through the sky-light, was lovely as a seraph's. Her eyes were closed as if in sleep; the long braids of her bright hair lay undisturbed upon her marble forehead, and there was no appearance of violence, save where the sea green silk had been torn back from her bosom, as if in her dying agonies, displaying a dark puncture, as of a grape shot below the snowy swell of the throat, from which the crimson blood oozed, slowly trickling down over her white and rounded shoulder. She had probably been killed by our first raking broadside.

"Fire! fire!" shouted a dozen voices on deck. I sprang up the companion-way. The fore-hatch had been removed, and a dense volume of smoke was rolling up from below. A glance was sufficient to show that no effort of ours could save the vessel, and preparations were speedily made to rescue the wounded, and abandon her to her fate. It being impossible for

me to leave my duty on deck, I sent a trusty Hibernian to rescue my helpless boy, and to inform Percy of our situation. He returned with a rueful countenance.

"Ochone! Mr. Hackinsack," said the tender hearted fellow, "it almost made the salt wather come intil my een, to see the poor man and the beautiful kilt ledly—an' whin I tould 'em as how the schooner was burnin', and would be blown to Jerico in a twinklin', all he said was to give me a terrible, ferocious-like scowl and point with a loaded pistol to the companion; so I took his manin' an' left 'em."

Two messengers, sent to take him away by force met with no better success.

The flame was ready to burst out on every side, and from each chink and crevice around the hatches—which had been replaced and barred down—the smoke was darting up with the force of vapour from a steam engine. The deck had become so heated that it was painful to stand upon it—the fire was fast progressing toward the run where the magazine was situated. Thrice had the order been given to quit the burning vessel, but I could not forsake my friend without one more effort to rescue him from the terrible fate that awaited him, if left behind.

He still held the loaded pistol in his hand and sternly forbade my approach. Poor Ponto had fainted from grief and loss of blood, and lay across his sister's body. I sprang forward and raised him in my arms, regardless of the maniac's threats. The pistol banged in my ear, but fortunately the ball passed over me as I stooped, and I regained the companion-way without injury. By this time he had drawn another from his belt.

"Put away the pistol, and come with me," I urged, "the vessel is on fire and will soon be blown to atoms."

He looked at me with a grim stare for a moment, then burst into an idiotic laugh. That wild laugh is still ringing in my brain. "Ha! ha! ha!—Fire? fire? here it is writhing and colling!—here here!" dashing his hand against his forehead.

Perceiving that it was vain to reason with his madness, and fearing for the life of the wounded boy in my arms, I reluctantly left the hapless man to his fate.

The boat had already put off for the last time, but I succeeded in prevailing on them to return, and leaping in, soon reached the Dart in safety.

The night set in wild and black as Death. Disparted and ragged masses of cloud were rushing over the face of the heavens, where once again the soaring moon, and that same bright solitary star, would show their faces through the reeling rack, apparently flying from the scene of turmoil and death. The increasing wind howled mournfully through the rigging, and our battered hull staggered along the lanky main, writhing and shuddering on the surge, like a weary, wounded thing.

We followed in the track of the burning vessel, as she fled along before the gale, awaiting in breathless suspense the consummation of her wild career. The black smoke, interfulgent with tortuous tongues of lurid fire, rolled in immense volumes over her!—the red flames darted up her masts, along the spars and rigging, and gushed in swirling sheets from her ports and bulwarks, while in their fierce gleams, the billows that ramped and raved about her, glowed like a huge seething cauldron of molten iron, and the gloomy clouds that lowered above were tinged in their ragged borders, as with blood. Occasionally the jarring thunder of her cannon, as they became heated to explosion, announced to us the progress of the insidious destroyer.

But still a more thrilling spectacle awaited us. In the height of the conflagration, the hapless Percy, bearing his dead wife in his arms, emerged as it were from the very midst of the flames, and took a stand on the companion-way. So strongly was the tall, dark figure relieved against the glowing element, that his slightest gesture could not escape our scrutiny. While with one arm he spanned the waist of the supple corpse, which apparently struggled to escape from his grasp, he waved the other on high as if exulting in the whirl and commotion around him. He seemed like the minister of some dark rite of heathenism, pre-

paring to offer up a victim to the Moloch of his superstition.

At length arrived the dreadful moment! The black hull seemed to be lifted bodily out of the water. A volume of smoke burst over her like the first eruption from a volcano! A spire of flame shot up to the heavens, filling the firmament with burning fragments, while the clouds that overhung the sea were torn and scattered by the tremendous concussion. A crash followed—deep, bellowing boom, as if the solid globe had split asunder!—then all was darkness—dreary, void, silent as death!

LETTERS FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY.

Mess. EDITORS—I assure you it is the voice of nature which has prompted these letters, and as Power said, "Hers is the only voice which nivr towld a lie," and truth is never out of place when not too prosaic. I am aware that you literary men look with a jealous eye upon the productions of nameless ones, but should you make an exception in my behalf, and accept the "within" and open the door to a humble lodger, I should be very happy to continue a permanent *bono-der* and aid you in providing good entertainment. I pray you, however, do not visit the sins of the father upon his offspring, although it be not "a sinless child." I am unknown to you, although somewhat familiar with other quarters—this you may think egotism, but I think the work of the brain should be treated in the same way as that of the hands (to wit) if good, use it. However, if you kick me out I shall, as in duty bound to my superiors, kiss the rod and remain—Your obedient servant,

J. MATTER O'FACT.

P. S.—When my grey goose canters, I know not where to *stop*, so your printers can put a colon &c, as well as you, if you please, a long period to my effusions.

J. M. O'F.

MY DEAR COL.—Let me open the window. August is hot to day, and beside, the people are returning from church. I must watch them, for after three months seclusion in the country, one naturally returns to bustle and activity. A glass of soda water has given me relief; it is a great thing for authors to be warmed with their subject, but to be subjected themselves to other heat neutralizes all the good effects of the former. I strolled down Broadway last evening; it was quite full, the late rains have given the residents at the Springs *too much water*, and the boats down are as much crowded, as those were who headed up some months ago. For the past two or three weeks, the milliners and apprentices have held possession of the promenade; now they are leaving for the Bowery. Truly we are republicans; have we not a dollar side to our streets and a sixpenny also?—do we not rather roast upon the former than be seen loitering in the shade upon the latter? Strange that notoriety and obscurity should be only one step from each other.

I wish you to visit Gotham before the ice-cream season is past. There is a delightful reminiscence of Moorish times to be found just opposite the site of the old Log Cabin. It is called the Alhambra—floor of marble, immense canopy of blue, fountain in the centre, etc., etc.; but you must see for yourself. It is one of the things which keep New York from being forgotten during the reign of the dog star. I stepped in the aforesaid Moorish pavillion the other evening, and while discussing the merits of a "Roman," heard the following conversation: Gent No. 1 to Gent No. 2—"Will you, sir, please lift your chair from this lady's dress." Gent No. 2, affecting not to hear, request re-

peated and this time answered. Gent No. 1, growling in a "sotto voce," "They say this is a remnant of Moorish times—I find nothing but *Boorish* manners."

There is every prospect of a splendid theatrical season. Simpson, in Europe, is securing several stars, among whom, Macready is mentioned. In anticipation of so distinguished an arrival, the princely owners of the Park have been repairing and refitting. Lord knows it needed it; for while the Arts flourished within, they languished without; and the lamp posts seemed running a race with the front wall as to which would be in ruins first—the amount is they have both lost—lost the bet, but gained fresh looks. After all, Mitchell is the man for me. While the legitimate drama is moonstruck by the stars, we may as well have the best and most unique of the illegitimate which can be furnished, and Mitchell is the best furnishing undertaker in that line. You, as well as I, have enjoyed ample proofs of his mirth-moving propensities, and there is no need of expatiating farther upon "that score."

How get you on with your gardening operations? Faith, if you had any weeds left for future battle, the last rain has drowned them all. What an ignominious fate they met, if such be the case—drowned in the stocks, nor left to float with the current. How, too, is our little squirrel, which I left you playing with at my last visit? Take good care of him—I shot the mother, and would have ended his career, but he seemed to throw such a look of compassion upon me that I was compelled to forbear, and so we reared him; don't let him get into bad company. Keep him from the enticements of that pussy "Lucy Long," and the allurements of your pointer Cupid. He is too young, depend upon it, to suffer by the dart of the god. Give him a plentiful supply of nuts as they fall, for he must not suffer in his confinement. Nutting is a pleasant task to any one; I found it much more agreeable than eating the fruit as gathered by foreign hands. He, however, may think differently, and it is all the same whether you eat them or the squirrel—*except*, as the school boy says, you will have a dyspepsia thereafter.

The cool weather will soon lay an embargo upon your boating excursions—never mind, the memory of the past will supply their place. Think of dear Amy Lee (not the virtuous young market woman whose father went to his country seat at Sing Sing, as Mitchell bath it) who always accompanied us upon the Hudson—think that you are still seated in the stern, one hand grasping the rudder, the other the tender white hand which proved a much better helm. Think, too, that I am seated rowing for your pleasure, so far distant from the scene of your operations that I shall fail to mark the tender pressure, and the sigh low breathed, and the soft love whisper. Ah, my dear Colonel, you were dreadfully mistaken when you thought there were no listeners. Sly dog as you were, your waterman had better ears than Cupid, your pointer, and heard every word. Never mind, we are old friends, and the secrets shall lie buried within the river which gave birth to them—and it was that which gave them birth. Had there been no moon to ride in silver car over the rippling Hudson—no frowning palisades to inspire the romantic, you bachelor timidity would never have found relief. Put that in your pipe and smoke it—the whole letter if you will; don't smoke *me*, however, at least until we have met once more as Rovers at another issue—Ever yours,

JACOB MATTER O'FACT.

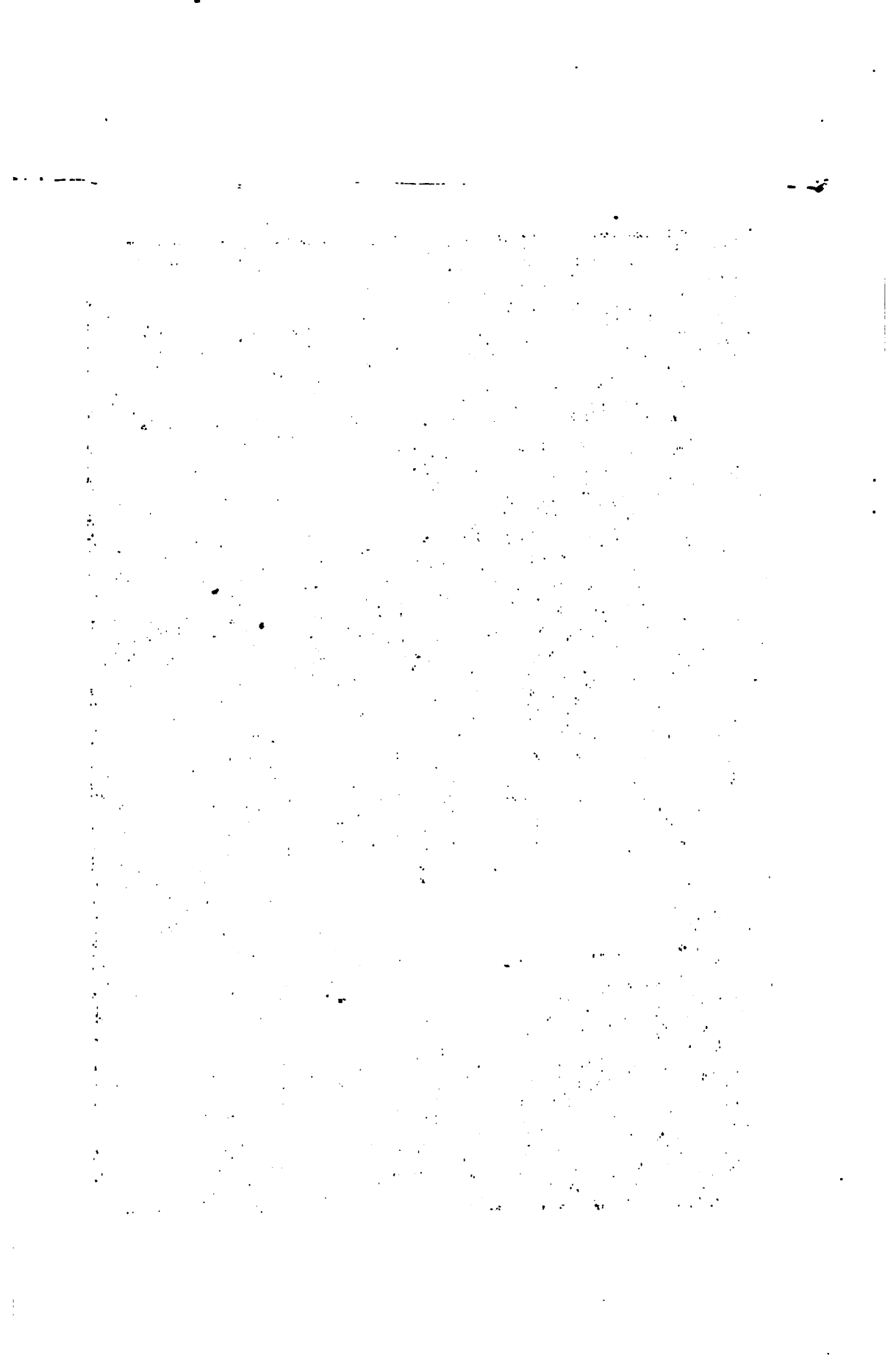
LOAFERS' LODGE, No. —, August 20th, 1843.



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The Two Sisters

THE RAVEN



T H E R O V E R .

With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught; And how to draw the picture of a thought.

THE WATER.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.*

How beautiful the water is!
Did'st ever think of it,
When down it tumbles from the skies,
As in a merry fit?
It jostles, ringing as it falls,
On all that's in its way—
I hear it dancing on the roof,
Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
And it hath longed to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,
The flowret's simple grace,
As if to chide the pretty thing
For dust upon its face.
It scours the tree till every leaf
Is free from dust or stain,
Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd,
And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is trickling down,
To kiss the stirring brook,
The water dimples from beneath
With its own joyous look;
And then the kindred drops embrace,
And singing on they go,
To dance beneath the willow tree,
And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!
It loves to come at night,
To make you wonder in the morn
To see the earth so bright;
To find a youthful gloss is spread
On every shrub and tree,
And flowrets breathing on the air
Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,
It loves the flowret's cup,
To needle 'mid the odors there,
And fill its petals up;
It hangs its gems on every leaf,
Like diamonds in the sun;
And then the water wins the smile
The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be,
If water sparkles there—
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight;
And every heart is gladder made
When water greets the sight.

*Mrs. Seba Smith.

Original.

THE COQUETTE AND THE TWO SUITORS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

BY SEBA SMITH.

WHAT an exquisite piece of humanity is the finished coquette! Oh, but does n't she tease the beaux, though?

"I guess she does, a few," said Ichabod, to whom my remark was addressed.

Well, is n't she a queer thing? I mean one of your real handsome, bright, brilliant, heartless flirts. Is there anything in heaven or earth that is at all like her?

"I should n't look in them are places, if I wanted to find something most like her," said Ichabod, giving his quid an extra turn in his mouth.

Should n't look in heaven or earth for her likeness? Where then, pray, would you look?

"In that are 'tother place, down below," said Ichabod very gravely.

What is there to liken her to, there?

"Well, the very old feller himself, if you please," said Ichabod; "him that some folks call Belzebug."

Ah, now you are getting rather too savage, Ichabod. But how do you prove that a coquette is anything like Belzebug?

"Because she goes about like a roaring lamb seeking whom she may devour."

Well, there's no getting over that logic, Ichabod, nor round it neither; that's a fact. But is there nothing on earth that is like her?

"Why, yes," said Ichabod; "you may liken her to a frolicking boy, if you please, who draws a string about the floor among a flock of kittens. The kittens, you know, will creep up softly and carefully toward the string, and their eyes will grow fiery, and their heads will turn round and round, whichever way the string turns; and when they fetch a desperate spring to get hold of it, the boy gives the string a whisk, away out of their reach, and then they turn about and cry 'mew,' and are all ready to be teased again."

Capital! Ichabod; your smiles are irresistible. But now you have succeeded so well on the earth, and in that other place down below, suppose you try to grow more elevated, and see if you can't find a likeness above too. Say now, don't a bright-eyed, beautiful, languishing, fascinating coquette remind you of the angels in heaven?

"No, not exactly the angels in heaven," said Ichabod, "but she reminds me at the same time of the Saviour in Heaven and a fallen angel in that nameless lower sphere."

How so, Ichabod? How can she possibly remind you at the same time of two spiritual natures so entirely opposite?

"Why, I'll tell you," said Ichabod. "When some poor bewildered mortal has become entangled in the snare of her blandishments, she leads the dizzy and dazzled captive up into the high places of the affec-

tions, and shows him all the kingdoms of her charms, tempting him forty days, and when he falls down to worship her she turns up her nose or laughs in his face and says, get thee behind me, Satan."

Seems to me, Ichabod, that this is what I should call rather a mixed metaphor.

"I can't help that," said Ichabod; "there 'tis, and you may call it what you are a mind to."

But what has this to do with Miss Laura Matilda Peachblossom, that you began to tell me something about? We have been dealing altogether in generals; I should like to come down to particulars now. Detail, individuality, Ichabod, is always the most interesting. The lone sufferer in the solitary wilderness, sick, wounded, or dying, with only a faithful dog perhaps to watch over him, and witness his expiring struggles, excites our sympathies more than a whole army of soldiers cut down in a heap, and dying by thousands. That Laura Matilda is a real peeler isn't she?

"Peeler!" said Ichabod, "I guess you may well say that, for she peels the skin off the hearts of the beaux that flock around her, as fast as an Irish cook would peel potatoes."

Ichabod, you shall be made professor of rhetoric in the first new college that is established. Your eloquent illustrations surpass any thing I ever heard. But how is it that Miss Laura Matilda peels hearts with so much skill and rapidity?

"Well, I'll just tell you," said Ichabod, "how she did up a couple of 'em last night. Poor things, how I did pity them. I didn't know for awhile but the skin of my own heart would all peel off of itself, just out of sympathy for them."

Charles Fitzgerald Stanley, you know Charles, called early in the evening. Laura was of course dressed in the pink of the mode; she always is when she sees callers; and she took her seat in her large lolling chair, pointing Charles to a seat just before her. And if they didn't have a cozy happy time for about two hours, I'm mistaken. I was walking about in the next room nursing a cold, and as the door was open I couldn't help having a glance occasionally that showed me how the game went on. She leveled the whole artillery of her charms upon him; flashing eyes, rosy cheeks, dimpled chin, white teeth, bewitching smiles, all were brought to bear, and all did execution. And then her languishing, confiding, coaxing air did the business for poor Charles. His mind was made up, he was in his kingdom come; I have no doubt he believed in his very soul that they should be married in a fortnight.

Charles had risen to go, and was leaning against the mantel with his cane in one hand and his hat in the other, saying a few more agreeable things before parting, when the bell rung and the servant came tripping in to tell Miss Laura that Mr. Richard Wise had called.

Oh, dear, said Laura, is that stupid fellow here again? Why he was here last evening, and staid till I was so tired of him I thought I should have to tell him to go. But I must see him I suppose; ask him in. These remarks, of course, except the last, were all directed to Charles, and not the servant.

In a moment Richard was ushered in, and shook hands with Miss Laura with a great deal of familiarity and warmth. Charles was a little surprised at the apparent cordiality and warmth of manner with which Laura received Richard, but still he set it down to the credit

of her amiable disposition and her unwillingness to wound his feelings.

After a slight recognition of Charles, who was still leaning against the mantel, Richard very coolly took his seat in the vacant chair, and commenced an animated conversation with Laura, the whole of which showed that he felt himself very much at home. Charles was very much disgusted at his conduct, and looked upon him with the most perfect contempt. He had almost a good mind to insult him at once and make him leave the house, as a particular favor to his adorable Laura.

Miss Laura was leaning back in her chair, and flourishing a screen before her face, which enabled her to look at either of the suitors, as she pleased, and at the same time hide her own face from the other. When her screen was held so Charles could not see her face, she would bestow her most fascinating smiles and confiding looks upon Richard, and then give a frown and a wink the other way, as much as to say to Richard, "I wish that Charles was in the East Indies." And then she would change the position of the screen and converse with Charles, with such soul-beaming eyes and gentle loveliness, that he fairly believed her heart was all his, and then her winks and nods in the other direction convinced him that she felt Richard to be a most intolerable bore. If it had not been for the rudeness of the thing in the presence of a lady, he would at once have kicked him out of the house. At any rate he would not leave the house while that impudent intruder remained there.

Almost the same thoughts were passing through the mind of Richard. He regarded himself as the especial favorite of Laura, and considered the conduct of Charles in loitering there so long as the coolest piece of impudence he had ever seen.

This state of things continued from half past ten, the time that Richard came in, till half past twelve, when old Mrs. Peachblossom sent the servant in to tell Miss Laura that her father wished to speak with her. At this hint, the two suitors took their leave, both casting heavenly smiles upon Miss Laura, and the most awful frowns upon each other. Laura flirted away to her room with an air that showed she didn't care the crack of her fan for either of them."

Well, what'll be the end of it, Richard?

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Richard, "they are such courageous, blood thirsty fellows, to hear before-to-morrow night that it had ended in a duel."

BEN BLOWER'S STORY; OR, HOW TO RELISH A JULIF.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It was the cholera season of 1834. I was lost in my cogitations as I reclined upon the settee of a steamer, slipping the balmy corrective of the drastic Mississippi waters, whose yeasty current foamed around me. Methought, as I looked upon what many then considered the great fluid agent of the pestilence throughout the growing south-west—methought a man must be there, in that greasy-fumed, over-crowded boat, beneath that scorching sky—there, where the great gloomy river writhed its turbid way amid endless swamps of cypress—a man must be there, in that desolate wilderness, alone—for that heated, random crowd was not society, though it robbed one of the elevating-sense of solitude in a scene so vast—alone—anxious and ailing, and but now almost completely disheartened by a long struggle amid jostling passengers to get his chance for a cooling draught at "the

bar;" he must, in short, be situated exactly as I was, to realize the full and perfect relishment of a julep!

I had yet to learn that I knew not the consummate condition of julep drinking.

There was a buzz among the passengers, as if some new event had turned up to vary the monotony of the day. "Are you sure that's THE FLAME over by the shore?" asked a man near me, of one of the deck-hands.

"Certing, manny! I could tell her pipes acrost the Mazoura." [The name "Missouri" is thus generally pronounced upon the western waters.]

"And you will overhaul her?"

"Won't we though! I tell ye, stranger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar bar! I have in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-ahead into us to cut off The Flame from yonder pint, or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander, who, intensely interested, in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boiler-room; "I've chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder barrel!"

"Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben to me, as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the boiler?"

"Certing! Don't folks sometimes go into bilers, manny?"

"I should think there'd be other parts of the boat more comfortable."

"That's right; poking fun at me at once't; but wait till we get through this brush with the old Flame, and I'll tell ye of a regular fixing scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's Ben Blower."

The hoped-for "race" did indeed, much to my personal comfort, prove but "a brush;" and I lighted a cigar, with a tolerable assurance of being able to smoke it out in quiet before our boat could have another chance of testing the strength of her boiler; while the worthy Ben took up his story with that spirit and earnestness which is often called out mesmerically by attentive listening.

"You have seen the Flame, then, afore, stranger? Six year ago, when new upon the river, she was a real out and outer, I tell ye. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes, I belonged to her at the time of her great race with the "Go-liar." You've heern, mayhap, of the blow-up by which we lost it? They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fiz of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivets, which loosened a biler plate or two, and let out a thin spirting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out of the way. Well, the "Go-liar" took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran new start. There was some carpenter's work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way—we had worked hard—the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now—we might take that afternoon to ourselves; but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airy, and we'd all come out new. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the hands."

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying his language in its original Doric force, will not hesitate to give the rest of his singular narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I regained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything, and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion, had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing

out, I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole,' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler,) through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arm thrust so far into the aperture that I received a pretty smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effect and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word, I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer, I would have had all that man could desire; as it was, I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention, though, that, before closing my eyes, I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the farther end of the boiler, then again I had crawled back to the manhole, to put my hand out and feel that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the farther end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps; besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place—it always gives a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should suffocate in an empty church, if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather—much worse. Men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them anywhere, so long as they didn't feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world! and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out west. But I have seen folks upon the river—quiet looking chaps, too, as ever you see—who were so teetotally *caranakteranakterous* that they'd shoot the doctor who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they *must* get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you or I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life, if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave it or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did—awakened to find darkness about him—darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife—heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and, scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black—closed—black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him—closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air in—why—why, he'd 'a *swounded* right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own it to no white man."

The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow as he now paused for a moment in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his hand over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless, I don't kwon. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit—more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep—Yes, I slept, I know *that*, for I dreamed—dreamed a heap o' things afore I awoke; there is but one dream, however, that I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and that must have come on shortly before I recovered my consciousness. My resting-place through the night had been, as I have told you, at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now dreamed that the manhole was still open—and, what seems curious, rather than laughable, if you take it in connexion with other things, I fancied that my legs had been so stretched in the long walk I had taken the evening before, that they now reached the whole length of the boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought that no one could now shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becom-

ty, each had her band of adherents, and each too had her favorite herb, that must be administered in all cases, regardless of the nature of the complaint. Mrs. Martin rested her claims to distinction on hyssop, while thorough-wort supported that of the Widow Byles. A warm and hardly decorous discussion took place between these rival powers, to the great annoyance of Mr. Tuttle, and to the agony of his wife. The anxiety of the latter, however, soon predominated over her reverence for these learned professors; and, fearful that ere they had agreed upon a remedy there would be no patient to receive it, she dispatched a messenger in all haste for Doctor Snaggs.

And she had good grounds for alarm, for Tuttle's skin was to the touch like that ignited coal, which the learned called Anthracite. It was as if the heat of all the flip he had ever drank were now concentrated and glowing upon his husky skin, without one particle of its moisture. To add to her fears, he began to fancy himself in the bar-room of the Mug and Poker. "A second mug, landlord!" he exclaimed, "give it a good sizzle and charge it to Fillebrown!" At another moment, he would break out with a few bars of his Anthem, and then threaten to annihilate Tarbox with his own fiddle.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the afternoon ere Doctor Snaggs made his appearance. As he entered the room his step was slow and measured, as a Doctor's step of right ought to be; and, without uttering a syllable, he approached and fixed his eye steadfastly upon the patient. At length he enquired, "what is the state of the viscera, Master Tuttle?"

"If B be fiat, Mi is on E."

"Ha! erratic," said the Doctor, "I must contrive somehow to get a peep at his tongue."

At this Master Tuttle started up, and having sounded the pitch, he sung in a loud voice

"Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews!"

At the second line he stopped suddenly; then muttered as he sunk upon his pillow, "no matter, no matter, I have the Latin tongue; and egad! how I'll gabble with Virgil in the Elysian fields."

Immediately Dr. Snaggs seized the patient's wrist with one hand; and resting his chin upon the large cane which he held in the other, he cast his eye upward. There was a deathlike stillness. Mrs. Tuttle ceased bathing her husband's temples, and watched the Doctor with an anxious look; and even between the rivals, there was a cessation of hostilities, so great was their solicitude to learn the result of the Doctor's examination. While thus observing him, they noticed a tremulous motion of the lips, and then an ominous shake of the head, which expressed stronger than words, the perilous situation of the patient. "Wiry," at length he uttered, "wiry, wiry!" and then turning toward Tuttle, he asked, "dont you know me?"

"Know thee! that I do. Thou hast been murdering my Anthem with a pumpkin vine, and it is a States Prison matter—carcer, carceris as I say to my scholars."

"Alarmingly out!" exclaimed Snaggs; "astonishing aberration! I should have been called sooner. At this late period, I hardly feel willing to take the responsibility. It is a critical case Mrs. Martin. It is a critical case Mrs. Byles."

Both ladies nodded assent.

"It is by all means expedient," continued the Doctor, "that we retire immediately for consultation. Perhaps by our united efforts, we may yet replace the band upon the wheel."

"Do you think it's off, Doctor?" enquired Mrs. Martin.

"Off! Why I hear the whiz. The wheel moves with so much velocity, that even now the gudgeon would burn your hand."

"Gracious!" said the widow, "he will be all of a torch."

Dr. Snaggs now led the way to an adjoining room, and the medical trio prepared, with closed doors, to investigate the nature of the complaint, and to devise if possible, some mode of removing it.

The only furniture in this apartment, consisted of two trunks and an arm chair. This last was appropriated by the Doctor to his own use; and having crossed his legs, he again elevated the cane, till it came in contact with his chin. This was his invariable practice, when it became necessary to exert some of the higher faculties; as if the neck were too feeble for the ponderous thoughts about to be conjured up, unless strengthened by this additional prop. The trunks were placed on the right and left of the arm chair, and so arranged that each formed an obtuse angle with it; thus affording a convenient seat for the ladies.

"There is one thing, Doctor," said Mrs. Martin, "that I can tell you beforehand; and that is, I shall never consent that Master Tuttle take markerry—it's an awful poison."

"O Doctor Snaggs never gives any outlandish drugs," rejoined the widow. "He always begins with bleeding." Now this was the fact, and had he been first in attendance, he would have practiced as usual, and perhaps in this instance with some beneficial result. But he was piqued on finding that Mrs. Tuttle had first sent for such "old geese" as he called them; and having some doubts of the patient's recovery, he deemed it safer for his reputation to leave him to their care.

"Doctor, did you hear the widow Byles?" resumed Mrs. Martin. "She says you are always for bleeding."

"Only in the incipient stages Mrs. Martin—before I hear the whiz of the internal wheel that I spoke of. Take the patient at that moment, and a dash at the temporal artery replaces the band. But I fear this is now too late; and besides you have probably done everything that would have a tendency to put the machine again in order."

"We have done nothing," said Mrs. Martin, "absolutely nothing—I am ashamed to say it. But the widow Byles was so opposed to anything likely to—"

"Opposed!" cried the widow, "how can you say so! Didn't I advise a dose of thoroughwort, the moment I entered?"

"Think of that Doctor Snaggs," rejoined Mrs. Martin; "now was there ever! Only think of thoroughwort, when hyssop has so much more virtue in it."

"Dr. Snaggs," vociferated the widow, "isn't thoroughwort a great deal more sarching?"

"Mrs. Byles, it is a most excellent febrifuge—it is like oiling the gudgeon."

"There!" exclaimed the widow triumphantly.

"Dr. Snaggs," demanded her rival, "what do you think of hyssop?"

"Mrs. Martin, it is a most excellent febrifuge—it is like oiling the gudgeon."

"There! I knew so. And now Doctor which would you give in Master Tuttle's case?"

The Doctor hesitated a little and pressed harder upon the cane. He was aware that each had her advocates—that there were Bylites and Martinites. He was aware, too, that no physician could practice in Tabbyville with any hope of success, unless patronised by each of the contending powers. He had some faint recollection, moreover, of having read about a certain Scylla and Charybdis. Instead, therefore, of giving a direct answer, he began to expatiate on the virtues of the vegetable kingdom, and then endeavored to change the subject by alluding to the epidemic at the Lower Corner.

But Mrs. Martin was not to be eluded so easily. She had the organ of perseverance, and brought him back to the question at issue.

"Well," said the Doctor; "medical writers affirm, and here I certainly agree with them, that in affections of the cerebrum, they should give freely of hyssop."

"There!" screamed Mrs. Martin.

"But," continued he, "in affections of the cerebellum, they should give freely of thoroughwort."

"There!" shouted her rival.

"But in the case of Master Tuttle, as disease appears to be seated in both organs, I—I—should prepare a decoction of both herbs, and either mix, or minister alternate doses."

As he concluded, he rolled his eyes in the direction of Mrs. Martin, and then back again in the direction of the widow Byles. He saw at a glance, that his opinion was satisfactory to all concerned—that he was

safe; and resolved on keeping so, he pulled out his watch, started up as he noticed the hour, and remarked, that the situation of a distant patient rendered his immediate departure necessary. "I have this to console me," he added, as he closed the door; "I couldn't possibly leave Master Tuttle in safer hands."

"What a treasure we have in Dr. Snaggs," said Mrs. Martin.

"A real treasure," responded the widow.

CHAPTER IV.

Notwithstanding the combined virtues of hyssop and thoroughwort, Master Tuttle's cerebral excitement continued for several days after the consultation, when it was followed by such complete exhaustion, that the abdominal regions became torpid, and the Chorister himself, with returning consciousness, was convinced, that his days were numbered.

"My dear," said he to his distressed wife who had remained constantly by his couch during his illness, "my dear, I am approaching my finale, and that speedily—*moriturus, moritura, moriturum*, as I say to my scholars. But I shall leave you with our good Parson here, in whom you will always find a friend and adviser. Parson, be kind to Dolly for my sake. To be sure, she and I have not always formed a perfect chord, and on the whole I am glad of it. A dissonance, now and then, is according to the principles of the art—it heightens the effect. A matrimonial duet, Parson, made up altogether of thirds and fifths would be as insipid as small beer. Now, Dolly furnished an occasional seventh."

Poor Mrs. Tuttle knew nothing of music, but she felt that his expressions were those of kindness, and she sobbed audibly.

"Master Tuttle," replied the Parson, "as it regards your wife, I shall endeavor to imitate your example. In that respect, and I trust in most others, you have the consolatory reflection of having discharged your duty."

"I have always endeavored to," responded Tuttle. "I think, Parson, you always found me in the gallery on the Sabbath, and on Fast and Thanksgiving Day."

"Always."

"And in selecting the tune, you always found me adapting the sound to the sentiment."

"Always."

"Yes, Parson Briggs; no man can say that when you gave out your old favorite,

Naked as from the earth we came,

I ever tried it in Majesty or Sherburne. Yes, I believe I can say, that in psalmody I am at home—*domus, domus vel domi*, as I say to my scholars. Poor fellows! how they will miss me in the Classics."

"They will, indeed, Master Tuttle; but give yourself no uneasiness on their account. We shall endeavor to find one who will be faithful to his trust, and who will water the seed you planted."

"But who can fill my place in the Choir; and what will be said of the Dedication, if they should fail in the Anthem. Ah! Parson; an awful responsibility rests on the Chorister upon that day. But why lament, when I myself shall hear such glorious sounds—when I shall be with Tubal Cain, and David, and Asaph, and Handel, and Billings, and Maxim."

"I trust," rejoined his friend, "that you will be where the weary are at rest."

"Rest! rest!" cried Tuttle; "that reminds me of the Anthem. There are fifteen bars rest in the part assigned to Captain Tarbox, and he will be sawing away, and upon the wrong chord, too. There must be another rehearsal, and it must be here, under my direction."

"Husband, you must not think of it. You are too weak for such a trial, and you need repose."

"Wife, my fame rests upon that Anthem. Do you think I could rest in my grave while Tarbox was grinding *ad libitum*? Ah! here's Dr. Snaggs. Tell me if Slocumb has arrived yet. Why tarry the wheels of his chariot, when not only the alto, but the viol must devolve on him."

"He is below," said Snaggs, but as you needed a little quiet, I thought it best that he should remain there."

"You did, hey! and this you call smoothing my dying pillow!—*pulvinar, pulvinaris*, as I say to my scholars. Doctor, I must have another drill on the Anthem; I owe it to the name of Tuttle. I will have another drill; so get your instrument, and bring here Captain Tarbox, and Snoodles, and the Choir."

It was in vain that Doctor Snaggs remonstrated, that the Parson entreated, that Mrs. Tuttle wept. On this point he was obstinate, and was in such distress at their reluctance to gratify him, that it was at last deemed advisable to call them in.

"Now, raise me up," exclaimed the Chorister, "when the members of the orchestra, who had been a long time in assembling, and still longer in the endeavor to get in tune, at last made their appearance, followed by a number of the Choir."

"Joe Slocumb, this is kind," said he, as he attempted to grasp his hand. "I have had you constantly in my mind's eye, ever since our meeting at the Mug and Poker. Alas! there we shall meet no more; but on your return, I charge you to take one mug to the memory of Tuttle—and Joe, mind and tell the Major to give her a good bead. And now my friends, as the time is short, let us sound. There, Captain Tarbox, you are too flat—another turn on the A—there. And Captain Tarbox, bear in mind, that, on the passage 'we will go,' you have fifteen bars' rest."

"Ay, ay," said Tarbox, "I am to ground on the bar."

And now," resumed the Chorister, "let us commence the symphony; *largo et affettuoso*.

This, together with the duet and trio, was then executed with tolerable correctness, and had a sensible effect on Master Tuttle. It seemed to reanimate him, for his eye exhibited an uncommon lustre, and his head, at the commencement of each bar, moved regularly forward, like that of the Chinese Mandarin of the toy shop.

"*Dulce et pia*," continued he, "as Slocumb was preparing to sing his alto solo. The words were, 'peace be within these walls; and although his manner was directly the reverse of that suggested by Tuttle, and with a twang exceedingly nasal, yet such was the accuracy of his time, that he drew from the composer an approving nod."

"Friends," said the latter, "you have done well. But recollect, that we are now to begin the chorus—the grand chorus, without which the rest is nothing, and upon which my fame as a composer must float down to posterity. Don't forget to begin with the rising beat, and especially to bear lively upon the parts. Commence—good—forte—excellent—lively upon the parts—plenteousness, ple—enteousness within thy palaces—lively!—lively!—hallelu— there was an unearthly shriek—he fell backward, with his lips quivering as if struggling to prolong the shout—his uplifted arm dropped powerless, and—Tuttle was no more.

Portland, Maine.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN OLDEN TIME.

But who art thou,
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the World of dreamy gloom that flies
In the misty depth of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair giri—thou hast loved too well—
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell—
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaired for thy priceless worth.

HEMANS.

In a retired avenue in the rear of Washington street, and near the ever to be remembered "Old South," stands a venerable pile, surmounted by the uncouth figure of a grim son of the forest, yet known as the Province House. This building was once the gay head quarters of the Commander-in-Chief of England's colonial troops. Yes, that antique relic of a departed age, where now the busy and important "cit" resorts to enjoy his "Havanah," and recruit his temporal man with life's luxuries, was in olden time, the proud court of a king's military ambassador.

Some six months after the incidents preceeding, were seated round a table in this mansion, a few gay young officers of the English army. Mirth and hilarity

seemed to reign triumphant. Among the number not the least conspicuous, sat Lord Arthur B——; and if the "human face divine" be an index of the heart, he would have been pronounced the happiest one of the group.

"My Lord of B——," said young Col. G., a conceited and good humored officer, "what a lucky dog are you! And then the mortification and envy you have caused a score of others by your good fortune. Pon honor, I was just on the point of attempting an assault upon her myself. A lovely wife—and what is better, a plum by the way of settlement on your marriage—a fine prospect for a king's officer in the cursed Yankee land. I wish to heaven there was another wealthy and beautiful loyal nymph hereabouts. I would make her happy, as I live, for we have nothing else to lay seige to at present." A roar of merriment followed the colonel's confident speech.

"My gallant colonel," said a more grave major, "I fear you will never succeed in your feminine steges. You always get the lucre foremost in the articles of war. Believe me you will never gain a damsel's heart by counting her daddy's breeches pocket."

"Dont be too hard, my good major; my mind wanders to that which is most needed. These Yankee sharpers can drain British purses, even though they excel in nothing else. But let us drop this, and drink to the fair Miss L——, and our Lord Arthur, not forgetting the approaching festivity, which thank heaven, will be one bright spot in our career."

We leave this merry company, and return to the quarters of Lord B——. Seated on a couch in his apartment is the youthful messenger, Eugene. But how changed since the eventful night of his arrival! A few months of deep corroding anguish had wrought a fearful contrast in his form: The jetty and short curling hair is thrown aside, and from the fair brow flow luxuriant locks of beautiful auburn. The flashing, tearful eyes, the flushing cheeks, the firmly closed lips and heaving bosom reveal to the reader the ardent, devoted lady Julia. Near at hand stands regarding her with respectful look, the valet Ralph. After a long and agonizing indulgence in her woe, the lady raised her head and spoke: "For this painful confirmation of my suspicions I thank thee, my kind Ralph. Now that his falsehood is truly unmasked—now that I feel he has filled my cup of bitterness to the brim—I will witness with my own eyes these blasting events to my own young hopes. O, Ralph, what have I not sacrificed for this man!—this base hearted monster! Have I not suffered exile from my native land, and passed even the bounds of my sex to behold his smile—to breathe the same air that is charmed by his presence? Have I not sacrificed home, friends, comfort, perhaps my own proud name, for this false wretch?"

"True, madam. But cannot your feigned report of loss of fortune, and your great distance—the long period since his leaving England—be some atonement for his master's untruth?"

"No, Ralph, this will not atone for wrongs like mine. It was but a foolish romantic whim of mine to witness its effect on him; for this I bore to him my own letters, and oh! the love and devotion he showed on my thirly spirit on that night of our meeting. Little knew he who listened and feasted on his very word. Had the fond delusion of that night existed unbroken for one short week, how gladly would I have thrown off all disguise and surrendered myself, my fortune, and my whole soul to him. But to be thus cast off, slighted and forgotten! Shall the last of my proud and ancient line be thrown aside by him who once thought, lived and breathed but in my presence, and all this for an acquaintance of an hour! No Ralph, I have fed upon his bounty like a dog, and of late his very bruta has had more smiles and looks than the neglected and despised Eugene. But I have passed the bounds of maiden honor, from shame and an insulted spirit there is no retreat. There yet remains revenge—revenge such as woman's wrongs and woman's heart can only dream! My kind Ralph you have been faithful to me; be silent yet and leave." Another flood of scalding tears burst from her wild and flashing eyes, and she bent her aching head upon the couch in silent agony.

Bright and joyous was the festival scene on the night

destined for the marriage of Lord Arthur B. and the lovely Miss H. Her father's mansion was filled with fair ladies and gay officers of the king, "and the bright lamp shone o'er bright women and brave men." Sweet music filled the hall, and proud figures, clad in scarlet and gold, blended with those of virgin whiteness, flirted through the mazy figures of the giddy dance. All present appeared joyful and light-hearted save one. In the deep recess of a window stood a pale boy. An unnatural brightness beamed from his dark eyes, yet he seemed not to note the gaily before him. The gushing melody that floated through the brilliant apartment, and the ringing laugh of youth, fell not in gladness on his ear. There was no room for these bright joys within the bursting heart of that lone boy.

The hour for the ceremony drew near, but where are the happy beings for whom this festival circle is gathered? In a secluded arbor of the garden sat a youthful couple, conversing in a low and confidential tone: and how many blissful dreams of the future, and what high and happy hopes urged their delusive visions on the mind of that young pair. They are waited for at the altar. The aged father of the young bride approaches Eugene—"Tell thy master that the hour is at hand." The boy started like one awakened from a dream; he looked around with a wild amazement, then answered in a voice of hoarse, unearthly tone, "I will." The agony expressed in those brief words rang strangely on the happy group around. The boy had vanished.

Suddenly a shriek rang through the mansion that blanched the blood from many a lovely cheek. All rushed to the arbor. The young nobleman lay stretched upon the earth, the life's blood gushed from his heart, tingling with yet deeper shade his crimson attire. Sinking by his side was the slight figure of the youth, his open garments revealing the white bosom of a female, with the undrawn dagger yet fleeced within its faintly throbbing heart. With the last exertion of fleeting life she exclaimed, "This is my revenge!—this is the fearful price of a blighted name, or woman's wrongs!"

The bodies of these victims of broken truth were borne to their far distant land. The fair Emma H. has long since been laid in the family vault of ancient "Copp's." All has since changed save certainty that mankind are prone to falsehood, and that vows like bubbles are easily broken as made.

THE SHOEMAKER AND HIS TWO WIVES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

EVERYBODY was pitying Mr. Sampson, the shoemaker of the village of B. Now, gentle reader, you need not guess Brunswick, nor Bethel, nor Bloomfield, nor any other village beginning with a B, for I will assure you beforehand you wont guess right; nobody knows the identical place beginning with a B, except the writer. Well, everybody was pitying the shoemaker, and as he passed daily by my window on his way to his little work-shop, I involuntarily drew down my face in token of commiseration, though, why I should do it, I could not for my life have explained. But everybody said he was an unhappy man, a miserable man; that his wife almost scolded his life out of him; that she was the biggest scold in the country, beat Xantippe of classical memory all hollow; that in her fits of passion she whistled the poor shoemaker about very much like a West India bamboo, in a tropical hurricane. Never was such a scold; her tongue might be heard the first thing in the morning and the last at night. She was so constantly scolding, she would never take time to die, so the poor shoemaker's misery seemed interminable. All the men were telling how they would manage her if they had her for a wife; and when a half dozen of them collected at a farmer's house, the shoemaker's wife was often the theme, and many where the modes of punishment devised by those who had not the shrew to deal with. It might generally be observed on such occasions that those, who were suspected of being henpecked, now fortified by the numbers present, generally talked most valiantly how they would manage the shoemaker's wife if she belonged to them, now and

then casting furtive glances at their bustling good-wives present. But it was plain to be seen the women did not relish this theme when discussed by the men. They would talk pathetically of the shoemaker's grievances among themselves, talk eloquently of the misery a man must suffer in being tied to such a termagant; but no sooner did an unlucky husband attempt to harp upon the same string than, touch a hornet's nest, all the women were out with palliatives, and warm in the defence of the shoemaker's wife.

"Every woman had her peculiar trials. Mrs. Sampson no doubt, had hers as well as others. She had no flesh on her bones, and was as yellow as saffron; it was plain she was a sick woman. Mr. Sampson appeared pleasant enough put doors, but for all that, he might be a tyrant at home."

Thus was poor Mrs. Sampson defended in spite of her tongue. But whatever they felt called upon to say in behalf of Mrs. Sampson, in the presence of their husbands' their sympathies were actually altogether on the side of Mr. Sampson. Every good wife wreathed her face into the most becoming smile, when she accented Mr. Sampson, merely out of instinctive good-nature; far be it from me to insinuate, that it was to contrast, with the thin lips and sour visage of his own good wife. Seeing this state of things, I began naturally to study the countenance of the poor man as he passed my window, in order to read the lines of care, the furrows of misery, and cringing air of a henpecked man. But, truth to say, no such things were to be seen. He generally passed with a careless sturdy tread, humming a tune, or picking his teeth. As for wrinkles, his hale, good-natured, handsome face looked as if it might bid defiance to them for many a year to come. His bright open eye looked as if it had never twinkled with anything but good humor; and instead of being the most miserable, I at once sat him down for the happiest man in the village of B. No one bought oftener gingerbread and candy for his children, or new gowns for his wife. When, arm in arm, they trudged along to meeting on a Sunday, no man seemed more busily to chat with his wife, and no woman looked prouder of her husband. The secret seemed to be in his having good-naturedly accommodated himself to the disposition of his wife, without compromising his own independence. After all, it depends less upon external circumstances, than on our own disposition, whether we are happy or miserable in this life. In process of time the shoemaker's wife died, leaving her husband to follow her to the grave with as many children as followed Mr. Rogers to the stake, and whether that were nine or ten the reader must determine. Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Sampson mourned long and truly for his wife. She had been a thrifty house-wife, and a neat, careful mother, and so used her husband and children to her severe discipline, that it was doubtful whether they would know how to act without it. But sorrow like all other things in this sublunary world must have an end. The children were growing disorderly, and were losing that tidy appearance, that had always characterized them. Nothing in the shoemaker's snug domicile went right. The good house-wives in the village of B. were busy in making a second match for poor Mr. Sampson; and like prudent women, they all pitched upon one the very antipodes of poor Mrs. Sampson, who was dead and gone. Susan Gowen was mild, good-natured and "smart," and all eyes were turned upon her as the future Mrs. Sampson.

She was just the right age, had a little property, and all declared he could never do better; and Mr. Sampson, like a reasonable man, believed what everybody said, and married her. This time at least, the neighbors had no reason to complain. The second Mrs. Sampson was a mirror of patience, the neighbors who *happened* in, about meal time, could find no fault with the bread and butter, the last article being thick enough to satisfy the most captious: and as for pie, or cake, all declared her's were no "mother-in-law pieces." The shoemaker must and would be happy. Months passed away, and if the predictions of the neighbors were to be verified, Mr. Sampson's appearance was somewhat equivocal for a happy man. It was certain that he grew thin, did not whistle, or laugh, or hum half so often as he

used to do. His step was listless, and he seemed to have lost much of that sturdy activity, which had formerly distinguished him. The neighbors were completely at a stand. Mrs. Sampson was strictly scrutinized, but nothing could be detected. She was patience personified. Meanwhile the children accustomed to the severe discipline of their mother, no sooner found themselves subjected to the milder sway of a step mother, whose *right* to control them was, to say the least, doubtful, since public opinion has made it such, now burst free from all restraint, and revelled in the glorious privilege of doing whatever they had a mind to do.

Poor Mrs. Sampson talked, and coaxed, and wept; and, in one or two instances, even had the temerity to put a "motherless child" down cellar; all to no purpose. They were as unmanageable as a parcel of wild colts broken free from the pasture, and antic with the first consciousness of freedom. Mr. Sampson could not manage them, that was out of the question; he had never thought of doing it while their mother was alive, and how could he now that she was dead and gone? Among the trials awarded to the Patriarch Job, it is well perhaps that his sex precluded the possibility of his passing the ordeal of a mother-in-law's lot. So thought the second Mrs. Sampson. She had tried everything, and now her patience was completely exhausted. One day just as her husband was coming in to dinner, driven to desperation, by the accumulated din of so many ungovernable children, she suddenly armed herself with a handful of hemlock tops, and laid them about her on every side, at the same time ordering every child to a seat about the quickest. At this moment her husband entered, and far from flinching, she resolutely told him what she had done and what she meant to do in future, ere she would endure such an intolerable din. Mr. Sampson was at once in fine spirits. His wife had never looked half so handsome before. The children were as whist as mice in a cheese. Mrs. Sampson absolutely kept her word, and though the neighbors pitied the children, and talked mournfully of the sorrows of poor Mr. Sampson, from that time he began to gain in flesh and spirits, and became the sturdy, good-natured sort of a man I had formerly known him. The recurrence of the old stimulus in the activity of a wife's tongue, had restored the buoyancy to his spirits, and health to his bones. Such being the fact, I thought it best to write his history, in the hope that persons witnessing a similar case, would suspend their sympathies, and reflect, that after all the husband of a scolding wife may be as happy as that of a good-natured one; and the spirited tones of her voice in scolding, may be quite as agreeable to such a husband's ear, as the most dulcet notes of the other in trilling a fashionable air.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP IN NEW ENGLAND.

"You see, ma'am," said the old man, "my mother died when I was twelve years old. About that time old Mr. C—— came down, and set up for a great *merchant*. Well, his wife took sick, and she sent to ——, where she came from, for a widow-woman to come and take care of her. This widow-woman had three children. Her husband had been a sea-faring man, and he was *wracked* and lost down there at Halifax,—and left his wife with nothing at all, and these three children to take care of."

"Well, my daddy, ma'am, fell in with her, some how or other, and married her. She was a nice woman—as good a mother as ever was,—and had great *learning*, and knew how to do everything,—only she did not know *nothing* about country-work, you see. Well, her oldest daughter came down, (for my dad had agreed to take one of the children,) and she was a nice *gal*; and a while after the boy came down. Well, there was nothing said; we all worked along; and the daughter she got married—married Mr. H——, (you know his folks?—) he broke his neck afterward, falling from his horse."

"Well, a while after this tother daughter came down. Debby was dreadful plain!—I thought she was *dreadful plain*!—but she was a nice *gal*—smart, working—and

good to every body. You see, there were four young children of the second crop, and they had got ragged; and Debby spun, and wove, and clothed, and mended them up. Well, she went back,—but they couldn't live without her, and sent for her again, and so she came. She took care of every thing—saw to my things, and had them all in order,—and every thing comfortable for me in the winter, when I went in the woods,—but I thought nothing, no more than if she'd been my sister."

"Well, by this time I was a youngish man; and in my day, the young folks had a sort of a frolic every night. I used to go,—and sometimes went home with one gal, sometimes with another,—but never thought of Debby. Well, there was a Mr. — came to see her, but she wouldn't have nothing to say to him; and after that, one came from the Shoals—a rich man's son; his father gave him a complete new vessel, and every thing to load her; but Debby wouldn't have nothing to do with him *nother*. Then I wasn't worth so much as this stick!—Well, I wondered, and so I says to mother, "Mother, what's the reason Debby wont take this man?—she'll never better herself!"—"Don't you know, John?" says mother. "No." So I says to Debby—"Why don't you have him Debby?" "Because," says Debby, says she, "if I can't have the one I want, I wont have nobody!"

"Well, I thought nothing,—but went on, frolicking here, and frolicking there, till one night as I was going home, just toward day, with one of my mates, says I, "Tom," says I, "I wont go to another frolic these two months! If I do, I'll give you a dollar!"—"You?" says he—"you'll go afore two nights!" "Well, you'll see," says I. Well, I staid at home *steady*; and after a while says father, says he to mother, "Suzy," says he, (for that was the way he always spoke to her—) "Suzy," says he, "I guess John has got tired of raking about so,—and I'm glad of it." "I hope he has," says mother.

"Well, one day we were sitting at table, mother *sot* there, and father *sot* there, and the hired man next him, (for we had a hired man, and hired gal,) and Debby was next to mother, and the gal next, and I between the hired man and hired gal. Well, mother was joking the hired man and gal, (she was a great hand to joke,) and I cast an eye at Debby, and I thought, "I never see any body alter as you have, Debby!" She looked handsome!—Well, Debby was weaving up stairs; and I was mowing down by the well, close by the house; and I felt kind of uneasy, and made an excuse to go in for a drink of water. Well, I went in; and I went up stairs, and into tother chamber not the one where Debby was weaving, (for I was kind of bashful, you see,) and then I went in where Debby was—but said nothing, for I had never laid the weight of my finger on the gal in my life. At last, "Debby," says I, what sort of a weaver are you, Debby?" "O, I guess I can get off as many yards as any body," says she; "and I want to get my web out, to go up on the bill to sister's this afternoon." "Well," says I, "tell her to have something nice, for I shall be up there." "We shan't see you there, I guess," says Debby. "You will though," says I; "see if you don't!" Father had a great pasture on the hill, a kind of farm like, (for my father was a rich man!—) so just afore night up I goes, and they had everything in order. So a while after supper I says to Debby, 'tis time for us to go, for 'twill be milking-time, by the time we get home." So we went right down across, and on the way we talked the business over. I married her—and a better wife never wore shoe-leather!"

THE CONFESSION OF GROTIUS.—Grotius was a great man. His natural powers were such, that at the age of fifteen he made a vast proficiency in polite literature; and he pleaded at the bar when only seventeen. At the age of twenty four he was appointed attorney general. He became a public ambassador and was the companion of kings. Toward the close of his life, in his 62d year, reflecting on his various pursuits, he left this testimony for the admonition of the learned: "Alas! I have wasted my whole life in laboriously doing nothing!"

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Rabelais, son of an apothecary. Claude Lorrainne was bred a pastry cook. Mollere, son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Homer was a beggar. Hesiod was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes of a cutler. Terence was a slave. Richardson was a printer. Oliver Cromwell, the son of a brewer. Howard an apprentice to a grocer. Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer. Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper. Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher. Whitefield son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Sir Cloudesly Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker and afterward a cabin boy. Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter college, Oxford. Cardinal Walsey, son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Neibuhr was a peasant. Thomas Paine, son of a stay-maker at Theiford. Dean Tucker was a son of a small farmer in Cardingshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot. Edward Halley was the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at *Ashby la Zouch*. William Hogarth was put an apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Doctor Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar. Laucian was the son of a statuary. Virgil, of a potter. Horace, of a shopkeeper. Plautus, a baker. Shakespere, the son of a wool-stapler. Milton, of a money scrivener. Cowley, son of a hatter. Samuel Butler, son of a farmer. Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer. Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire. Thomas Chatterton, son of a sexton of Redcliff church, Bristol. Thomas Gray was the son of a scrivener. Matthew Prior, son of a joiner in London. Henry Kirke White son of a butcher at Nottingham. Bloomfield and Clifford were shoemakers. Addison, Goldsmith, Otway and Canning were sons of clergymen. Porson, son of a parish clerk.

MAN AND WOMAN.

There is a moral depravity, a coarse licentiousness in the nature of man, that is wholly foreign from the female character; and of which, nothing is stronger proof, than the unvarying constancy with which woman will adhere to the objects of her early attachments, even after they excite nothing but disgust in every other bosom. Man, on the contrary, is seldom permanently attached, but he can turn aside and dally, though mere wantonness, with any wandering wail who may cross his path; and the world only smiles at his folly. Woman shrinks with intuitive dread from the libertine glance, and it is only from man, never from her own heart, that she learns to become at once the object of his eager pursuit and his scoff! And no sooner does she lose that "immediate jewel of her soul," self respect, than, to silence the sensitive consciousness of her nature, she plunges into the profoundest depths of vice. Man is different. A cloud may darken for a period his mental vision, but the first ray that gleams from the sun of prosperity, or ambition, or any other leading motive of life, will dispel the gloom, and he proceeds in his career of business or pleasure, as if nought had occurred to darken his moral horizon. A crushed heart, on which he has trod with a heel of iron, may be sobbing away its last breath in an atmosphere of pollution, and he heed it not. "Why did she not respect herself?" he triumphantly asks, "and then I would have respected her also." The world echoes the sentiment; and the self-condemned, self-accused wretch, sinks away from the cold snare of untried virtue, to the oblivion of infamy: her murderer probably stands in the hall of legislation, or the temple of justice, and his sycophants point him out as a god-like man.

Original.

CONTENT.

How little we need with a heart that is free
From the chidings of guilt, and the blightings of care;
How blest is our lot, and how happy were we
If content with the gifts that are sent us to share.

The food and the raiment our bodies require,
And all that makes smiling the fane and the hearth,
Like the water that gushed at the prophet's desire,
Arise at our touch from the breast of the earth.

'Tis but little we need, if the hands that are well
Were put to the toil for an hour in a day,
And a union of hearts would forever expel
All doubting, mistrusting, and sorrow away.

The birds in the air, and the fish in the wave,
The beasts of the forest, the leaf, and the flower,
Have ever enjoyed what the great spirit gave,
Been contented, and happy, their brief little hour.

What more do our bodies require than their own,
Which God has not given wherever we go?
It is only the spirit—the spirit alone,
Which has wants that can never be sated below.

And a Heaven is nigh to the thirst of the soul,
So there's nothing, aye, nothing, ungiven, we need,
If content to be MORTAL while earth is our goal,
Not ANGELS, till life from its prison is freed!

C. D. STUART.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

THE lady editress of the Boston Transcript said that "many of our married lady readers are not aware how a good husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one 'Mary,' which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking husbands. Mary states that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them, by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up in sauces. Now it cannot be supposed, that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner, thus: 'Get a jar, called the jar of cheerfulness, (which bye the bye, all wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, let the heat be regular and constant. Cover him over with quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantries; and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy and it would not be amiss, to add a little prudence and moderation.'"

LETTERS FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY.

MY DEAR COLONEL—Excuse my foolscap; you know I was always very partial to the belles, and as the two have always been associated I use them together. Madame the milliner has returned to town, and what is very wonderful her daughter is still in the singular number. I never before knew a beauty of such pleasing manners, who did not "take" at Saratoga; I fear me much the two ex-Presidents have monopolized all the attentions. Be that as it may, Agnes begins her third winter at the Apollo as "a candidate for Hymen's prize." Julia, the youngest, who has been a fixture at the piano for the last three years, is soon to be

brought out. If she is not brought out in better style than she has been "brought up" she will by no means be the eclipse of the season. Before she be *married* further some roaming "Phillip" had better forestall the issue; in a twelve month the discount may be large.

I enjoyed a delightful pic-nic last week at Yonkers; your humble servant was the only bachelor in the groupe, and I flatter him when I say, he "done the amiable" to the satisfaction of several ladies whose husbands were tied to musty ledgers and moth-eaten accounts. Mrs. W. was of the party, and the radiance of her smiles amply compensated for the presence of several black clouds above us, which shielded the sun. Yet I do not know whether I enjoyed most the sparkle of her wit or the grand Champagne from her husband's vault. She is a most inveterate punster, whether she "hooked" them or not I cannot say, but really they were the best I have heard from any woman's "rosy portal." Speaking of Amelia—your quondam love, she asked me if I thought your condition at N— was *ameliorated* more than usual. I told her I thought it was, since the old Sergeant refused to allow her to have her "Way" any longer; however, I told her I still owed her one. Captain S— sang from *Somnambula*, "False one I love the still." It was performed in rather a bolsterous manner, and my fair neighbor whispered me that however false the Captain might prove, she would always love him *still*.

I am before you this time in the gossip of the day. Your old flame, Charlotte, has married at the West—the unlucky fellow is a Mr. Wicks—her own wick was rather short, and, having gained a new one, she has relighted it from Hymen's torch, is no more afloat. Ah, my dear Col! your sighs and dollars were alike thrown away in that quarter—I told you long ago she was a flirt and had you taken my advice, your heart-strings and purse-strings would have been much better off. But console yourself with the thought that you are not the only victim. General S—, of Dutchess County, if he had a crop injured by rust or long rains, would never murmur, provided his neighbors were damaged equally with him. Unlike the Pharisee, he thanked Heaven he was not *worse* than other men; but I never could appreciate his feelings. You may, however, in the case of your unfortunate love.

I do detest coquetry; if it is lamentable when observed upon the part of the ladies, how contemptible is it when engaged in by *gentlemen*? Yet there are many of the so-called letter class, who make it their practice, and even boast of their conquests among their companions at the billiard table. I can pardon vanity in a woman, for I regard it as a weakness, but I despise it in a man; it should be accounted an unpardonable sin. Give me credit for an act of humanity. I have just killed a mosquito—truly the Humane society should vote me a medal. Since the flood and consequent inundation of metropolitan cellars these charming musicians have greatly increased, and it would be a horrible thing to have them at the same time with the yellow fever. The old women have been quite lively the last week; cause—there is great talk of the "scourge of the South" who, it is alleged, is airing himself below you at the Roundout. However I believe it will prove a false alarm. Appropos of the flood—Noah, you know, once sent out a messenger in the shape of a dove to find dry land, so our old friend who in late years paid his devoirs to "the Evening Star," having been a long time searching for dry land, has also sent out his messenger, and a very dove-

like appearance it makes in these times. "A subterranean" has recently set his foot upon the shores of Gotham, and has come prepared to rumble in a slight degree over the heads of the sovereign people—or, as Hook would say, the half-crown people. To come out of Enigmas, it is a weekly paper edited by that independent son of Thermopylae, Michael Walsh Esq. He suffers very few rogues through the pass, and few escape the thunderbolts which his industrious pen conveys in his sanctum.

I spoke in my last of Mitchell—his bandbox is now uncovered for a long and successful campaign, he will make ready as well as Simpson, although he has not so good a Price. I see he has lost his "Timm;" however, he is none the less timid of success, I presume. I see his white hat, occasionally, and it has lost none of its lustre—it has no British lustre to lose; it knows it not.

Now, my dear Colonel, don't forget to gather the chestnuts for me at the first frost. I would prefer those from the old veteran at the corner of the pasture—it will revive old scenes to taste its fruit; besides, I prefer the fruit which age yields, and wish none of that which is the offspring of precocious maturity. Appropos of the latter—young B—is still engaged in writing poetry, and pestering me with dedications, &c., &c. If you have any influence with his dotting mamma, do persuade her to reinstate him in the office of gardener; he will find the earth much more fertile than his genius, and yielding, too, a much better crop; for authorship, in these times, is a starving employment, unless the man of letters is a student and scholar. You will recollect, probably, what a mania there was for authorship among the *sophs* when we were enjoying amusement and instruction under the old elms and the more classic shades of Yale. Every soph who could wield his "grey goose" would disfigure his score's of foolscap sheets in a futile attempt to adorn the pages of the college "Literary" with some verses to Julia, and an occasional ode to Venus, with sometimes, by way of variety, a prosaic facetiae upon that Freshman's long swallow. But as the sapient senior editor adjudged that beauty, when unadorned, was adorned the most, three fourths of their stuff was consigned to the professor of Dust and Ashes—to which latter personage, if you have still the functionary about, you may present this effusion of your humble servant, who has roved pretty extensively in the enclosed—"Pay me what thou owest" by the next post, or—never mind.

JACOB MATTER O'FACT.

LOAFERS' LODGE, No. —, Sept. 8, 1843.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The present number completes the first volume of the *ROVER*, comprising twenty-six numbers, or half a year. The first number of the second volume is in type and will appear at the usual time next week embellished with a new and beautiful frontispiece, engraved expressly for opening the volume.

The publication of the *Rover* was a novel and untried experiment. A weekly magazine of sixteen large octavo pages filled with choice reading, in neat printed covers, and each number embellished with an elegant fine steel engraving, at the unprecedented low price of six cents a number, was something new in the periodical literature of the country. The experiment was a hazardous one, under any circumstances, but eminently

so when undertaken, as in this case, by persons without capital, or scarcely anything to rely upon for assistance but the hands and the intellect which God and nature had given them. But the experiment has been tried, and proved successful.

We are by no means prone to boasting; we don't believe in the value of the article; but we cannot refrain from expressing the grateful sense we feel for the favorable reception the public have given to the *Rover*. In six months from its commencement it has reached a circulation to place it on a permanent basis. It is conducted entirely on the cash system, and the cash sales every week now exceed the whole weekly expenses.

BACK NUMBERS, bound and unbound.—Full sets of the first volume of the *Rover* can now be had at the office either in single numbers or bound in volume. The first three numbers were sometime since exhausted, and had to be reprinted. This has now been done, and the publishers will be able to supply back numbers from the commencement probably for some weeks to come.

THE NEXT VOLUME.—Agents and newsmen are requested to send in as early as possible their orders for commencing the second volume, that the edition to be struck off may be regulated accordingly. On opening the new volume, new attractions will be given to the general appearance of the work, and no pains will be spared to give increasing interest to its contents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this closing number of the first volume of the *Rover* it is proper that we should say a word or two to some of the correspondents who have favored us with communications.

We are much obliged to E. K., who has given us "Life on the Gulf of Mexico," and hope the writer will find it convenient and agreeable to continue those graphic and life-like sketches.

The author of "Blannerhasset, the Lord of the Isle" will accept our thanks. We liked his ballad.

Our Matter of Fact friend, who dates from "Loafer's Lodge," writes well, and we hope for a better acquaintance.

We must say respectfully to Harry L., that judging from the single specimen we have seen, we do not think poetry is his fort. We have reason to know that in prose he can do better, and should be happy to hear from him.

The sonnet kindly sent us by E. G. S. will soon find a place in the *Rover*.

The lines to *Summer*, by H. B. though some of them are good, have not poetic merit enough for the *Rover*.

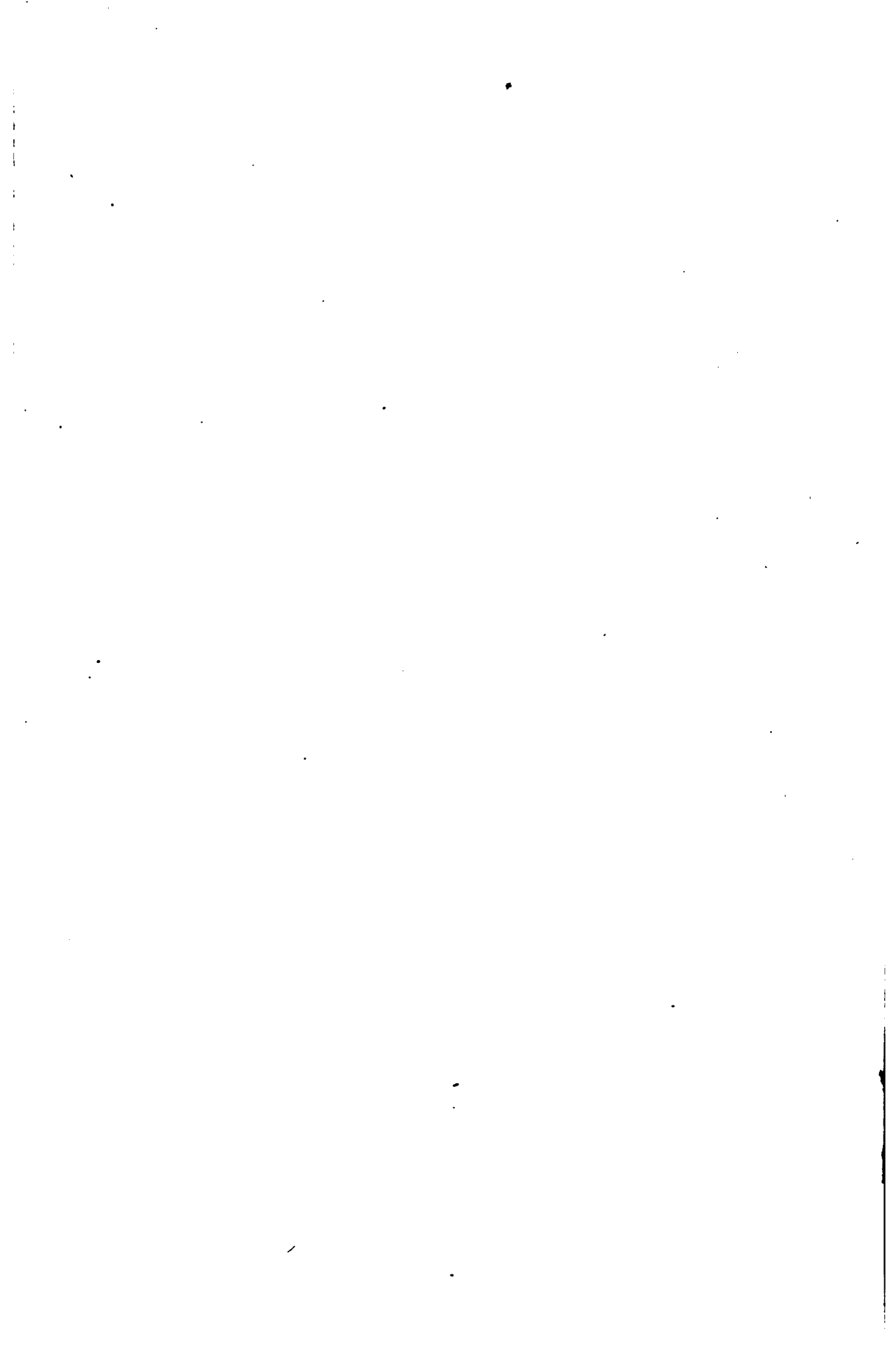
"*Idleness*." The subject is too commonplace. The article appears to be written with a good degree of ability, but has hardly interest enough for our pages.

"*The approach of the Last Day*," by D. is not poetry, and a large portion of it is not rhyme.

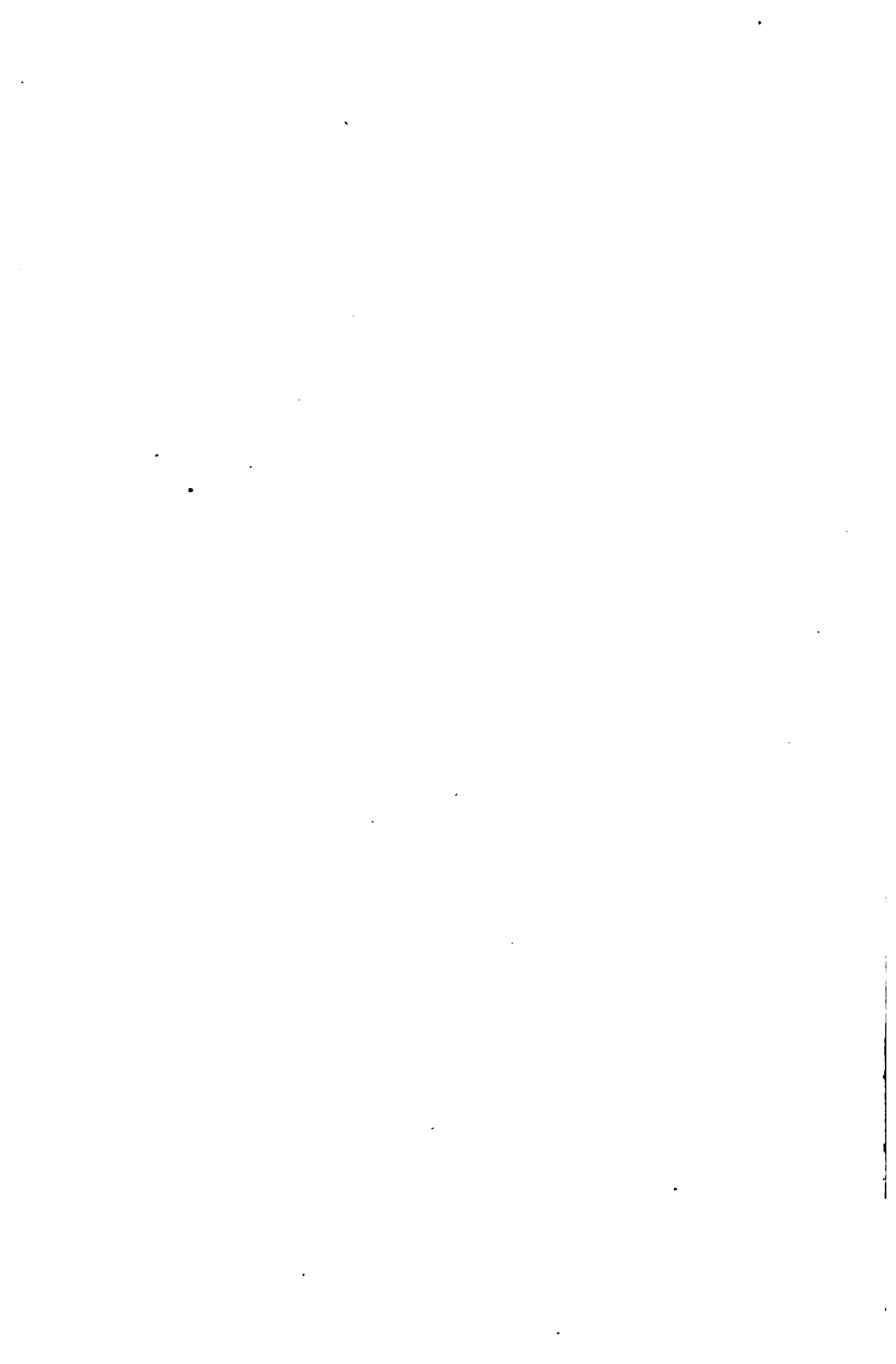
"*The stream of life*," though respectable, we do not think quite so well of as something before from the same author. The writer was too much shackled by the peculiar measure he chose.

"*The Songstress*," by T. A. G. is laid by for insertion. The author has a good deal of facility for smooth versification."

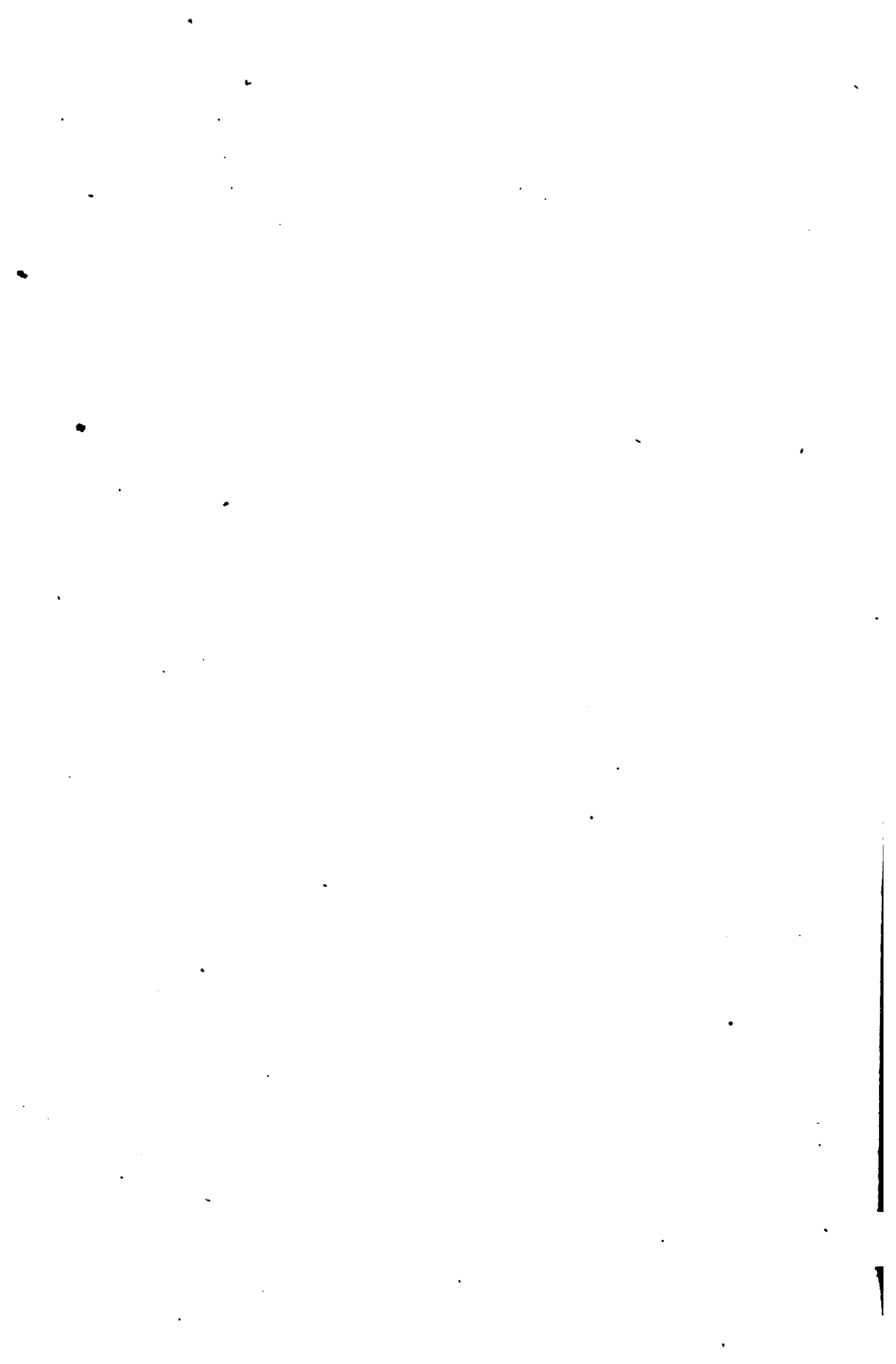
"*Reminiscences of Russia, from the French*," have

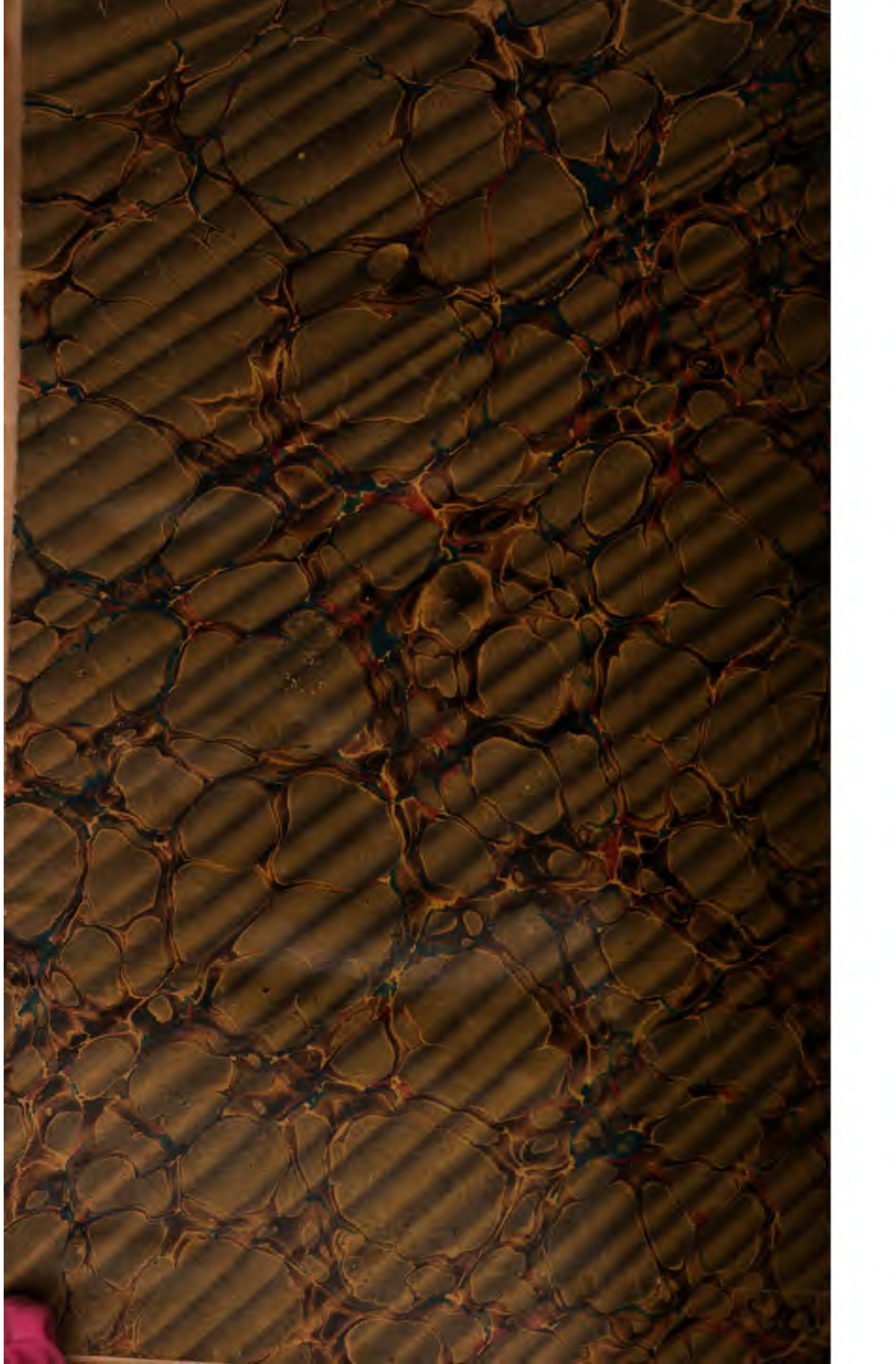














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